

The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished Chapter 611

Chapter 611

“I thought she was a good person, so I always treated her with respect as though she was my sister, but she kept challenging my limits repeatedly...

“Not only that, she tried to steal everything I hold dear. I might have a good temper, but that doesn't mean. I'll allow anyone to take advantage of me like that. When push comes to shove, it's time I stand up to her!”

Rosie nodded in agreement. Anya was her ride and die. “Anya, what should we do now? We can't let Mister Edgar take her in as his granddaughter!”

A sinister glint flashed across Anya's eyes before she cooed pitifully, “Rosie... I don't know what to do either. I'm afraid we can't win against Corinne... You know how formidable a foe she is too.”

Rosie was not going to give up like that. “That doesn't mean we should let her get away with it!”

“I'm actually more worried about you, Rosie...” said Anya meaningfully.

“You're more worried about me?” repeated Rosie in confusion.

Anya put on a worried expression and said, “Yeah... I think it'll affect you more now that Grandpa has made Corinne his honorary granddaughter. You do know my relationship with Jeremy has become more stable after we adopted Joey....

“He doesn't seem interested in Corinne anymore, so it doesn't matter whether she has the Lovelaces' backing. That's why Corinne has changed her target to Lucas! I know you've always held a torch toward him, so I'm worried about you.

“Can't you tell that Corinne's target is now my brother? She tried to get into Rivera Group because she was trying to get closer to him! Now that she's become Mister Edgar's granddaughter...

“Who knows, one day Grandma might be really happy with her and want to make Corinne her real granddaughter, and the way to do that is to marry her off to Lucas... That means you won't have a chance with him anymore since my parents have always listened to my grandparents whenever my brother's marriage is concerned.”

Anya's analysis sounded very logical; Rosie started to panic.

“What?! That's impossible. Corinne doesn't deserve to marry Lucas!”

Anya sighed helplessly. “Rosie, no matter what happens, know that you're always my first choice as a sister-in-law. However, I can't help you to become Lucas' wife should my grandparents decide to make Corinne their granddaughter-in-law.”

Rosie's biggest dream in life was to marry Lucas, and she believed that Anya would help her achieve that dream. However, it never crossed her mind that Corinne would suddenly become her most significant obstacle.

Under Anya's influence, Rosie immediately became threatened by Corinne's existence. The look in her eyes became absolutely vicious. She clenched her fists and said, “Anya, don't worry about me. I have an idea to get rid of Corinne!”

Anya pretended to stop her. “Rosie, don't do anything reckless,” she lied.

Rosie gritted her teeth. “Well, she's forcing my hand! No one is allowed to marry Lucas other than me!”

“Who's not allowed to marry me?” drawled someone from outside.

The door suddenly opened. Lucas had just finished his work and had come to find Anya.

Both Anya and Rosie were shocked to see him coming in, but they managed to quickly compose

themselves.

“What were the two of you talking about? Why do you look so pale?” He strode toward Anya gracefully. and asked her gently, “How are you feeling, Anya? Is your leg any better?”

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“Lucas!”

Anya’s eyes immediately reddened. She wrapped her arms around Lucas’ legs and burst into heaving

sobs.

Her sudden outbursts shocked him. Frowning, he asked, “Why are you crying? Does your leg hurt? Don’t worry. I’ll bring you to the hospital right away!”

Some problems had arisen within the company, so Lucas had been in a phone meeting in another room. upstairs the entire time. He did not know what had happened downstairs.

“No... It’s not my leg... It’s...”

“What’s wrong? You can tell me.”

Lucas bent down and stroked her back to try to calm her down.

Anya kept crying. She wanted him to think she was too heartbroken to speak properly.

Seeing that she was too overwhelmed to speak, Lucas turned to Rosie and asked, “Rosie, what happened.

to Anya?”

Rosie became a little shy whenever Lucas was around. After thinking about it, she answered, “Lucas,

Corinne bullied Anya again. That girl has really gone overboard this time.”

“Her again? What did she do this time?” Lucas asked with a frown.

