

The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished

Chapter 301 to 320

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Chapter 301

Faced with the pressure, the police officer anxiously tried to string his sentences together and give Jeremy a reasonable explanation for why Corinne had to be handcuffed to the bed. After all, he had heard from the confrontation earlier that Corinne was Jeremy's wife.

However, Jeremy did not say anything and merely walked past the policeman and placed the cup in his hand back on the cabinet beside the hospital bed. The end of the straw was already flattened from his chewing on it.

After placing down the cup, Jeremy stood beside the hospital bed and glanced at Corinne with a convoluted and incomprehensible expression.

Corinne's indifference wavered somewhat when she faced his silent gaze. She frowned, looked right into his eyes, and lowered her face again as she said sullenly, "I didn't do it."

"Okay." His tone was very calm as if there was no trace of doubt.

Corinne was startled and looked up at him again. 'What does he mean, okay? Doesn't he doubt me even when the evidence is foolproof?'

However, he did not say another word, and it was therefore impossible for her to guess his thoughts.

Corinne frowned, looked away, and turned to the policeman beside him. "Excuse me, officer, I can see my lawyer now, right?"

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The police officer nodded in a businesslike manner. "You're allowed to."

Corinne said, "Please pass me the phone, then. I'll give him a call."

The man opened his mouth and offered to her, "I have a lawyer. I can—"

Corinne had a stubborn look on her face as she said, "No need to trouble yourself. I know a lawyer!"

Jeremy's expression sank, and he reached out to take the cell phone from the cabinet for her. He then turned around and left without saying anything. As soon as Jeremy went out, Anya's gaze followed him, and she wanted to break free from her brother's arms to chase after him.

Lucas was worried about letting Anya run off to chase after Jeremy, so he glanced intently at Corinne before going out with his sister.

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The police officers had done their work to handcuff the suspect and ensure that she could not escape, so they all went out too.

The ward was almost empty by then, and Sunny took the opportunity to come forward and glare angrily at Corinne. His handsome eyes almost seemed to be burning with a flame.

Sunny's attitude led Corinne to cock her eyebrow. "What's the matter? Are you going to hit me?"

Sunny roared, "I'm so disappointed in you, Corinne!"

Corinne smiled softly and said, "Well, guess you'll have to die of disappointment, then."

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Sunny gritted his teeth. "You..."

"Don't bother entertaining that sort of person, Sunny! The police will deal with him!" Rosie walked up to them, shot Corinne a smug look of contempt, and dragged Sunny away as he wallowed in disappointment and anger.

After all the people in the ward had left, Corinne picked up her cell phone and dialed Aaron's encrypted number. "Tell Gabriel from the legal department to meet me at the hospital."

Aaron was puzzled. "Why are you at the hospital, boss? What happened?"

"It's not a big deal. Do as I say and tell Gabriel to come here alone. You don't have to follow."

"Understood!"

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After coming out of the ward, Anya looked around the hospital corridor to search for Jeremy, who had just left. Alas, she did not see any trace of him in the corridor, despite the few

minutes' difference between the time she and he came out. 'Where did Jeremy go?'

At long last, the stairwell door in front of the corridor was pushed open, and Tommy walked in with a serious expression.

Anya walked over immediately just in time to meet him.

Tommy nodded slightly and greeted her. "Miss Anya."

Anya nodded in return and asked, "Mister Tommy, is Jeremy in there?"

Tommy replied truthfully. "Yes. He's inside."

"I'll go in and see him, then." Anya then walked over and pushed the stairwell door open

.

Tommy did not stop her, and he merely glanced at Anya's back as she went in. There was a somewhat conflicted look on his usually calm and steady expression, but he walked away in a hurry because he still had to do some work that his boss had instructed him to do.

Anya walked into the stairwell and saw Jeremy standing near the window while smoking a cigarette. She walked over and coughed twice due to the smoke. "Cough, cough! Jeremy...."

Jeremy exhaled a slow wisp of thin smoke and narrowed his

Anya's pale face turned red, and she reached out to tug the corner of Jeremy's clothes. "Could you bring me downstairs then? I want you to send me off..."

After yet another moment of brief silence, he stubbed out his cigarette and said, "Let's go."

There was a touch of girlish tenderness in Anya's expression, and she nodded obediently as she followed Jeremy out. She then said to Lucas who was waiting at the door of the stairwell, "Let's go home, Lucas!"

Lucas narrowed his eyes at her and snorted in an almost angry tone. "You didn't listen when I told you to go home earlier, but somehow, you became obedient after he told you to go home?"

Anya blushed, glanced shyly at Jeremy, then stomped her feet and said, "Lucas!"

“Fine. Come on, then.” Lucas patted Anya’s head, chuckled softly, and shot Jeremy a cold look. “Thanks for not holding past grudges to heart and persuading Anya to go home.”

“No worries,” Jeremy replied curtly with a nonchalant expression.

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The three of them walked down to the hospital lobby together, with Anya turning heads as she walked between the two

handsome men.

They had to pass by Corinne’s ward to go down, and the police officers were still guarding the door there.

A man with a briefcase was explaining to the police officer his purpose for being there.

Lucas recognized the man from a distance and he narrowed his eyes. “Is that Gabriel Franklin?”

Gabriel was well-known for being a big shot in the legal world. He was the founder of the city’s number-one law firm, in addition to being the director of the Newmoon Group’s legal department. He generally took major business cases, which made it all the more surprising that he would show up in person just to handle a small case of attempted assault.

Anya recognized the lawyer too, so she turned her head to look at Jeremy in disbelief. She had a sad frown on her face as she said, “Do you still trust Corinne? Did you go so far as to hire Gabriel to defend her?”

Jeremy’s pupils contracted and he had an incomprehensible expression. His deep voice sounded cold as he said to her, “I didn’t hire him.”

‘You didn’t?’ Anya was startled when she found out that

Jeremy did not hire him to go there. 'Then how did Corinne manage to get him to come over?'

For the record, there were not a lot of people who could hire such a renowned lawyer to help them with a case, especially when it was just a little case.

Lucas glanced sarcastically at Jeremy as he did not believe that Corinne could ask Gabriel to handle her case.

After Gabriel successfully explained everything to the police, he saw Lucas and Jeremy coming from the end of the corridor just as he was about to enter the ward. He halted his footsteps, turned around, and nodded to the two of them as he smiled and said, "Mister Jeremy, Mister Lucas, it's been a while, you two."

Jeremy nodded back, and Lucas responded with the same gesture as well.

"My apologies, gentlemen," Gabriel said politely, "but I still have some work to do here. Please excuse me." He then opened the door and entered Corinne's ward.

That brief exchange finally convinced Lucas that it was probably not Jeremy who invited Gabriel over. If it was Jeremy, Gabriel should at least come over and have a word with him on

account of their client -

lawyer relationship. Instead, Gabriel seemed to keep a distance from him, almost as if alienating him—albeit politely.

That being said, it was surprising that a girl like Corinne could hire such a famed lawyer in Gabriel.

Lucas, Jeremy, and Anya all stopped for a moment to wait and watch, and though they all seemed to have some sort of tacit understanding among each other, they were each curious in their own way about the situation.

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Gabriel came out of the ward about 10 minutes later. He

seemed serious and polite as he said to the officers guarding the door of the ward, “My client has entrusted me with full authority to represent her case. I’d like to go to the police station to meet the gangster who attacked Miss Anya so I can better understand the entire situation. Would it be convenient for one of you to bring me there right now?”

Before the police officer could answer, Lucas—who was not far away—spoke first. “I was just about to go to the station to provide evidence for the record too. How about I bring you there?” He stepped forward graciously and offered with a modest smile.

