

The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished

Chapter 691

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Jeremy stood up the moment Anya spoke, his imposing figure seemingly unforgiving as he walked toward Corinne. Anya's flushed gaze followed the man's figure, secretly hoping that he would give Corinne a hard slap.

Everyone watched intently, and they inwardly felt that the son of the Holdens was going to stand up for Miss Corinne and seek justice...

The man did indeed reach out his hand.

His rough, large hand gently brushed away a few strands of hair that fell on her eyes, his deep voice carrying a hint of reproach as he spoke, "Didn't I tell you not to wander alone?"

Corinne's eyebrows furrowed. "... Right, I forgot."

The man said nothing else. He took off his coat and draped it over the girl.

The kitchen in the Rivera household had its window open for ventilation, allowing the night breeze to blow in, which could easily cause a cold.

Corinne felt a weight on her shoulder and looked at the suit jacket draped over her form. At this moment, it was more than just a suit jacket to prevent her from catching a cold; it was also a gesture of absolute trust, a confirmation that no matter what happened, he would firmly stand by her side.

She was momentarily stunned before she looked up at the man again.

There was not a trace of doubt in Jeremy's eyes.

She had not expected this man to trust her so much. Anya's acting was too convincing, and she was also his savior. He had a filter of gratitude toward Anya, and she did not blame him.

Surprisingly, Jeremy did not fall for Anya's trick, which was truly astounding.

She relaxed and leaned tiredly into the man's arms. "Mister, I'm sleepy."

“Mh. I’ll take you home to sleep now.” The man patted her head gently, then turned with his arm around her shoulder, leading her away.

The unexpected turn of events surprised everyone. Was the son of the Holdens openly accommodating a murderer?

As they watched Jeremy gently embrace Corinne and walk toward the kitchen door, Anya’s expression turned incredibly ugly, her fingernails already digging into the palms of her hands.

Joey was dead, yet Jeremy remained unaffected! He wholeheartedly believed in Corinne!

“Why?”

Why on earth is this happening? Did Corinne put some curse on Jeremy?!

“Stop! You caused the death of a member of the Riveras. Who agreed to let you go?”

As soon as Lucas spoke, a group of Rivera servants lined up in front of them, blocking their way.

Jeremy stopped and raised an eyebrow. “Who needs permission **for** me to leave?”

Lucas walked over and circled him to face him, frowning and giving him an irrational look. “Jeremy, even at this point,

you’re still protecting this treacherous woman. She’s a murderer!”

Jeremy remained unchanged. “She just explained what happened. She didn’t kill anyone. Didn’t you hear?”

Lucas was taken aback for a moment, then said seriously, “You believe her just because she said so? Even in court, murderers don’t readily admit their crimes! Jeremy, when have you become so foolish? Do you really think a cunning woman like her has any true feelings for you?”

Jeremy replied, “It doesn’t matter. Whether or not she’s sincere, I believe her.”

Seeing how unyielding Jeremy was, Lucas had no intention of showing mercy anymore. “Your belief in her is useless because you’re not the law!”

After saying that, he coldly turned and ordered his subordinates, “Call the police!”

Crack!

Suddenly, the sound of something breaking in the corner was heard.

“Who’s there? Who’s hiding over there?!”

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A maid hiding behind the kitchen refrigerator was dragged out by one of the Riveras’ servants.

The servant brought the maid in front of Lucas and threw her harshly to the ground. “Speak. Why were you sneaking around back there?”

The maid fell to the ground, her face filled with panic. She stammered, “M—Mister Lucas, I—I didn’t do anything...’

Lucas looked down at her, his eyes filled with cold scrutiny.

The servant standing beside him questioned her on behalf of his master, “You better be honest to Mister Lucas! If you didn’t do anything, why were you hiding?”

The maid shrank back in fear, her voice trembling as she kept her head down, not daring to look at anyone. “Because I was afraid...”

Seeing the maid speak hesitantly, the servant was about to rebuke her.

However, Lucas raised his hand, stopping the rough

interrogation by his household servant. He took a step forward and asked the maid, “What are you afraid of?”

The maid, as if experiencing a great mental shock, shook her head in a panic. "Mister Lucas, I... I saw it, I saw everything..."

Lucas narrowed his eyes. "What did you see? Speak without worry. As long as I'm here, you don't need to be afraid."

