

The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished

Chapter 251 to 275

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Only Annie would speak a few words with Tommy from time to time to ease the awkward, cold atmosphere.

The car arrived at the Levine family mansion, and because Annie was sitting in the middle, Corinne consciously got out of the car to make way for her.

Annie got out of the car and asked Corinne and Jeremy if they wanted to head inside for a moment and sit. Both of them declined the invitation unanimously.

The difference was only that Jeremy refused directly, and Corinne was a little more hesitant.

Annie had no choice but to reluctantly say goodbye to Corinne before she obediently walked back into her home.

Corinne got into the car again, still seated near the window as she put on her earphones and continued to close her eyes and rest.

The man finally spoke and asked her in a calm tone, "What are you listening to?"

Corinne closed her eyes and simply answered, "A song."

"What song is it?"

"A pop song."

"..." Jeremy's eyes darkened, his jaw tightened, and he stopped talking.

Corinne did not open his eyes to look at him either,

At the Holdens' estate.

After arriving home, Corinne went straight back to the room, went into the bathroom to take a shower, changed into home clothes, and prepared to take a good night's sleep.

The past two days have been very unpleasant, and she was very tired.

When she came out of the bathroom after taking a shower, Jeremy was sitting on the rattan chair outside the balcony of the room smoking a cigarette.

The smoke lingered and drifted with the wind, adding a bit of soft beauty to the man's cold and handsome side face.

Hearing the opening of the bathroom door, Jeremy turned his head and glanced over. Seeing that Corinne was about to go to bed, the man frowned with dignity and said in a deep voice, "Dry your hair before going to bed."

"Oh." Corinne stopped herself from climbing onto the bed and obediently responded as she got up and went back to the bathroom.

Soon, the sound of a hair dryer was heard coming from the bathroom.

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Jeremy's expression darkened. The little rascal obediently obeyed his words, but why did that make him feel even more unhappy?

Half an hour later, Corinne dried her hair and came out, ready to go to bed again-

"Come here. Pour me a glass of water," rang the man's voice again. This time, it sounded rather commanding.

Corinne frowned irritably, took a deep breath, then got up and poured a glass of water for him.

She placed the glass on the table in front of him before she silently turned away.

Before she could leave, however, the man's rough hand pulled her back by the wrist.

Due to inertia and the man's strength, Corinne was forced to sit on the man's muscular thigh, his arms wrapped around her waist—preventing her from leaving.

She looked at the man, dissatisfied. "Mister, what can I do for you?"

Jeremy narrowed his narrow, long handsome eyes, and he slowly exhaled a thin puff of smoke toward the girl's small face aloofly. "Corinne, what's up with your attitude?"

Corinne frowned. "Mister, I'm just being obedient to you. Isn't my attitude good enough? Are you expecting me, even after I gave you a glass of water, to kneel and give you another glass?"

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The inthe scale tone was not friendly at all. She was not in a good mood, no doubt.

What happened to Conones

besitys ebrows work slightly "Okay, but what are you throwing at me?"

Soome speed beer bands Mister, I'm not throwing a temper tantrum. I just think that when no

present, we don't need to act as a husband and wife, nor do we need to cultivate a relationship then and women are different, and we should consciously keep a distance."

sher all Anys, Jeremy's true love, was coming back, and it seemned that the man had not moved on from her, 199

Conne was not interested in meddling in other people's affairs. Even if she was misunderstood as mokest, she would never actually stoop to being one.

So metance, Sunny and Rosie saw her as such, so they would trouble her repeatedly, sely what tapered that fateful night a few days ago, she had to give him a little hand because to fret owned. She would ease that memory and seal it forever as if it never happened.

when she did not need to act, she had to keep a distance from the man so that she was guarded and have a clear conscience

They were just paying pretend, never truly as a genuine spouse to one another. Men and women uses different, so she needed to keep a distance

These few words made Jeremy's gloomy eyes even darker. Was the little rascal still thinking he was just playing his role nonchalantly?

Only she could pay attention and feel, she would truly know what he thought of her

Yes you distance, you say? The man curled his lips coldly. "Alright. In that case, Miss Corinne, please head out and don't sleep in my room. After all, men and women are different, aren't they?"

'Ocf I'm going?

Conne nodded, pushed away his arms that were wrapped around her waist, and quickly rolled over and indeed, she headed out and slept in the guest room alone,

Did the little rascal actually leave?

The blue veins on Jeremy's forehead bulged. He stubbed out the cigarette butt, picked up the glass of water on the table heavily, and drank it down in one gulp. His face sank as he lit another cigarette and took a deep breath before he exhaled the thick puff of cigarette smoke irritatedly.

What the hell was that rascal doing?

Suddenly, the sound of a phone vibrating caught the man's attention.