“You know how she was the one who pushed Anya down the stairs, right? Seeing that Anya couldn’t go up the stage anymore, I asked Corinne to stand in for her to sing ‘Farewell, My Love’, but everything went downhill after that.

Mister Edgar found out Anya lied to him about who really sang the song, and she got a really bad scolding from him.

“Corinne must’ve pulled some dirty tricks after that. Mister Edgar announced to everyone that he had taken her in as their honorary granddaughter right after that. As a result, Mister Edgar shunned Anya, telling her to never show her face around him again. Do you see why Anya is so sad now?”

Lucas was a little shocked. ‘What? Grandpa took in Corinne as his honorary granddaughter? Why would he do that when he just met her for the first time? This doesn’t sound like his usual cautious self.

“I have to hand it to Corinne. I can’t believe she managed to make Grandpa like her so much in such a .short time. She must have an ulterior motive behind all this... What could it be?’

“Where is Corinne now?”

“She’s probably still with Mister Edgar and Madam Gertrude. Lucas, be careful of her. She’s the type who’d do anything to achieve her goal. You must stop her. Otherwise, she’ll think she can get away with anything now that she has their support. This also means Anya will forever have to live under her thumb.”

Lucas narrowed his eyes, cocked his head at the door, and ordered, “Edmund, bring Corinne to me.”

Back in Edgar’s study, Corinne played chess with Gertrude. She hoped the game would stimulate the old lady’s brain and help slow down her Alzheimer’s. Meanwhile, as the star of the party, Edgar was still in the banquet hall with the guests. Sunny was in the study too, and he would help Gertrude with the game from time to time.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the study door.

“Who is it?” Sunny asked.

Edmund recognized Sunny’s voice and immediately said, “It’s me, Mister Sunny.”

Sunny immediately felt guilty when he found out Edmund was standing outside the door. “Umm... What can I help you with, Edmund?”

'Did Lucas ask him to drag me back to do my homework?'

"Is Miss Corinne inside? Mister Lucas asked me to bring her to him. He has something he wanted to talk. to her about," Edmund replied.

Sunny heaved a sigh of relief after hearing that.

He pointed his chin at Corinne and said, "Hey, Lucas is looking for you."

Corinne put down her chess piece and got up. "Grandma, Sunny will stay here with you while I step out for a moment, okay?"

Seeing she was about to leave, Gertrude became a little anxious. She, too, stood up and followed her behind.

Corinne went over, put her hand on Gertrude's shoulder, and said gently, "Don't worry, Grandma. I'll still be close by. I'll come back later to continue playing with you."

Gertrude was still worried, but she nodded like a docile little girl. "Come back quickly, okay?"

Corinne smiled. "Sure thing. I'll be back before you know it."

After that, she left the study. Sunny sat down in her seat and flipped the chess board, "Grandma, this isn't fun at all. Let's play Go instead!"

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Sunny would never admit to himself or anyone else that he did not know how to play chess.

Corinne followed Edmund into Lucas' study. As soon as she entered, she realized Anya and Rosie were also there.

Anya was crying in her wheelchair while Rosie kept passing tissues and comforting her. Noticing that Corinne had come in, Rosie immediately glared at her vehemently.

Corinne paid no mind to them. Instead, she looked at Lucas, who leaned casually but authoritatively against the sofa, sipping a cup of piping hot coffee.

She walked up to him and asked, "You were looking for me, Mister Lucas?"

Lucas narrowed his eyes. "Did you push Anya down the stairs?"

"No," Corinne answered without hesitation.

Lucas' eyes turned cold. "Why did you tear down Anya earlier?"

"I was just telling the truth," said Corinne calmly.

Lucas scoffed. "Why did Grandpa take you in as his honorary granddaughter? What's that all about?"

"I refused when he asked, but he insisted, so I was left with no choice but to accept his kind gesture."

Lucas scoffed again. "You make it sound like you were forced into it."

Corinne nodded. "Kinda."

Lucas's eyes turned ice cold.