Gabriel smiled politely and refused in a professional manner. “I’m sorry, Mister Lucas, but since I’m now Corinne’s attorney, it’d be vastly inappropriate for me to have any private contact with the victim and her family. I hope you understand.”

Lucas smiled. “That’s right. It’s understandable.” He knew that, but he still wanted to chat with Gabriel to find out how Corinne managed to hire him. The River as once had a legal case and wanted to hire Gabriel to represent them, but they failed to hire him despite spending a lot of money.

Anya watched her brother talking to Gabriel, and then at the door of Corinne’s ward. Her eyebrows were furrowed, and she had a bit of a defensive look on her face. A country girl like Corinne should not have any connections in the city, and Anya wondered if Corinne might have any other contacts aside from Jeremy. She then tilted her head to look at Jeremy’s expression. Though she noticed that he had narrowed his eyes slightly, his expression was indecipherable, and she had no idea what was on his mind.

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While Corinne was leaning on the bed head with her eyes closed, someone knocked on the door, and an unfamiliar 40-something woman came in.

“Who are you looking for?” Corinne opened her eyes and

looked warily at the woman. ‘Why would the police officers let a random stranger in? Who is she?’

The middle-

aged woman bowed respectfully and said, “Miss Corinne, I’m the nurse that Mister Tom my sent. You can call me Nancy. I’ll be here to take care of your diet and your daily needs. Don’t hesitate to let me know if you need anything.”

Corinne raised her eyebrows. “Tommy? Tommy Jenkinson?”

The middle-aged woman nodded. “Yes. That’s him.”

Corinne frowned a little. ‘Why did he hire a nurse for me out of the blue? Did Jeremy leave? Guess he doesn’t believe me anymore, not that I’m surprised since he and I don’t have any sort of genuine relationship in the first place! Funnily enough, he seemed to have told me that he liked me and wanted me not to put a wall between us, and I almost believed it.’

At that moment, another ruckus was heard from outside.

“Who are you? Why won’t you let me in? Don’t stand **in** my way! My aunt is inside! I want to go in and see her...” It was Annie’s voice.

When Corinne heard that, she said to the nurse, “Could you tell the police to let that girl in? She’s my niece-in-law.”

Nancy nodded and did as she was told. Nancy brought Annie in

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some time later, but she had a frown on her face and was complaining somewhat angrily. “This is absurd! I didn’t come for a day, and now all this has happened! This is unjust, I say!”

Corinne

looked at Annie, then at the thermos flask she was carrying. "What delicacies do you have for me today?"

Annie raised the thermos in her hand. "Oh, this? Auntie, this is some chicken soup that I asked my mother to make for you. People always say that it's best to drink soup when you're sick! Maybe your hand will heal faster once you drink it!"

Corinne smiled. "Thanks. I'm actually feeling a little puckish right now! Could you please fill a bowl for me and let it cool a little, Nancy?"

"Sure thing, Miss Corinne," Nancy said. She stepped forward, took the thermos from Annie's hand, and went to one side to prepare it.

Annie looked at Nancy, then at the handcuffs on Corinne's hands and feet, and pouted uneasily. "Are you just going to let them handcuff you like this?"

Corinne shrugged and smiled indifferently. "I'm a suspect now, so it's understandable for the police to do this and stop me from escaping."

Annie huffed in anger. "Suspect, my foot! You'd never stoop to something so low! This makes me so bad!"

Corinne was

stunned for a moment, and she felt a little sad when she saw how much Annie believed her even though they did not spend much time together. Jeremy, on the other hand...

Perhaps there was no point thinking about him at such a time.

She had stopped thinking about it when Annie somehow brought it up angrily. And then there's the heartless Uncle Jeremy! Even at a time, he still fights

Midway through her gemtener. Annie deemed reluctant to continue because she was worried about bad consequences.

Corinne only managed to get half of it, and it was natural for her to feel curious. "What did he do?"

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Annie pulled a chair, sat down, and blinked guiltily. “Nothing! I don’t really know! It’s not convenient for you to eat, so how about you let me feed you?”

“So you’re not going to tell me?” Corinne frowned slightly at her.

Annie always viewed Corinne as her idol, and she was afraid that her idol would be unhappy and ignore her. She thought about it for a bit, and she did not dare to keep anything from

Corinne.

“Well, when I came here, I saw him escorting Anya out of the hospital at the entrance, and then...she got into his car.”

Corinne’s expression turned somewhat gloomy. She remained silent, and her lips seemed to quirk unnaturally in a bitter manner.

Annie became a little nervous. “Don’t be angry! Please don’t divorce him just because of that! Give him another chance...”

Corinne snapped back from her senses and looked calmly at Annie. “I’m not angry. It’s just... Why shouldn’t we get a divorce if there aren’t any feelings between us?”

Annie pursed her lips depressingly. “If you divorce him, I won’t be able to have any relationship with you! I don’t want that other woman to be my aunt! I won’t accept anyone unless it’s you!”

Corinne looked into Annie’s eyes and saw her childlike stubbornness. She said calmly to her, “Your uncle is rich,

powerful, and handsome. He can easily find someone **better** than me. When that time comes, you’ll learn to like her, **too**.”

Annie said resolutely, “But I don’t want them! No one is better than you!”

Corinne then said, "But Miss Anya is—"

Annie interrupted her and shook her head repeatedly with a look of aversion on her face. "Don't mention her name! The last thing I want is for her to be with Uncle Jeremy!"

Though the Riveras and the Holdens had enmity with each other, there did not seem to be anything similar between the Riveras and the Levines.

Corinne narrowed her eyes in confusion. "You seem to hate Anya a lot. Why is that?"

Annie explained unhappily, "I just don't like the sick way she carries herself! She saved my uncle once when she was a child, but she had him on emotional blackmail for so many years, and he's super annoyed by her!"

Corinne cocked her eyebrow. "Aren't they on good terms?"

Annie's complexion became indescribably complicated. "I... I don't know for sure, but he treats her differently than he treats other people. That's part of the reason why everyone thinks that they're on really good terms with each other..."

Corinne nodded in agreement. "You're right, he does treat her differently, and it's pretty obvious."

Jeremy was genuinely panicked when Anya called him for help, and she could see that he really cared for Anya when she saw him pat Anya's shoulder to calm the latter's frightened

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emotions. He even spoke to Anya in an extremely soft tone as if he was worried that his voice would come off as scary.

Jeremy never had that sort of patience before.

Annie's big

eyes were filled with worry as she saw Corinne in deep thought. "But he treats you even more differently! You're the only one whom he tolerates the most!"

'Is that so? He might be tolerant of me, but that's because he's using me to deal with his elders. He has to be tolerant because he's worried that I might not cooperate! All I'm doing is

reading too much into it if I misconstrued his attitude toward me as being something special.'

After finishing her soup, Corinne tried to persuade Annie to go home because there was not enough space for Annie to rest here with Nancy. Jeremy did not come back after sending Anya out of the hospital, and he never showed up again even when the next morning came.

After the intravenous drip was administered that afternoon, the nurse came in and removed the gauze from her hands. The swelling on her hands had subsided, but there was still a little redness all around. The doctor informed her that she would be fine as long as she took some antihistamines after leaving the hospital.

The

police then came in with an arrest warrant and said, "According to the results given by the doctor, your physical condition is healthy enough for you to be discharged. We are now officially notifying you that you're under arrest!"

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Inside the police station's dark and cramped interrogation room, two stern-looking police officers sat across from

Corinne. One of them asked sharply, "Are you going to confess or not?"

Corinne sat demurely behind the small table, but her words remained very firm. "What's there to confess when I'm not guilty of anything?"

