

THE DAY I KISSED AN OLDER MAN

Chapter 1291



Nellie Nymphaea's name took Lucas by surprise. He sighed and asked, "And? Did you see it?"

Corinne shook her head. "I didn't. Jeremy bought that painting early on and deliberately refused to show it to me."

"So, what is it you want to do?" Lucas raised his eyebrows.

Corinne answered bluntly, "I want you to help me buy that painting back from Jeremy at all costs! I'll pay for it."

Lucas narrowed his eyes. "Money isn't a problem. Getting it from him is. He bought the painting on purpose because he knew you wanted it. He's not going to give it up that easily."

Corinne cocked her eyebrow and asked, "Are you saying it can't be done?"

Lucas reached out and patted Corinne's head gently. "It won't be easy, but I'll get it for you even if it means risking my life. I won't be able to get it that soon, though, so you'll have to wait. Is that alright with you?"

Corinne nodded. "That's fine as long as I can get her self-portrait."

Lucas had a heartbroken expression as he looked at his sister. "Are you that eager to see your mother?"

"Of course." Corinne glanced at him. "Don't you want to?"

Lucas sighed. "I do. Missing those who aren't around anymore shows empathy, but we can't let our feelings take over our lives. It's exhausting. I hope you can move on..."

Corinne gently pushed Lucas' hand on her head. "I can't move on! I won't betray my mother even if the whole world does. You might be able to forget the pain, but I can't!"

Lucas felt distressed, but he understood the obsession in Corinne's heart too. He withdrew his hand and got up, saying, "Let's not dwell on these unhappy things. It's getting late. I'll bring you to your room to get some rest now. You might feel a little unaccustomed just after coming back, so feel free to call me if there's anything you want to ask. Take it easy, okay?"

Corinne got up too and followed behind him in silence. When Lucas opened the door, he and Corinne were both stunned to see Sunny standing outside with a shocked expression.

Lucas' mind went blank for a moment before he frowned. "When did you come back? What are you doing standing here?"

Sunny snapped back to his senses. He looked at Lucas, then at Corinne, and exclaimed in shock, "Lucas! Corinne is—"

"Zip it!" Lucas warned, interrupting Sunny's words.

Lucas knew Corinne did not want other people to know her true identity, but Sunny had somehow overheard their conversation. Having gone to great lengths to persuade Corinne to stay, he was worried Corinne would change her mind after Sunny found out.

Sunny continued to press further despite being interrupted. He did not dare to talk to Lucas anymore, so he looked at Corinne in surprise. "Now I get it... I always felt a special connection with you! You're Luna, my half-sister whom Lucas has been searching for many years..."

Corinne frowned, obviously a little frustrated by how everything turned out.

Lucas dragged Sunny to one side to keep from babbling on about it. He turned to the maid who was standing beside him and said, “Bring Miss Corinne to rest in the other room. Make sure her bed is made and the toiletries are all prepared.”

The maids nodded. “Yes, sir! Please come with us, Miss Corinne.”

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Chapter 1292



Corinne nodded. She ignored the two brothers and left at once.

When Corinne walked toward Luna’s room—the room that Lucas had forbidden anyone else to enter— Sunny became even more emotional. “Is she... Is she really Luna?”

Lucas narrowed his eyes as he watched Corinne enter the room. He then looked at his knuckleheaded younger brother and warned, “Don’t tell anyone about this. Especially not Grandpa and Grandma. Don’t tell Dad either.”

Lucas’ stern expression made Sunny aware of how serious the matter was. He nodded solemnly and said, “I won’t! I promise!”

“Go back to your room and get some sleep,” Lucas said as he finally allowed Sunny to leave. “Don’t disturb her if you can help it.”

Sunny answered resentfully, “Fine...”

As soon as he went back to his room, Sunny immediately called Xante.
“Xante! Corinne’s been found! She’s at my house!”

“I know that,” Xante replied nonchalantly.

“You do? Oh... Corinne must’ve called you earlier, then?”

“She did.”

“I found out something that’s even more shocking!” Sunny said.

“What?”

It was difficult for Sunny to contain his surprise, he deliberately lowered his voice and said softly, “She’s my half-sister who was lost for so many years!”

Xante kept quiet for a moment before asking, “You found out?”

Sunny was taken aback. “What do you mean? Did you know about it?”

“Yes.”