The maid lifted her head and looked at Lucas's exceptionally handsome face, her cheeks involuntarily turning red.

No woman could resist the comfort of such a handsome, charming man in her moments of vulnerability. Moreover, this man was her master, wielding absolute authority.

The maid thus calmed down quickly. "Mister Lucas, I saw Miss Corinne killing Miss Anya's child! She was so terrifying, holding a chisel in her hand and ruthlessly striking it on the child's head!

"After she killed Miss Anya's child, she warned Miss Anya to stay away from Mister Jeremy in the future, or she'll be next. At that time, I wanted to call for help to save Miss Anya, but I was too afraid. My legs turned weak, and I was afraid that Miss Corinne, who committed the crime, would kill me off as I was a witness, so I fearfully hid, not daring to make a sound... It was then, Mister Lucas, you arrived with the others!

"Luckily, you came early. Otherwise, I'm afraid Miss Anya would've suffered a tragic fate, too!"

As the maid finished, Lucas's cold, fierce gaze turned toward Corinne, wondering if she would show any remorse after being

accused.

However, Corinne merely furrowed her brow slightly, appearing somewhat regretful.

Corinne's reaction disappointed him. He no longer expected her to repent and instead looked at the man standing beside Corinne. "Even an eyewitness has come forward. Jeremy, do you still believe in that woman by your

side?"

Jeremy's expression was solemn as he tightened his grip on the girl's shoulder, showing no signs of wavering. "This

eyewitness is someone from the Riveras. Her testimony is **only** one-sided and lacks credibility."

Lucas sneered disdainfully. "Do you think someone from our side would unjustly frame her for no reason?"

Jeremy remained composed. "The human heart is unpredictable."

Lucas snorted. "Jeremy, if you truly understand the unpredictability of the human heart, the person you should be most wary of is the heart of Miss Corinne who's by your side. Don't let her hurt you."

Jeremy's deep eyes grew serious. "Don't worry about it."

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Lucas then looked at Corinne indifferently. "Corinne, do you have anything else to say now?"

Corinne remained remarkably calm. "There's nothing more to say. Call the police."

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The maid who came out to testify against her was the one who came to the living room and brought her a cup of coffee, and she was the one who followed the maid into this kitchen. After she came in, the maid disappeared.

She was initially puzzled by how a person could vanish like that, but she finally understood. The maid had hidden behind the refrigerator in advance, waiting to come out and provide false testimony.

Hmph. It appeared the maid was also Anya's pawn. What a meticulously planned trap.

Corinne was indeed speechless. There was nothing much to say, and the testimonies and the evidence were against her. The only option was to hand it over to the police and have them professionally investigate the matter and clear her name. When the police and forensic experts arrive, they would determine the time of the child's death and the true cause. Only then would the culprit be revealed.

With the maid she arranged in advance standing up to accuse Corinne, Anya felt like victory was **in** her hands. However...one look at Jeremy made her realize he still trusted Corinne. Her heart twisted with jealousy.

Resentful, Anya gritted her teeth and embraced Joey with deep sorrow, sobbing as she said, "Brother, since Corinne refuses to admit her crimes, let's do as she wishes and call the police. We can't let my little treasure's death remain a mystery!"

Lucas had no intention of showing mercy to Corinne, who

showed no remorse. He thus signaled to his subordinates **to** call the police.

Corinne yawned wearily and said, "They've called the police, Mister, so let's wait here a bit longer and cooperate with the investigation."

Jeremy lowered his gaze and looked at her. "Didn't you say you were tired?"

Corinne shrugged helplessly. "Even when tired, I still need to cooperate with the investigation. I want to be a law-abiding citizen."

Jeremy lovingly patted the little girl's head and could not help but feel distressed. He regretted bringing her here tonight. They had just made up, yet she was sucked into this mess.

After someone from the Riveras reported the incident to the police, Corinne unintentionally caught a glimpse of a provocative smile on Anya's face.

How could she smile while holding her deceased son in her arms?

Unfortunately, that twisted smile disappeared in an instant, seen only by Corinne. No one else noticed Anya's true nature.

Upon seeing Anya's triumphant smile, Corinne's heart skipped a beat, and she envisioned the next dilemma she would face.

Since Anya had carefully orchestrated this trap today, she must have taken into account all the risks cunningly and meticulously. Most likely, the forensic experts and the police were already part of her plan.