Previously, Lucas would sometimes admire Corinne's working capability. There were rare occasions when he would feel affectionate toward her, though he still did not know why. He did not think she was one of those scheming women.

However, after seeing her climb her way slowly into the Lovelaces' heart, he found it harder and harder to believe she had no ulterior motive at all.

Lucas stood up and threw the hot cup of coffee on Corinne's face.

"Miss Carew, go somewhere else if you're thinking of worming yourself into some wealthy family's heart. I trust it won't be hard for you to do that with your ability and all. However, you've chosen the wrong family. to do that, and as long as I'm here, I won't let you have your way."

What Lucas did caught Corinne off guard. She instinctively closed her eyes to prevent the coffee from getting into her eyes. She waited until the hot coffee had dripped down from her chin and onto the ground. before slowly opening her eyes.

“Mister Lucas, thank you for recognizing my talent, but I had no plan on doing what you’re accusing me of doing.”

Lucas looked coldly at her. “You know best what you have in mind. There’s no use arguing with me. We don’t welcome you here. You may leave now.”

Corinne would have fought him then and there if it was not for not wanting to ruin Edgar’s birthday party. Not wanting to waste her time arguing, she simply took a deep breath and turned around.

“Wait!” Lucas called after her.

Suppressing her impatience, Corinne asked, “Is there anything else?”

“You don’t have to come to work tomorrow. Your position has been officially terminated from Rivera Group,” said Lucas monotonously.

Both Rosie and Anya smiled victoriously when they heard that. ‘We’ve won!’

Corinne did not say anything. She simply chuckled and left the room calmly.

‘I have no need of a brother who cannot tell a fake person from a real person!’ she thought.

The coffee dripped everywhere as she walked out of the room. It was a really pitiful sight. ‘I shouldn’t go back to study to play chess with Grandma... I might scare her like this, and then things would get worse... It’s best if I leave and come back another day to visit her.’

She deliberately chose a route with no people to leave the mansion because she did not want to attract any attention. However, it just so happened Jeremy used the same route too.

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Corinne regretted choosing that route. Annoyance surged up her heart. She did not want Jeremy to see her like that.

If they were in a place with many people, she could have pretended not to see him and left without even sparing him a glance.

However, there were only two of them on the empty path, so there was no way she could have pretended

not to see him.

'Talk about rotten luck,' she thought while sighing.

The distance between them became shorter and shorter...

Closer and closer.

Jeremy's hands were in his pockets. He strode steadily toward her without any expression on his face. He locked his gaze on her and looked her up and down with narrowed eyes.

Corinne had to acknowledge him since they were face-to-face with each other. She simply looked casually at him and politely nodded before brushing past him. Suddenly, she quickened her steps.

"Stop right there," said Jeremy in his deep voice. His tone had no emotions, yet it carried an overbearing

oppressiveness.

Corinne stopped walking, but she did not turn around to look at him. "Can I help you, Mister Jeremy?"

"Turn around."

Corinne was unhappy with how he ordered her around, so she did not do as he said. "Sorry, Mister Jeremy, but I'm heading to that door over there, so there's no need for me to turn around."

Jeremy frowned and remained silent. Instead, he walked over and positioned himself in front of her. He was so much taller and wider than her that Corinne's view was completely blocked.

All she could see was his broad chest.

She did not want to meet his gaze, so she did not look up at him. "Just say whatever you want to say to me, Mister Jeremy."

Jeremy's face darkened. He looked down condescendingly at her, and his face darkened even more when he realized she was not looking up at him.

After silently looking over her drenched hair and coffee-stained clothes for a few seconds, he coldly asked, "What happened?"

"I accidentally splashed coffee all over myself. I'm actually on my way home to change," Corinne lied.

Jeremy's eyes narrowed into a sharp line. "Just how did you manage to get coffee on your hair too?"

It was obvious nothing could get past Jeremy.

Corinne laughed self-deprecatingly. "You know how clumsy I can be. Thanks for your concern, but I've got to run now. Ciao."

She tried walking around him to get away as fast as possible, but Jeremy stepped to the side to block her from leaving.

