

The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished

Chapter 601

Chapter 601

With **that, the** unhappiness In Anya's heart suddenly dissipated. From what happened, Rosie's stupidity **was perhaps** not so severe as to be completely useless in every situation. At the very least, she still had value during that critical moment!

Anya's expression became cheery, and she smiled softly, "Thank you for putting in a good word for me in front of Grandpa!"

Rosie then said, "No biggie, Anya! We're the best of friends, so you can bet on me to stop Corinne from succeeding and showing off in your name! That damn b*tch must've pushed you down on purpose earlier so you couldn't go on stage, and she could use that opportunity to show off! Don't worry, Anya, I've already told someone to watch her take off her makeup backstage, and I'll make sure she won't get the chance to say anything to Mister Edgar!"

Anya smiled reassuringly and remembered that she was supposed to portray herself as a kind-hearted person. She thus said hypocritically, "Don't say that about Corinne, Rosie. I don't think she did it on purpose..."

"As if anyone would believe that! You're just too naive, Anya, and you think too kindly of her!"

Rosie felt that her best friend was too kind and too gullible, and since they would both be sisters-in-law in the future, her desire to protect Anya was even stronger after she had made up her mind to do so.

"Let's not talk about Corinne anymore. She's a bringer of bad luck! Anyway, we should be going soon. I asked someone to send a wheelchair over since your foot is injured and you still can't walk. I'll push you to see Mister Edgar so you can hear what he wants to say to you."

Anya nodded. "Okay."

Lucas had arranged several servants to look after her there and left to deal with someone else. His absence made it much easier for her to deal with the servants, and they did not object when they saw Anya being pushed out on a wheelchair.

Rosie pushed Anya toward the elder Lovelaces and said, "Mister Edgar, I brought Anya to meet you!"

Edgar looked over with a dignified expression and scrutinized Anya, who was sitting in a wheelchair with her makeup. He noticed something was not right and asked in a deep voice, "Hmm? Didn't you sing 'Farewell, My Love' earlier? Why are you wearing the costume for 'A Love Entranced'?"

Anya was indeed wearing the costume for 'A Love Entranced' because the costume for 'Farewell, My Love' was at Corinne's place. Since she still had a 'foot injury', it would be inconvenient for her to meet Corinne and change into the appropriate costume.

Furthermore, changing her makeup was very troublesome and time-consuming, and it would not be ideal to keep the old man waiting for too long lest he became impatient.

However, she and Rosie had already thought of a reasonable explanation to bolster their cause.

Rosie began by saying, "This is what happened, Mister Edgar. It was Anya who put on the costume because she wanted to sing 'A Love Entranced' as the encore for you. She had just managed to put on the costume when she was called to meet you."

Edgar narrowed his old but sharp eyes and said, "Is that so? Then why is she sitting in a wheelchair? How did that happen?"

Anya was the one who answered him and explained with a distressed expression, "Forgive my rudeness

for not being able to stand up and talk to you. I was careless earlier because I was in such a hurry to get off stage and change my costume that I sprained my ankle...”

Edgar stared at her pitiful appearance for a while, and the doubts in his heart had been completely dispelled. He felt a bit of pity and appreciation for her despite never liking her in the past, and he had a kind expression as he spoke.

“Well, your grandma and I appreciate your effort. You sang very well earlier, and since you’ve hurt your foot, there’s no need for you to go on stage and sing ‘A Love Entranced’. You can always do so once you’ve recovered.”

Posted by **AbMark**, ? Views, Released on July 17, 2023

Chapter 602

Edgar had always been extremely indifferent toward Anya, so hearing him speak to her in such a concerned tone overwhelmed her.

She nodded obediently and touchingly before saying sensibly, “My injury isn’t serious, and I can still sing for you if I really want me to. I know you’re very worried about me, and you probably won’t be in the mood to listen to me sing right now. I promise to sing for you in the future!”

“While recovering from this injury, I’ll train my voice again and aim to sing ‘A Love Entranced’ in as perfect a rendition as possible for you and your wife in the future!”