“Then why didn’t you tell me?”

Xante remained silent.

“Man, do I have a lot to tell you, Xante. I used to bully Corinne in the past, but now that I think about it, I regret bullying her like that...”

Faced with Sunny’s endless rambling, Xante placed the phone on her bedroom table and left him to chatter away. She then changed into her home clothes and came out of her bedroom.

Aaron had brought a glass of water for Jason. “Have some water, Jason. You can take a short break here before heading back home to get some rest. Worrying about Corinne must be very tiring for you.”

Jason took the glass that Aaron handed over and drank a sip of water. “Why can’t you tell me where Corinne is?”

Aaron smiled helplessly. "Because she called us and specifically instructed us not to let anyone know."

"Are you sure she's safe?" Jason frowned.

Aaron nodded. "Yes. A hundred percent sure. You don't need to worry so much. I trust you'll find out soon."

Jason sought further confirmation. "Is she at Jeremy's place?"

Aaron shook his head. "I can assure you she's not."

Jason remained silent for a moment before putting down the glass of water. "I'll be excusing myself, then."

Aaron then said politely, "Take care now. Drive safe."

Aaron closed the door after sending Jason off. He then turned around and shrugged his shoulders at Xante. "He's smitten with her."

Xante fetched herself a glass of water. "Do you think she's interested in him?"

Aaron shook his head. "No. She still can't move on from Jeremy. It's good that she's at the Riveras right now. Lucas won't let Jeremy bother her."

"Let's hope so." Xante drank her water.

Corinne took a bath in the room that she was said to have lived in when she was younger. The maids prepared well-fitting pajamas for her, replaced the bedsheets and pillowcases, and even brought her a charger.

While she wiped her hair, she charged her phone and switched it on to look at her unread messages.

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There were numerous missed call notifications. The majority was from Jason, followed by Aaron and Xante.

Corinne wondered if she should text to inform him she was safe.

There were also countless messages from Jason on her social media apps. All of them enquired about her whereabouts and her safety.

She felt a little bad for him and replied, [I'm fine. My phone ran out of juice.]

Jason replied almost instantly, [Where are you now?]

[I'd rather not say...] 'You'd come running straight to me if I told you, and I know that Lucas will let you in to see me because you two have a good relationship.'

Jason sent her another message. [Why not?]

[You'll know later. I'm sleepy, so I'm going to bed now.] Corinne exited the chat after replying to Jason. She was about to lock the screen and put down the phone when she saw a friend request displayed at the bottom of the screen.

She clicked on the notification and saw that the request had been made by Jeremy. She had just created a new account and deactivated her former one to avoid him. 'Why is he adding me as a friend again?'

After Corinne declined his request, she switched off the display and put down her phone to dry her hair. When she was done, she decided to lie on the bed and continue scrolling through her phone. That was when she saw yet another friend request by Jeremy.

This time, he included a message that read, [Don't you want the painting?]

Corinne was speechless and angry. Her hand was practically shaking as she held the phone.

Jeremy knew how to pull her strings. As angry as she was, she could not escape being manipulated like that. For the sake of the painting, she accepted his friend's request without replying to him.

However, he sent her a message and acted as if nothing happened. [Why haven't you slept yet?]

Corinne gritted her teeth and replied, [What are you trying to do?]

After about a minute, Jeremy sent her a one-worded reply. [Nothing.]

Corinne was driven up the wall. Unable to scold him because she still wanted the painting, she asked patiently, [And the painting?]

[At home.]

[How much will you sell it to me?]

[It's not for sale.]

Corinne was going mad. [Then why did you send me a friend request?]

[Because.]

Corinne's lips twitched. 'Why is he replying with such short messages? Don't bother me if you have nothing to say!'

Corinne ignored him and went to watch a short video. She was busy scrolling when she received a video call, which she accidentally swiped to answer as she was not paying attention.

The funny clip she was watching earlier was replaced by Jeremy's expressionless face.

Her first instinct was to hang up, but Jeremy saw through her and said, "Don't hang up."

'Why should I listen to you? I'll do whatever I want!'

Jeremy then said nonchalantly, "I'll burn the painting if you hang up."

Corinne paused right away. Her fingers trembled with anger, and she was furious at his manipulation.

She took a deep breath, quelled her frustration, and asked angrily, "May I ask why you're giving me a video call?"

