

The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished

Chapter 591

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Corinne turned a deaf ear to Rosie and continued to walk forward.

Rosie, in her high heels, caught up with Corinne and lashed out harshly, “You failed to win Jeremy’s heart, Corinne, and you’ll fail to win Lucas’s heart too! Someone as poor as you can probably only marry those nouveau riches in the countryside.

“Quit dreaming about winning the hearts of these rich men! Can’t you look at yourself and stop trying to snatch away my man or Anya’s man?”

Corinne nodded curtly. “Fine! No problem! Can you get out of the way now?”

Rosie was speechless because of how little of an effect her words had.

“What’s with the attitude, Corinne?”

“Didn’t I already promise you I won’t snatch the men you’re after? What else do you want me to do?”

“You-”

“Rosie, Corinne,” Anya’s tender voice interjected, “What are you two arguing about?”

Corinne and Rosie looked in the direction of the voice simultaneously and saw Anya dressed in a gorgeous costume. Her exquisitely done hair and makeup made her look somewhat unrecognizable at first glance.

Rosie asked, “Aren’t you going to go on stage and perform Mister Edgar’s favorite part? Why are you here?”

“I’m too nervous, Rosie,” Anya said, “I decided to go to the bathroom before coming up. I heard your voices when I came out of the bathroom, so I came over to see why you and Corinne were arguing.”

Rosie glared at Corinne but did not want to affect Anya’s mood before the performance and said, “It’s nothing. We weren’t arguing. You should get ready for your performance!”

“I’m glad to hear that!” Anya smiled.

She then looked at Corinne and asked, “I need to prepare for my performance soon! My gift to Grandpa is a performance of his favorite piece, ‘A Love Entranced’. I’ve been practicing for a long time for this day! What do you think of my appearance?”

Corinne looked at her and smiled. “It does suit you very well.”

‘You’re such a good actress, so it shouldn’t be a problem!’

“Really? Well, Jeremy said that I look amazing too! I actually wanted your help in deciding whether to sing ‘Farewell, My Love’ or ‘A Love Entranced’, but you weren’t there, so Jeremy chose ‘A Love Entranced’ for me. I honestly prefer ‘Farewell, My Love’ because of Consort

Aileen’s character, but Jeremy thought the piece was a little too sad to be sung at my grandfather’s birthday banquet. What do you think?”

Corinne looked indifferent, “I don’t know much about these things, so you should just listen to Mister Jeremy.”

Anya’s eyes were filled with happiness. “Okay! You should head over, Corinne. I’ll be performing soon, so maybe you and Rosie can watch my performance with each other.”

Corinne was not interested in the slightest, but Rosie did not want to ruin her best friend’s expectations. She glared at Corinne before pulling her away.

“Off you go. You’d better not be ungrateful now that Anya invited you!” Rosie whispered into Corinne’s ear in a voice that only Corinne could hear!

Rosie’s main reason for bringing Corinne with her was to ensure that Corinne did not run around by herself and start prying for information from the Lovelaces. It would also stop Corinne from getting a chance to hit Lucas up, and keeping Corinne under close watch would always be the safer option!

Corinne frowned and did not want to go, but she did not resist because Rosie had been following her the entire time, making it difficult to inquire about the Lovelaces.

As the three of them walked down the stairs together, Anya suddenly stumbled and fell down

the stairs.

“Anya!”

Rosie was startled and immediately ran over to help.

“Are you okay? Anya...”

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Anya groaned in pain and had a horrified, aggrieved look on her face.

“Corinne! W-w-why did you push me?”

Rosie was taken aback when she heard that and looked angrily at Corinne.

“You’re up to no good again, Corinne! What a vicious woman you are, harming Anya time and again!”

Corinne’s hands were hanging naturally by her sides, and she was stunned when facing the accusations from Anya and Rosie. Her lips twitched slightly, and she let out a soft snort.

‘Here we go again!’

Anya tried every means to get Corinne to go to the birthday earlier, but since there was little success with the present, she pulled off one of her usual tricks.

It was the same boring ploy that she used to do in the past.

Rosie carefully helped Anya up and asked, “How are you feeling, Anya? Did you hurt yourself?”

