

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 239

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There was a moon motif in Jeremy's horse's name. Was that moon referring to the apple of his eye, Luna Rivera?

Chasing the moon, and chasing the apple of his eye...

Jeremy leaned forward to her ear and asked when he noticed Corinne was zoning out, "What's wrong?"

Corinne regained her senses and stroked the horse's mane. Nothing. This is a good horse."

"You like to ride horses?"

"Yeah. It's not bad," Corinne replied.

Suddenly, Jeremy placed his hand on her waist and whispered into her ear, "You didn't have fun this time. We can come here by ourselves in the future."

Corinne was stunned. 'Is he confused or something? There are only two months left in the contract, and there won't be any ' us' afterward.'

He then grabbed her waist as though checking the quality of a product. He then teased, "Why are you so thin when you always eat a lot?"

Corinne was displeased to have heard this. "I don't care."

Jeremy chuckled. "Eat more. It's nicer to touch if you're pier 730 fleshier."

Corinne blushed as she grabbed his hand. "Hey, control yourself, and take your hand off!"

"Stop moving, or I'll show you know how I can't control myself."

Corinne was speechless. She knew riding on the same horse with him was never a good idea.

In the resort.

Rosie and the others were back in her room.

Jeremy and Corinne arrived late.

There were a group of people by Rosie's bed, watching as the doctor examined her injury.

Once the doctor finished examining her leg, he solemnly reported, "You should bring her to the hospital for surgery. I don't have the appropriate equipment, so I can't give her a full examination. But based on my experiences, her ligament must have torn."

Her ligament was torn?

Rosie was in so much pain that her face paled. Nonetheless, she feebly asked as she leaned on the headrest, "My ligament is torn? Doctor, can I...still dance?"

The doctor's expression grew troubled. "Well, if you recuperate, you can surely do so. But perhaps you won't dance as flexibly as previously."

Rosie's eyes widened in disbelief. "I'm a professional ballet dancer! If I can't dance perfectly, what's the meaning for me to live?"

"Rosie, don't be upset," comforted Sunny. "Let's get you to the hospital first. Maybe it's not going to affect anything once you recover."

Zeke, too, consoled her and went to contact the nearest hospital to have them send an ambulance over.

Rosie looked very distraught as she wept to herself for a while and took out her phone to call someone.

The person on the other end of the line answered.

"Hello, Luna. I don't think I can make it anymore," she said weakly. "If there's an afterlife, let's be best friends again. Take care of yourself..."

As she hung up the phone, she passed out due to the pain.

Shocked, Sunny held Rosie's shoulder and shook her vehemently. "Rosie, what happened? Wake up! Doctor, check on her!"

The doctor approached and opened Rosie's eyelid. "She's fine. She passed out due to the pain, and she was too emotional.

Still, it's best to send her to the hospital as soon as possible."

Right then, Sunny's phone rang. One glance at the caller ID shocked him, but he quickly accepted the call. "Anya, I'm with Rosie! Don't worry. She fell and hurt herself, and she's a bit emotional, but she's not in danger!

"Don't worry. I'll take care of her. Oh! Jeremy is here too. Okay

Sunny turned and walked toward Jeremy with his phone.

Jeremy, my sister is on the phone, and she wants to talk to you.