"Corinne, I'm going to ask you one last time. What happened?" asked Jeremy threateningly and impatiently.

Corinne was starting to get impatient as well. She did not understand why Jeremy insisted on getting to the bottom of the matter. 'It won't be easy to fool him. I guess I have no choice but to tell him the truth.' Ultimately, she looked up at him glaringly and said, "I made Miss Anya sad, so Lucas decided to fire me."

Jeremy's eyes darkened. "He was the one who did this to you too?"

Corinne nodded. "Yes."

'The only reason he's forcing me to tell him the truth is because he wants to see me humiliated. Why, he must think I'm nothing but a laughingstock. Oh well, sticks and stones.'

"Mister Jeremy, can I go now that I've told you what happened?"

'Seeing as Mister Lucas poured coffee on me to help Miss Anya take revenge... Even though Mister Jeremy's really protective of her, he should just let me go, right?'

“Yes, you can,” uttered Jeremy coldly.

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Corinne immediately walked around Jeremy and almost ran out of there. However, she had only taken a few steps before a strong hand reached out and grabbed her roughly on the wrist.

Shocked, she turned around to look at Jeremy. “What are you doing?”

Instead of stopping her, Jeremy dragged her toward the exit. Confused, Corinne instinctively tried to shake off his grip, but she was no match for his strength. Failing to do that, she kept cursing him and asking him what he was doing to her.

Jeremy completely ignored her and continued to drag her until they came to the parking lot situated behind the mansion. He then pulled open the car door and shoved her inside.

“Stay here until I come back,” he ordered. After that, he closed the car door with a bang.

Corinne frowned anxiously and rubbed her wrist, which was red from Jeremy’s grip. She then looked outside the window at his retreating figure.

Annoyed, she pondered to herself.

What the hell is he doing? Why did he drag me here and throw me into this car? Wait a minute... Why should I listen to him? Only a fool would do that.’

She reached out to open the door only to discover that it was locked. She pushed the door button in a bid. to unlock it, but it was of no use as the door remained locked.

Annoyance and anger flared up inside of her. She turned toward the front of the car to look for the unlock. button and discovered another person in the car with her.

Edmund sat in the driver’s seat, looking at her with confused and resigned eyes. 1

Corinne frowned and said, "Edmund, open the door now."

Although Edmund did not know what happened between Jeremy and Corinne, he knew not to do anything. unless specifically instructed by Jeremy.

"Miss Corinne, you heard what Mister Jeremy said too. I don't have permission to let you out of the car. It's best if you wait for him to return, or it'll be my job on the line."

Corinne was speechless. She understood where he came from, so she decided not to make his life difficult. However, that did not mean she was not still angry.

-*"What gives Jeremy the right to lock me in here? We don't owe each other anything, and we've got nothing*

to do with each other anymore. How dare he interfere with my personal freedom?! When will he ever change that self-centered character flaw of his? Does he think he can control anyone just because he's rich and powerful? Hmmph!

"Here, Miss Corinne."

Instead of opening the door, Edmund respectfully passed her a packet of wet tissues.

Corinne's hair was still wet from the coffee.

"Thank you!" she said as she accepted the wet tissue. She may as well clean the coffee off herself since she could not go anywhere.

Edmund looked on courteously as Corinne dried her hair. "Miss Corinne, forgive me for asking this, but may I know where you've been all this while?"

Corinne was busy cleaning herself up, so she replied absent-mindedly, "My agreement with your boss has

ended, so I can go anywhere I want. That means I don't have to report my whereabouts to any of you."

Edmund fell silent for a while before saying, "Mister Jeremy has been looking all over for

you.

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Corinne paused what she was doing for a second and simply said, "I know."

Edmund was stunned. "If you knew, why didn't you come back to talk to him? Surely any misunderstanding could be cleared up if you just talked to Mister Jeremy face-to-face *

In the time he worked for Jeremy, Corinne was the first woman Edmund had met who never took Jeremy seriously. It was only after getting to know her that he realized she was not the type of girl whose mission in life was to marry into a wealthy family, nor did she intend to gain fame and status with the help of a man. In fact, marrying into the Holden family held no allure to her at all.