Anya had tears in her eyes, and she looked rather weak. “Rosie... My foot... It hurts...”

“Your foot? Oh no... Could it be a fracture? What do we do now?”

Rosie checked Anya’s foot anxiously, but there did not seem to be anything wrong with it externally. She expressed her worry at Anya’s situation while

glaring unreasonably at the 'culprit' Corinne. That was when she saw the sarcastic sneer on Corinne's face.

"How can you still smirk at this moment? What kind of heartless person are you? Anya didn't provoke you and even invited you to see her performance, but you returned the favor by being so ruthless as to push her down! You're an evil b*tch, you know that! Lucas won't forgive you if Anya's foot suffers a fracture!"

Corinne remarked indifferently, "Show your evidence. Do you have any evidence to prove that I pushed her?"

Rosie then said angrily, "I was right beside Anya. I can bear witness to what happened! Why would Anya tumble down the stairs if you hadn't pushed her? Do you have any idea how hard Anya practiced for her performance today? There's no way she'd hurt herself intentionally before her performance!"

Corinne smirked. "Who's to know for sure?"

Rosie gritted her teeth angrily and pointed at her. "You..."

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Anya pulled Rosie's arm weakly and said, "Enough, Rosie. You can't win an argument against her. Could you help me up, please? I think I'd still be able to go on stage."

Rosie shot a cold glare at Corinne and tried her best to help Anya stand up.

Anya struggled to stand up, but she could not do so and sat back down on the ground in pain.

"Ah! It hurts..."

"Anya! What happened?"

"My... My legs are weak..."

"Ah? What should I do now...'

"What's going on here?" Lucas asked in a stern voice as he walked over with firm footsteps.

Rosie raised her head when she heard his voice, and it was as if she had seen a glimmer of hope as she said, “You came at the perfect time, Lucas! Corinne pushed Anya down the stairs, and Anya kept saying that her foot hurt. I’m worried that she might’ve suffered a fracture...”

Lucas then rushed forward and ran over to help Anya, who was already dressed up in her costume and did her makeup. “What happened to you, Anya?”

Anya’s voice was very weak, and she tried her best to refrain from crying so her tears would not ruin her makeup. “I’m fine, but my foot hurts. Help me up, Lucas. I still need to go on stage to sing for Grandpa...”

Lucas frowned worriedly. “Why are you even thinking about going on stage when you can’t stand up? Be a good girl and get your foot checked!”

Then, Lucas carried Anya up, turned his head, and ordered sternly, “Call the Lovelaces’ family doctor, Edmund!”

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“Yes, sir!”

Anya struggled stubbornly in Lucas’s arms, and tears started to well up in her eyes.

“No... I’m fine, Lucas! I need to perform! I’ve already told Grandpa I’ve prepared a special gift for his birthday. He’ll be very disappointed in me if I don’t show up onstage. You know how long I’ve taken to prepare this gift, Lucas...”

Lucas frowned and chastised, “Be a good girl, Anya! I’ll explain the situation to Grandpa for you. Nothing is as important as your health right now, so stop making such a big fuss!”

Anya cried, “No, Lucas! I don’t want to! I’ve been looking forward to this for a long time! I don’t want to give up now... Let me go, Lucas! I want to go on stage! I want to perform! I swear I’m fine...”

Anya flailed about, hindering Lucas from moving forward. Nothing he said could persuade her, and there was nothing he could do about her situation.

Rosie looked at the situation, feeling worried about her best friend's injury and the headache that her dream man Lucas had to face. She got angrier with every passing thought, and once her rage had reached its peak, she went over and shoved Corinne forcefully, causing the latter to stagger several steps.

"You're the cause of all this, Corinne! Look at what you've done to Anya. You've made all of Anya's sacrifices go to waste, and you need to take responsibility for this!"

Corinne stood firm, brushed the spot Rosie touched, and said, "Miss Rosie, I hope you'll be more respectful with your words and how you carry yourself. I refuse to entertain baseless accusations, and I won't take responsibility for something I did not do."

Her continued refusal to admit her wrongdoings angered Rosie to the point of wanting to push her a second time.

However, Corinne succeeded in calmly avoiding her.

Rosie failed to place her hand on Corinne and almost fell face-flat to the ground!

