

# The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 133

## Chapter 133

'Sigh. He saw me after all...'

Without waiting for Corinne to give a reason to explain, the man leaned over and approached her for a while with a stern, oppressive tone. "Didn't I forbid you from drinking anything other people offer you? Did you forget what I said?"

There was such a disparity in height that Corinne was forced to tilt her neck upward

uncomfortably. "I didn't. I remember..."

Jeremy lifted her small face forcibly again, with his fingers pinching her cheeks gently and the web between his index finger and thumb propping her chin up. He held her condescendingly and said, "And you still did it?"

Corinne explained uncomfortably. "Mister, it's not what you think..."

The man's face was calm as usual, but there was a bit of sullen annoyance in his expression. "How do you think I should feel when my wife is drinking with another man in front of me?"

Corinne was helpless. She knew she had been wrong and could only say concisely to him, "That's because he has something I want!"

Jeremy's hands relaxed slightly. "And what's that?"

Despite her reluctance to let him in on more details about herself, she was unable to explain her situation clearly unless she told him everything. Corinne could only tell the truth and say, "Mister Jason has three paintings in his gallery that I want. He refused to sell them to me, but he said that he'd give them to me if I drink with him."

Jeremy frowned and let go of her. "You can let me know which paintings you want. There's no need for you to drink under duress."

Corinne lowered her eyes and said plainly, "We're not a real couple, so I don't think it's appropriate to bother you, let alone owe you."

Jeremy looked at her indifferently. "It's not a debt. As I said, I can give you everything except my feelings as long as you become Missus Holden for three months."

Corinne raised her head, and she looked at him with clear eyes as she said, "A relationship between two people essentially starts with owing something to each other. Whether it's favors or money, what's given must be returned, and what's owed must be repaid. It's a two-way street, and that's how relationships start to become complicated and muddy. Once that happens, it'll be difficult to sever ties amiably, so I just try to avoid it."

Jeremy frowned slightly. "You seem to be eagerly looking forward to the day that you can finally leave."

Other women were eager to have a relationship with him, but she seemed to want nothing to do with him.

Corinne smiled slightly and blinked her bright eyes. She was unhappy because her chin was a little sore from being pinched by him, but a vengeful idea came to mind. She tiptoed and hooked the

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man's neck provocatively, asking, "What would you prefer, then? Do you want me to depend on you? Aren't you more afraid that I'd rely on you?"

Jeremy did not avoid her and merely lowered his handsome gaze and watched quietly as she pretended.

Her appearance at this moment was hardly good-looking, and she was dressed in a rather laughable manner. The makeup on her face made her skin a little yellow, and there were dense freckles all over too. The cherry on the cake was her twin braids.

Yet, her eyes are pure and as breathtaking as ever despite her hideous makeup. Her curved eyelashes were also somewhat reminiscent of the moon in the sky.

Though her words were irritating, the lips that spoke them looked tantalizingly delicious.

His eyes darkened, and his Adam's apple bobbed.

When Corinne realized that her retaliatory act of hooking her arms over his neck did not seem to have the intended effect of making him feel disgusted, she felt that something was amiss and frowned in surprise. "...Mister?"

As she looked into his eyes, she saw embers of passion burning within those pupils. Corinne was startled and felt inexplicably awkward, which led her to instinctively withdraw herself and move away. However, the man's big hands grabbed her waist and pulled her closer to him, with her body nearly striking his chest and getting even closer to him than before.

The man stared intently at her stunned, then bashful, expression. His gaze subsequently became more abstruse.

Their breathing was getting erratic after they were too close to each other. Meanwhile, their gazes somehow seemed to be linked by a chain, as if there was a magnet between them that pulled them closer, drawing them nearer to each other