The stern-faced officer frowned unhappily when he saw her being so obstinate, so he said to her, "Aren't you aware that there's room for more leniency if you cooperate? I've been a police officer for many years, and I've seen many suspects who are just as stubborn as you are. But no matter how stubborn they are, they all regret it once the sentence is handed to them! A young girl like you shouldn't have engaged in such reprehensible behavior, and it's even more appalling that you don't have a single ounce of regret for doing something illegal and harming other people. Your parents would disown you if they found out what you did!"

Corinne said, "Have you ever heard the saying that those who are determined to condemn a person will always be able to find an excuse to do so? In all my years alive, I've seen few police officers who are as rash as you! You hardly give the impression of being someone who graduated from the police academy. Do you always handle a case so sloppily? Your superiors would deduct your wages if they find out that this is how you handle cases!"

The policeman's face turned red, and he was stunned

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speechless. "You! Y-Y-Y...Y-You..."

The other police officer coughed heavily and said, "This is an interrogation room, Corinne. It's one of the most serious places you'll ever find yourself in. You're not supposed to be making snide remarks here!"

Corinne nodded. "Sure. Then I have the right to remain silent. If you have any questions, you can direct them to my lawyer. He'll be here soon."

Another police officer was also annoyed by her recalcitrant attitude. “Sigh, Corinne...”

All of a sudden, someone knocked on the door of the

interrogation room, and another police officer came in to call one of the officers in charge of the interrogation. After a while, the officer came back again, spoke to his colleague, and explained a new situation in the case. His colleague immediately had a frustrated expression after hearing that.

“Why are there new witnesses all of a sudden?”

“My thoughts exactly. Why would such a simple case have so many witnesses?”

“Mister Lucas and his sister are still waiting for the results of Corinne’s interrogation! I thought we could solve it quickly by today, but this new situation throws a spanner in the works!”

“Well, let’s just bring her there for now!”

One of them

then turned to Corinne and said, “Your lawyer’s here. We’re bringing you to see him now.” The officer then came over and unlocked the handcuffs that were cuffing her to the small table in the interrogation room.

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She got up obediently, followed the two police officers out, and went to a much larger room where outsiders could visit detained suspects. In addition to her lawyer Gabriel, there were also Lucas, Sunny, Anya, and Rosie in the room. They were all waiting to see the outcome of her final interrogation.

Corinne glanced at everyone and subconsciously looked around.

No one else was in that room except for those five people.

She frowned and then chastised herself, 'Who am I kidding? He doesn't care about me anymore. But it's not like I need him to show concern for me anyway. I just think it's ironic.'

Lucas sat in a relaxed manner on a chair inside the visiting room. He had a dignified look, and there was a hint of coldness as he looked at Corinne entering the room in handcuffs. He then turned to Corinne's lawyer, Gabriel, and asked with a smile, "Mister Gabriel, everyone in this city holds you in high prestige, yet you're helping to exonerate a villain who hired someone to commit crimes. Aren't you concerned that this might affect the reputation you've built over the years?"

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Gabriel replied in a polite yet solemn manner, "I'm a lawyer, Mister Lucas, and my duty is to ensure the fairest result for my client in addition to clearing her name. No one should be left to bear the consequences of actions that they haven't done."

Lucas chuckled. "If you say so, then. I'm curious to know how you can prove her innocence, given how solid the evidence is."

Corinne sat according to the arrangement designated by the police officers. After a while, the gangster who attacked Anya was brought in by another police officer. Anya immediately cowered in fear into her brother's arms when she saw the man, and Lucas could only hug her as a means of comfort. There was a murderous tinge in his expression when he glanced up at the gangster.

Gabriel then began to ask, "We met yesterday, so I won't make another introduction. Could you please repeat your crimes as you have committed them?"

Chris had already pleaded guilty, so there was no point trying to argue. He nodded earnestly and began recounting, "Three nights ago, Corinne asked me to meet by the Yonder River, and transferred me a deposit of fifteen thousand dollars, saying that she wanted me to attack a

beautiful girl named Anya. Once I was done, she would then transfer another fifteen thousand as my final payment.

“When I thought about my chance to both get some money and sleep with a beautiful woman, I said to myself, ‘Why not?’ I then said yes in a moment of confusion. Corinne later contacted me and told me the exact hospital and ward that

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Anya was in, so I went there. I was later caught by the police.”

After hearing what Chris said, Gabriel asked immediately, “Do you mean to say that you were instructed by my client, Corinne, to commit that crime?”

Chris answered positively. “Yes!”

“So, how did you and my client meet?”

“It was...by chance. She... She found my contact information on the internet and contacted me.”

Gabriel then said, “Based on what I know, you were laid off by a certain company two months ago, and you’ve been secretly doing odd jobs to make a living because you were afraid to tell your wife and children about your unemployment.

“You were handing out flyers for a newly opened barbecue restaurant three days ago, and you happened to be resting on the same bench as my client at the shore of Yonder River. As far as I’m concerned, that was your first time meeting her!

“At the time, you were just recommending the restaurant to her, and you signed her up as a member of that restaurant just to get your commission. That was all there is to it.”

Chris lowered his head and his expression wavered a little. Well... That’s because she asked me to meet her by pretending to be a leaflet distributor since that helps me to avoid

suspicion.”

“Interesting. So you were just pretending to distribute flyers? If that’s the case, why would you have to start doing it two months in advance? Since you’ve already been distributing those flyers for two months, are you saying that my client contacted you and asked you to target Miss Anya two months

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in advance? Don’t you think you’re being overly careful **if you** needed two months to prepare for this?”

Chris thought for a moment and insisted, “Corinne kept on telling me that it’s important to be careful! She said that Miss Anya has a past with her husband, and she’s been jealous of Miss Anya for a long time already. She told me to prepare in advance, and she would let me know when it’s time for me to find an opportunity to do it once Miss Anya comes back to the country. I decided to continue distributing flyers during the period because I could at least earn some extra money to raise my family.”

Gabriel’s voice suddenly resonated throughout the entire

room. “Those are

lies! My client didn’t even know who Mister Jeremy was two months ago, and she couldn’t have been jealous of

Miss Anya because of Mister Jeremy! Why would she go to such lengths to plot against a girl she

has never met, and at a time where she doesn’t have anything to lose? It makes no sense.”

Chris panicked and he began to have a guilty conscience. ” Because... Because... Gah, I can’t remember too clearly! The point is, Corinne transferred the money to me and asked me to do it! I have transfer records on my cell phone! You can check them if you don’t believe me!”

Gabriel had naturally seen that evidence before. “The cell phone my client used was lost for a period that day, and it was later picked up and handed over to the police. Mister J

enemy then sent his secretary to the police station to take it! It is entirely possible that the phone was picked up by someone between the time the phone went missing and was sent to the police station, and that person could just as easily have transferred that sum of money to you.”

Lucas became a little impatient when he heard that and interjected, “Please don’t try and twist the solid evidence, Mister Gabriel. I don’t want to hear whatever hypotheses you have, because they’re not the slightest bit convincing. I just want to see this new witness that you mentioned to the police earlier. I’m leaving if they don’t show up!”

Gabriel raised his hand to look at his watch, and there was a bit of anxiousness in his expression as he looked at his boss, Corinne. The witness should have arrived by then, so he wondered whether something happened to them on the way there.

“Please excuse me while I go out and give them a call.”

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Gabriel went out to give the witnesses a call.

Rosie stood up, crossed her arms over her chest, and walked up to Corinne. She then said in a kind and almost-persuasive tone, “Don’t think that you can clear your name just because you managed to hire a big-shot lawyer! How dare you hire someone to hurt Anya? Lucas will never allow you to get away with it! My advice? Stop trying to resist and just accept the punishment of the law. You might even be able to get a lighter sentence if you show a good attitude!”

