

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 1035



Lucas was afraid it would cause Corinne a lot of trouble if Pamela and Greg were to find out who she was. He failed to protect her before, so this time, he vowed to protect her at all costs.

Meanwhile, in one of the high-end private hospital wards, Pamela was sleeping under the sedative's influence. She was frowning in her sleep as though she was having a nightmare.

Greg was sitting in his wheelchair by the bed, looking at her worriedly. He knew his wife would ask about Corinne the moment she woke up, so it was best to let her sleep as long as she could.

'Poor Corinne. Gone at such a young age...' he thought with a sigh.

"Hey, Grandpa Greg. How's Grandma Pamela doing?" asked Corinne from behind him.

At that moment, Greg was so focused on Pamela that he did not recognize the voice to be Corinne's. Instead, he thought it was Francine who was asking.

"It'll take her some time to wake up," he replied as he turned around.

He immediately jumped in fright when he saw who was standing behind him, so much so that he lost control of his wheelchair and it crashed backward.

'Oh my god, it's Corinne!'

Corinne was dressed in a blue-striped hospital gown. Other than her bandaged head and pale face, she looked rather healthy.

'Has... Has she come back as a ghost to haunt me?'

Seeing the fear in Greg's eyes, Corinne quickly said, "Don't be scared, Grandpa Greg. I'm not a ghost. Look, I'm still alive!"

Realizing that he had lost his composure, Greg frowned and huffed, "What the hell is wrong with you?"

Francine walked out from behind Corinne. "Grandpa, Corinne only pretended to be dead, but she had a good reason for doing that! Anyway, it's a long story. I'll slowly explain it to you and Grandma after we get home. Just know that Corinne didn't mean to scare you two like that."

Greg looked at Francine, and then at Corinne. After calming down a little, he scoffed and muttered, "Hmph! Not a peaceful day has gone by since that little troublemaker married into the family..."

Corinne smiled. "Sorry for worrying you, Grandpa Greg."

Greg was stunned, but he lifted his stubbled chin proudly and turned his face away. "Don't flatter yourself. I wasn't worried about you! I was worried about my wife!"

Corinne could not help but feel a little guilty when she looked at Pamela, who was frowning in her sleep. She walked over and held the old woman's hand.

"Grandma Pamela, it's me, Corinne. I'm alive... Don't worry anymore, okay?"

Pamela must have heard her as she slowly opened her eyes to look at her.

"Corinne? Is that really you? I thought..." Her voice started to fade as tears pooled in her eyes.

Corinne sat by the bed to let Pamela take a good look at her. "It's really me, Grandma Pamela. I'm okay..."

Pamela clutched Corinne's hand tightly, and relief washed over her when she felt the warmth coming off her skin. However, her relief did not last long as she suddenly remembered something.

"What about the baby in your womb?"

"The baby's fine, too. We're both fine, so don't worry, okay?"

It was only then Pamela allowed herself to fully relax. Still holding Corinne's hand, she tried to sit up.