Edgar listened to Anya’s filial response with an unprecedented look of appreciation. He nodded slightly and said, “Sure. But since you’re still going to have to recover from your injury, you must make sure to take extra care. There’s no need to strain your voice too much. You’ve already sung very well today!”

His compliment was not simply out of politeness but out of a genuinely objective evaluation. The performance was impeccable, and he was not the only one who felt that way—

the applause from all the guests earlier was a testament to ‘her’ ability.

Based on ‘her’ performance that day, one could expect that ‘her’ performance of ‘A Love Entranced’ would be just as flawless. As a longstanding fan of opera who valued talent above all else, Edgar’s perception of Anya had changed tremendously.

He did not like her very much in the past and even had a very bad impression of her. He always felt that Lucas's half-sister was something of a hypocritical, conniving moment. Though she always did things to perfection, it always seemed to have an ulterior motive and was not very sincere.

After hearing her voice which she had so painstakingly trained, he finally realized she was a very thoughtful child. Perhaps he had formed a prejudiced bias against her in the past and misunderstood her.

He sighed, for he had been trying to find some psychological comfort all those years for his wife who suffered from Alzheimer's. He had been searching for a girl who resembled his missing daughter whom he wanted to treat like his own so she could spend more time with his wife.

Anya's thoughtfulness made him realize he no longer needed to find someone else for that role. She would be a good fit since he already knew her and would be more at ease with someone in the family rather than an outsider.

Moreover, she looked more or less like their missing granddaughter, Luna, in particular, the mole between her eyebrows. The similarity would probably contribute to a feeling of closeness with his wife who suffered from Alzheimer's.

In the future, he could allow Anya to come to the house as Emily to keep his wife company, talk to her, and sing opera for them. That could alleviate her longing for her daughter and slow down her mental deterioration.

At that moment, Gertrude glanced anxiously at the stage and wanted to leave. "Emily... Emily left... We need to look for Emily..."

Edgar returned to his senses, hurriedly grabbed his wife, who was about to leave, and comforted her. "Emily's here. She didn't leave! Look here. She's here! She's always been here!" He said, pointing to Anya in the wheelchair to his wife.

Gertrude looked over, and her restless eyes finally fell on Anya's face. She frowned and then stared at Anya for a while. Anya's clothes were different from those of the girl who played Consort Aileen

on stage earlier, which might be the reason that the old lady took a step back in repulsion instead of **going** closer.

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No, it's not her... She's not Emily..."

Upon seeing his wife retreating instead of approaching Anya, Edgar found it a little strange and raised his brows worriedly.

"What's going on, Gertrude? Didn't you want to see Emily?"

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Chapter 603

Gertrude had a repulsed gaze in her eyes, and she shook her head vigorously while saying, "I want Emily. not her... She's not Emily..."

Edgar frowned when he heard that and felt very puzzled 'Why isn't she recognizing her

Anya, who had finally gained Edgar's trust only to face such rejection from Gertrude, could not help but feel a little guilty. She looked up, glanced at her best friend Rosie to ask for help, and had the expression of being at a loss to beckon her best friend into helping her.

Rosie sensed Anya's signal for help and immediately spoke up for her.

"It's her, Madam Gertrude! She's the one who played Consort Aileen on stage and performed the opera, but you probably don't recognize her now. She's changed into a different costume and put on a different style of makeup.

"She was going to sing another piece, which is why she's dressed differently from earlier. Please don't get anxious. Take a deep breath and have a closer look."

Edgar also calmed his wife's agitation as he coaxed, "Yes, Gertrude! Look carefully. She was the one you wanted to meet earlier. How could you not know what Emily looks like?"

After hearing everyone's comments, Gertrude looked at Anya again under the guidance of her husband and stared at Anya's face carefully before finally being convinced.

"Emily?"

Edgar winked, motioning for Anya to say something.

Anya was smart enough to figure out that the old man wanted her to temporarily play the part of their daughter—her Aunt Emily—to appease Gertrude for the time **being**.

That was exactly what Anya aimed to achieve.

As long as Gertrude relied on her like she was their **missing** Emily, the Lovelaces would become a stronger support for her in the future, aside from the Rive-ras.