Corinne looked up, glanced at Rosie, and could not be bothered to entertain the woman’s pointless tirade.

Rosie was frustrated when Corinne ignored her, and she was extremely unhappy because her provoking never had the intended effect. It was as if there was never a situation

where Corinne would lose her composure, and it seemed that nothing was capable of stirring her emotions. Her ever-calm demeanor made Rosie feel like slapping her out of curiosity to know if she could feel pain.

Beside them, Sunny stared silently at Corinne with a luminous gaze that contained equal parts disappointment and anger, along with a hodgepodge of other emotions.

Anya, who was nestled in Lucas's arms, slowly turned her head and said kindly, "Rosie's right, Corinne. As long as you're willing to confess your guilt, I can persuade Lucas to sign a letter of leniency and try to get you a lighter sentence. It'd be best if you can stop making so much of a fuss over this because it'll only make my brother angrier. This won't do you any good."

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Corinne smirked and asked, "Why are you and your best friend so afraid of me making such a big fuss?"

Anya's eyes flickered slightly, and she frowned aggrievedly while explaining, "I'm only doing this for your good, Corinne. I don't want you making more mistakes in a moment of confusion..."

"Is that so?" Corinne smiled, then closed her eyes without looking at her again.

After seeing his sister's good intentions misconstrued as malice, Lucas narrowed his handsome eyes in displeasure and said protectively, "I won't go all out to get you the maximum punishment after your kindness in helping our old man. Why must you make things worse and end up having to bear consequences that you can't afford to bear?"

Corinne yawned. "Gee, thanks for your generosity, but there's nothing I can't afford to bear, unfortunately. You can do whatever you want!"

Lucas stared coldly at Corinne's fearless look and had a

complicated expression. 'Just what kind of family

environment did she grow up in to become so sinister, vicious, and shameless instead of being a gentle and well-mannered woman?'

Rosie glared at Corinne in disgust. "Ignore her, Lucas! She's just a bumpkin from the countryside. She might not be afraid of the consequences right now, but she'll still cry once she's convicted! Don't bother being kind to her and signing that letter of leniency for her. She needs to be severely punished if she is to learn how to repent!"

As soon as Rosie finished speaking, the door was suddenly pushed open, and a seven- or eight-year-old boy ran in

toward the gangster Chris.

"Dad!" The little boy wanted to throw himself into his father's arms, but he could not do so because his father was

handcuffed and thus unable to spread his arms open.

He was stunned, and he looked at his father in confusion. He could not accept what was happening at all and he

immediately asked. "Why are you in handcuffs, Dad? Aren't bad people the only ones who are put in handcuffs on those TV shows? Did you do something bad?"

Upon seeing his son, Chris's psychological mettle collapsed instantly. He lowered his head and said in shame, "I... I didn't do it on purpose, son..."

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The little boy's belief in his father seemed to have collapsed, and he took a step back with a hurt expression. "Why did you do bad things, Dad? Didn't you always teach me to be a good person? How could you do this? You're not my dad anymore! I don't want a dad like you..."

“Don’t talk to Dad like that, Kenny!” After the little boy came in, a plainly – dressed woman walked in too. Once she told her son off, she looked at her husband with a heartbroken expression and said, “Aren’t you going to tell the truth, Chris? Do you want to let our son forever live with the shadow of having a criminal as a father?”

Chris heaved a sigh of relief when he saw his wife and son appearing safe and sound. Even so, he felt ashamed to face them too, and he lowered his head to say, “I’m glad that you and Kenny are all right. That’s... That’s all that matters to me.”

“Yes, Chris. Everything’s okay now. We were saved!” The woman leaned on her husband’s shoulder with reddened eyes. “Why did you have to be so stupid, Chris? You could’ve told me that you were laid off by your company. You worked odd jobs for such a long time, and you ended up being manipulated to do such heinous things! Tell the police the truth, Chris! We might be able to get a lighter sentence if you do that!”

“Honey, I... I’m sorry. I don’t need to hesitate anymore now that you and Kenny are fine.” Chris burst into tears when his wife did not blame him. He then wiped his tears with his hands and raised his head to say to the police officers, “I’ll tell you the truth, officers! The reason why I pleaded guilty is that my

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wife and son were kidnapped, and the person who kidnapped them used them to threaten me into saying that!”

The police officers were taken aback! “What?! Who kidnapped them?”

Everyone was taken aback, and the sudden turns of events felt like a bombshell to them.

One of the police officers frowned warily, “Are you sure you want to retract your confession? You’ll have to suffer even more serious consequences if you tell another lie!”

Chris nodded firmly. "I'm sure. I want to tell the truth! Someone threatened me and manipulated me to do

inappropriate things to Miss

Anya, but it wasn't Corinne who did that. It was someone else!"

Lucas lowered his eyebrows and waited for the gangster to

continue.

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Sunny's eyes opened wide, and he was eager to know the truth.

Anya continued to huddle in her brother's arms and was still somewhat afraid to look at the gangster who had targeted her. However, she was surprised by the sudden turn of events and glanced at him from time to time.

Rosie appeared somewhat annoyed as she had been eagerly anticipating Corinne's miserable downfall. Alas, Corinne could still find a way to turn the situation around, and Rosie rued the cunning, scheming woman that Corinne was.

Gabriel walked in calmly and said, "Mister Lucas, these two people are two new witnesses I mentioned. You saw for yourself that they're Chris's wife and son! They've both been kidnapped and detained in an uncompleted building in the

suburbs **for** the past few days, and someone used them to

threaten Chris into framing my client!"

Lucas glanced at Gabriel, then narrowed his eyes at Chris and asked coldly, "Who did it?"

Gabriel said again, "Your wife and son have been saved, so it's time you tell the truth and reveal once and for all who the true instigator was!"

Chapter **310**

Before Chris revealed who it was that manipulated him, he bowed at Corinne and apologized guiltily. "I'm very, very sorry for what I did, Miss Corinne. I did it under coercion, and I had no choice but to frame you. I'm sorry that I nearly caused an innocent person like you to be imprisoned."

Corinne had an indifferent expression, and she shook her head while saying, "It's okay. You just need to tell the truth and clear my name."

"I promise I will, Miss Corinne!"

Chris then began to tell the police the true story of what happened.

"It all started like this. I was distributing flyers on the shore of Yonder River the other day, and I was sitting on a bench to rest for some time because I was too tired. There was this girl sitting beside me in a daze, and I figured I could just hand out a leaflet to her while I was resting.

"I was doing my best to promote the barbecue restaurant to Miss Corinne that day, and she was kind enough to listen patiently to everything I have to say, unlike most people who avoid me just because I'm handing out flyers.

"Aside from listening to everything I said, she even praised the location and accepted my request for her to scan the QR code and sign up as a member of the restaurant. I was able to get the commission from the restaurant because of that.

"I met Miss Corinne for the first time that day, and I never knew who she was before then."

Chapter 311

2/3

and took a deep breath before turning around and wiping her tears in her brother's arms

Rosie was at a loss after losing her best friend's trust. She

glared at Corinne angrily and pointed at her, saying, "You did this! You told this gangster to frame me just to absolve yourself from being the suspect! You're evil, Corinne!"

Corinne cocked her eyebrow and had a look of disgust in her eyes. "All I did was tell my lawyer to find the mother and son and save them. I didn't interfere with anything else, and I— just like everyone else here— only knew who truly instigated him when he mentioned your name. Didn't think it'd be you again, Miss Rosie."

Rosie became frantic. "Don't try and pretend to be innocent, Corinne! You won't succeed!"

Red-eyed and distraught, she turned around and said to Lucas, "You can't believe a word she says, Lucas! She deliberately designed this to clear her name and frame me!"