This was evident from Anya's complete lack of fear of the police.

Corinne should have realized that there was no place beyond Anya's reach. It was impossible to rely on those who had been bribed by Anya to uncover the truth and restore her innocence!

This time, she had truly been careless. She had mistakenly believed that Anya still had a trace of motherly instinct left for the child, and that was why her acting fooled her.

Amid her worries, Corinne suddenly noticed a slight

movement of the finger of the deceased child being held by Anya. It was very subtle, but it was not an illusion.

Was the child...still alive?

Corinne's pupils constricted, and she quickly walked over, crouching down to feel the child's pulse.

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"Corinne, what... What are you doing again? My Joey has died! What else do you want to do to him? Don't come any closer!"

Corinne wasted no time with Anya's words and instantly pried her hand that tightly held the child. "Don't get in the way. I want to see if your son can still be saved!"

Anya stared at Corinne, shocked, then became more guarded against Corinne's actions as she shouted, "What? You want to see if Joey can still

be saved?! Corinne, how can you act so well!? It was you who killed my Joey, and now that my brother has reported to the police, you come here pretending to save him? Don't you think that's too pretentious?

"Is it because the police are coming soon, and you want to destroy the evidence in advance?"

"Brother! She's trying to harm Joey's body. Quickly, help me drive her away!"

"Corinne, stop right there!" Lucas' expression turned ruthless as he quickly approached to protect his sister, but Jeremy's raised arm stopped him halfway.

Blocked on his path, Lucas stood still, narrowing his eyes in displeasure. "Jeremy, can't you see what that woman is doing? She doesn't even respect the boy's body!"

Jeremy's expression remained emotionless. "You're not allowed to touch her!"

Lucas felt him unreasonable and directly waved away Jeremy's arm to break through.

At this moment, Corinne grabbed the child's hand and confirmed that the child still had a pulse, albeit very weak.

She turned around and said, "Mister! Call an ambulance!"

Upon hearing the girl's command, Jeremy swiftly let go and allowed Lucas to pass, then took out his phone and dialed the emergency number.

When Lucas reached his sister's side, Corinne had already stood up and walked away.

Corinne stood up and looked at the people around her, quickly selecting those who could be of use.

It was then she saw Lucas' trusted subordinate, Edmund, standing not far away, and she quickly walked toward him.

The servants of the Riveras all looked down on her and would not listen to her. Edmund, on the other hand, had previously interacted with her in their work. Although he was Lucas' trusted subordinate, he had a decent character, so he should be willing to help!

She approached

Edmund and solemnly said, "Mister Edmund, do you know if there is any first-aid kit in the household?"

Most houses had first-aid kits for bruises and minor injuries. One was commonly kept in households.

Edmund looked at her cautiously and bewilderedly, then answered, "There should be."

"Then please go find one as soon as possible," she said, entrusting him with the task. "The sooner, the better!"

Edmund's brow furrowed and he looked at Lucas, silently

asking for **his** master's opinion, but Lucas was busy comforting his sister and gave him no affirmation nor refutation.

Seeing this, Edmund considered for a moment and nodded at Corinne. "Wait here."

Edmund thus swiftly went to find the kit.

Seeing Edmund leave, Corinne turned and exchanged a glance with Jeremy. The man slightly nodded at her.

An ambulance had been called and would arrive soon.

Their bodies and minds communicated without the need for words, understanding each other implicitly.

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Chapter **695**

Corinne walked over to Anya's side, intending to take the child from her arms and lay him flat on the ground.

However, Anya held onto Joey tightly, pretending to be pitiful in Lucas' embrace. "Don't touch my child! Corinne, I beg you, please stop hurting my child!"

Corinne had no interest in watching her perform this pitiful act. Without even raising an eyebrow, she calmly said, "I should still be able to save this child's life. If you truly love your child, it's best to listen to me and lay his body flat."

It was easy to imagine that Anya would not cooperate. She simply did not believe that Corinne could save the child, and even if she did believe, she did not want this child to survive.

Seeing that Anya still refused to cooperate, Corinne no longer expected this hypocritical woman to have a change of heart. She thus reached out to snatch the child herself.

The child was very weak, and being tightly held by Anya like that would surely lead to his final breath being snuffed out!