Simply put, Corinne was a straightforward, down-to-earth, independent, and mysterious girl. She knew what she wanted and was not afraid to go after it. In the three months she lived in Holden's estate, she never once overstepped her boundary.

She did her part in pretending to be Jeremy's wife and did not attempt to use the Holden family's influence or power to do anything else. In fact, she showed great hesitation in letting others know she was Jeremy's wife.

Corinne had always acted indifferent toward Jeremy. They slept in separate bedrooms, and she showed no interest in climbing into his bed or trying to blackmail him into marrying her for real by getting pregnant with his child. It was because of all that and more that Jeremy's cold, cold heart started melting little by little until he found himself falling madly in love with her.

Edmund had witnessed Jeremy's changing attitude toward Corinne. He knew that Jeremy had never shown anyone else except for Corinne the level of patience he had shown her, or the way he smiled gently at her, or the way he would let her win just to see her happy, or the time and effort he took in planning in confessing his feelings for her.....

In fact, Jeremy never smiled at Anya-who had saved his life-in the way he smiled at Corinne. He seemed to tolerate her rather than actually liking her. Thus, Edmund could not figure out what happened between Jeremy and

Corinne, who seemed to be going great, to make the latter suddenly disappear a month ago.

In the month that Corinne had left, Jeremy went on with his life as usual, but sometimes, Edmund would catch him sighing haplessly or zoning out. It was as if his soul was anywhere else but with him.

'Mister Jeremy must be saddened to learn Miss Corinne married someone else when it took all that effort to finally find her... Oh, why, Miss Corinne? Why did you run away when Mister Jeremy has been nothing "but good to you?" Edmund lamented to himself.

Corinne closed her eyes and fell silent for a moment. Suddenly, a smirk appeared on her face, and she said indifferently, "Edmund, I admire your loyalty to Mister Jeremy, but here's a little advice for you. It's not enough to be only loyal, but one has to be ethical too..

"Don't you think Mister Jeremy is atrocious for making me believe he's serious about me when he already has a child with Miss Anya? I know you're loyal to him, but that doesn't give you the right to ask me to be his mistress!

"Besides, he can get any girl he wants with his money and status if he's looking for some excitement. He only needs to crook his finger, and many girls will throw themselves at him. As for me, I don't have the Interest nor the time to do that, so please ask him to go find someone else to toy around with!"

It suddenly dawned on Edmund that Corinne's departure had something to do with Joey.

"Miss Corinne, it seems like you've misunderstood. Mister Jeremy-"

Edmund stopped himself from going further. He wanted to explain the whole thing to Corinne, but it was too complicated. Besides, it was not in his place to tell her more than he should.

Corinne did not pursue the matter further. She busied herself with getting every drop of coffee off her before throwing the tissue into the trash can in the car. Then, she looked outside the window and yawned lazily.

"It doesn't matter if there's a misunderstanding since we were never meant to be together in the first place. Our working relationship ended as soon as the

agreement was up. It's best if we leave each other alone to live out the rest of our lives from now on," said Corinne eventually.

Edmund frowned.

"I guess she's right since she's married to another man now. It's not like I can ask her to divorce her husband to be with Mister Jeremy, but... It's so sad how Jeremy is mistakenly thought of as a scumbag...'

Thinking of that, Edmund suddenly made up his mind to clear Jeremy's name.

"Actually, Miss Corinne, Joey isn't-

However, before he could finish his sentence, Jeremy suddenly pulled open the back door and got into the back seat. In an instant, the whole car was filled with his murderous aura.

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Edmund swallowed back what he was about to say to greet Jeremy.

"Welcome back, Mister Jeremy."

"Thank you. Take us out of here now," Jeremy said coldly.

"Wait," said Corinne. She turned to look at Jeremy and said angrily, "Mister Jeremy, why did you drag me into your car? I'm going to get out if you can't give me a good reason!"