Lucas glanced at Rosie, then at Corinne, and there was a pensive yet complicated expression in his eyes.

The two police officers walked toward Rosie and took out some handcuffs.

"Miss Rosie, please stay here and cooperate with the investigation!"

Rosie backed away in panic and could not accept that she was going to be handcuffed. "Anya... Help me..."

Anya could not bear to be angry with her best friend when the latter begged for help. She walked up to Corinne to try and hold her hand, but Corinne politely avoided her.

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An awkward expression appeared on Anya's face and she withdrew her hand resentfully while saying somewhat regretfully, "I'm sorry, Corinne. I didn't know that this was the truth... You suffered so much these few days, but Rosie made a mistake for my sake in a moment of confusion. Is it okay if you let this one slide, forgive her, and give her another chance?"

Chapter 311

Rosie stood up in astonishment and shook her head violently. It wasn't me! You're talking nonsense! Make such statements again, and I'll sue you for defamation!"

Chris did not argue with her. He turned around and said confidently to the police officer, "It's her. She asked me to do all this. She followed Miss Corinne from the Lunar Century Manor to the shore of Yonder River, and she chose me to do the job because she saw Corinne talking to me when I was distributing flyers!

"She picked up the cell phone that Miss Corinne dropped and used her cell phone to transfer the money to me in advance. She then deleted the transfer record and asked someone else

to send the phone to the police station and act as if they came across the cell phone by chance.

"Each step was carefully calculated by her to make Miss Corinne the prime suspect!"

After hearing that, Anya got up from Lucas's arms in shock and looked at her best friend in disbelief. "Rosie! How could you do something like that? I told you a long time ago not to cause trouble with Corinne for my sake. Whatever that's between myself and Jeremy has nothing to do with Corinne, and I don't like it if you do that sort of thing!"

Rosie shook her head in a panic. "But Anya, it wasn't me! I swear it wasn't me!"

Anya had an extremely disappointed expression after seeing how stubborn Rosie was. She did not want to say another word

11

Chapter 311

2/3

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okay if you let this one slide, forgive her, and give her another chance?”

Chapter **312**

Corinne smiled. “Oh? So you insist that they pursue this

matter until the end if I was the suspect, but now you’re telling me not to pursue it because your best friend is now the suspect? This is double standards of the highest order!”

Anya was a little embarrassed. “I... I never thought of pursuing the matter. It was my brother who couldn’t accept that

someone was out to hurt me, so he...”

Corinne’s hands

were ironically still in handcuffs, and she leaned lazily on the chair as she said, “Sorry, Miss Anya, but I don’t want to listen to you talk anymore. Let’s leave it to the police to get to the bottom of the matter.”

Anya lowered her head, but she was

still determined to plead on Rosie’s behalf. “I’m sorry, Corinne. It was our fault for blaming you, but Rosie is my best friend. I hope you find it in your heart to be more magnanimous...”

Corinne ignored Anya outright and glanced instead at the calm - looking Lucas just nearby. "You love your sister dearly, don't you, Mister Lucas? I don't think you'd be so magnanimous toward the real mastermind behind the scenes, right?"

Anya frowned, turned around to look at Lucas, and said, hurriedly, "Lucas, you know that it wasn't Rosie's intention to harm me. She did it for my good, but the way she did it wasn't right..."

Lucas had no sympathy for Rosie, but since Rosie was his sister's best friend, he had some concerns and therefore fell into deep contemplation.

Corinne could see Lucas's hesitation, so she snorted softly and remarked, "Mister Lucas, I have high hopes that a man like you will have some principles when it comes to doing things. You wouldn't want to make a fool of yourself because you practice double standards when it comes to your precious sister."

Lucas regained his composure after that pointed remark. He looked at Corinne and smiled slightly to say, "Don't worry, Miss Corinne. If the police find out that Chris and his family are telling the truth, I'll treat her the same as I treated you."

Corinne smiled. "Good to hear that."

Rosie's emotions collapsed on the spot after hearing Lucas's statement, "It wasn't me, Lucas! Corinne framed me! Please... You have to trust me..."

The police officers stepped forward and pressed the

uncooperative Rosie down on the table. They then handcuffed her forcibly and escorted her to the interrogation room. At the same time, Chris, his wife, and their son were taken to a separate interrogation room, and a serious investigation was conducted to verify the statements made.

Half an hour later, two police officers came in to uncuff Corinne. They then explained embarrassingly to her, "After our investigation, we've confirmed that Chris' statements were all true, and you weren't involved in this case at all. We sincerely apologize for our ov

ersight in handling the case and subjecting you to such harsh treatment when you were hospitalized with your severe allergies...”

After regaining her freedom, Corinne moved her

uncomfortable wrists and replied calmly, “Don’t worry about

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1. it. She framed me, and she factored the police into the equation as well. We’re all victims here.”

The two police officers looked at Corinne in surprise, then glanced at each other in disbelief. They thought Corinne would end up complaining and accusing them of negligence, but what they received was instead a show of tolerance and understanding. Mistakes happened from time to time, but most people who were in Corinne’s situation would hardly show such kindness to them. All that, yet the little girl in front of them had an open-mindedness far beyond her age, and it was sufficient to touch their hearts and move them.

One of the police officers said in shame, “We’ve put you through a lot these couple of days. Should we arrange for a car to bring you home?”

Corinne waved her hand and said, “Don’t bother. I appreciate your kindness, but I don’t want to sit in a police car anymore!”

11

Despite her refusal, the two police officers smiled graciously. We understand. We won’t send you off then. Be careful on your way home!”

They had gained a good impression of Corinne since it was rare for them to meet people who understood their work as

well as she did.

“I will, officer. Don’t worry about me. You should get back to your investigation!”

“Okay.”

Lucas walked toward Corinne with a half-smile after the police officers left, intending to shake hands with Corinne to make peace after the truth was revealed. Unfortunately for him,

Corinne did not even stop for him and simply walked past him without looking at him. He narrowed his eyes and felt

embarrassed. It was his first time being ignored and looked down on.

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When Corinne was gone, Anya came over anxiously and asked, “What’ll happen to Rosie now?”

Lucas came back to his senses and said solemnly to his sister, “She’s an adult now. She can think for herself. It’s only just for her to bear the consequences of her actions.”

“But Rosie’s my best friend! We can’t just leave her alone...”

“Enough. I don’t want to hear a word of it. You should go home with Sunny.”

Inside the police station’s restroom, Corinne came out after washing her hands, and Gabriel—who had been waiting for her in the corridor—stepped forward and respectfully handed her a tissue. After that, he handed his cell phone to her and said, “Mister Aaron called. He wants to talk to you.”

Corinne took the tissue and wiped her hands before answering the call.

Aaron’s voice came from the other end. “How’s everything, boss? You okay there?”

“Everything’s fine. You did a good job of finding the witnesses in time, so you’ll get a reward once I’m back.”

Aaron answered awkwardly, “**It** wasn’t me, boss.”

Corinne's expression froze. "It wasn't you? Are you saying they escaped by themselves?"

"It's not that, either! I arrived too late, and they were already

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rescued when I got to their location."

"Who rescued them?"

"If my guess is right, it was Jeremy's men. His subordinate, the one named Tommy, sent some people to investigate

Chris's family in the past few days. He found everything one step before us."

Corinne was startled, and she remained quiet for a long time.

Aaron then added, "If I may, boss, Mister Jeremy is actually—"

Before he could finish his sentence, however, Corinne hung up the phone annoyedly.

Gabriel could see that Corinne was not too pleased, so he asked cautiously, "Would you like to come with me later?"

After Corinne tossed the phone back to him, she waved her hand and said, "Thanks, but no thanks. You should head back to your law firm now that things on my end are done."