"H-how dare you avoid me?! Anya hurt her foot because you pushed her down! You're the reason she can't perform now, and you're still being so smug with me?"

Lucas stared coldly at Corinne with mixed feelings of gloom and anger. He kept quiet for the time being and focused entirely on his sister's injury. Corinne sensed Lucas's condemning gaze and felt like laughing when she saw Anya's stubborn refusal to deal with the injury.

Other people could not see it, but Corinne could tell that Anya was simply putting on an act to make Lucas feel heartbroken for her. That way, Lucas could get angry at Corinne and chase her

away.

"I didn't push Miss Anya. You can call the police if you don't believe me and let them investigate the situation. I have no issues cooperating with an investigation, but I won't accept this unfounded blame to be put on me."

Rosie snorted coldly. "No evidence, you say? Just because there aren't any surveillance cameras here doesn't mean you can get away with it! I'm a witness, and the police will accept my testimony when they're here! You wanted me to call the police, didn't you? Well, just wait! I'll do just that!"

Corinne remained calm and fearless while waiting for Rosie to call the police. However, Anya stretched out her hand while she was still in Lucas's arms, saying, "Don't call the police, Rosie. Corinne probably didn't mean to do it, and I don't want there to be any trouble at Grandpa's birthday party, especially not when it would become an embarrassment to everyone. Just forget it and put your phone away."

"But, she..."

Rosie knew that Anya had a good point since calling the police at the old man's birthday party would only ruin the moment. Even so, she was unwilling to let that damned Corinne leave just like that.

Despite her grievance, Anya insisted, "Could you just come here and persuade Lucas to let me go? I need to go on stage. If I can't make it, then..."

Lucas's expression sank, and he hugged the injured Anya tightly to keep her from moving." Anya!"

Anya continued to insist on going onstage despite the injury, and Rosie felt sorry for her best friend and was just as worried about her as Lucas was.

All of a sudden, an idea popped up in Rosie's mind, and she said with a smug expression, "You're the reason for Anya's injury, so since she can't go onstage, Anya might be kind enough to let you off the hook if you can help salvage the situation!"

Corinne cocked her eyebrow and asked curiously, "Salvage the situation? How?"

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Rosie glared at Corinne and said, “Is that so difficult to understand, Corinne? I’m asking you to go onstage and take Anya’s place to sing ‘A Love Entranced’!”

Corinne frowned slightly. “Me? Taking her place for the performance? How is that helpful?”

Rosie rolled her eyes confidently and said, “It’s very helpful! You’ll be using heavy makeup when you’re singing on stage, so no one can tell that you’re not her if they don’t look carefully! You can just go on stage, sing the song as Anya, and we’ll treat it as if Anya was the one who came on stage to sing for the old man. No one will notice anything!”

After hearing Rosie’s idea, Anya pondered it momentarily and soon understood her best friend’s intentions. Rosie deliberately tried to make a fool out of Corinne with the performance. It did not take a genius to figure out that a poor country girl like Corinne could never belt out an opera.

Corinne’s family finances and childhood environment hindered her from taking opera lessons. Once on stage, she would make a fool of herself by singing nonsense, and Edgar hated those who did not appreciate opera by singing out of tune and butchering his beloved classics.

Anya had made many preparations and practiced hard just to please Edgar with her special birthday gift. However, judging from Edgar’s attitude toward her that day, she knew that she would not win his favor regardless of how well she sang, and if she failed to sing to his satisfaction, he would probably shun her even more.

Therefore, Anya had never planned to go on stage to sing. She merely wanted to use the opportunity to create a ‘reason’ for why she could not go on stage because that would cause Lucas to get angry at Corinne and immediately chase Corinne away.

Anya could see that Edgar had entertained the idea of treating Corinne like a granddaughter after his wife mistook her for their daughter earlier. If they went ahead with Rosie’s idea of getting Corinne on stage to sing in Anya’s place and ruin the old man’s beloved classic, he would get angry and drop the idea of treating Corinne like a granddaughter.

A hint of sinisterness flashed in Anya’s eyes. ‘If I can’t win the old man’s heart, then that b*

tch Corinne will have even less of a chance to do so!