Jeremy did not look at her. Instead, he lowered his eyes and took out an exquisite metal cigarette holder from the inner pocket of his suit jacket. He opened the holder with his slender fingers, plucked out a cigarette, and tapped it on the holder out of habit.

"Why? Do you find yourself disgusted to be sitting in my car?" Jeremy asked mockingly. The way he spoke made it obvious to Corinne that he was itching for a fight.

She frowned unhappily and said, "I didn't mean it that way. It's just I don't want anybody to get the wrong idea. It's not like we're close enough to share the same car."

"We're. Not. Close. Enough. Man, this girl really knows where to hit for it to hurt!" thought Jeremy.

He did not light up his cigarette. Instead, he looked at her coldly and said, "I dare you to repeat that we're not close enough. Have you forgotten that we've shared the same bed before?"

He hinted at that fateful night when they had no choice but to sleep together.

Shame turned to anger.

Corinne wanted to curse him, but her anger turned to shock when she looked at Jeremy's face.

"How... How did you get hurt?"

There was a bruise at the corner of Jeremy's lips and an obvious wound on his left brow. The most serious of his injuries was his left eye, which was bleeding internally.

"What happened? Who would dare to hurt him so badly? Aren't they afraid of the repercussions?" wondered Corinne.

Jeremy did not seem to mind his injuries. He simply said indifferently, "It's nothing. I just happened to bump into something."

-Corinne glared at him. "Oh, please. What could you possibly bump into to hurt yourself like this?"

Jeremy glanced at her and chuckled coldly. "Why do you sound so surprised? Weren't you the one who spilled coffee all over your hair?"

Corinne was speechless. "Ugh! He's so annoying!"

"I don't care what happened to you, but you should go to the hospital since your eye is bleeding."

Even though Corinne said that out of kindness, there was still an inexplicable tightness and discomfort in her heart

Jeremy narrowed his eyes and said, "Fine, I'll listen to you. Let's both go to the hospital for a check-up."

"Both?"

An alarm bell went off inside Corinne's mind. "I'm not hurt, so why do I need to go too?"

Jeremy stared quietly at her before his gaze traveled slowly down her flat stomach. After two seconds of

silence, he said meaningfully, "To see if you have in your possession something that rightfully belongs to my family."

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Corinne immediately understood what Jeremy implied, causing her to instinctively avert her eyes away from his.

"What nonsense are you talking about? Why would I take anything that belongs to your family?"

After saying that, she quickly opened the door in a bid to get out of the car. However, just like the first time, she failed to do that because the door was locked again.

Jeremy moved closer to her, so close that she could feel his warm breath on her neck. "Why are you panicking if you said you didn't steal anything?"

Corinne was shocked by his closeness that she suddenly went limp with numbness. "What do you think you're doing? Get away from me!"

Her instinct caused her to push him away, but instead of doing that, she accidentally punched his left eye, exactly where he was bleeding.

Jeremy let out a muffled groan, and his hand immediately shot up to cover his left eye. The pain was so intense that his brows became tightly drawn.

Seeing that made Corinne panic even more. "I'm sorry, sorry. I didn't mean to do that. Is your eye okay?"

Jeremy's face darkened, and he stared at her coldly with his good eye. "What do you think?"

Corinne mentally berated herself for being so clumsy. Her usually calm voice actually started to waver when she said, "I'm really, really sorry. Does it still hurt?"

"Of course, it still hurts!"

'It must be very painful for a man like him to admit it! Oh no, he's not going to go blind, is he?'

The more Corinne thought about it, the more worried she became. Not caring about anything else, she quickly turned to look at Edmund-who was staring at them with his mouth agape-and ordered, "What are you still waiting for? Take Mister Jeremy to the hospital now!"

"Yes... Of course!"

Edmund snapped out of his shock and immediately started the car.

On the ride to the hospital, Corinne never once asked to be let off the car. Instead, she kept a watchful eye on the road.

'Good thing there's no traffic. Please let it be this way all through the hospital so we can arrive faster.'