Jeremy took a breath of smoke, narrowed his eyes, and looked over...

it was the mobile phone on the bedside table that was vibrating. It was his mobile phone, which was given to the little rascal a few days ago.

Jeremy stubbed out the cigarette, got up, went to pick up the phone, and answered the call.

It was Annie calling.

"Uncle, have you and Aunt Corinne gotten home yet?"

"Mh."

"Then...is she beside you now?"

Thinking of the little rascal's nonsensical behavior, Jeremy's face darkened. "She's asleep. What do you want from her?"

After making sure that Corinne would not hear her Annie was relieved and comfortably spoke without being hushed. "Oh, I'm fine with Aunt Corinne! I just want to ask you, my uncle...is something wrong between you both? It was so tense in the car, so what's the deal?"

Jeremy frowned slightly and said coldly, "Don't meddle in the affairs of adults."

Annie snorted, undismayed. "Uncle, in terms of age, I'm half a year older than Aunt Corinne, okay? Besides, I've been married once. You are much richer! Uncle, tell me what's going on. Maybe I can help you look better into the situation!"

Jeremy pinched his glabella and said impatiently, "It's okay. She lost her temper for no reason."

"That's not true! We girls will never get angry for no reason!" Annie immediately objected. "It's even more impossible for a wise goddess like Aunt Corinne, so there must be a reason!"

Jeremy narrowed his eyes. "What do you think is the reason?"

Annie thought for a while. "Let me think about it..."

"Uncle, have you ever confessed your love to Aunt Corinne?"

Jeremy fell silent.

Annie sighed helplessly. "I knew it! Uncle, a straight steely man like you will definitely not confess your love formally, but if you don't, how will Aunt Corinne know that you like her?"

Like her?

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Jeremy cleared his throat after being told off by his niece. "If you can easily see something, why do you need to say it formally?"

Annie said affirmatively, "Hey, it's very necessary! We girls hate ambiguous relationships the most! If you don't express your intentions but still make intimate gestures to others, girls will feel that it's irresponsible teasing and feel as if we're not respected, so of course we'll be angry!"

Jeremy hesitated slightly. "She's already angry. What should I do?"

Annie was stunned. Was Jeremy...actually asking her for a solution?

This was a first; her all-powerful uncle had never done this before, and she felt a sense of importance.

"Duh, you have to make up for it as much as possible! Pick a suitable time, formally express your heart to the other party, let her know that she's the one you're dead set on, and give her enough sense of security! Pay attention! There must be a sense of ceremony! Let me emphasize this, there must be a sense of ceremony! There must be a sense of ceremony! No girl can refuse a ceremonial confession from a handsome guy!"

“You’re right to place your trust in me, Uncle. Also, I think you should-”

Annie was still babbling away on the other end of the phone when Jeremy hung up the phone.

The man took off his shirt irritably, walked into the bathroom, and took a cold shower.

Jeremy came out of the bedroom and asked a maid passing by, “Which room is she in?”

The maid replied respectfully, “Sir, Ma’am went to the guest room on the south side of the third floor. She told us to bring food in just now, so she’s probably finished and gone to bed at this

moment.”

Jeremy went up to the third floor and found the guest room as the maid said.

The man turned the doorknob, but it did not move.

She locked the door.

Who was the little rascal guarding herself against? The answer was self-evident.

Jeremy ordered with a sullen face, “Go get the key.”

“Yes, sir.”

When Jeremy opened the door and entered the guest room, Corinne was indeed asleep

.

She had a slight frown even as she slept, and he wondered if she dreamed of something

unpleasant.

The man sat on the side of the bed, pointed at the center of her eyebrows with his long fingers,

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rubbed gently, and smoothed the wrinkles between the girl's eyebrows.

Perhaps sensing someone close by, Corinne opened her eyes and woke up.

No doubt was she startled to see Jeremy at her bedside.

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Just as she was about to ask him why he came in, Jeremy bent down and lifted her—
still wrapped

in the quilt—

and walked out with her in his arms, saying, "I'm going on a business trip early tomorrow morning, and I'll be back next weekend.

Corinne blinked.

Did this man come to tell her this? He could have just said it! Why the need to lift her?

The man carried her back to his bedroom, placed her safely on the bed, and then said, "When I come back, let's have a good chat and talk about our relationship."

Corinne was actually very sleepy, but because of his words, she was so surprised that she sobered a little.

"Sleep now. Sweet dreams."

The man did not let her speak as he adjusted the quilt on her, then turned and left the room.

Corinne was stunned for a long time, and it took a while before she could finally sleep.

As he said, Jeremy indeed had left for his business trip and had not returned for the past few days.

Because of this, Corinne had the space to do things of her own. She got rid of the body guard Jeremy arranged for her, went to Newmoon

Group to find Xante and Aaron for a few days, and dealt with some urgent work that only she could complete.

