

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 195

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Jeremy had a straight face as he turned around and went to get the bacon from the refrigerator. Inside the kitchen, the two of them silently did the respective tasks without talking to each other. Jeremy's gaze was constantly transfixed on the petite girl beside him as he chopped the bacon.

The mac and cheese with crispy bacon were finished in mere minutes, and Corinne said to Jeremy, "You can bring the bowls to the dining table now. I'll head to the bathroom for a bitt."

Jeremy had no objection as he picked up the two bowls and walked out of the kitchen.

At that moment, Bowen the butler came in from the outside and was terrified to see Jeremy bringing the bowls to the table. He looked all around and saw that no servants were waiting on duty. They had sneaked off somewhere and neglected their duties just because Jeremy was not there!

"Sir! When did you return? Please allow me to help you! You shan't be allowed to do these things!"

Jeremy glanced at Bowen but did not hand over the bowls to him. He placed them down on the dining table, pulled out a chair, and sat down before asking in a deep voice, "Are you saying that it shouldn't be allowed to do these things, but my missus can be left to her own devices?"

Bowen was taken aback and immediately understood what Jeremy was implying. He explained shamefully. "I'm very sorry, sir. I have failed in my duties. That just gone to the yard to water your grandfather's orchids, and I didn't know that the young ma'am had woken up and wanted to have dinner. The servants at home are resentful because of what happened to your sister, so..."

Jeremy lowered his eyes and rebuttoned his cuffs. If they're resentful, I can replace them with those who aren't. "His tone was calm, but there was an intimidating boldness about him that sent chills down one's spine."

Bowen did not dare to intercede for the servants because he could see that the young master was genuinely angry and not just giving him empty threats.

Corinne came back from the bathroom to see Bowen, so she asked politely. "Would you like some mac and cheese, Bowen? There's still some in the pot!"

Bowen was flattered and quickly waved his hands. "Thank you for your kind offer, but I'm not hungry! I, uhh... I still have some things to do, so please enjoy the meal with Mister Jeremy. I'll send someone to clean up the dishes later."

After saying that, Bowen excused himself, went to look for the lazy servants, and gave earful.

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Corinne sat down and saw a takeout box of barbecue on the table, and it was from her favorite roadside shack too! Her eyes then lit up.

She asked in disbelief, "Did you buy this?"

Jeremy was expressionless. "Tommy bought some when he passed by the shack."

Corinne believed him and took some to eat.

The man cocked his eyebrows. "Did I say you could eat that?"

Corinne rolled her eyes at him. "You can eat the mac and cheese I made, and I'll eat the barbecue you bought. This is an equivalent exchange of resources! It is neither a loss nor a debt!"

Jeremy snorted coldly, but a smile flashed across the corner of his lips as he picked up the fork and lowered his head to taste the mac and cheese she made.

It was quite delicious.

"Did you go to the hospital today?" the man asked suddenly.

Corinne nodded while eating her barbecued meat. "Yeah, my stepmother got injured. Tommy must've told you too, right?"

Jeremy then asked, "Did you get yourself checked too?"

Corinne raised an eyebrow in confusion. "Why should I? I'm fine."

Jeremy stirred the macaroni in his bowl and pointed out, "Last night was your first time, after all. You should've checked if I hurt you due to my loss of control!"

Corinne's face turned red, and she nearly choked on her mouthful of meat. "Aack! Cough, cough. cough."