"Understood."

The two of them left the police station one after the other.

Gabriel bowed to Corinne to say goodbye before turning around and leaving in his car. Corinne narrowed her eyes slightly as she watched Gabriel's car drive away. As soon as she looked away, she was stunned to see Jeremy waiting at the entrance to the police station...

Her mood was a little complicated when she saw him again, and she immediately froze in place. The man wore a suit and leather shoes, and he was leaning lazily against the front of an expensive white sports car. A cigarette was held at the tips of his long fingers and he was smoking nonchalantly as if waiting

for someone.

When he spotted Corinne standing there like an idiot, he raised his hand and made a come-hither movement. "Come here."

Corinne hesitated for a moment before walking over. "Mister."

Jeremy let out a puff of smoke, narrowed his eyes at her, and glanced in the direction that Gabriel's car left. "You have a lot of connections, Corinne."

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Corinne turned around and understood what Jeremy meant when she saw that he was looking in the direction that Gabriel's car left.

"Oh, he used to be my senior in my alma mater's law department. He's a very friendly guy, and it's all thanks to him that I got out of this mess."

"Friendly?" Jeremy stubbed the half-smoked cigarette and stared at her with his bottomless eyes. "Your senior is well-known throughout the entire city as the most difficult lawyer to hire, yet he was willing to help his former university junior. He must have an exceedingly good relationship with you." He was clearly questioning her.

Corinne did not want to explain to him because she did not want to reveal her identity, and she could not think of any reasonable explanation at that moment.

If she said too much, she might accidentally let something slip, so she chose to remain silent.

Then, Annie popped out of nowhere with a small bucket. She dipped a big sprig of sage leaves in the bucket of water and flung the water at Corinne. "Congratulations on being exonerated!"

Before Corinne could react, her face was splashed with water, and she coughed twice after choking on it.

Jeremy frowned after seeing Annie's antics, and he pulled her into his arms to wrap her in a coat. He then stared at Annie coldly. "What are you doing?"

began giggling again.

As unhappy as Jeremy was with her, he still allowed her to do as she pleased.

Annie was dumbfounded, and she looked at Corinne in surprise. "What are you laughing at?"

"You, of course! You're cute!" Corinne broke free from his arms while she laughed. She then walked up to Annie, patted her shoulders with both hands and said to her, "Thanks, Annie! I do need to get rid of my bad luck. Things haven't been going well recently, especially since you provoked your uncle!"

Annie

had a smug expression immediately after hearing what Corinne said. "Hear that, Uncle? She thinks you're the unlucky one!"

Jeremy was speechless.

The two girls then got together and whispered with each other while laughing from time to time.

Jeremy ended up being completely ignored, and he had a cold expression as he stared at the heartless little Corinne. He

adjusted the clothes that she had deliberately wrinkled up, massaged his brows helplessly, and moved a few steps to the side to light another cigarette.

“Are you here to pick Corinne up?” Anya came over and asked in a tender voice.

She had pestered her brother to ask about the situation with Rosie and was thus held up until then. As soon as she came out of the police station, she immediately left her brother and ran over to Jeremy when she saw Jeremy standing at the gate.

The smile on Annie’s face disappeared instantly when she **saw** Anya’s presence. She snorted and then muttered angrily, “The unluckiest person is here again!”

Corinne looked at Anya indifferently, looked at the gentle expression on Jeremy’s face, and glanced away mindlessly. She happened to see Lucas standing helplessly beside his luxury car not far away, and he was waiting for his sister to go back home.

Anya’s fate was pretty good considering how she had an elder brother who loved her unconditionally and spoiled her since she was a child. There was nothing for her to fear, and she only had to hide behind him if something bad happened.

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By contrast, Corinne lived her entire life with no one and nothing to rely on. For every hardship and problem she encountered, she would have to face everything and find every solution by herself. Though her confidence had been tempered by those experiences, she wondered if she would be grateful for the sufferings that made her stronger if she looked back.

Her

answer to that was a resounding no. Given the choice, not a single person on earth would want to go through suffering.

Anya's soft and kind voice drifted into

Corinne's ears. "I've already apologized to Corinne for the misunderstanding, Jeremy! It's because of Rosie's moment of confusion that she made such a mistake! She's not an inherently bad person though, and you should know that after being friends with her for so many years!

"Could you help me persuade Corinne not to pursue the matter and just let it slide this one time? Please? The police said that Rosie won't be locked up if neither I nor Corinne pursue the matter any further."

Corinne smiled sarcastically and turned to look at Jeremy, for she was curious to see if he would agree to help the apple of his eye after she pleaded so tenderly with him.

Jeremy had an insipid expression, and one could not tell what he was thinking behind the wisp of smoke. He calmly exhaled the smoke and said, "Such incidents have happened more than once, and it's not Rosie's first time trying to harm my wife. I won't agree to let this matter go, even if my wife says she's willing to do so."

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Corinne was startled, and she stared blankly at **him** while recalling what he just said.

"Jeremy..." Anya was shocked too, and she lowered her head in disappointment. "Okay. I understand..."

Jeremy stubbed out the cigarette, walked past Anya, and strode toward Corinne. "It's time to go home," he said in a firm manner.

Corinne was still in a daze when Jeremy held her hand, opened the door, and guided her into the car. He then bent down to fasten her seat belt and closed the door. When he we

nt back to the front of the car and walked to the driver's seat, he passed by Anya again and stopped briefly to say to her, "You should go home, too. Lucas is waiting for you."

Anya came back to her senses and nodded. "Okay. I will!"

After that, Annie came over with a smile and asked, "What about me?"

Jeremy glanced at her and ruthlessly walked past her. "Just take the same mode of transport you took when you came here."

Annie could not believe it. "What?! Wait, Uncle! Uncle, don't go! Uncle... Hey! Are you for real right now? Is this how you should treat your niece?"

She chased after Jeremy to try to hitch a ride, but the car threw her off so easily and drove away with a vroom of the engine.

"Uncle Jeremy..." Annie wanted to cry, but the tears could not come.

Anya looked at Annie sympathetically and offered kindly,

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Would you like to come with me? I can ask my brother to send you home!"

Annie shot Anya a disgusted look and refused without hesitation. "Ew, no! I'll take a taxi by myself! See ya!" She then turned around and ran off as if avoiding Anya like the plague.

As Anya looked in the direction that Jeremy drove off and glanced at the rear figure of that ungrateful Annie, her pure-hearted expression changed to that of sudden gloom and ruthlessness as she gritted her teeth.

"Are you going to keep staring at them? They've all left, and we should be going home soon, too," Lucas's worried and distressed tone came from behind.

The sinisterness in Anya's eyes dissipated in an instant, and she reverted to her usual docile expression before saying obediently, "Okay, Lucas. Let's go home."

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Both Anya and Sunny had taken the car driven by the family's personal driver to the police station, but moments later,

Sunny had no choice but to go back in the same car after Lucas asked him to go back home to study. Thus, Anya ended up going home in Lucas' car.

After getting into Lucas' car, Anya immediately saw the amulet hanging off the rearview mirror. The amulet was consecrated by a spiritual master from the Empyrean Temple which was located on top of the mountain of its namesake, Mount Empyrean.

There was a small photo of less than an inch of a little girl and her mother inlaid in the middle of the amulet. The little girl had the same cherry-red mole in between her eyebrows as Anya.

Anya knew that Lucas never believed in things related to spirituality, but even so, he was still willing to ask for a safe blessing for the mother-and-daughter duo. How important the mother and daughter were to him was self-evident.

However, the people in the photo were not of Anya and her mother but the previous madam and young miss of the Rivera family who had been missing for many years. Meaning to say, the ex-wife of Anya's father, and the daughter who was born to them, Luna.