Anya's eyes then turned red, as if she was touched by the melancholy, and then tried to hold Gertrude's hand as she said softly, "It's me, Emily! I'm back, Mom..."

"Emily!"

Hearing Anya call out 'Mom' transported Gertrude to the time when her daughter was still with her many years ago. Tears filled her eyes instantly, and she held Anya's hand tremblingly.

"Emily... My Emily... You've suffered so much..."

Anya leaned her head on Gertrude's body, and the corners of her lips curled slightly in a triumphant arc.

Edgar felt sad but relieved when he saw that scene. It was a good thing that his wife was very accepting of Anya. It would be of great help to fill her longing for her missing daughter.

Before the tear-jerking scene could end, a faint and nonchalant voice was heard.

"Excuse me, excuse me!"

Everyone was taken aback and looked at the **source** of the voice.

Corinne had somehow appeared and smiled calmly after interrupting them. When Rosie **and Anya** saw Corinne's sudden appearance, they could not help but feel a little **vigilant**.

Chapter 603

"Why is this b*tch here?! Is she going to sabotage us again?"

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

Chapter 604

Corinne's lips curled up slightly, and she said to Anya with a smirk, "Miss Anya, I've already taken off Consort Aileen's costume and folded it up on the make-up table backstage. Remember to get someone to collect it from there later.

"The costume looks so well-made; it seems to be a dress with high-class tailoring. It's best if you could get someone to check the costume and put it away. I won't be responsible if it gets lost or if someone else damages it!"

Corinne spoke calmly and nonchalantly, but the atmosphere around her suddenly did not feel right anymore.

Anya's and Rosie's expressions stiffened, and they were unsure how to react at that moment. They could only glare at Corinne secretly while anxiously observing Edgar's reaction.

Edgar's warm expression had turned cold, and he glanced at Anya sitting in a wheelchair with an innocent face before looking at Corinne, who had already removed her makeup. He then frowned and sank into a pensive silence.

Corinne smiled innocently at the old man, and when she saw that Anya did not respond, she asked again, "Why aren't you saying anything, Miss Anya? I'll take it that everything's fine then. In that case, I'll be leaving. See you around!"

After ending the conversation with Anya, Corinne made a point to bow politely and bid goodbye to the two elders.

“Sir, Ma’am, it’s a great honor to be able to attend your banquet here today. I’ll leave you to enjoy the celebrations. Goodbye.”

She then turned around and prepared to leave.

At that moment, the dazed Gertrude seemed to have suddenly awoken from a dream and stretched out her hand to grab Corinne.

“It’s Emily... She’s Emily! Don’t go, Emily....”

Corinne froze for a split second when she heard the name ‘Emily’, but she neither stopped walking nor turned around to look at the old lady.

As soon as the old lady started to make a fuss, Edgar returned to his senses, helped his wife up, and called out, “Wait!”

Corinne finally stopped walking, turned around, and smiled politely. “Were you talking to me, sir?”

Edgar asked her pensively, “I heard what **you** said earlier. Does that mean you had just taken off Consort Aileen’s costume not long ago?”

Corinne nodded naturally. “**Yes.**”

A frown unfurled across Edgar’s face. “Does that mean... The girl who just sang ‘Farewell, My Love’ on stage was you?”

Corinne raised her eyebrows, but rather than rushing to answer the old man’s question, she gazed at Anya’s face as the latter sat in the wheelchair. Anya was stiff and pale, and she was also staring at Corinne with those seemingly calm eyes brimming with threats and hints.

She was warning Corinne that it was best not to speak any nonsense.

Corinne could understand what Anya meant to say, but she remained indifferent to it and answered **Edgar**

truthfully.

“**Yes.** I sang ‘Farewell, My Love’ in place **of** Miss Anya on stage earlier. Apologies for not meeting the highest standards in my performance.”

After getting that answer, the old man's complexion sank completely. His renewed impression of Anya disappeared instantly, and he disliked her much more than before. He was also especially annoyed at himself because he had just believed in a lie.

