

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 140

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Corinne blushed upon hearing what others around them were saying. It was easy to be misunderstood that they were a couple because they were holding hands.

However, they did not walk alongside each other. Instead, Jeremy walked ahead of her while she reluctantly followed.

Rather than being seen as a couple, she thought they looked like a father and a disobedient daughter.

Still, Corinne felt it was not nice to be misunderstood, especially when there was nothing between them and they were just cooperating to play pretend. Thus, she tried to withdraw her hand to clear the air.

By the time she moved her arm, she noticed they had gotten to the car.

Jeremy let go of her hand and opened the door for her. "Get in," rang his voice, deep in his chest.

Corinne did not stall and bent to get into the car. Jeremy used his hand to cover the top part of the car, protecting Corinne from knocking her head. It was a very gentlemanly and lofty act.

Corinne was startled. "He's always so cold at times, but he's actually a gentleman."

The car drove off.

Corinne laid back on the seat lazily and said, "Thank you, Mister."

Jeremy was sitting upright, looking at his phone. Hearing this, he raised his brow and looked at her. "Thank me? For what?"

With a sincere expression, Corinne said, "For treating me to supper!"

She was going to pay herself, but Jeremy was holding her hand and refused to let go. He even ordered Tommy to pay for the bill.

Jeremy stopped looking at her. He did not think it was a big deal, so he did not say anything.

"Mister, give me your hand! I want to look at it," said Corinne, sounding rather demanding.

She even extended her hand and moved her index finger in a beckoning gesture.

Jeremy looked at her again. "What do you want?"

Corinne took out a burn-aid cream and waved it, sternly saying, "I bought this when I passed back. a chemist. I accidentally burnt you just now, so I'll take responsibility."

"It's fine," declined Jeremy coldly, his expression flat.

It was not even burnt; his skin merely reddened. He had long forgotten about it and would have forgotten completely had it not been brought up.

Corinne grabbed his hand despite Jeremy's lack of cooperation. She pulled it for examination and saw the back of his hand was still reddish. She furrowed her brow.

After she squeezed out a drop of the cream, she applied it to the back of his palm with her finger.

She was being soft and careful. "I didn't mean to spill the tea on your hand. I'm sorry."

Jeremy was startled. He stopped struggling and let her apply the cream to his hand. In the meantime, he watched her carefully.

Somehow, a warm feeling blossomed in his heart, having known Corinne cared so much about the injury he disregarded.

As his lips curled up, he said, "It's a rare moment for you to apologize voluntarily."

"I know I owe you an apology because I hurt you," reasoned Corinne, "and I know it hurts a lot to have hot water poured on you. You have to apply burn aid cream to soothe it."

Jeremy frowned. "How do you know that? Were you burned before?"