

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 56



Chapter 56

At that moment, Corinne raised her head and, spotting Pamela, was stunned. Despite feeling weak, she feebly greeted, “Grandma? Why are you here...?”

Before Pamela could say anything, Francine stepped forward with her arms on her waist and scolded, “Corinne Carew! Aren’t you ashamed of yourself? The Holdens would never allow a sl*t like you to be part of the family!”

Sunny looked pleased with the result and joined in, saying, “Corinne, you’re caught red-handed! Stop pretending!”

Corinne’s eyebrows furrowed. At that moment, she did not have the energy to argue with them.

Unlike the others who barged into the lounge, Jason stood quietly and watched them before turning his attention back to Corinne. She looked pale, still. He was amazed by the relationship between her and the people who barged in. Gradually, he connected all the dots.

After he helped Corinne to sit steadily, he got up and smiled. “Hello, ma’am. I didn’t know you were coming. Why didn’t you send someone to notify me in advance? If I knew it earlier, I’d be at the door to welcome you.”

Francine cut in again and snorted with disdain. “You *sshole! How are we going to catch you two red-handed if we informed you ahead? Besides, my grandma doesn’t need to be welcomed by people like you!”

Jason remained smiling and gave Francine a glance, but he ignored her. He tried to explain to Pamela peacefully, “Ma’am, Corinne is resting here because she felt sick. She wanted to go to the bathroom, and she nearly fell due to how weak she was. I was just helping her when you guys came in.”

Sunny sneered sarcastically, “Oh, how nice of you. Do you really think we’re going to believe what you said? It’s just an excuse. What else can a man and a woman do when they stay in the room by themselves?”

Jason’s charming eyes glared at Sunny pointedly. Even though he had a smile on his face, it felt more like he was unhappy with what he just heard. “Oh? You’re here too, Mister Sunny? I don’t. recall you being invited to this art exhibition.”

Sunny was embarrassed when he remembered he cheated his way in. “Ahem! I attended on my brother’s behalf.”

Jason scoffed, “Is that so?”

Just then, Rosie walked into the lounge. She had no idea what was happening. “Sunny, here your are! I’ve been looking for you. Why did you ask me to come here in a hurry? What’s going on?”

When she got the call from Sunny, she was having afternoon tea with her best friends. Knowing it was about Corinne’s affair, she rushed over swiftly to take a look.

Sunny pointed at Corinne, who was still sitting on the bed. “Rosie, look. I caught her red-handed. She’s not only a thief, but she’s having an affair too!”

Rosie looked over and saw Corinne on the bed with a blanket over her body. She then saw Jason standing beside Corinne. A surprised, disappointed expression appeared on her face. “Corinne... How could you...? Oh my god! I can’t believe you’d do such a thing!”

Corinne looked back at Rosie and did not say anything. The sick feeling that plagued her caused her face to look pale. To the others, she looked like she was worried because she got caught having an affair.

Rosie sighed with a broken heart. She walked over to Pamela who had been keeping quiet the entire time and reached out her hand to hold Pamela’s hand. “Ma’am, please stay calm. Since this has happened, there’s nothing we can do to change it. We’ll just have to wait for Jeremy to find out and see what his decision is.”

Pamela had a serious expression on her face. She did not care about what Rosie said and also evaded Rosie’s hold. Her sharp yet aged eyes continued to look at Corinne. Deep in her heart, she refused to believe what Sunny and Francine said.

“Corinne, tell me what happened. I want to listen to your side of the story.”

The dumbstruck Rosie pulled back her hand awkwardly.

The pain in Corinne’s stomach got even worse, and she gasped.

Her expression looked determined when she raised her head to look back at Pamela. “Grandma, I came here to look at the paintings, but I felt sick-so I came here to rest. Mister Jason was being kind to help me when I nearly fell.”

No doubt, Corinne’s face and complexion did match that of a sick person’s. Pamela’s gaze softened. She asked with worry, “Feeling sick? How?”