Edgar's stern eyes glared at Anya and Rosie, who had both been working in tandem, and he snorted heavily before asking in a cold voice, "Didn't you say that you were the one who sang 'Farewell, My Love'?"

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Chapter 605

Anya tried her best not to look guilty, but her expression was very awkward as she responded to Edgar

"Grandpa, I..."

Rosie—collected her thoughts rapidly and spoke for her best friend.

"Don't listen to Corinne's nonsense, Mister Edgar. She couldn't have sung 'Farewell, My Love' earlier. Does she look like someone who could sing opera? She's just an ordinary employee in Lucas's company who came from a poor background in the countryside. She wouldn't have had the chance to learn opera because her family is so poor!"

Rosie then turned to Corinne, glared at her, and belittled her sarcastically.

"You're just jealous because you saw Anya getting the applause and appreciation from Mister Edgar and the guests. That's why you came over to take the credit and make yourself known!"

"Do you think anyone will believe your one-sided statement that you were the singer earlier? The other performers can testify that the one who just came on stage was Anya!"

Rosie's 'righteousness' made Edgar a little skeptical. He frowned and asked, "Which one of you sang 'Farewell, My Love'?"

Before Corinne and Anya could answer, Rosie spoke up again.

“It was Anya, of course! You shouldn’t listen to Corinne’s nonsense because of her questionable character. She works for Lucas but doesn’t put any effort into her work. All she does is seduce men to try and climb the social ladder!

“She tried and failed to seduce Anya’s boyfriend, Jeremy, and she failed again when she tried to seduce Lucas! I don’t know what’s with her, but she came here today to seduce and deceive other men!

“Wait here. I’ll have someone gather the other performers to prove that the one who appeared on stage for Farewell, My Love was Anya!”

Before long, Rosie sent someone to call the performers over. As expected, Rosie had spoken with them beforehand, so they all insisted that the one who sang ‘Farewell, My Love’ was Miss Anya. That was also why Rosie was so confident in sending someone to call them over there.

Corinne did not bother to explain, so she simply smiled and shrugged. “Sure. Then, just treat what I said as a lie. If there’s nothing else, I’ll happily take my leave.”

Rosie secretly smiled triumphantly. “You think you can play dirty with me? Keep dreaming if you think you can steal the limelight from Anya! You’d better scream!”

However, Edgar did not completely forgo his suspicions and narrowed his sharp eyes to tell Corinne, “Wait. Don’t go just yet!”

Corinne stopped again. “Is there anything else I can help you with, sir?”

Rosie became a little when she heard that and interjected, “Mister Edgar, why do you need to ask her to stay when it’s been proven that she’s lying? Just tell her to get lost!”

Edgar glanced at Rosie with a stern gaze. “People can lie, but their voices can never lie! Since both claim they sang ‘Farewell, My Love’, let’s have them sing a couple of lines for me. I can tell who the **real** singer is by their voice!”

Anya, who had just breathed a sigh of relief, faced yet another crisis. Her face was stiff, but **she** tried **her** best to maintain her composure and pinched her best friend’s hand, whose plan **backfired** severely.

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Rosie could sense Anya's grudgingness and began to panic. She did not expect things to end up that way. So she hurriedly said, "Mister Edgar, Anya's sprained her foot, and the doctor told her to rest. I'm afraid she won't be able to sing anymore."

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Chapter 606

Edgar did not buy her story.

Face darkening, he scoffed and said, "She hurt her leg, not her vocal cords. Don't worry. She just needs to sing notes to prove her singing ability. It's not like I'm asking her to do something that'll tire her out."

Rosie's eyes wavered. "But-

"There's no but!"

Edgar was becoming impatient. He ignored Rosie and glanced at Anya sharply before turning to look at Corinne again.

"So? Which one of you will sing first?"

Anya knew it would be hard to get out of it, so she forced a smile and said, "Actually. It doesn't matter who gets to sing first! Corinne, which of us do you think should sing first?"

Corinne looked at Anya. Although Anya smiled sweetly, her eyes were filled with guilt and menace. It was obvious she was telling her to get out there as soon as possible so she would not lose the good impression she had given Edgar.

