

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

Chapter 137

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A chill ran up Tommy's spine. He looked to the back of the car and explained innocently, "Sir, I had to deal with an urgent matter at the company, so I didn't accompany Miss Corinne to the

subsidiary company. I did call Mister Feldman before I left, and he said Miss Corinne was the one who insisted on becoming an assistant."

Jeremy's eyebrows furrowed as he said nothing. Tommy could not tell what Jeremy was feeling. as his expression looked dead calm.

Tommy carefully continued, "I'll arrange a much lighter job for Miss Corinne tomorrow."

Still, Jeremy remained indifferent. He said, "Ignore her. If this is the job she chose, then let her be."

Yes," Tommy replied.

"Go take a look in Jason's art gallery if there are three paintings by Nellie Nymphaea. Buy them. She wants them," Jeremy instructed.

Tommy nodded and made a mental note of this. "Understood. I'll get to it.

"Oh, right... Sir, Miss Anya's treatment is about to end. I estimate she's going to come back next month."

Jeremy's eyes darkened. He closed his eyes and pinched his glabella. "Okay."

Tommy was relieved that Jeremy did not scold him. After a while, he only dared to look to the front when Jeremy had nothing else to say to him. Right then, he noticed something.

"Sir, look over there. Isn't that Miss Corinne?" Tommy pointed out.

Jeremy opened his eyes and looked out the window.

It was the woman herself, Corinne-eating a kebab by the roadside alone.

'What time is it? Is she only having her dinner now?' Jeremy thought.

Tommy gave the driver a signal to stop the car by the roadside. With some assumptions popping into his head, he said, "Sir. The name of the celebrity Miss Corinne is working for is Sherlyn Carew. She's known for how demanding she could be with her requests and using her privilege to get her way. I think Miss Corinne must've suffered badly being Sherlyn's assistant. Miss Corinne probably. didn't have the time to eat at all."

Jeremy furrowed his eyebrows and said coldly, "Have her come to the car."

"Yes, Sir." Tommy nodded and opened the door to get out.

He went over to speak with Corinne, but he returned empty-handed seconds later. He bent slightly to the window and said, "Sir, Miss Corinne said she's not finished and that you should 'go do whatever you want'. You don't have to care about her..."

Jeremy's expression darkened, and he gritted his teeth. After a moment of silence, he decided to go get Corinne himself.

The woman was drinking a can of orange carbonated drink when Jeremy walked toward her.

Finally, he stopped and stood there to look at her from a condescending angle.

If he was not a handsome man, he would have looked like a debt collector instead.

Corinne raised her hand and shouted, "Hey, I'd like to order two more kebabs, please!"

"I don't want to eat," Jeremy said coldly.

Corinne was surprised and lifted her head as if she heard a joke. She smiled. "Mister, you think too much. That's for me. I'm not full yet!"

Jeremy was speechless.

His presence was too strong to go unnoticed. He managed to turn the ambiance around the street cart into an awkward pause just by standing silently.

The other patrons stared at him in shock.

It was a rare, weird scene to see a man with a supreme temperament, fully suited in branded outfits, in such a local and down-to-earth street cart.

Corinne's appetite was affected by this, and she said with disgust, "Mister, if you're not going to eat, you can go back to the car. Otherwise, sit and eat with me. Don't stand there like a statue and disrupt everyone's appetite!"

Jeremy's expression soured even more at this point.

Meanwhile, Tommy looked at Corinne with admiration. He had worked for Jeremy for over 10 years, yet this was the first time anyone dared to speak to Jeremy in that tone.