Fearful that Corinne would take Joey, Anya hurriedly moved toward her brother's embrace while holding the boy, saying, "Brother, she wants to take my child away! Help me!"

Lucas could not bear it any longer. He pushed Corinne away and angrily rebuked, "Corinne, will you never stop? Haven't your parents taught you the most basic manners? Do you not understand how to respect the deceased?"

No matter how stable her center of gravity was, Corinne stood

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no chance against a **strong** man's shove, and she thus **fell** back. Fortunately, Jeremy was right behind her and reached out in time to support her, preventing her from falling and getting hurt.

After helping Corinne steady herself, the man stared coldly at Lucas, exuding a dangerous chill.

Corinne knew that Jeremy was angry, so she quickly pulled his hand, indicating that he should not get involved. It was not the time for him to argue for her.

Saving the child was their priority!

Corinne no longer bothered to communicate with the deceitful Anya and addressed Lucas, "Mister Lucas, if you still want your sister's child to survive, it's best to listen to me!"

Lucas' eyebrows wrinkled in displeasure. "Is this a game to you, Corinne?"

How could he believe that Corinne could bring a lifeless child back to life?

Corinne knew Lucas would not believe her, so she said, "Desperate times call for desperate measures. If the child comes back to life, everyone will be happy. If not, you can continue to hold me responsible for everything. So why not give it a try, Mister Lucas, just in case?"

Looking at Corinne's meticulous, stern expression, it did not seem like she was joking. What she said also made some sense. Just in case...

Doubt rose in Lucas' heart. After thinking for a moment, he held his sister's shoulders and said, "Anya, Joey is already in this state. Why don't you let her try?"

Anya certainly did not agree. "But Lucas..."

Lucas patted his sister's shoulder. "Rest assured, if she fails to save Joey, I'll make her pay twice the price and ensure justice for Joey."

With her brother's persistence, Anya could no longer resist. Reluctantly, she released Joey and followed Corinne's instructions to lay the child flat on the ground.

Frankly, she had doubts. Was Corinne truly that

knowledgeable in treating injuries? Could she bring Joey back to life? If so, would the boy not reveal the truth about his head injury? If that were to happen...

No. Impossible! How could Corinne bring a dead person back to life? She was just struggling in her last moments, trying to deceive them!

Anya sneered inwardly, eager to see what tricks this wicked woman Corinne could still play.

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Although Lucas agreed to let Corinne try to revive Joey, he did not let his guard down. He stood aside and observed, instructing the servants around him to record the entire process on their phones.

When the police arrived later, the video would be handed over to them to prevent Corinne from making any moves for the sake of exoneration and then denying them later.

The child had been laid flat, and Corinne squatted on the ground, reaching out to open Joey's eyelids and check. Then, she carefully performed some basic life-saving measures for him.

Anya leaned weakly against her brother's arms, sobbing as she stared at Corinne worriedly.

Honestly, she could not care less about Joey; it was all an act for Lucas and Jeremy to see.

However, only her brother cared for her. He comforted her softly, holding her tightly. Jeremy, on the other hand, had not glanced her way once!

Anya sneakily glanced at that man who was beyond her reach.

Jeremy stood on Corinne's side, standing tall and straight like a carefree cypress tree. His hands were casually tucked in his pockets, his head slightly lowered, and his gentle yet powerful gaze unwaveringly fixed on the girl squatting on the ground, performing CPR on the lifeless Joey.

At this moment, Jeremy looked much like the protective male protagonist who willingly stayed by her side, unwavering and without doubt.

As Anya watched on, she felt an intense sting.

She used to think that as long as she drove Corinne away, Jeremy would stay by her side. However, she finally understood that as long as Corinne did not disappear from this world, Jeremy's eyes would never

be on her.

Thus, Corinne must die!

She had to die!

At this moment, Edmund returned, holding a small bottle and handing it over. "Miss Corinne, this is the first-aid kit you asked for."

Corinne quickly stood up and took the bottle, hastily unscrewing it.

Anya saw the cheap bottle and immediately took advantage of the situation, crying out in a mixture of urgency and anger, "Corinne, you said you could save my Joey, but you're using this basic first-aid to save him? This is a joke! How could basic first-aid revive Joey?"

As she spoke, tears rolled down from her innocent deer-like eyes. She turned to her brother, seeking solace. "Brother, I knew I shouldn't have trusted her! Joey has stopped breathing, but she's using this cheap kit on him. How could medicine in first-aid kits possibly bring the dead back to life?"