She did not veto Rosie's suggestion and merely feigned concern. "Don't you think you're putting Corinne in a tight spot..."

Rosie did not take that advice to heart. "Not at all! I'm asking her to sing a song, not forcing her to be executed! There's no way you can go on stage with that injured foot, so why don't you just let Corinne take your place?"

Anya nestled in her brother's arms and looked helplessly at Corinne. "In that case, could you...."

"No."

Corinne refused without hesitation, then cocked her eyebrow and looked at Rosie. "If you

want someone to help with Miss Anya's present, then why don't you-her best friend-go on stage and take her place?"

Rosie's complexion soured, and she blinked her eyes diffidently as she said, "I... I don't know how to sing!"

Corinne found that very laughable. "Do you expect me to be able to do something that even you can't do?"

Rosie doubled down on her remarks. "Even if you don't know how to sing, you'd still be better than me! My specialty is dancing. I can't even sing a tune, let alone an entire opera! Besides, I have to take care of Anya offstage, so there's no way I can take her place on stage!"

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Corinne was not persuaded and was adamant about refusing.

At that moment, Lucas finally said in a stern and impatient tone. "That's enough! Stop causing trouble! If Anya can't take the stage, getting someone else to take her place is unnecessary. Grandpa isn't going to blame anyone. I'll just explain Anya's situation to him."

After hearing what Lucas said, Corinne could not be happier to be freed from that.

pressure.

Anya insisted tearfully, "I didn't prepare any other gifts for Grandpa aside from this performance... Even if Grandpa doesn't blame me for not giving him a proper present, it'd still leave him with a bad impression of me in the future. That's why I need to complete the performance for him..."

Lucas frowned and gazed down at his stubborn sister. "Listen to me, Anya. Your health is more important than anything. If you want to sing the opera you've practiced for Grandpa, you can always do so another day. There will be more opportunities for you to sing for him in the future!"

Anya started struggling again. "No! It's Grandpa's birthday today, and the performance will lose its significance if I do it on a random day. I've already told Grandpa that I prepared a special gift for him, so I can't break my promise! Jeremy... He's waiting in the audience to see my performance too. I don't want to disappoint either of them..."

Lucas's gaze turned gloomy. "Anya!"

Rosie walked up to Lucas and Anya before standing up for her best friend, "Anya's still determined to go on with the performance, and if we don't find someone to go on stage to complete the performance for her, she won't listen to you and cooperate to get her injuries. checked!"

That was when Lucas finally began to consider Rosie's suggestion.

Anya might be a demure girl, but she had a very stubborn temper and was determined to see. through something that she had her heart set on. Evidence of that could be seen in her decision to marry Jeremy ever since she was still a child. What Rosie said made sense because Anya would not cooperate with the treatment even if she was forced to be sent to the hospital. That would make things even more troublesome.

looked

Lucas was worried about Anya's injury, so after taking everything into consideration, he

up

and glanced coldly at Corinne before ordering, "Get yourself ready to take the stage as Anya's replacement."

Corinne did not answer her boss as rudely as she did to Rosie and Anya. "Aren't you afraid I'd butcher the gift your sister has so painstakingly prepared?"

Lucas said coldly, "What matters to an older person is not whether you sing well, but whether

you poured your heart into it. Just sing a couple of lines and do your best for Anya!"

Roste agreed and said, "If you don't, then Anya's mind won't be at ease when she gets her foot injury checked on. Will you be able to bear the consequences if she suffers from any sequelae due to the late treatment?"

"Are you all certain you want me to take the stage for Miss Anya?"

Anya looked at Corinne with pleading eyes. "I'm injured now, Corinne. I can't go on stage. I'll be very grateful if you can go on stage and help me salvage the situation! You have such a nice voice, so I'm sure you can sing a tune well. I trust that you'll be fine..."

Corinne looked at Anya, then at her boss Lucas, and thought about it before sighing helplessly,

"Okay then. Since my boss insisted, then I as an employee-can only do as told. You can't blame me if I don't sing well, though."

"We won't! Thank you for your willingness to help me!" Anya said gratefully, then turned to Rosie, "Could you please help me bring Corinne to get her makeup and dress ready? We're running out of time!"