After that, she looked at Jeremy, and worry started rising in her heart again when she saw him still covering his eye with his hand.

She moved closer to him and asked, "Umm... Mister Jeremy, why don't you put down your hand so I can -check on your eye?"

Jeremy raised his right eyebrow. He looked at her suspiciously and said nothing. Instead, he simply moved his hand away to show that he had heard her.

Corinne straightened herself up to meet him at eye level before leaning forward. 'Seems like he's bleeding more than before...'

She felt a stab in her heart as she frowned and looked worriedly at Jeremy.

"How painful is it?" she asked in a small voice.

“It’s excruciating,” replied Jeremy coldly.

‘He’s in pain! What should I do? Corinne looked to her left and right for something to help ease his pain, but there was nothing like that in the car.

Running out of ideas, she turned to the last resort. “Why don’t I blow on it to help ease the pain?”

Jeremy was a little taken aback at her suggestion. He did not say yes or no, so Corinne took his silence. as consent. She moved closer to him and blew carefully on his eye.

Jeremy quietly closed his eyes to enjoy the moment. Corinne’s warm breath tickled his eyelid. The whole thing felt like a comfortable eye massage, and it certainly helped ease the pain.

Seeing the knot between his brow loosening, Corinne knew her idea was working, so she continued to blow on his eye when suddenly, Jeremy opened his eyes. The pair found themselves looking straight into each other’s eyes.

They were immensely close to each other-so close that they could feel each other’s breath on their skin

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Corinne blinked awkwardly and quickly moved her eyes away. She then sat back down In her seat.

“Umm... Please bear with the pain a little if your eye still hurts. We should be arriving at the hospital soon.”

Jeremy did not say anything. Instead, he leaned back against the seat and looked at her.

At that moment, Corinne felt conflicted. On the one hand, she did not want to have anything to do with. Jeremy, but on the other, she was very worried that she had caused him to go blind.

She dug her fingers anxiously into her palm when Jeremy suddenly called out her name.

“Corinne.”

She thought his eye was hurting again, so she quickly turned toward him and asked, “What’s the matter? Did the pain come back again?”

Jeremy narrowed his eyes and looked probingly at her. “What’s your real relationship with Aaron of Newmoon Group?”

The sudden question caught her off guard. There she was, worrying about his eye, and he asked her something like that.

“It’s like I told you. He’s my husband, and I’m his wife.”

Jeremy’s eyes were burning by then as though wanting to burn her lies away. “Is he a real husband or a fake husband?”

Corinne was shocked again. “Why is he asking me that? Could it be that he knows I’m lying?”

Guilt began to fill her heart, but that did not make her change her answer. “Real... Real husband, of course.”

She told herself she had no choice but to keep up with the lie because that was how lies worked. Once one told a lie, one had to come up with another five lies to keep the first lie going.

Jeremy scoffed. “Oh, really? Then, why isn’t there a marriage record in the City Hall?”

Corinne did not know how to answer him.

“What? You can’t come up with another lie anymore?”

“Mister Jeremy, don’t you find what you did intrusive? What right do you have to look into my private affairs like that?”

Jeremy’s expression became nonchalant but threatening nonetheless. “Oh, I have no right. I just did it to satisfy my curiosity.”

Corinne frowned and glared at him in annoyance and anger. “Well, let me satisfy that curiosity of yours. It’s not weird that you can’t find our marriage record in the City Hall since we registered our marriage abroad!”

“Which country?”

“That’s not something for you to know.”

Jeremy narrowed his eyes. “From what I know, there’s no record of you flying out of the country too.”

Corinne took a deep breath and said, “That’s because we took my husband’s private jet, so you won’t find any record of me at the airport.”

Jeremy frowned. “Do you love him?”

Corinne was speechless.

“Answer me.”

“Yes. I love him very much.”

She told the truth. She had always loved Aaron and Xante too. However, the love she had for them was not romantic, but it was the kind that grew because ever since they were little, they had been through so much together. She loved and depended on them like they were her brother and sister.

Jeremy’s eyes immediately darkened at her answer. “Corinne, you’d better not lie to me!”