Lucas' eyebrows furrowed. He felt uneasy as he looked at his sister's sorrowful appearance. He stared at Corinne and asked, "Corinne, can you really do it?"

Corinne merely stared at the siblings before she resumed. She poured out all the contents in the kit and squatted, smearing some powder onto the wound on the back of the child's head. Then, she dug out a small red pill from under the pile of medicine.

Ordinary people would not know that there was such a hidden treasure in the first-aid kit. This was the

one thing she truly needed!

Corinne pried open Joey's mouth and placed the pill inside, then had someone bring some water and slowly administer it.

The crowd watched eagerly, all their eyes fixed on the child lying on the ground, waiting to see if there would be any movement.

However, even after moments had passed, Joey showed no reaction, remaining as motionless as a corpse.

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Everyone's expectant gazes gradually dulled with disappointment, mixed with a hint of frustration as if they had been played with. The servants of the Riveras started to snap in frustration.

"There's no movement at all. How can there be any sign of coming back to life?"

"Don't trust her! She's just playing tricks!"

"The boy no longer breathes. How could he come back to life just by swallowing some mysterious pill? If that was possible, hospitals would've closed down long ago!"

"That's right! She exaggerated to give herself a chance. That woman is clearly toying with us!"

Lucas' expression darkened, as the situation unfolded as expected. He squinted at Corinne, waiting to see if she would feel ashamed.

Anya saw the result she had hoped for and secretly chuckled. Then, she cried with sorrow. "Corinne, have you had enough? My Joey has already passed, yet you continue to torment his body! Just hurt me if you're so bitter, but don't torment my child anymore!"

Corinne remained silent, her eyebrows furrowed as she fixed her gaze on the child that laid the ground, hoping he could come back to life. She refused to give up and reached out to pinch his philtrum.

With no response from Corinne, it seemed as if she lacked any reaction. Taking advantage of the atmosphere, Anya decided to act as she pounced on Corinne out of sadness, anger, and agitation. She grabbed Corinne's hands and vigorously shook her, pleading, "Corinne, spare my child, okay?! I beg you, I'll kneel for you! Is that enough?!"

Upon seeing this, Jeremy immediately reached out and pulled Anya. "Hold yourself a little!"

When Anya felt the man's touch, she fell right into his trap. She leaned against him, tears streaming down her face as she looked at him with anguish. "Jeremy, are you going to stand there and watch Corinne torment Joey's

body? Although Joey has no blood ties to us, he truly thinks we're his parents! Have you forgotten how adorable he was when he called you 'Daddy'? Are you so indifferent to our Joey because of Corinne?"

Jeremy's eyebrows furrowed, and his eyes dimmed with a complicated expression. He remained silent. for two seconds, then pushed Anya away, who had lost her strength leaning on him, and helped her stand. upright. After that, he let go of her hand. "Calm down. The situation hasn't concluded yet."

Anya was heartbroken, her despair evident on her face. "Jeremy... What do you mean, the situation hasn't concluded yet? Joey is dead! As Joey's guardian and father, shouldn't you be the first one to seek revenge for him? Why do you choose to side with the person who killed our child?"

Lucas stepped forward and supported his sister, snorting coldly. "Forget it, Anya. Don't expect this man to have a conscience! He can even ignore your lifesaving grace, let alone an adopted child!"

A complex and indescribable expression appeared on Jeremy's face as he glared at Lucas pointedly.

At this moment, the air felt stifling, and the atmosphere was extremely tense.

All of a sudden...

"Cough... cough..."

Suddenly, the sound of a child coughing echoed in the air, and the tense standoff between the two men. was broken.

The onlookers' discussions came to a halt, and everyone immediately focused on the child on the ground.

They saw the child, who had lost his breath, furrowing his brow in pain. He opened his mouth and coughed intermittently.

He woke up! He actually woke up!

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

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Joey opened his eyes, but having just survived a near-death experience, he looked sickly pale, and he appeared weak even as he regained consciousness.

After the shock, those from the Rivera immediately surrounded the child, showing their concern.

Corinne felt herself relaxing as she watched Joey regain consciousness. She stood up and moved back, leaning against Jeremy as she sighed in relief.

Jeremy, on the other hand, said nothing as he gently caught her as she leaned into his embrace, smoothing her hair.