In this way, a week passed quickly.

At two o'clock in the afternoon on the weekend, Annie called her.

"Aunt Corinne, where are you?"

"I'm at home."

"Today is Uncle Jeremy's birthday! What gift did you prepare for him?"

Corinne, who was watching the television, was startled. "... I forgot. I wasn't prepared."

"What?! You can't be not ready for it! There's still time, so let's go shopping and buy gifts for him!"

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After hanging up the phone, Corinne lazily leaned on the sofa and continued to watch the television as she ate her potato chips.

20 minutes later, Annie hastily arrived at the Holdens estate and dragged her into the car, insisting on taking her shopping to buy Jeremy a birthday present.

Corinne felt helpless. Why did she need to buy Jeremy a birthday present?

She was just an extra, playing the role of his wife with zero pay, yet all of a sudden, she had to give him a gift?

No matter how she looked at it, this felt unreasonable.

Downtown Commercial Street.

In a famous designer store in VK Mall, Annie sat in front of a glass counter, carefully selecting the dazzling array of delicate accessories.

“Aunt Corinne, what kind of gift do you think Uncle Jeremy will like more?”

Corinne stood aside and tried on a pair of sunglasses disinterestedly and replied casually while looking in the mirror, “I don’t know.”

Annie frowned and turned to look at her, showing a troubled expression. “Aunt Corinne, aren’t you curious about my uncle at all? Don’t you observe his preferences?”

Corinne’s slender fingers hooked down the sunglasses on her face, and she raised her eyebrows.” Why should I observe his preferences? What kind of rare animal is your uncle? Will studying him win the Nobel Prize in Science?”

Annie was stunned. She had never met a woman who had such a sassy attitude toward her uncle.

“As expected of you, Aunt Corinne. It’s this kind of indifference that makes people want to conquer you; no wonder Uncle Jeremy can’t stop wanting you!”

‘Can’t stop’?

The corners of Corinne’s lips twitched. When did Mister even want her? Annie just liked to assume the bigger picture!

“Aunt Corinne, if you’re too lazy to choose a gift, just buy a piece of clothing for Uncle Jeremy. Anyway, as long as you choose and bought it, he’ll surely like it! Oh, that reminds me of a very stylish men’s clothing brand. Let’s go, I’ll take you there!”

As soon as Corinne took off the sunglasses and put them back, she was dragged away by Annie and into a designer-brand men’s clothing store.

“Aunt Corinne, what do you think of Uncle’s suit?”

Looking at the finely tailored high-end men’s clothes, Corinne was not impressed at all. She shook her head and said, “I think the clothes in his house are similar to these styles, and there are too

many to wear. He has no shortage of clothes, so he doesn't need to buy the same style again."

"Well, Uncle Jeremy definitely has no shortage of clothes to wear, but if you give him the gift, the feeling must be different! Aunt Corinne, it's your husband's birthday, and as his wife, you can't be empty handed, right?"

Annie's words reminded Corinne that she was playing the role of Jeremy's wife, so she still needed to do some superficial work.

Well, she should give him a birthday gift casually so as not to be caught by the Holden family!

Corinne frowned and suddenly glanced at the billboard that said 'Clearance Discount' in the men's clothing store opposite for 30 dollars each.

Her eyes lit up, and she walked over to pick up a white T-shirt from the discount area. "This one,

then!"

Following her, Annie stared at the rather childish-looking white T-shirt in Corinne's hand, and the

corners of her lips twitched.

The design of the T-shirt was very simple and common, but there was an endearing little milk cat printed on it, which was way too cute.

"Aunt Corinne, isn't this...too cute? It's not suitable for a mature man of my uncle's age, now is it?"

Corinne disagreed. "Your uncle dresses too lifelessly, always in suits and leather shoes, looking like a serious veteran cadre. This one can just change his style and add some affinity to him!"

Annie muttered, "But this one is, too..."

Corinne did not care whether or not the clothes suited Jeremy's taste. Anyway, she reciprocated with a gift. Whether he liked it or not was his business!

"Miss, please wrap this up for me!"

"Okay. Please head to the front cashier to make your payment."

Corinne took out 50 dollars from her pocket and bought the discounted T-shirt.

She deliberately did not use her mobile phone to pay and took out the cash on her to make payment. After all, she was using Jeremy's phone at the moment, and that would mean the amount would be deducted from his card if she used the phone to pay.

It would be somewhat unethical to use his money to buy a gift meant for him, so Corinne made an exception and used her own money.

Receiving the change from the cashier, Corinne slenderly flicked the banknotes with her delicate fingers and said to Annie, "The presents are bought! Let's go, I'll treat you to a coffee!"

Annie felt ashamed. It was hard to imagine what kind of expression Jeremy would have when he saw the gift Aunt Corinne bought for him.