"Lucas, why do you still have a photo of Luna hanging in your car?" asked Anya in a sour tone.

Lucas had just started the car and his hands were on the

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steering

wheel. He looked up at the amulet, and his cold eyes softened for a second. "So that I'll never forget them."

Anya's doe eyes flickered with disappointment. "No fair. Why don't you have a photo of me and Sunny, then?"

"You shouldn't compare yourself with her," Lucas said calmly.

"Why shouldn't I? Is it because deep down in your heart, Sunny and I'll never be as important as Luna to you?" Anya

asked with a frown.

Lucas detected the hurt in

Anya's voice. He slowed down the car, raised his arm, and gently patted her on the head.

"Silly girl. Aren't I always by

your side? I can see you anytime, so there's no need to hang a photo of you in my car.

Meanwhile, Luna has been gone since she was five

years old, and we have no idea how she's been doing all these years. As a brother, I should've kept her safe, but the only thing I can do for her is

to pray that she's safe and happy."

Anya frowned and anxiously advised, "The fact that she hasn't been by your side all these years is all the more reason for you to let her go. Besides, I don't think Luna would've wanted to see you living under the shadow of their disappearance. There's also a high chance they're not of this world anymore."

Lucas' eyes

darkened, and he put his hand back from the steering wheel. He never liked to hear such unlucky words from others because he never wanted to believe that Luna and

her mother were no longer alive. He would rather believe that they had changed their names and were living happily in another corner of the world.

He would have asked the person who said all those unlucky words to get out of the car if it was not for the fact that it was Anya who said them.

Anya did not notice Lucas was angry. She stared at the amulet and said coquettishly, "Lucas, I want you to hang a photo of me and Sunny in the car as well! That way, you'll always think of us when you're driving. Okay?"

Lucas snorted. "Forget it. Why would I want to be reminded of Sunny? That kid only scored three points in his final math exam."

Anya was speechless and felt a little embarrassed for that idiotic little brother of hers. "Lucas, Sunny is actually quite smart. It's just that his heart isn't in studying."

"Does he think he can get away with studying just because his heart isn't in it? The family has hired so many tutors for him, and he only has a score of three points to show for all that? Why, he should be ashamed to call himself a Rivera! I know I definitely would."

"Fine. We'll leave him out of the photo and just put mine, okay?"

Lucas sighed helplessly. To date, he had never not given in to Anya. "Okay, I will hang a photo of you in the car tomorrow so that I'll think of you every time I'm driving. Happy?"

Anya nodded and beamed at him. "Yeah, I'm happy now that we all got the same treatment from you."

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Lucas pinched the bridge of his nose, feeling a little tired. He had always given in to Anya, and sometimes, he worried he was spoiling her too much.

Anya turned her head to look out of the window, and even though she got what she wanted, there was still a disdainful expression on her face. She did not really care whether Lucas had her photo hanging in his car or whether he would think of her while driving; all she wanted was to win against Luna.

Ever since Anya was young, everyone around her always told her that she was lucky to be born into the Rivera family. She was treated like a little princess and was loved by thousands.

However, no one had any idea that no matter how much she was loved, she would never be able to win against that stupid stepsister of hers who had been missing for more than a decade.

To commemorate Luna, her father spent huge sums of money to build Lunar Century Manor in the city center where every inch of the land was worth more than a bar of gold.

Then there was Lucas, who would always put the missing Luna before Anya. When she was young and in order to be favored by Lucas, Anya asked someone to tattoo an identical cherry-red mole in between her eyebrows so that she would look like Luna.

Frankly speaking, she loathed the whole thing but had no choice because Lucas did not like her at first on account of him and her not coming from the same mother. She thought that

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by imitating Luna, Lucas would like her more, and she was right! Look at how Lucas spoiled her.

In fact, one could say that it was not Lucas who was living under the shadow of Luna's disappearance but herself! That was why, out of the whole world, she hated Luna the most. Anya wished for nothing more than for Luna to be wiped out from everyone's memories.

What was even more unacceptable to Anya was that she was not the most special person to Jeremy. To say that she was unhappy would be an overstatement. In fact, she would not be happy until she was the most important and most special person in everyone's lives.

"Lucas, I feel scared..." Anya suddenly said in a trembling voice.

Lucas thought she was not feeling well. He stopped the car by the side of the road and gently asked, "What's wrong? There's nothing to be scared of as long as I'm by your side."

Anya took her brother's hand and said anxiously, "I'm a little afraid of Corinne. I always feel that she has a lot of hostility toward me. Coupled with the fact that Rosie did such a stupid thing... Well, I'm scared that Corinne would take her revenge on me."

"Don't worry, I'll arrange for someone to protect you. never let anyone hurt you."

I'll

Lucas could not help but feel annoyed whenever he thought of how Corinne rudely ignored him, and he reminded himself to not underestimate her. He already lost a sister, and he would be d*mned if he was going to lose another.

At that moment, a sports car was coming from the opposite direction.

A multitude of feelings were bubbling inside Corinne when she turned her head to look at Jeremy, whose eyes were focused on the road. She pursed her lips and said, "Thank you, Mister."

Jeremy glanced at her and asked, "What are you thanking me for?"

"I'm thanking you for helping me find the new witness in

time today, or the truth of this matter wouldn't be revealed so soon."

"How did you know that I was the one who found the new witness?"

"Umm..." The question stumped Corinne.

Jeremy never told her that he was the one who found the new witness. As far as he knew, Corinne was just a country bumpkin. Plus, there was no reliable channel to obtain undisclosed information such as this.

'It's not like I can tell him it was Aaron who reported it to me,' thought Corinne.

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"I was just guessing. You've been so nice to me recently and not to mention I'm your wife in name, so I knew for sure that you were going to help me out. Except for you, there's no one else in the world who'd help me find a new witness like that," explained Corinne in a flattering way.

Jeremy glanced coldly at her. "Did you really know for sure that I was going to help you out for sure?"

"Of course! I've always known that," Corinne answered with a smile that did not reach her eyes.

Jeremy scoffed softly. "So you didn't curse me in your heart when I didn't go back to the hospital to spend time with you last night?"

Corinne did not know what to say for she did, in fact, cursed him.

She heard from Annie yesterday that Jeremy did not come back at all after sending Anya off from the hospital. She guessed that the two old lovers must have gotten carried away by their conversations and did not think too much about it. Howe

ver, she became upset when she thought that Jeremy was just like everyone else who believed that she was the one who hurt Anya.

Therefore, she did curse him in her heart, but not for the reason he thought.

Jeremy took her silence to mean her admission to the accusation. He smirked provocatively and spun the steering wheel with his hand to turn the car around the corner.

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“Last night, I went to investigate something, and when I came back, you were already asleep. Then, I needed to attend to some urgent matter in the morning, so I left before you woke up,” explained Jeremy.

Corinne was stunned and thought, ‘He came back last night?’

“You don’t believe me?” Jeremy asked with a raise of his brow.

Corinne snapped out of her stupor and shook her head. “No, I believe you. You have no reason to lie to me. Anyways, I just want to thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to help me find the new witness.”

Jeremy glanced

at her and saw the forced polite smile on her face. “Tommy was the one who was in charge of finding the witness since I had my hands full with another matter.”

“What matter can be so important that it requires you to personally attend to it?” Corinne asked with a frown.

“I thought you’re good at guessing, so why don’t you take a guess?”

Corinne’s eyebrows knitted. How could she possibly guess when she had nothing to go on?

“Forget it. I’m not going to guess. It probably has something to do with Miss Anya since you’re willing to personally investigate the matter. I don’t need to know the details since it has nothing to do with me.”