Amid her shock, Anya continued to play her role. She squatted beside the child, wiped away her tears, and said, "Oh my god, Joey... You're awake! I thought you were gone, my boy... You don't know how scared I was!"

At first, Joey had a confused expression, staring blankly at his surroundings, not understanding what had happened. However, when Anya approached to hold him, he immediately showed a terrified expression as if he had seen something dreadful, and he immediately burst into tears.

Anya stiffened at this, but she continued to embrace the child's shoulders, coaxing, "Don't cry, Joey! Mommy is right here!"

Anya's presence did not comfort him. Instead, he cried even louder and tried desperately to crawl away from her on the ground. Unfortunately, he was too weak and could not get up.

Observing this, Lucas's brow furrowed in confusion. However, due to his sister's erratic behavior, he did not think much of it.

"Anya, your emotions are too intense right now, which might upset the child. Don't approach him for now. Let Joey calm down, and he'll come to you."

Anya blinked with a guilty conscience, pretending helplessness as she nodded. "Alright, then. I hope my Joey is really fine now... I'll be happy enough."

In fact, what she was really worried about was not Joey's physical condition but whether **he** would say something inappropriate after waking up instead. If J

oe revealed the truth, that his head injury was caused by his own mother, how would Lucas and Jeremy view her in the future?

This was terrible!

Who would have thought that a deceased child could be brought back to life?!

Corinne must have been a witch! Otherwise, how could she possess such extraordinary abilities that defy logic?

She had used witchcraft on Jeremy before, and at this moment, she used resurrection techniques to revive this child!

However, Corinne did not possess any resurrection technique. It just so happened that she **had** some knowledge of basic medicine and knew some obscure facts that ordinary people did not.

Although a first-aid kit was commonly found in every household, most **people** were unaware that it hid a hidden pill inside the bottle cap of the regular medicinal powder.

The ingredients of the pill were a top-secret formula, and its exact composition was unknown. When Corinne lived in the nunnery as a child, she once saw the nun who took her in to use that pill to revive a critically injured person who had lost vital signs, and she remembered that scene ever since.

However, the pill could only be used for patients in critical condition and should not be used indiscriminately for minor injuries.

When used correctly, it could save a person's life. The prerequisite was that the person taking the medicine must still have vital signs.

Fortunately, the child fought hard for his life and survived.

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The ambulance and police cars arrived at the Riveras' simultaneously. The medical staff were the first to rush in, examining the child's injuries and inquiring

about the measures taken by the family. They praised the family for their effective rescue, stating that otherwise, the child might not have been saved!

When the doctors praised them, Lucas glanced at Corinne with a complex expression in his eyes.

Because the child had lost a significant amount of blood, the wound on the back of his head needed to be stitched up. The medical personnel lifted Joey onto a stretcher and took him to the hospital for further examination and treatment.

Lucas instructed Edmund to accompany the child while he stayed to coordinate with the police. Anya did not go with the ambulance to accompany Joey because whenever she approached the child, he would cry out in fear. The medical staff had to persuade her to step out of the vehicle and not to further upset the child.

She could only get out of the car, but she was worried about what the child might say to Edmund along the way.

After the paramedics took the injured child away, the police approached and asked, "Mister Lucas, someone from your family reported that someone killed the boy here, correct?"

Lucas nodded and described the entire incident to the police.

The police were somewhat surprised and said, "So you mean the child isn't dead and has been saved?"

"That's correct," Lucas calmly and elegantly replied. "I'm sorry, but because the child's injuries are severe, he needs to receive treatment at the hospital first. Once his condition stabilizes, we can cooperate with your investigation."

The police nodded in understanding and continued with their routine questioning. "So, who do you suspect harmed your child? Do you have any leads?"

Lucas's expression became complicated, and after a moment of silence, he turned his gaze toward Corinne. "It's her."

The police and their colleagues all turned to look at Corinne, who stood not far away.

“You suspect this lady of committing the crime. Do you have any evidence?”

“We have eyewitnesses. My sister and our family’s servant both saw her committing the act.”

After understanding the situation, the police walked toward Corinne with a serious expression and asked, “What’s your name?”

Corinne calmly replied, “My last name is Carew, and my name is Corinne.”