Rosie nodded with a triumphant smile on her face. "Sure. Don't worry, Anya, I'll bring her there right away!"

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Rosie glanced again at Corinne with disgust and barked sarcastically, "Why are you spacing out? Let's go! I'll bring you to get your makeup done!"

Corinne sighed, nodded helplessly, and followed Rosie as the latter led her backstage.

Lucas stared coldly at Corinne's rear figure and narrowed his eyes. He did not care much about Corinne's potential performance later, but he simply felt that Corinne's reaction was a little odd.

Things were bound to happen whenever Corinne showed up, and there was always some trouble in the offing. All he could hope for was that she would not ruin his grandfather's birthday party that day.

Had he not been forced to calm his younger sister's emotions so she could get her foot injury checked up, he would not have allowed Corinne to stay around, let alone perform on stage.

At that moment, Edmund finally arrived with the Lovelaces' family doctor.

"Sir, Doctor Kingsley is here," Edmund said.

He then looked worriedly at Anya while she was still nestled in Lucas's arms. "How is Miss Anya doing?"

Lucas's face remained calm as he explained, "Her foot is injured pretty badly, and she can't walk anymore. Have Doctor Kingsley check her to see if there's a fracture."

"Okay. Right this way, doctor. Please have a look at Miss Anya's foot."

The family doctor stepped forward and suggested, "Sir, perhaps you should lay her down on a stable platform so she could relax a little. We'll be able to examine her better that way."

"Okay."

Lucas carried Anya into a nearby guest room and gently placed her on the sofa so the doctor could examine her injuries.

Anya was no longer as stubborn as before. She obeyed her brother obediently and cooperated with the doctor as he checked her foot. Unbeknownst to everyone, a sinister yet subtle smile appeared across her innocent little face.

The truth was that her foot did not hurt at all, and it was never hurt in the first place. It was all fake!

'Corinne, oh, Corinne! I'm excited to see what will happen once you go on stage later!'

Edgar hated it when bad singers took to the stage and made a mess out of a song, and he

that would hate Corinne to the core once she butchered the song. That could be enough to stop darn Corinne from doing her best to associate herself with the powerful and to achieve her

dreams of securing power, wealth, and glory!

"Do you feel any pain here?" the doctor asked, pressing her ankle.

Anya winced in agony and lied, "It does hurt a little, but it's much better than before. The pain was really bad when I fell down the stairs earlier..."

"What about here?" The doctor pressed other parts of her foot.

Anya's answer was the same 'It hurts a little.'

After a thorough examination, the doctor frowned and stood up.

"Sir, Miss Anya's ankle is just a little sprained, and there aren't any fractures. The injury isn't very severe, so there's nothing to worry about. Just apply some sprain ointment, and she'll recover slowly after some rest. Remember not to let her walk too soon, though."

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Lucas nodded in relief after hearing what the doctor said. "I see. That's good to hear."

Anya had a sudden thought and said, "I'm still a little worried about Corinne's performance, so since the doctor already checked my foot and said that I'm fine, I'd like to go and watch it."

Lucas frowned. “Didn’t you hear the doctor advising you not to walk for now? Be obedient.”

Anya pouted pitifully. “I really want to watch the performance... Please just take me there, Lucas. I just want to have a look.”

Lucas frowned for a moment and said, “Not a chance. Corinne will perform under your guise, so aren’t you afraid that someone might spot you in the audience?”

Anya was stunned since she had completely forgotten about that point. She wanted to see Corinne make a fool of herself and show up just in time to prove that the person on stage was someone else instead of her.

“Lucas... I just want to watch her from a distance... We don’t have to be in the audience. We can just watch from a distance...”

All Lucas cared about at that moment was her sprained foot. He did not give her any room for negotiation.

“Don’t be stubborn, Anya. Our priority now is to get the doctor to apply some of the ointment. on your foot. Then you can get some rest and recuperate.”

“But, Lucas...”

Anya called out for Lucas coquettishly, and tears filled her eyes again.

Lucas frowned and did not give in.

When Edmund saw the stalemate between Lucas and Anya, he thought momentarily before. stepping forward and saying, “Miss, you need to listen to your brother and have a good rest. go there and stream it live from my cell phone for you to watch. That way, you can see her performance from here.”