Corinne found it laughable. 'Is she really threatening me when her fake image is about to be exposed? As

if I'll ever be scared of her!'

The audience began to whisper amongst themselves.

"Who is that girl? How dare she steal the limelight from Miss Anya?"

“I don’t know. I’ve never seen her.”

“She said she was the one who sang ‘Farewell, My Love. Is that even possible?”

“No, I don’t think so, but I think it’s totally possible for Miss Anya to sing it since she’s so talented.”

“Yeah, Miss Anya must’ve practiced very hard to gift that song to Mister Edgar. As for that girl we’ve never seen before... I wonder whose daughter would be this shameless. She must be trying to steal the credit to get close to Mister Edgar.”

“Oh my, how stupid can she get? Does she really think Mister Edgar would be that easily fooled? She must be panicking because Mister Edgar has asked her to prove herself.”

.”Yeah, we only have to wait and see to know who’s lying.”

Amidst the sound of whispering, Corinne finally opened her mouth. “I’ll go first.”

Hell would freeze over before Corinne let Anya have her way. She hated how Anya knew no shame to the extent of pretending to be Emily in front of Gertrude.

Emily is the name of my mother! Anya doesn’t deserve to have that name. She’ll only sully my mother’s good name with her character.”

Anya’s face immediately darkened when she heard Corinne would go first. Viciousness nearly spilled from her eyes while she secretly gritted her teeth.

Corinne cleared her throat casually and burst out in a bright and clear song. The part she had chosen to sing was one of the harder parts of the song, but it sounded the same as it was played on the stage.

The audience’s expression immediately changed when they heard Corinne’s singing. Edgar, too, knew who the real singer was. He looked admiringly at Corinne, and the doubt in his heart dissipated.

After that, he looked coldly at Anya and said, “Miss Corinne has finished singing. You’re up, Miss Anya.”

Miss Anya laughed awkwardly. Frowning, she pretended to open her mouth but then closed it again to clear her throat.

“Grandpa, I must’ve hurt my vocal cords earlier. My throat is feeling a little sore. I’m afraid I won’t be able to sing like this...”

Posted by **AbMark**, 109 Views, Released on July 17, 2023

Chapter 607

Edgar did not buy her story.

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“Yeah, Miss Anya must’ve practiced very hard to gift that song to Mister Edgar. As for that girl we’ve never seen before... I wonder whose daughter would be this shameless. She must be trying to steal the credit to get close to Mister Edgar.”

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“Grandpa, I must’ve hurt my vocal cords earlier. My throat is feeling a little sore. I’m afraid I won’t be able to sing like this...”

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Chapter 608

Anya-sitting in her wheelchair-dug her nails into her palms angrily when she saw Corinne following Edgar to the study.

At that moment, Sunny stepped out from the crowd and asked in confusion, “Anya, why are you in a wheelchair? Rosie, what happened?”

Afraid of being asked to check his homework by Lucas, Sunny had been hiding in the family room playing games with his cousins, and by the time he came out, a crowd had already gathered. Not knowing what happened, he immediately went up to see.

Rosie was still angry about the whole thing. “That b*tch Corinne pushed Anya down the stair, causing her to twist her ankle. I wonder who’s the b*stard who brought her to this party!”

Sunny frowned in disbelief. “That’s not possible. Rosie, you shouldn’t speak nonsense! Corinne would never do something like that.”

Anya snapped out of her trance and looked up vehemently at Sunny upon hearing his response. The pain in her heart intensified, and there was an unprecedented look of gloominess in her eyes.

Sunny had never seen her looking like that, so he was suddenly at a loss for what to do. “Anya, what’s wrong?”

“Sunny, I wasn’t speaking nonsense! I saw what happened with my own two eyes. It’s not like I was just pulling things out of thin air in a bid to frame Corinne,” said Rosie angrily.

Sunny was not in agreement with her. “Rosie, you do know you’ve framed her before, right? I don’t even understand why you keep on bullying her. What did she ever do to you to deserve such treatment from you?”