One of the police then said, “Corinne Carew, someone has reported that you’re suspected of intentional homicide. Now, come with us **to** the station **for** questioning.”

Corinne was unsurprised by this outcome and prepared to cooperate, going with them.

Suddenly, Jeremy’s large hand grabbed her shoulder, stopping the girl who was about to leave. The man coldly glanced **at the** police, then narrowed his eyes at Lucas.

“**Mister** Lucas, how come you didn’t mention how she disregarded your obstruction and saved **the** child? You didn’t even say a word about it to the police.”

Lucas’ eyebrows furrowed as he replied, “She did save Joey, but that doesn’t prove she didn’t harm anyone in the first place.”

The police were rather confused by this and paused before asking, “What does that mean? Are you saying this girl killed the child first and then revived him?”

Lucas walked over, stood in front of Jeremy and Corinne, and answered, “Yes, that’s exactly what happened.”

Jeremy looked at Lucas expressionlessly and coldly said, “If she truly did hurt someone, why would she save them? What’s the logic behind all this? Does it make sense to you?”

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Lucas was at a loss for words. He could not make sense of the logic behind all this, but to him, of Corinne's previous actions lacked logic as well. For example, her sudden appearance at the Riveras' job interview, or her presence at his grandfather's birthday banquet without any reason. Moreover, both Anya and the maid witnessed Corinne's actions firsthand. Could it be fake?

"I know why Corinne made such an effort to save Joey, Lucas," interjected Anya.

As everyone turned to look, they saw Anya, with red eyes, walking in from outside.

She planned to accompany Joey to the hospital with the medical staff, but because the **child** had an extreme reaction as soon as he saw her, the medical staff advised her to stay behind, and she had to come back.

Lucas frowned when he saw her returning alone and asked, "Why didn't you go to the hospital? Where's Joey?"

Anya walked to her brother's side, wiped away her tears, and said, "Edmund is with Joey at the hospital, so I feel relieved. We can go to the hospital later to see Joey together. Now, I want to see the mastermind who hurt Joey brought to justice. Otherwise, as a mother, I'll feel too guilty and won't be able to face my child..."

She choked up again as she spoke, evoking sympathy from those present.

After being advised against going in the ambulance, Anya calmed down a lot. She thought for a moment and came up with a plan.

With Joey already taken away by the ambulance and temporarily unable to reveal anything detrimental, this was the time to firmly establish Corinne's intentional homicide charge. They would deal with the child at the hospital later.

Children were easier to handle; there were ways to prevent them from talking nonsense.

Seeing her sister's swollen eyes from crying, Lucas's heart ached slightly. "Anya, what did you say you knew?"

Anya gently wiped away her tears, her eyes filled with sorrow and resentment as she glared at Corinne. “Lucas, I know why Corinne saved Joey. The answer is simple: it’s because she got scared when she heard our family reporting the incident to the police. She was afraid of facing severe punishment for causing someone’s death, so she had a change of heart and saved Joey!”

As she said this, beads of tears rolled down Anya’s face, and she pleaded with the officers. Handling the case, “Officer, I saw the whole situation. It was she who hit my son’s head with a chisel, and my son fell to the ground unconscious! Even though she revived my son afterward, it doesn’t negate her initial motive to kill. She should be charged with attempted murder!

“Officer, I beg you to bring this culprit to justice. Otherwise, I’m afraid my son will be subjected to her harm again someday!

‘Children’s brains **are** still developing at this stage, and **after** such a heavy blow to the head, who knows if there will be any lasting effects? There cannot be another incident like this!

“**If** my testimony alone isn’t enough, there’s our maid. She witnessed what happened, too! You can question her!”

The maid quickly stepped forward and spoke up for her boss. “Yes, officer! I saw it, **too. It was** Corinne who used **a** chisel to hit Miss Anya’s child! It was her!”

The officers nodded. “Miss Anya, we have understood the situation you described. **We’ll** definitely bring the perpetrator to justice and give you an explanation.”

Then, the officers sternly looked at Corinne. “Corinne Carew, if you have anything to defend yourself with, you can say it at the police station. Now, come with us!”

Corinne did not resist being taken away by the police, but Jeremy would not allow her **to** move an inch.

Jeremy held the girl’s shoulder and applied a slight force, preventing her from moving.

Looking at the officers, the man’s gaze was dominant and indifferent. “If you want to take her away, have your chief call me first.”

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