As soon as she said that, Jeremy put on the emergency brake, causing the car to skid to the pavement, and the tires to screech loudly. Corinne instinctively and fearfully clung to her seat belt to avoid being flung around inside the car.

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‘What the hell is going on?’ she thought once the car came to a halt. She looked sideways at Jeremy with a frown on her head. What’s the matter with him this time?’

Jeremy’s cold, handsome face was as black as thunder. He narrowed his eyes at her and said, “Nothing to do with you?”

Don’t tell me you seriously think that everything I do has nothing to do with you?”

“Huh? Are you saying that it has something to do with me?” asked Corinne curiously.

Jeremy slowly unbuckled his seat belt. His eyes were cold. “Corinne Carew, do you not listen to all the things I’ve said to you?”

Corinne became even more puzzled. “No, I do listen. It’s just that sometimes, I don’t really understand why you do some of the things you do. For example, this is one of those times.”

“You can always ask if you don’t understand!” said Jeremy angrily.

Corinne still did not understand where his sudden anger was coming from, and she in turn became angry too.

“I have no right to ask since I’m not your real wife. It’s better if

“What did you say?”

Corinne froze for a moment. Then, she frowned and said, ‘ Anya...’

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Jeremy suddenly put one hand on the dashboard and the other on the back of Corinne’s chair. Then, he leaned over and kissed her without warning.

He kissed her softly at first, so soft that it actually surprised Corinne, and then it was like the floodgate was opened, and his tongue began to frantically probe the inside of her mouth.

Corinne was shocked, to say the least. She quickly pushed him away and only had time to take a big gulp of air before Jeremy kissed her hard again.

She pushed him away. “Mister, you—mmph!”

He kissed her even more fiercely this time.

“No, Mister. Get...off...me...”

He held her head firmly in place to prevent her from resisting. He was going to savor this moment as much as he could.

The aggressive and invasive kiss was more like a punishment to Corinne. She was starting to feel dizzy from the lack of oxygen; one second more and she would have suffocated there and then.

Therefore, it was a good thing Jeremy finally let her go before the one second was up.

“You *sshole!” Corinne took a deep breath, wiped her mouth, and glared at Jeremy.

“Hey, between the two of us, you’re the bigger *sshole here.” Jeremy grabbed her chin roughly to admire her red and

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swollen lips.

Corinne failed to push his hand away. "How am I the bigger sshole?" she asked angrily.

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"Need you ask?" Jeremy rubbed the tip of her chin with his thumb. There was a hint of resentment in his eyes that did not match his usually mature temperament. "How can you simply give away your husband to another woman? Even a saint isn't as kind as that! So let me ask you, don't you think you're the bigger *sshole when you were the one who cast me aside after toying with my feelings?"

'Cast him aside after toying with his feelings? What a load of bullsh*t!' thought Corinne. She was annoyed at being disrespected and molested by him, though she could kind of see where he was coming from. Jeremy was a man after all, and he might have developed feelings for her after getting a taste of her. However, that was only a guess of hers, and his motives might be wholly different in reality.

"Mister, you shouldn't think that you can do whatever you want to me just because we've slept together once. Besides, that one time was an unfortunate accident. It doesn't mean that anything's going to happen between us somewhere down the line. If you ever do what you did to me again, I'll..."

"You'll what?" Jeremy looked down at her little angry face.

"Sue you for sexual harassment!"

Jeremy laughed as if she just told him the funniest joke in the world. Then, his eyes suddenly sharpened. "Now you listen to me, Corinne Carew, it's not my plan to sleep with you once."

Corinne became even angrier when she heard that. If she had

not been afraid that the rest of his life would be ruined by the after-effects, she would not have slept with him at all.

"Well, the same goes for me! Hmph, if anything else, you should be happy that I was even willing to sleep with you."

Jeremy quietly leaned over the side of her face and whispered, "What I mean is, it's my plan to sleep with you more than once."

Corinne was stunned and disgusted at the same time. 'What did he say? What a total perv!'

"I want to do dirty things to you the whole night long and until the two of us can't move an inch anymore. What do you say?" whispered Jeremy into her ear again.

'Until we can't move an inch anymore...? Just how many times does he want to sleep with me?' thought Corinne. Her heart suddenly tightened, and she turned her face away from him in disgust.

"Quit being a sc*mbag, Mister." Corinne would never believe the irresponsible words of a man who still had feelings, not to mention who had just not long ago made a grand romantic confession to his first love.

Chapter 320

"Sc*mbag? Tell me, just how am I one?" Jeremy asked with a frown.

Corinne was just about to answer his question when the phone in her pocket suddenly rang, causing her to lose her train of thought. She fished out the phone from her pocket and saw that the place where there should be a name was only a string of numbers.

However, she had a near photographic memory when it came to remembering numbers and could tell with a glance that it was Anya who was calling.

"Here, Mister, you take the call. It's from your precious Anya." She handed the phone to him and looked out of the window to give him some privacy.

Jeremy accepted the phone without looking at it and

immediately rejected the call. "Corinne Carew, turn around and look at me," he said sternly.

Corinne turned to look at him, her beautiful eyes filled with contempt. "And then what?"

Jeremy looked deeply into her eyes and started to explain, "The reason I asked you to go to Lunar Century Manor that day was actually..."

The phone rang again. The ringtone kept playing and playing, which irritated Jeremy to no end.

Corinne raised an eyebrow. "Why don't you pick up the call first? After all, she might be in an emergency."

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After thinking it over, Jeremy accepted the call and put it on speaker.

"Jeremy, are you home yet?" Anya's soft and gentle voice

came from the other side of the phone.

"Not yet. Is something the matter?"

"Lucas' car broke down on the Yonder Bridge. We're stuck here at the moment, so can you come over and pick us up?" said Anya helplessly.

"What about Lucas' subordinates? Can't he ask them to pick the two of you up?" Jeremy asked emotionlessly.

"Lucas' phone ran out of battery, and he doesn't remember any of his subordinates' phone numbers. I only have your number saved in my phone, so there's no one else I can call... I'm also feeling a little sick right now..." replied Anya in a trembling voice.

"Okay, I'll send someone over to pick you guys up," said Jeremy.

Anya was a little hurt to hear that. "Jeremy, didn't you just leave the hospital not long ago? You shouldn't be too far from the Yonder Bridge. Can't you come here and pick us up yourself? Or is it because... Corinne doesn't want you to come here?"

Corinne rolled her eyes and thought, 'Why does she always have to push all the blame on me? This has nothing to do with me. She's one cray-cray woman, alright.'

"Jeremy, my illness seems to have flared up again. I'm just worried that your people won't reach here in time. Jeremy..."

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"I'm feeling really, really bad right now..." Anya said weakly.

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Jeremy lowered his eyes and was silent for two seconds. "Send me the location."

"Okay, I'll send it to you right away. Thank you so much, Jeremy!" said Anya happily.

Corinne had already unbuckled her seat belt by the time Jeremy had hung up the phone. She was about to get out of the car when he grabbed her wrist from behind.

"Where do you think you're going?" Jeremy asked.

"I'm going to take the taxi back so that no one can ever say that I was the one who came in between you and Miss Anya. Don't worry about me, Mister. You should quickly go save your damsel in distress," said Corinne sarcastically.

Jeremy threw her a cold glance. "Sit down. We're going together."

Corinne was forced to buckle up her seat belt again. Jeremy quickly turned the car around and drove to the Yonder Bridge.

Corinne was really annoyed. "Mister, I don't think I should be going with you to pick up Anya..."

"You're the one I like!" Jeremy impatiently cut her off without warning.

Corinne was shocked but then in a deadpan manner, she said, Mister, you shouldn't joke about something like this. I'll never

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