UU Cafe.

"Aunt Corinne, I realized that you are very different from other women!" remarked Annie as she

drank her coffee.

Corinne sucked a tapioca pearl with the straw in her mouth, chewed slowly, and said casually, "Is that so? What's different?"

Annie looked at her in amazement. "Other women would seize every opportunity to spend their money to please Uncle Jeremy, but you m

erely bought him a 30-dollar t-shirt! How is it that you're able to make him care about you? It's just too wicked!"

Mister Jeremy...cared about her? Did he?

Corinne laughed dryly. "30 dollars is also a present. It's the thought that counts!"

Annie looked puzzled again. "But shouldn't we all be thinking about how to win our boyfriend's heart? If you fool him like this, won't you be afraid that he'll change his mind?"

Corinne raised her eyes. Her carefree gaze turned steely as she looked at Annie and spoke to her.

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"In this world, two things can never be grasped. One is time, and the other is a human's heart. If the other person's heart is no longer with you, no matter what you do to please them, their heart will never be yours. Why, then, should you spend so much energy doing something so futile? It's better to do a good job in your own business, improve yourself, and let yourself be the one who holds the initiative."

Annie was caught off-guard, and the confusion in her eyes was replaced with admiration. "Aunt Corinne, what you said is so philosophical! I want to learn from you! Don't fret about men anymore and just focus on your career!"

Corinne pinched her glabella, fearing that Annie would get the wrong idea and thus patiently explained, "That's not the case. It's good to fall in love and enrich your emotional life, but remember to never surrender yourself easily, let alone entrust your future to a man, wronging yourself to please a man. Understand?"

Annie nodded, feeling wholly inspired. “Yes, I understand! Thank you for your advice, Aunt Corinne!”

Corinne did not know if Annie truly understood, so she could only stop talking, lowered her head, and continued to sip her coffee.

‘What could I advise on? I’ve never been in a relationship myself, and I was just talking nonsense based on my feelings.’

‘Annie, on the other hand, is an easily impressed girl. I hope my words can give her a little more to think about so that she won’t fall in love so quickly after meeting a man with sweet nothings.’

All of a sudden, her phone rang.

Corinne took out her phone and looked at it and realized it was Jeremy’s new number.

Well, it was he who gave her the phone in her hand as well as its SIM card, while he went ahead and got a new number for himself.

After answering the call, the man’s deep voice rang through the device. “Where are you?”

Corinne sipped coffee and replied, “Mister, I’m in a shopping mall in the city center.”

“With who?”

“Annie.”

The man said, “Give me a specific location, and I’ll send someone to pick you up.”

Corinne blinked. “Mister, are you back from your business trip?”

“Well, I just got off the plane.”

“Mister, you don’t need to send someone to pick me up. Annie is driving, so she’ll take me home.”

Jeremy was silent for two seconds before he replied, "In that case, both of you come to Lunar Century Manor after shopping. I have something to tell you."

Lunar Century Manor? Could it be that the man was going to hold a birthday party for himself?

Chapter 5

Thinking of meeting his relatives and friends again, Corinne frowned. "Can I not go-"

"No!" The man seemed to have predicted her intentions and interrupted her almost seamlessly. "You must come. I want to see you."

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Corinne fell silent, but for some reason, her heart skipped a beat.

Did Jeremy just say that he wanted to see her?

Why did this man, who was always so calm and composed, say so urgently that he wanted to see

her?

She remembered that he had told her before he went on his business trip that he would have a good talk with her when he came back regarding their relationship.

What did Jeremy want to talk about? What about their relationship that needed to be discussed?

He was acting strange. Could it be that he wanted to...

Annie suddenly got close to the phone and said loudly, "Don't worry, Uncle! I'll bring Corinne to you!"

As soon as Corinne hung up the phone at work, Annie was on her toes again.

“Now that we’ve finished gift–
buying, you should also buy yourself beautiful clothes, Aunt Corinne! When he comes back from a business trip, you two will be more in love than newlyweds, so you
have to dress up to see him!”

A short separation would make them more in love than a newlywed? Corinne was dumbfounded. By the way, why do you carry a camera with you?”

Annie just took out a professional video camera from her bag and directed it at Corinne. “Oh, it’s for a vlog,” she replied with an
impish smile. “I’m recording my daily life and will be posting it on
VeeTube!”

The corners of Corinne’s lips twitched. “Do you need such professional equipment for video blogging?”

“Well, it has a better resolution!”

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Annie had already
predicted what was going to happen today, so she specially prepared the camera in advance. She wanted to record the important moment of Uncle Jeremy confessing to Corinne as a souvenir and as blackmail toward Jeremy when she needed it!

Hahaha!

Met with Annie’s enthusiastic persistence, Corinne went to a women’s clothing store to try on a cream–
white dress. To match the dress, the sales assistant placed a simple yet exquisite diamond hairpin on her hair.