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Anya was not too happy when she heard that, but as soon as she saw her brother’s unyielding expression, she felt that Edmund’s idea was pretty good and decided to settle for the next best option.

She then nodded and said, “Okay... Thank you for the trouble, Edmund.”

Edmund replied respectfully, “No thanks necessary. It’s no trouble.”

Anya had always given off the vibe of being approachable and understanding, so almost everyone who knew her believed she was a genuinely humble and angelic girl. Everyone who had met her had a positive impression of her and liked her a lot, including Edmund.

Lucas did not stop Edmund either. He merely looked at his once well-behaved younger sister, who was becoming more and more troublesome, and he had mixed feelings as his eyes narrowed slightly. There was even a touch of irritability and lethargy between his brows.

Backstage, Corinne has already done her makeup and put on her outfit.

Rosie looked at Corinne's appearance after having make-up and could not help but feel that Corinne was more charming than Anya. As a result, Rosie felt even more disgusted and jealous, prompting her to lash out angrily, "Remember to give it your all and sing well once you go on stage. Don't embarrass Anya!"

Corinne looked in the mirror, cocked her eyebrow, and looked at the domineering-looking Rosie, "I've already told you that I'm not very good at singing, but you insisted on letting me replace Miss Anya on stage. If you're worried I'd embarrass myself, I might as well not take the stage at all!"

Rosie became anxious again. "You... Your makeup's done, so why are you arguing about it at this sort of time? The other performances have already started, so what do you expect the other performers to do if you don't come on stage soon?"

Corinne stood up slowly, "Well, that's true, but didn't you say that I'm supposed to go on stage and sing 'A Love Entranced'? Why am I dressed like Consort Aileen? Why am I wearing the dress she wore when she sang 'Farewell, My Love!'"

Rosie brushed her question off by saying, "Anya is still wearing the dress for 'A Love Entranced', and it's inconvenient for her to take it off after her foot was injured. You have no choice but to sing 'Farewell, My Love'! It's not like they're any different. Why are you still being picky when you're supposed to help fill in?"

Corinne sighed worriedly. "Guess I'll have to make a fool of myself on Miss Anya's behalf then!"

As soon as she listened to the drum beat from the front, she took a deep breath to prepare herself before reluctantly stepping onto the stage.

As soon as Corinne went on stage, a triumphant smile unfurled across Rosie's face as she waited in anticipation to see how badly Corinne would perform. Rosie left the backstage area expectantly and went to the audience to witness the best part of the performance.

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Rosie went off stage, glanced at the audience, and walked over to sit in the first row behind Edgar and Gertrude.

The second elder of the Lovelaces was Lucas's grandfather. If she could strike up a good relationship with the old man and his wife, then it would almost certainly benefit her in her future relationship with Lucas.

Rosie exchanged greetings with the elders in a very respectful and polite manner before taking her seat. She looked up at the stage and saw Corinne making an appearance.

'Let the show begin!'

Corinne led the other dancers on stage with a firm stride and raised her voice to sing.

"Farewell, my love. Farewell, my love. We must go our separate ways. Remember this farewell, keep our memories in your heart, and think back to our time before our farewell..."

Her voice did not break, she was not out of tune, and she nailed every single word correctly.

Her voice was crisp, and those in the audience who were chatting while listening to the performance could not help but fall silent as they focused their attention on 'Consort Aileen' on the stage.

Rosie was dumbfounded, and the eager expression she had earlier had faded away. She even wondered if she was hallucinating.

She had no idea that Corinne could have such a professional voice.

Rosie listened carefully again and confirmed that she was not hearing things. Corinne was genuinely singing very well!

'But how?! How could a country bumpkin like Corinne sing an opera so well? Someone of her background would never have been able to learn it!'

The middle-aged and elderly VIP guests were already applauding for 'Consort Aileen' with eyes filled with admiration.

However, Rosie still refused to believe that Corinne would be the singer who sang 'Farewell, My Love' so flawlessly.

It could not have been possible! Something was gravely wrong.

Rosie lost her composure, stood up, and stared at the girl in the costume of Consort Aileen. Her eyes widened even more in disbelief as she listened to Corinne sing.