Corinne cleared her throat to hide her guilt. “Why would I lie to you? Besides, why don’t you worry more about your eye instead of asking me all these pointless questions?!”

Jeremy did not say anything anymore. He simply threw her a cold glance before closing his eyes to rest.

Ten minutes later, the car stopped in front of the hospital..

Edmund turned around and said, “We’re here, Mister Jeremy

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

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Jeremy was probably in a lot of pain since he did not even light up his cigarette, which he held between his fingers throughout the entire car ride.

After the car stopped, he casually threw the cigarette into the trash can before getting out of the car.

Corinne looked at him getting out of the car while a multitude of emotions fought to dominate her heart.

Hesitating a little, she said, “Umm... I won’t be getting out of the car with you. I’ll wait here for your results. to come out, and I’m willing to pay whatever medical fees you’ve incurred because of me.”

Jeremy paused in his movement and turned his head slightly to look unhappily at her.

Seeing that, Edmund quickly cleared his throat and said, “Miss Corinne, I think it’s best you accompany Mister Jeremy to see the doctor. It won’t be safe for him to walk around alone with his eye hurt, and I can’t park the car here since it’s the emergency lane for the ambulance. I have to park the car somewhere else.”

Corinne looked outside the car window and realized what Edmund said was right. They were indeed parked in the emergency lane.

“Fine, but... Please come find us as soon as you’ve parked the car. There’s an urgent matter I need to attend to at home.”

Edmund sneaked a peek at Jeremy’s increasingly darkening face. It was then that he decided to lie to Corinne.

“Okay, Miss Corinne. I’ll come to look for you and Mister Jeremy as soon as I’ve parked the car.”

Thus, Corinne grudgingly got out of the car. She sighed heavily as she looked at the car away.

“Just how much do you not want to be with me?” asked Jeremy mockingly.

His voice pulled her away from her thoughts. She looked up at him and chuckled dryly.

“I just think there’s no need for us to spend time alone given our non-existent relationship.”

To that, Jeremy gave no reply. Instead, he scoffed, turned around, and headed inside the hospital. Left without a choice, Corinne followed him into the hospital.

'A man born with a silver spoon like him probably doesn't even know how the admission process in the hospital works!' thought Corinne while rubbing her temples.

'I'll need to take care of him until Edmund comes back. First things first, I need to sign him in, get him a queue number, and bring him to the doctor.'

She quickly found the registration counter. The nurse there asked her in a bored tone, "Which doctor do you want to see?"

"The ophthalmologist," said Corinne.

"The OB-GYN specialist," said Jeremy.

Corinne was stunned, and so was the nurse at the registration counter. She frowned and looked at the two of them.

"Are the two of you together?"

The corners of Corinne's mouth twitched a little. "Yes, we're together."

"Then, which doctor do you want to see? The ophthalmologist or the OB-GYN specialist?"

"The ophthalmologist," insisted Corinne.

"The OB-GYN specialist," insisted Jeremy.

The nurse frowned unhappily. "This is no time to joke around. There are people waiting in line behind you. Come back when the two of you decide which doctor you want to see."

Corinne felt embarrassed for taking up the nurse's time. She glared at Jeremy and said, "Shut up and let me do the talking."

She returned to the counter and said politely, "Sorry about that. You can ignore what he said. We'd like to see the ophth-

However, Jeremy inserted himself between Corinne and the nurse before she could finish speaking." Please put us down for both the ophthalmologist and OB-GYN specialist. Thanks," he said sternly.

The nurse was starting to get angry at their antics. However, all of her anger turned into awe when she looked up at Jeremy's handsome face.

"O-okay. Please wait a moment."

Not even a minute later, the nurse gave them two numbers-one for the ophthalmologist and the other for the OB-GYN specialist.

Corinne accepted the number with a darkened face. After thanking the nurse with a fake smile, she immediately walked past Jeremy to give way to the people lining up behind her.

She waited until she came to an empty place before exploding in rage..

"Curse you, Jeremy!"