Annie held up the camera and stared at Corinne blankly, “Corinne, you look so beautiful
!”

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Corinne felt

that it was a bit pretentious to dress like this and wanted to take it off. Alas, Annie disallowed all attempts,

After paying the bill quickly, Annie pulled Corinne away from the shopping mall and drove to Lunar Century Manor

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Lunar Century Manor.

Hastily, Annie gave her car keys to the valet to park her car so she could film Corinne with her phone.

“Aren’t you supposed to take a video of yourself to record your daily vlog?” Corinne felt rather helpless. “Why do you keep filming me instead?”

Annie giggled. “That’s because you’re too pretty, and I just can’t help myself!”

She wanted to film Corinne getting out of the car, when she would then see Jeremy, and the entire process when Jeremy would confess to her. She wanted to make it into a short film that would impress everyone when she would post it on her social media account, wanting everyone to be jealous of them.

Corinne was at a loss for words at Annie’s behavior. She massaged her glabella to ease the tension she felt before she decided to ignore Annie and walked into the manor by herself.

To enter the manor, people were required to walk past an arch embellished with Moonstones. After she walked past it, a breeze blew at her, carrying a rather fragrant smell.

Corinne’s pupils trembled. The view in the manor stunned her.

Lunar Century Manor looked different every time she came.

At this moment, it was filled with pink tulips that were not there before. They were everywhere, and the flowers swayed as the wind blew them and matched the color of the sunset.

“Corinne, why did you stop?” Annie came after her and was too shocked by the view she saw. “Oh, my god! It’s so beautiful!”

Jeremy truly knew how to impress a girl, especially after he found a girl that he truly liked.

Every girl in this world would find this view impressive and enchanting.

Corinne snapped out of her trance and narrowed her beautiful-looking eyes.

It was not tulip season, and Lunar Century Manor used to plant plenty of roses and green plants. Obviously, these tulips were cultivated in the greenhouse. It must have been difficult to have them moved here without ruining them for such a large quantity.

Among the flowers, there was a walking path that allowed people to walk through the flowers.

Corinne thought about it and walked along the path and had herself surrounded by the flowers.

Ecstatic, Annie shot many scenes of the flowers before chasing after Corinne and continued to film her. She could barely wait for the grand finale when her uncle would appear!

Being a smart girl, Corinne knew something special was about to happen when she saw this scene ...and it seemed like she was the main character.

Since she and Annie got down from the car, there was no one else except for the valet. It was obvious that someone had cleared the venue.

As she walked along the pathway, she saw a man standing at the end...

It was none other than Jeremy.

He stood with his back facing her, dressed in a finely crafted formal suit that perfectly embodied his perfect figure.

When he heard footsteps coming from behind, he slowly turned around. His face looked as

handsome as before.

Being roughly less than three feet apart, their eyes met.

Corinne's heart skipped a beat, and she wondered if that was because she had drunk too much

coffee.

Jeremy could tell Corinne was nervous. He curled his thin lips and said softly, "You're here."

The dumbstruck Corinne nodded. "Yeah."

At that moment, she noticed a giant pink-colored gift box between her and Jeremy. It was roughly about the height of an average human's height with a big ribbon on top...

Was it a present? Did Jeremy prepare that for her?

If that was the case, Corinne realized it was going to be very embarrassing if she gave Jeremy the

T-shirt she bought for just seven dollars.

Jeremy's gaze softened meaningfully as he walked toward her.

Corinne had a gut feeling that Jeremy...was about to confess to her.

Her heart pounded rapidly, and her mind was in a mess. How was she supposed to react to this sudden change of emotion?!

Out of the blue, the gift box burst open.

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Paper confetti flew and scattered on the floor as a thin, well-dressed young woman jumped out of the box with colorful butterflies. The sight was surreal and magical.

The girl ran toward Jeremy excitedly and buried herself in a hug fondly. "Jeremy, I'm finally back! Thank you for preparing this for me; I like it so much. It's so touching!"

Corinne froze at the sight as her expression dulled. Suddenly, the butterflies she felt earlier...felt like a joke.

Anya had come back.

Every pink tulip in Lunar

Century Manor was blooming for her. The reason Jeremy had asked her to come here was most likely to inform her that the apple of his eye had returned. Thus, she **had** to be there when she was acting as his wife to avoid causing misunderstandings with the girl he loved dearly. That must be it.

She understood.

For a moment there, she truly believed this day was all about her. She thought Jeremy was going to confess his love to her.

Hilarious. The man told her that he could provide her with anything except for love, did he not? His heart only belonged to the girl he loved dearly.

Just like the meaning of the tulip, perfect and deep love.

A butterfly flew over and lingered around Corinne as though reminding her that she was a third-wheeler here and that she should leave.