'It's Corinne! There's no doubt about it! It's her... That country bumpkin can sing opera, and she sang so perfectly too! Didn't she say she couldn't sing very well?!'

At that moment, someone in the audience smiled and asked Edgar, "Edgar, what's the name of this woman playing 'Consort Aileen'? She sings amazingly well! Where did you find her?"

Edgar also looked at 'Consort Aileen' on stage in amazement. His pupils trembled, and he was so focused on the performance that he did not hear the question raised by his friend.

The singer sang in such a unique manner, and her movement-not to mention her voice and figure-left everyone in awe. In addition, her portrayal of 'Consort Aileen' had a charm similar to his daughter Emily, who had been missing for many years.

'Farewell, My Love' was her favorite play, and when she was young, she had the opportunity to learn from an opera master because her parents-being fans of opera-were good friends with that opera master.

Emily admired Consort Aileen's boldness, so it was no surprise that her favorite opera was Farewell, My Love'. She frequently performed it whenever there were art performances at her school.

The 'Consort Aileen' on stage looked remarkably like Emily as a young child singing on stage -her movements, charm, and voice were somehow very similar. Edgar felt that the singer looked like his daughter, and Gertrude shared the same view too.

Gertrude stared at 'Consort Aileen' with tears in her eyes, and she almost choked up as she said, "It's Emily... Emily's singing her favorite piece."

Upon seeing his wife's reaction, Edgar could not help but feel a touch of heartbreak as he stretched out his hand and held his wife's trembling shoulders.

He calmed her down with a deep voice and said, "Not so loud, honey. Let our Emily finish her

song."

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Upon hearing Edgar's words, Gertrude-whose mental state faltered slightly-went blank. momentarily. She suppressed her urge to rush up and hug her 'daughter', nodding quietly." Yes, we can't interrupt her when she's so focused on her singing. Emily doesn't like to be interrupted..."

At the end of the pieces, the actors left the stage after a curtain call. Gertrude watched as her 'daughter' left her sight, and her mood started spiraling out of control as she got up anxiously to try and get on stage to chase after her daughter.

Edgar had anticipated she would do that, so he grabbed his wife just in time and said, "Don't go anywhere, Gertrude. Emily won't leave again."

After comforting his wife, he turned around and instructed the servants waiting beside him, "Get 'Consort Aileen' to come here right away!"

"Yes, sir."

The servant responded and went immediately.

Upon seeing that, Rosie—who had just snapped back to her senses—suddenly had a bad feeling. She initially wanted Corinne to make a fool of herself in public, but she never expected Corinne to be that good of a singer who even received the approval of Edgar and Gertrude. The old couple even wanted to meet her!

Rosie could not let that happen. Edgar was very satisfied with Corinne's performance, and he would have a good impression of her if he knew she was 'Consort Aileen'. That would only fuel Corinne's ambitions to advance her social status.

Having considered that, Rosie immediately stepped forward and feigned a smile as she intervened, "Didn't you notice, Mister Edgar? The opera singer who played Consort Aileen earlier was Anya! She worked incredibly hard just to give you this special gift!"

Edgar was startled to hear that. 'Did I hear her correctly?! 'Consort Aileen' was played by Anya? I didn't notice it at all!'

Suddenly, Edgar remembered the so-called 'special gift' Anya had mentioned she had prepared for him. She mentioned that it was something he would almost certainly love.

As it turned out, the gift she prepared was that performance.

A trace of disappointment flashed across Edgar's eyes after discovering that 'Consort Aileen' was Anya. Nevertheless, he smiled with appreciation and said softly, "Well, she was very considerate to prepare this gift. It isn't easy for one to train their voice that well."

At this time, Gertrude—who was already a little anxious because she could not meet her

daughter—asked impatiently, "Edgar... Why hasn't Emily come here yet? Please find her. I want to see her..."

Edgar briefly comforted his wife before telling Rosie, "Please tell her to come over. Let her know that I have something to say to her."

Rosie smirked and nodded, "Okay, sir! I'll get Anya to come and meet you right now!"

Rosie hurried backstage and happened to run into Corinne. She stood angrily in front of Corinne and said, "Stop! Where do you think you're going?"