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Jeremy narrowed his eyes slightly and said, "To see you." His answer was as short as his messages.

Corinne was not happy. "If there's anything you want to tell me, please do so right now. If not, then I'm going to bed!"

"Go to bed, then."

Corinne was glad to hear that. "Then I'll hang up now."

Jeremy replied in an emotionless yet threatening manner, "You can sleep, but you can't hang up."

'What?!' Corinne expressed her dissatisfaction. "How am I supposed to sleep if I don't hang up? Do you want me to do a live stream of my sleep?"

Jeremy rested his forehead on one hand. He did not seem to think that there was any problem with his request.

“I’ve seen you sleep before anyway.”

Although Jeremy’s face was expressionless the entire time, Corinne felt that his responses deserved a beating.

“I didn’t expect you to have this sort of fetish. I’m not obliged to cooperate with you, so please look for someone else.”

“There is no one else.”

“No, you say? Why don’t you call your legal wife, Sophia? Based on your relationship with her, she’ll probably be happy to give you a live striptease!”

Jeremy frowned when he heard her mention Sophia’s name. “I take it you don’t want the painting then?”

Corinne was speechless. ‘This son-of-a—! Doesn’t he have any other trick up his sleeve?’

Jeremy then said, “Face the camera toward the bed and sleep as usual.”

Corinne had to stare at the phone screen for a full minute before she managed to adjust her mood and stop herself from yelling. She placed the camera on the bedside cupboard and faced the camera toward the bed.

She got on the bed angrily, tucked herself in the blanket, and pulled it over her head in frustration.

However, Jeremy ordered her, “Don’t cover your head with the blanket. You’re going to suffocate.”

Corinne was going insane! She had no choice but to endure everything to prevent him from burning her mother’s painting. Though she did as she was told and took down the blanket from her head, she deliberately turned her back to the camera so he would not see her face.

At long last, Jeremy kept his mouth up and did not object to what she did.

The room was quiet, yet Corinne could not say anything from the other end of the phone. She began to wonder if he had hung up. She secretly turned her head to take a look, but she saw the same jet-black pupils from before.

Jeremy was still staring at her.

Corinne felt awkward and immediately turned around. She bit her lower lip as emotions overwhelmed her.

Meanwhile, inside a car that was driving across the New Capital City Bridge, Jeremy leaned lazily against the back of his chair and stared intently at the phone. He was watching Corinne sleep with her back facing the camera.

Tommy, who was sitting in the front passenger seat, turned and held up a flashing cell phone. "Sir, it's Miss Sophia. She probably called me because she couldn't get through to you."

Jeremy seemed wary of waking Corinne up on the other end of the line, so he lowered his voice and said, "Tell her I'm resting."

"Understood." Tommy accepted the call and leaned as closely as possible to the car window before answering it. "Hello? Miss Sophia?"

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Chapter 1295



Sophia sounded a little anxious. "Why can't I get through to Jeremy's phone? Is he home yet?"

"Yes," Tommy replied, "he's resting."

Sophia doubted that answer, so she asked, "Is he? Why can't I get through to his cell phone?"

Tommy answered according to Jeremy's request. "Perhaps his cell phone ran out of battery and was switched off. Don't worry, Miss Sophia. He's fine."

"That's good to know. I'll try his phone again tomorrow morning."

After hanging up, Tommy turned around and said, "It's done."

"Good," came Jeremy's absent-minded reply.

Tommy thought for a while before asking, "It appears that Corinne is at the Riveras. Shall I arrange for someone to pick her up?"

Jeremy narrowed his eyes and looked at the soundly sleeping girl. "It's fine. She's safe there."

He could tell from the video that she was not at her previous place. She was still not keen on going home with him, but he could feel somewhat reassured as her brother Lucas would be taking care of her.

Jeremy returned to the Holdens and saw Pamela sitting in the living room with a worried expression.

He took off his coat and walked over. "Why aren't you asleep yet, Grandma?"

Pamela snapped back to her senses. She looked at her grandson and caught a whiff of alcohol on him. "Were you drinking again, Jeremy?"

"I had two drinks," Jeremy answered truthfully and placed his coat on the sofa. He sat down on the single-seater sofa and asked, "Why are you up so late? Is something on your mind?"

Pamela frowned and looked at him. "I heard you went to Sophia's birthday party today."

Jeremy nodded slightly. "I was there to keep up appearances."