Not too far away, Annie was stupefied. She was still holding her phone to film the moment Jeremy was supposed to confess his love to Corinne.

She frowned vehemently.

What...the heck was that? What was Jeremy doing?

Why did Anya choose to come back on this particular day?

Wait. Where did Corinne go?

At this second, Annie realized Corinne was nowhere to be found. She moved her phone around and still could not spot Corinne.

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She quickly searched for her number and called it. Alas, what only greeted her was a cold message from the service provided.

“The number you have dialed is unavailable. Please try again...”

Corinne was gone.

Night fell.

Chapter

At the embankment of the Yonder River in the city center...

This was the busiest area of the New Capital City with numerous skyscrapers. The night views were spectacular, especially on this particular night.

The Century Bank Tower had a large LED advertising panel on the exterior building. Someone rented the space to put his confession out publicly on repeat.

[I love you, An]

The same was done with the building next to it, though the wording was different.

[Welcome back, My Princess An!]

Expensive blue fireworks were released into the sky, and they went out for a very long time. There were also drone performances where it was lined up into a heart with an arrow shooting right through the heart.

Many people such as young couples strolling down the Yonder River, tourists, and some passersby who saw this were jealous and curious as they watched the extravagant confession. The only thing they felt was amazed.

“Oh, wow! I wonder which VIP is confessing his love to his girlfriend.”

“Oh, that’s so sweet!”

“Sweet, yeah, but I can smell the smell of money burning!”

“I heard a mysterious VIP had bought all of the pink tulips cultivated in the greenhouse and had them shipped here to plant in Lunar Century Manor. I bet he’s decorated the venue to confess to his loved one.”

“Lunar Century Manor? The confession is made to someone called Princess An. Could it be Anya Rivera? Is she back?”

“Who is Anya Rivera?”

“You don’t know who she is? That’s the second daughter of the Riveras. She’s the luckiest girl! Her grandfather is a world-renowned scientist, and her grandmother is a princess from another country. Her father is a world champion, and her mother is an award-winning best actress. Her elder brother is always in the top three of the world’s richest men, and her younger brother is the school hunk. She’s got everything since she was born!”

“That’s not all. She’s very pretty, too!”

“It’s not weird if a man is willing to splurge a large amount of money to confess his love to her, then. I mean, she’s got everything that she wanted from a young age. It’s going to be hard to please her!”

Corinne sat on the bench of the bund of the Yonder River, enjoying a can of soft drink while looking up in the sky to enjoy the drone performances, blue fireworks, and the cheesy confession on the exterior building.

Her eyes looked cold and distant while the corner of her lips quirked upward.

What an expensive way to confess one’s love for someone.

Jeremy certainly put in a lot of effort to please the girl he loved dearly.

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On **the** other side of the sky, a bright full moon hung in the sky as if the **lively confessions had** nothing to do with it.

Corinne took out her phone and took a photo of the moon to post **it** to her social media.

[The moon is so beautiful tonight.]

Just a few seconds after it was posted, a friend with the nickname An liked the post. She even commented on the post, [Yeah. I think so, too.]

Corinne never recalled having an acquaintance with that name in her account, so she clicked the profile.

It was a girl smiling peacefully and cheerfully at the camera.

She continued to look at the post the girl posted. From there, she concluded that this was Anya Rivera and her social media account.

It was only then Corinne realized she was using Jeremy's phone, and the social media account logged into the phone was Jeremy's. She actually posted to Jeremy's social media account instead of hers.

She did not think twice when she posted that and did not notice that was not her account.

'Ugh, forget it. I posted it anyway. It's just a photo of a moon, no big deal,' she thought.

Followingly, she closed the social media app to make a call, and the other end answered instantly.

She instructed faintly, "Hey, Aaron. Come pick me up at Yonder River."

"Yes, ma'am!"

After she hung up, she got up and threw the can of soft drink to the rubbish before crossing the street to the opposite side to wait for Aaron to pick her up.

As she was walking, she saw a blind elderly man who seemed to be stopped by an SUV car.

The elderly man had a white cane in his hand. She watched as he helplessly used the white cane to survey the road ahead of him. He navigated to the left and the cane touched an obstacle, and even as he turned to the right, he realized there was another obstacle.

He frowned vehemently as he had no idea where to go, so he extended his hand, wanting to see what it was that was blocking the path.

Corinne took a look and realized the SUV had parked at the tactile paving.

It was very unethical to park at a place like this!

Corinne went over and said, "Sir, there's a car parked on the tactile paving blocking your way. The owner isn't in the car now, and t

here's *no* way to move it. Why don't you tell me which way you're heading? I can assist you."

Unexpectedly, the blind elderly man was a hot-tempered person. Once he knew the obstacle that was blocking him was a car, he slammed his cane against the car, causing the glass window of the car to shatter.