Rosie nearly choked with anger. “Sunny, why don’t you just admit you’ve been brainwashed by Corinne!”

A look of unhappiness flashed across Sunny’s face.

“No, I’m not brainwashed by her! I just think that she’s not the type of person to do something like this. Besides, why would she push Anya down the stairs right in front of your face?”

If Corinne really wanted to hurt Anya, she would’ve done it when no one was looking. No one would be that stupid enough to leave a witness. There must be a misunderstanding... Just like all the

misunderstandings you had with her previously,”

Stumped, there was nothing more Rosie wished she could do than to knock him on the head.

“Why, Sunny, you little...”

Anya was at a point where she was about to burst into a tirade, but she did not want to lose control in front of so many people. Instead, she forced herself to calm down.

That’s enough, Rosie. Let him be. Be mindful of the guests here... We wouldn’t want to end up becoming the laughingstock of the party, would we? Let’s go back to the guest room.”

Rosie was the one who came up with the plan to humiliate Corinne, though she never expected that Anya would be the one who ended up being humiliated. Feeling guilty, she quickly said, “Yes, of course. I’ll push you back to the guest room now.”

She then started pushing Anya’s wheelchair, but she suddenly stopped when she saw Corinne and Edgar returning from the study. Rosie and Anya looked toward Corinne, wondering what Edgar could have possibly talked to her about because it took them no time to return.

At that moment, Edgar led Corinne to the stage. He smiled at the confused guests and announced, “My honored friends and family, thank you for coming to my birthday party. I would like to take this opportunity to announce some good news to you all.

“Miss Corinne, the lady standing right beside me here, will be a member of the Lovelace family from now on. My wife and I have already accepted her as our honorary granddaughter.”

Gasps and the sound of awe rippled throughout the room. No one saw that coming at all.

After they had quietened down, a thunderous applause followed, and each guest congratulated Edgar

and Corinne.

Everyone there knew Edgar and Gertrude had never gotten over the pain of losing their daughter and granddaughter, so it was good for them to take Corinne, who seemed to make them happy, as their honorary granddaughter.

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Chapter 609

Sunny was as shocked as anyone. “Damn it! How did this happen? Does Grandpa actually accept Corinne as his granddaughter? Doesn’t that make her my ‘cousin’ then?”

At that moment, Anya’s face had darkened. Unable to keep up her innocent act, she glared furiously at

Corinne.

‘Screw you, Corinne! Go to hell! You piece of sh’t, Corinne! How dare you steal what should have been mine away from me? If it weren’t for you, I would’ve been the one standing on that stage receiving praise from Grandpa. Corinne, you b*tch! Mark my words, I will make you pay for what happened today if it’s the last thing I do!’

To prevent herself from exploding in front of others, Anya composed herself and said, “I’m tired. Rosie, take me back to the quest room!”

Rosie, too, was furious at Corinne’s sudden good fortune, but alas, there was nothing she could do about it. She pushed Anya away from the crowd with the thought of coming up with a countermeasure once they returned to their room.

Corinne followed Edgar down from the stage after the announcement had ended. He then introduced her to some of his close relatives one by one. It took her a while to find an opening to extricate herself, leaving Edgar alone to bask in the glow of congratulations from the others.

Sunny walked over to her and asked interrogatively, "What did you do, Corinne? Why did my grandpa suddenly make you his granddaughter?"

Corinne walked to the buffet table and picked up a glass of juice. She took a sip before jokingly answering, "I didn't do anything. Grandpa must've thought I was cute, so he asked me to be his granddaughter."

Sunny rolled his eyes and scoffed.

'I admit she's cute. Not only that, she's beautiful, classy, real, quirky, and loveable, but even so... Grandpa isn't someone who'd take in someone he met for the first time as his granddaughter. That's totally impossible.'

Corinne continued sipping her juice casually. It was as if she was not shocked at how things turned out. After entering the study, Gertrude kept holding on to Corinne's hand as though she was afraid Corinne would suddenly run off.

Edgar got straight to the point of wanting to make her their honorary granddaughter, to which she refused. He asked her why, and she gave him a plausible enough reason. However, he then pointed to the mentally unstable Gertrude and told Corinne about her condition, hoping she could reconsider.