“When do you plan on bringing Corinne back?”

Jeremy knew Pamela was restless as she was worried about Corinne. He comforted her calmly and said, “It’s not the right time yet. She’s safe now, so don’t worry too much about her.”

Pamela frowned. “How do you expect me not to worry? The thought of Corinne being all alone outside with her growing fetus makes it difficult for me to sleep!”

“She’s not alone now. Someone else is taking good care of her.”

“And who might that ‘someone’ be? This is your responsibility as her husband! How could you let someone else take care of her?”

Jeremy’s expression sank a little. As much as he wanted to take care of her, she avoided him like the plague whenever he tried to get close to her. He could not provoke her much either. If he were to bring her back by force, she might kick up a huge fuss!

Jeremy looked at Pamela earnestly. “I promise she’ll be fine, and I assure you that I’ll bring her back. Don’t think too much about it. Go to bed and get some rest.”

Pamela sighed. “I know that Sophia’s family has helped the Holdens a lot, but you should know better than to let her be around you like that. Return their favor, and solve all these issues as soon as you

can. Draw a clear line between yourself and Sophia! That way, Corinne will be willing to come home, and she won’t misunderstand you again!”

Jeremy nodded. “Okay.”

When Pamela saw that her grandson was listening to her, she did not lecture him any further and got up. She then asked the maid to help her back to her

room. After the old lady returned to the room, Jeremy leaned his head back on the sofa and massaged his eyebrows.

All of a sudden, a movement in one corner caught his eye. Jeremy's gaze sharpened, and he asked, "Who's there? Show yourself!"

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A small figure appeared from a dark corner.

"Daddy..." Joey looked uneasy. He stopped walking because he did not dare to get any closer. He used to be closer to his adoptive father, but ever since Corinne left, Jeremy always had a frightening aura that made him afraid to get any closer.

When Jeremy saw that it was Joey, his stern expression became slightly relaxed, and he raised his hand to call the child over. "Come here."

Joey walked up cautiously to Jeremy with a somewhat fearful expression. Although it was safer there than at the Riveras' because he was no longer subject to any abuse, he did not feel any sense of belonging and was frequently very timid.

Jeremy stretched out his hand and pulled the child closer. His expression was not as gentle as one would expect, and he asked in a deep voice, "Do you miss your mother?"

Joey shook his head vigorously. The word 'mother' elicited a terrified expression. The 'mother' he remembered was Anya, and he did not want to see that devil of a 'mother' ever again.

Jeremy could see that Joey was afraid, so he explained gently, "I'm not talking about your first mother. I'm talking about your wife. My wife is your mother."

He had gone through the legal procedure to terminate Anya's custody of Joey and was successful after getting evidence that Anya had abused him.

Thus, Jeremy became Joey's sole adoptive parent.

Joey blinked in a daze. "Your wife?"

Jeremy nodded. "Yes, my wife."

Joey was still a little hesitant and shook his head. "Who...is that?"

Jeremy frowned. "You do. She treats you very well, and you like her a lot too."

Joey opened his eyes wide to try and recall who Jeremy was referring to.

When he had a sudden realization, he smiled pleasantly and said, "Oh! Auntie Sissy! I want to see her again! She's Daddy's wife. She's my Mommy..."

Jeremy touched the child's head and took out the cell phone from his trouser pocket. He handed it to Joey and showed the cell phone screen to the boy.

"She's asleep."

The video call was still ongoing, and he was reluctant to hang up. After Corinne fell asleep, she unknowingly turned over to face the camera and slept soundly.

Joey stared blankly at the phone. As soon as he saw that the person on the screen was someone he missed dearly, his eyes turned red, and his little mouth pouted as if he was about to cry.

Jeremy placed a finger in front of his mouth. "Don't cry, or she'll wake up."

In truth, Corinne could not hear a thing because Jeremy had switched off the microphone. Jeremy only said that because he could not comfort Joey once Joey started to cry.

Joey nodded vigorously. “Okay, I won’t disturb Mommy Sissy when she’s sleeping!”

‘Mommy sissy?’ Joey had a knack for stringing together a random combination of names. First, it was ‘auntie sissy’, and then it was ‘mommy sissy’. It was probably because Corinne looked very young in Joey’s eyes, almost like a sister rather than a mother. Corinne was a very petite young woman, and she would have looked like a high school student were she not pregnant.