Shocked, Corinne's lips twitched as she never expected to witness this.

This elderly man is ferocious!' she thought.

After the blind elderly man finished smashing the car, he knocked his white cane on the ground and said angrily, "Hmph! What kind of ill-mannered person parks on the tactile paving? This'll teach 'em a long-lasting lesson to not park like that!"

Despite it being wrong to smash someone else's car, the blind elderly man was not entirely wrong either. Of course, a misdemeanor was a misdemeanor.

Corinne consoled helplessly, "Sir, don't get so worked up. Maybe the car owner was in a rush and didn't realize their error."

Chapter 259

Corinne's words did not **comfort** the blind elderly man, alas.

"Even if they have urgent matters to attend **to**, it's still wrong to park the car on the tactile paving. **Nowadays**, people are only concerned with **their** own conveniences and refuse to think if their **actions** will **trouble** others!"

The blind elderly man did have a point.

Corinne sighed and wanted to assist the blind elderly man to walk past the SUV when all of a sudden, someone shrieked, "Hey! What did you guys do?!"

Corinne looked in the direction of the voice and spotted a young girl with purple hair running toward them angrily, holding a selfie stick.

The girl saw the shattered window and immediately snapped crassly, “What the f*ck? The heck, you two! Why did you smash my car?”

Corinne had seen this purple-haired girl when she sat at the embankment of Yonder River, and she figured the girl was an influencer.

The purple-haired girl used the lavish confessions at Yonder River as a way to attract viewers by broadcasting them live. She was asking for gifts while chatting with her viewers in a babyish voice.

The blind elderly man was infuriated when he heard the girl’s foul words and stopped.

Although he could not see, his ears were very sensitive. He thus turned to where he believed the influencer was and asked, “So you’re the owner of this car?”

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The girl folded her arms at her chest and answered, “Yes. I just bought this SUV, and the price will scare the hell out of you. Seventy-five thousand dollars! And don’t say it wasn’t you who did it. saw what you did from there. You better pay me for the damage you did!”

The blind elderly man was not afraid. “It’s good that you’re here. I’m teaching you a lesson about parking on tactile paving. No matter how expensive the car is, it should be smashed when it’s parked on tactile parking!”

However, the girl believed in her innocence and thus retaliated. “It’s my car. I’ll park anywhere I want to. Who cares whether it’s tactile paving or not? I don’t even know what tactile paving, is! Is this road yours? Who gave you authority over it?”

The blind elderly man

did not expect the influencer to be so unreasonable. He got so worked up that he began panting. "Is this how...your parents raised you? Is this how they teach you to treat others?!"

Worrying about the elderly man's physical and emotional state, Corinne grabbed the blind elderly man's arm and stroked his back to help soothe his breathing.

After that, she said

to the influencer, "Please calm down. Regardless of what's happened, you shouldn't park here. It's illegal."

The girl scoffed. "Illegal?! don't see any traffic police here issuing a ticket to me. Who do you think you are? Who gives you the right to criticize me?"

The elderly man could not endure it anymore. He knew Corinne was a kind girl, so he pulled her behind him to avoid getting her involved. He raised his white cane and said to the brash

influencer, "Move your car now, and I'll let it rest. Otherwise..."

"Otherwise, what?" The girl held her chin up and rolled her eyes. "Who do you think you're scaring? I'm not moving it! F*ck you, blind old man!"

This sparked the blind elderly man's anger. He raised the white cane and wanted to hit the bad-mannered girl with it. "Your parents fail to teach you how to be a decent human. I'm going to do the job for them!"

It happened too suddenly, and Corinne failed to stop the blind elderly man.

The girl could see the white cane reaching for her and easily sidestepped it before viciously pushing the old man to the ground,

"Trying to hit me? Do you know who I am? I'm a popular influencer with over three hundred thousand followers! You have no right to hit me!"

After witnessing what happened, Corinne hurried over and squatted to help the old man.
“Sir, are you alright?”

Luckily, the old man was not hurt. He was however shocked and had trouble breathing.

At first, Corinne did not want to get involved in any trouble as she was just passing by, but she could not endure it anymore, knowing how terrible the girl was.

She could not face her teacher who had taught her well if she just walked away. She thus looked at the purple-haired girl. “That’s enough! Move your car now!”

Chapter 260

“I’m not moving it! What are you going to do?” The purple-haired girl scanned Corinne arrogantly. It was then she realized Corinne was...very beautiful, and that only made her angrier.

Nevertheless, she reckoned Corinne was not her match as she looked weak and timid.

All of a sudden, she came out with an idea.

She unlocked the phone on her selfie stick and went live, switching up **so** swiftly and portraying herself as an **innocent** victim while she complained **to** her viewers.

