



### Chapter 18

Corinne tilted her head as she looked at Aaron, who immediately understood her hint due to years of tacit understanding with her.

After clearing his throat, he raised his hand to adjust the Bluetooth earpiece he wore out of habit on his left ear, and walked past Jeremy and Corinne in as calm a manner as possible.

He even made a point to lower his voice a little and pretend as if he was speaking to someone over the phone.

"Sorry, Boss. Things got a little awkward earlier. That Holden guy overheard me when I was ranting about him earlier. Well, yeah! He's the one who outbid us on your favorite painting! Sure. we'll just forget about it and let him have it! 'Geese in Late Autumn' isn't Nellie Nymphaea's only painting. There are plenty of other ones we can get in the future!"

Aaron was already quite far away when he ended his sentence.

Corinne stared wide-eyed at Jeremy and cocked her eyebrow innocently. "I think he's angry at you,

mister."

Jeremy retracted his gaze and turned to Corinne. He began to question her, "Don't the two of you know each other?"

Corinne shook her head. "I don't know him at all! Do you? Why was he angry at you again?"

Jeremy narrowed his eyes. "You haven't answered me yet. What are you doing here?"

Corinne sighed in an annoyed tone. "Don't you remember that I was fired from Alpha Enterprises, thanks to you? I heard that they're recruiting auctioneers here, so I submitted my resume and came here for an interview."

Jeremy was still rather doubtful. "Did you get the offer then?"

Corinne shook her head, shrugged her shoulders, and spread her palms. "No. They were looking for someone with more than three years of work experience, so I didn't meet the requirements."

Jeremy looked at her petite appearance. If she were allowed to stand on the auction stage, everyone would probably mistake her for someone who was auctioning off school supplies.

Corinne looked up and asked, "And what about you? Why are you here?"

"Grandpa was interested in a set of bronze artifacts, so I came over as his representative to bid for it."

"That's so nice of you, mister. You really are a good grandson!"

Jeremy frowned. 'Why does it sound like she's scolding me?'

All of a sudden, his cell phone rang.

Jeremy answered the call, frowned slightly, and hung up with a grunt. He then stared intently at Corinne. "Where are you going next?"

Corinne answered, "I'm going to continue sending in resumes and looking for a job."

Jeremy's rough hands patted her head gently as he leaned over and spoke in a hoarse, irrefutable tone, "Come with me. I'll give you a job."

"What?" Corinne was stunned. Before she could even process what Jeremy said, he had grabbed her wrist and whisked her away.

...

Corinne found herself back at Lunar Century Manor.

The last time she was there was when Jeremy forced her to get engaged to him.

She glanced at the decorations around her, which consisted of flowers, a red carpet, ribbons, and balloons.

Corinne's face went pale from fright. "What are you planning this time, Uncle? Are you going to hold another wedding?"

Jeremy glanced askance at her. "Oh? Do you like marrying me that much? Do you want another wedding?"

Corinne immediately rolled her eyes and was about to turn back when a crisp female voice called out, "Uncle!"

She looked in the direction of the voice and saw a young woman trotting up to Jeremy in a wedding dress.

The young woman asked anxiously, "Uncle! Did you manage to find someone for me?"

Jeremy raised his hand, pulled Corinne over, and pushed her forward to the girl in the wedding dress.

"What do you think of her?"

The girl in the wedding dress looked at Corinne and

blinked.

Corinne felt like an object of sale and crossed her hands to protect herself. "What's going on?"

The girl in the wedding dress looked at Corinne and pouted her lips in displeasure. "Did you have to find someone this beautiful? I'm the bride, so I'm supposed to be the star of the show! If the bridesmaid you found for me is prettier than me, she's only going to steal my thunder!"

Jeremy turned around, looked at Corinne, and snickered coldly. "You call that beautiful? You should've told me your eyesight is deteriorating." 1

The young woman was speechless.

Corinne glared at Jeremy angrily and finally understood what was going on.

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