Jeremy’s stern gaze softened when he thought of Corinne. “Okay, Joey. Go back to your room and go to bed. Mommy will come back soon.”

Joey seemed to have found something to look forward to at long last. He nodded his head happily and said, “I’ll be a good boy and wait for Mommy to come back!” He nodded and immediately ran back to the room. He had snuck out by himself while his nanny was asleep.

As soon as Joey entered the room, Jeremy reverted to staring at the screen. He looked at Corinne’s sleeping face and gently stroked the phone. He then got up and went upstairs to his room.

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It had been a long time since Corinne had such a good sleep. She did not know if it was because she slept in the room she used to live in when she was a child.

A dreamless night was especially good in relieving fatigue.

When she woke up, she rubbed her eyes and got out of bed to freshen up. She then rummaged through the closet to look for some clothes to change into. Lucas had prepared a lot of maternity clothes for her. They were all brand new, and even the tags were still on.

Once she finally settled on something comfortable, she took off her pajamas and put on her maternity clothes. Out of habit, the first thing she did after that was reach out for her phone. As soon as she walked to the bedside table and picked up the phone to check the time, she saw Jeremy's handsome face on the screen.

"Gahh!" Corinne screamed in fright and stared at the phone. She could not accept that the video call was still on and asked with a stammer, "Why... Why d—d—didn't you hang up yet?"

The phone was rather warm because it was still on a video call throughout the entire night. It had been connected to the charging cable, which would explain why the phone had not run out of battery.

Jeremy answered expressionlessly, "Why should I?"

Corinne's lips twitched. She instinctively raised her head to check whether the camera was able to capture her changing clothes on video—and it did!

'D*mn it!' She had a bad feeling that he might have seen her naked, but she hoped for the best and asked, "Did you see everything?"

There was still a chance he might be busy with something else and was not paying attention to his phone.

Jeremy's expression remained unchanged, and he nodded. "Yes."

Corinne's hopes were shattered! She blushed and asked, "Ah! You... You pervert!"

Finally, there was a slight hint of emotion on his expressionless face, and a trace of playfulness appeared on his lips. "I heard that a rounder belly means that the baby is a girl."

Corinne's scalp tingled, and her expression froze. 'Ugh! He watched me so closely and even managed to spot that my belly is round! He even had the nerve to predict that my baby is a daughter?'

There was a saying among the older generation that rounder bellies were signs of a girl, while more pointed bellies meant that the baby was a boy. She was surprised that Jeremy heard such a saying before.

That was not the point. The point was that Jeremy had looked at her naked body.

Corinne said unhappily, "Whether or not the child is a daughter has nothing to do with you! You're a disgusting peeping tom!"

Jeremy seemed to be in a rather good mood despite being scolded. He pursed his lips and smiled, saying, "Go get your breakfast. I have an early morning meeting to attend to."

Corinne hung up without answering him and felt incredibly shy after what happened. She had just changed her clothes in full view of him, and she did not even wear any innerwear under her pajamas!

Jeremy saw her naked, and she was very frustrated because of that.

At that time, someone happened to knock on her door.

Corinne snapped back to her senses and shook her head to make herself forget the embarrassment she had to face. She then went to the door and opened it.

Standing at the door was Sunny. He noticed her rosy cheeks and asked curiously, "Why is your face so red? Did you have an enjoyable dream?"

Corinne was already annoyed, so she knocked his head and said, "I'll smack you if you keep talking nonsense, you little brat!"

Sunny covered his hurting head and said begrudgingly, "I'm not a brat!"

Update of

Chapter 1298



Corinne could not be bothered to entertain Sunny's protests. She pushed him aside and walked right past him to head downstairs for breakfast.

Sunny huffed when Corinne ignored him and turned to follow her. "Hey! Corinne! When did you know you're my sister?"

As Corinne held the handrail and walked slowly down the stairs, she replied curtly, "I'm not your sister."

Sunny stretched out his hand proudly and supported her. "You are! I heard everything yesterday! You're Luna!"

Corinne did not refuse Sunny assistance, but she narrowed her eyes at him and retorted, "That does not mean I'm your sister."

Sunny frowned. "You are! We have the same father, so you are my sister!"

Once they reached the last step of the stairs, Corinne waved away Sunny's hand and walked toward the restaurant.