Corinne hesitated a little when she looked down at Gertrude's hand tightly gripping hers while she continuously muttered Emily's name.

It was not that she did not want to tell them she was indeed their long-lost granddaughter. Corinne feared that doing so would make it harder for her to dig up what happened in the past. The people who worked in the dark to destroy all the evidence of how they hurt her mother could possibly take more precautions.

However, since it was only an honorary title... Her identity should still be safe, right?

It was difficult for Corinne to reject Edgar's kindness, and she was also worried about Gertrude's mental state. After thinking it through, she finally agreed.

Edgar hoped that she would spend at least one day a week with Gertrude, who had Alzheimer's. Corinne

also agreed to that since it was nothing too difficult for her to carry out.

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

Chapter 610

How could Corinne say no to her own grandparents? Not only did they have to bear the pain of losing their daughter and granddaughter, but they even had to endure the loss brought on by Alzheimer's disease.

'Mom will definitely be sad to see Grandpa and Grandma like this... thought Corinne.

Sunny rubbed his chin and asked, "Does that mean you're my honorary cousin from now on?"

Corinne raised her eyebrow and gave him a side-eye. "Yeah. Are you happy about it?"

Sunny lifted up his chin and said arrogantly, "Tsk! What's there to be happy about? It's not like I don't already have a sister of my own."

Corinne simply chuckled at his response, turned around, and walked away.

Sunny frowned before chasing after her.

"Hey, where are you going?"

"I'm going to spend some time with Grandma Gertrude."

Sunny lifted his head, puffed out his chest, and matched her stride for stride.

"Wait for me. I want to go with you."

Corinne looked sideways at him. She did not stop him but simply let him be.

Meanwhile, after Rosie pushed Anya into the guest room, she immediately apologized, "I'm sorry, Anya. It's all my fault. Things wouldn't have ended this way if I didn't suggest that Corinne should replace you on the stage to sing 'Farewell, My Love'."

Without an audience, Anya could not keep up her pretense anymore. Her face instantly darkened.

She gritted her teeth, scoffed, and said, “Yes, it was all your fault! You stupid, foolish girl! Why do you always screw things up for me?”

Rosie was shocked. “You can’t possibly mean that, Anya.”

Rosie was sincerely apologizing to Anya, and in return, she called her a stupid and foolish girl? What happened to the usual kind and forgiving Anya? She had never heard Anya speak like that, so it was understandable that she thought she had misheard her.

“Anya... I’m really sorry. My intention was to help you to get rid of Corinne... I thought Mister Edgar would get angry at her once he saw how bad she was at singing. I never expected her to know how to sing opera

Anya glared vehemently at Rosie before laughing mockingly at her.

“You wanted to help me? Well, look how things turned out! Corinne has become their honorary granddaughter. She’ll definitely act cockier in front of me now that she has the Lovelace family’s backing!”

Rosie felt really guilty, but more than that, she felt shocked. ‘This isn’t the Anya I know! The Anya I know is a sweet little angel... Not this vicious harpy in front of me.’

“Anya, what’s the matter with you...”

Frowning, Rosie looked at Anya as though she was a stranger.

Noticing the expression on Rosie’s face, Anya gritted her teeth in annoyance. She tried to compose herself, and the next second, she managed to put on her usual kind and gentle look on her face.

*Ahem... Don’t get this the wrong way, Rosie. I’m not angry at you. I’m angry at Corinne! Besides, you should know that I rarely get angry... but Corinne went overboard this time.”

Rosie was a little taken aback. She looked at Anya, who had returned to her usual self and felt relieved, albeit a little confused.

‘Thank God. She’s back to normal.’

“Hey, it’s okay for you to get angry at me. After all, I’m mostly to blame for creating the opportunity for Corinne to become Mister Edgar’s honorary granddaughter.”

Anya pushed herself closer to Rosie and held her hand intimately.

“Rosie, I don’t blame you. I know you were only trying to help me. The only bad guy in this situation is that cunning and manipulative Corinne!”