Corinne had not had the time to remove her makeup and costume yet, so she replied plainly, "Someone just informed me that Mister Edgar wanted to meet the singer, so I'm going over right now."

Rosie stared at her disdainfully, "What business do you have meeting him? Don't forget that. you just took Anya's place, and Mister Edgar wants to meet Anya. The person he saw on stage. was Anya-not you. Don't you take this opportunity to make a name for yourself!"

Corinne raised her eyebrows nonchalantly. "Are you saying that I don't need to meet him?"

Rosie snorted arrogantly. "No, you don't. You have no right to! Just stay here and don't go. anywhere. It's none of your business! Anya will be going to meet the man!"

Corinne shrugged indifferently. "Sure. I'll remove my makeup since I don't need to go!"

After finishing her words, she turned around, yawned, and returned to the dressing room to remove her makeup.

Rosie frowned unhappily and had a particular disdain for Corinne's arrogance. As she glanced at Corinne's back in disgust, she turned to look for Anya and intended to ask her best friend to become 'Consort Aileen' and meet Edgar.

"The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished" Today, author

Chapter 600

Anya was being kept under close watch after Lucas arranged for someone to ensure she was resting and recuperating in the room. Her face had turned pale, and the expression on her innocent and angelic face became incredibly distorted.

She had watched Corinne's performance of 'Farewell, My Love' through a video call with Edmund her brother's subordinate-and the result left her surprised, astonished, and jealous. Corinne's performance was not as terrible as she expected. On the contrary, it was so breathtaking that the guests in the audience applauded her!

'How is this happening?! How could Corinne-a woman who was born in the countryside-be able to sing an opera that well? She can sing better than me even though I've been practicing secretly for a few months! Damn it! This isn't the result I wanted!'

What Anya had expected was Corinne to butcher the very essence of opera with terrible singing. As a result, it would trigger Edgar into chasing her away due to his anger from the performance!

Alas, Corinne's performance was so amazing that she would have received even more appreciation from Edgar.

'Damn it!'

Had she known that Corinne would be so good at singing, she would never have agreed to let the woman go on stage to replace her in the first place.

'It would've been better for me to ask my brother to get Corinne to leave so that such an unfortunate turn of circumstances would not happen!'

Anya immediately regretted her decision.

At that moment, Rosie knocked on the door and came in. She looked at Anya in distress and asked with sincere concern, "How's your foot? What did the doctor say after checking up on you?"

After seeing her best friend enter the room, Anya immediately changed her expression to a smile and replied, "Don't worry, Rosie. The doctor says I've just got a minor sprain. It's nothing serious. I'll be fine with a bit of rest.

Rosie then nodded reassuringly, "Sure. I'm just worried that your foot would be severely injured by that scheming Corinne!"

Anya's smile soured at the mention of Corinne's name, but she still maintained her temper in front of Rosie despite being very dissatisfied with her.

It was all Rosie's fault for suggesting that Corinne go on stage to sing in her place. Without that, Corinne would not have had a chance to perform at all.

There were times when her idiot of a best friend caused more trouble than good!

Rosie did not realize her best friend's repulsion toward her and said instead, "Mister Edgar sent me here to invite you over and meet him. He said that he had something to tell you!"

Anya, who was still very much angry about Corinne stealing the limelight, was stunned momentarily. Surprised, she sought confirmation and asked, "What? Grandpa wants to meet me to tell me something?"

Rosie nodded. "Yes! He liked the performance so much that he wants to meet 'Consort Aileen' in private!"

Anya frowned softly and blinked in surprise. "But isn't 'Consort Aileen' supposed to be Cor-"

Rosie knew that Anya was going ask, 'Isn't Consort Aileen supposed to be Corinne?', so she immediately interrupted her sentence and said, "Consort Aileen is you, Anya! Did you forget that Corinne performed as you earlier? I've already told Mister Edgar that you're the singer who played Consort Aileen and that it was your carefully-prepared birthday gift for him. The 'Consort Aileen' that Mister Edgar wants to meet is you, of course!"

Having heard what Rosie said, Anya suddenly realized that she had been so angry at Corinne's wonderful performance earlier that she forgot that Corinne performed under her name.