Although she did not hate Sunny, she did not want to treat him as a younger brother as he was the spawn of her mother's enemy.

Sunny huffed and chased after her to protest, but his attention was drawn to a tall figure who came out of the kitchen while holding some food.

That person was neither the cook nor the nanny.

Sunny was stunned by what he saw. "Lucas? You cooked all these yourself?"

Lucas ignored him and said gently to Corinne, "Come and have some breakfast!"

Corinne took her seat without any hesitation.

Sunny reacted as if he was marveling at one of the seven wonders of the world. He immediately took out his cell phone and snapped several photos of Lucas wearing an apron.

The clicking sound made Lucas frown. He looked sternly at Sunny and asked, "What are you doing?"

Sunny put the phone away and straightened his posture. "Nothing! I just never saw you being so down to earth before, so I took a photo to remember this moment."

Lucas rolled his eyes at Sunny and brought the breakfast he prepared for Corinne. "Eat your fill."

It was a big breakfast complete with fried eggs, bacon, fish steak, broccoli, fruits, and nuts.

After picking up the cutlery, she looked at the time and asked, "Aren't you going to work today, Mister Lucas?"

Lucas felt a little disappointed when he heard how she addressed him, but he nonetheless said softly, "I don't have anything urgent these days, so it's fine to go to the company a little later."

"I see," Corinne replied nonchalantly.

Sunny then leaned over and whispered in her ear, "He's doing it because of you. He goes to the company whether or not he has something important to handle. He even cooked breakfast for you! I've never received this treatment before, and neither did Anya when he was still doting on her!"

Corinne acted as if she did not hear that and focused on eating her food.

Sunny felt a pat on his shoulder, followed by Lucas' stern remark, "Keep quiet and eat your breakfast!"


Sunny sat down obediently and looked at his plate. There were two fried eggs along with overcooked bacon and overly dry fish steak. Lucas was bound to have some trouble controlling the heat in the pan as he did not cook that frequently.

Sunny ended up getting the not-so-well-cooked ones!

Although he was speechless when he saw that, the food was still edible. It was far from presentable, but it was not so dry that it became difficult to swallow.

Lucas sat down and had breakfast with them. His plate contained only one egg and some broccoli.

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“A nutritionist will prepare lunch for you later, Corinne. Is there anything you’d like to eat for dinner? I’ll get the ingredients after work.”

Since Corinne chose to stay with them, she might as well treat herself to whatever she wanted. She thought about it for a moment and said, “I’d like to eat some grilled meat.”

Lucas frowned, apparently unhappy at her request. “You should go easy on greasy food.”

Rather than protest, Corinne said, “Oh. Then I’ll order some food delivery.”

Lucas had no choice but to change his tone. “Okay, I’ll shop for some vegetables and meats after I get off work. We’ll have some grilled food when I come back.”

Corinne grunted softly and lowered her head to eat some bacon. She took a bite and said in a sullen tone, “Don’t forget to get that painting as soon as possible.”

She wanted to get her hands on the painting as soon as she could so Jeremy would no longer be able to blackmail her into doing annoying things.

Lucas nodded. “I won’t forget about it.”

A sudden idea then occurred to Sunny. He took advantage of Lucas’ good mood and asked boldly, “Our school has been turned into an exam venue today, and we don’t have any classes to attend. Is it alright if I don’t go to tuition? I want to keep Corinne company today!”

Lucas shot his younger half-brother a displeased look.

Corinne then said, “Let him have some time off. It’s boring to be alone at home, and I’d appreciate having some company.”

“Okay.” Lucas smiled at Corinne, and his expression turned gentle in an instant. He then glanced at his insolent younger brother and said, “Be good, and don’t make Corinne angry.”

Sunny was thrilled when Lucas gave in. He nodded earnestly and said, “Don’t worry, Lucas! I promise I won’t make her angry!”

After Lucas finished eating, he picked up the napkin and wiped his mouth. “I have to go now. Be good, and call me if you need anything.”

Corinne answered with a soft grunt.

After Lucas left, Sunny immediately stood up and slabbed some peanut butter on a piece of toast. He handed it to Corinne and said, “Here!”

Corinne cocked an eyebrow and looked at the evenly spread peanut butter toast. She then looked at Sunny and asked, “Why are you being so nice?”

Sunny answered proudly, “Can’t I be nice to you?”

Corinne chuckled. “You want something from me, don’t you?”

Sunny grinned after she saw through him. “No, of course not! I just realized how effective your words are with Lucas! I just need to get on your good side, and Lucas won’t ever beat me up again in the future!”

“Oh, quit the act. You’re not going anywhere today,” Corinne warned with a grin.

“Why can’t I?” Sunny frowned unhappily.

Corinne took the piece of peanut butter toast and munched on it. “Why should you? Didn’t you just tell Lucas you want to keep me company at home?”

“Yes, and I will! I’ll spend the morning with you, and in the afternoon, I’ll go meet—”

Corinne cut him off without hesitation. "You're meeting no one. If you do, I'll call Lucas and tell him right away."

Sunny was upset. "How can you do that, Corinne? I don't always get a free day to spend time with my girlfriend!"

Corinne remained unmoved and looked at him as if he was just a child.

"Girlfriend? Who permitted you to be in a relationship at such a young age?"

Sunny had an annoyed expression. "I'm not a child! I'm an adult! I'm free to be in a relationship with anyone!"

Corinne grinned. "Do you know who I am?"

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Chapter 1300



"I know, I know, you're my half-sister!" Sunny said. "But you can't control me like that!"

Corinne continued to eat her toast. "I won't. But I'll have you know that Xante is my relative on my mother's side. She'll listen to everything I say. If I tell her that I disagree with her being in a relationship with you, then it's as good as over for the two of you!"

Sunny's expression changed drastically. "Wait! Corinne! Don't do that..."

He knew that Xante referred to Corinne as her 'boss' and would take Corinne's words definitively. As if that was not bad enough, Lucas did whatever she asked of him too! Sunny was worried that Lucas might veto his

relationship with Xante, but he would not have to worry about that if Corinne spoke up for him to Lucas.

Corinne lazily stretched out her hand. "A paper napkin, please."

Sunny did as he was told and handed a paper napkin to her.

Corinne ate the final bite of toast and wiped her hands with the paper napkin. She then got up and walked to the door.

Sunny followed her from behind. "Where are you going?"

"To the garden," Corinne answered. "I'd like to take a walk."

Sunny scratched his head and asked, "Ahem! About me and Xante..."

"That would depend on whether you can prove your worth," Corinne replied.

Sunny immediately had a stern expression. "I will! The sun is very bright outside, so wait here while I go get an umbrella!"

Sunny ran off right away to search for an umbrella, but Corinne went to the garden alone without waiting for him. She walked to the sea of flowers where she once met her biological father, Maxwell, but the blooming season seemed to have passed because the flowers had all withered.

She was a little disappointed that she was not able to see her mother's favorite flower.

She sighed softly and continued to walk until she saw a swing chair not too far away. She decided to go over and take a seat there. Sitting on that swing chair was rather relaxing.

All of a sudden, her phone rang with a new message notification.

She took it out and saw that it was a text from Jeremy.

[I'm done with the meeting. What did you have for breakfast?]

Her sunny, relaxing morning was ruined by a message from Jeremy. She did not want to reply to his message at all!

She was about to put the phone back into her pocket when another message came. [I'll burn the painting if you don't reply.]

Corinne gritted her teeth and replied, [Fried eggs, bacon, fish steak, broccoli, fruits, nuts, peanut butter toast, and a glass of milk.]

[Sounds good.] Jeremy replied a few seconds later.

Corinne rolled her eyes and snorted. 'Are you concerned about me? Or my baby?'

Jeremy then sent another message before she could reply. [And what are you doing now?]

Corinne replied sullenly, [Sitting on a swing chair.]

Jeremy replied within seconds: [Show me.]

Corinne's lips twitched. [There's nothing to see! Focus on your work, Mister Jeremy! Don't text me for no good reason!]

To her surprise, Jeremy called her—and it was a video call no less.

Corinne did not want to accept it, but the thought of her mother's painting left her no choice but to do so. She took a deep breath and told herself that she had to endure all that until she got her hands on the painting.

After accepting the video call, she saw Jeremy sitting lazily on his big office chair. For a second, it almost looked as though he held dominion over the entire world.

Corinne asked annoyedly, "Haven't you ever seen a swing chair before?"

"I have," he replied expressionlessly.

Corinne became even angrier. "Why must you insist on seeing it, then?"

Jeremy said without batting an eye. “I’ve never seen a little chubby pig on a swing chair before.”

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