“Someone, please help me! I’m in danger! This old man and this girl here smashed my car without any reason, and now, this old man is lying on the ground, trying to scam me. *You* guys, look at how they’re trying to bully me! Hic, hic...”

She deliberately lowered the selfie stick so the angle was at a place where the viewers could not see her car was blocking the tile paving.

Corinne remained silent while the influencer refused to admit she was wrong. Anyhow, she helped the blind elderly man up and brought him to some place further and told him to stay still so he would not get hurt if she fought with the influencer.

After that, she turned around and headed back to where the influencer was.

It was torturous for Corinne to continue hearing how the influencer misled her viewers by confounding right and wrong. She thus grabbed the selfie stick from the influencer, broke it into two, and threw them far away along with the influencer's phone.

"Ah! My phone! My selfie stick!" This infuriated the influencer, so she rolled up her sleeves and cursed, "You got some nerves throwing my phone, you b*tch. You're dead! I'm going to beat you!"

Immediately, she was not the pitiful girl she was when she was broadcasting herself.

She waved her palm at Corinne, wanting to slap her face...but Corinne easily grabbed the influencer's wrist and twisted it back.

"Agh!" the purple-haired girl whimpered. "Help me..."

Corinne raised her brow. "You want to beat me? You got a lot of training to do before you can even touch me!"

Despite being in pain, the influencer did not succumb. "I told you, I'm a popular influencer. I have many followers that will protect me! I'm going to make you regret doing this to me!"

Corinne was not scared. "I don't care if you're an influencer or whatever. You need to learn how to be a decent human being first! Do you know how much trouble you've **caused** to blind people and visually impaired people by parking on the tactile paving? Not to mention, pushing an old man who **can't** see to the floor?! Do you think your followers **will** 'follow' you if they know what kind of person **you** truly are?"

The influencer knew she could not beat Corinne, and what she said was the truth. “I...”

Corinne, having run **out of** patience, questioned the influencer coldly, “I’m asking **you** one last time.

Are you going to move the car or not?”

move! I’ll move it! Let me go. I’ll go move it right away...”

The influencer succumbed so Corinne would let her go. As she walked toward her car, however, she kept on thinking about how to get her revenge.

Suddenly, she saw the broken selfie stick, and her eyes reddened. She bent down to pick it up and viciously pointed the sharp end at the blind elderly man to hurt him.

“You blind old man! This is for smashing my car!”

It startled Corinne as she dashed toward the blind elderly man to kick the crazy

The influencer fell down but quickly got up.

influencer.

With her face contorted uglily, she came running with another attempt to attack Corinne and the elderly blind man with the broken selfie stick.

Chapter 261

Corinne quickly readied herself as the **purple**–haired girl tried to attack them again. Her instincts kicked in, and she **spread** her arms **to** protect the blind elderly man behind her and was prepared **to** kick the girl again.

All of a sudden, a group of men dressed in black appeared, surrounding Corinne and the blind elderly man. Two of the men quickly captured the crazy girl.

Startled, the purple-

haired influencer struggled while shouting at the top of her lungs, "Who are you people? Why are you capturing me?! Let me go!"

The leader of the men shot the girl a cold glare before he turned to head toward his men. Respectfully, he bowed to the blind elderly man and said worriedly, "Sir, we finally found you. Are you alright? Why did you come out alone? The young master sent us out looking for you. He's worried sick."

The blind elderly man snorted. "He has me locked up in the house every day. I just want to take a walk outside."

The man felt helpless. "He's doing it for your good, especially now that your vision is impaired. He's afraid you'll hurt yourself."

The elderly man stood up straight with a stone-cold face and acted like a naughty, persistent kid. He said, "Never had I heard of a grandchild restricting his grandfather. It can only be the other way around!"

The leader did not know what to do with the man. He took out his phone and reported back to his employer.

"Sir, we found him. Yes. He's at the bank of Yonder River. Yes!"

Within a short while, an expensive limousine arrived and parked beside the road.

The leader of the guards saw the limousine and ran toward it. As he bent his body, he opened the **door** for a tall man to get out of the car slowly and elegantly.

The man *stood* up straight like a young handsome duke from the olden days. He wore an expensive, exquisite grayish formal suit. He walked steadily and in a very regal manner.

The onlookers who stopped to watch what was happening were stunned. This was a perfectly young, handsome, surreal man that they could only see on television!

The man walked toward the elderly man. Every step he took was right on beat with the heartbeat of those young teenage girls. He encompassed a naturally born type of charm and majesty.

“Grandpa, if you continue to run off without telling me, don’t blame me for sending you into a fully guarded retirement home.”

His voice sounded very gentle, yet his tone was threatening.

The elderly man turned his dull eyes toward his grandson. Despite his impaired vision, he looked

very prestigious too, especially when he knocked his white can on the ground. “I dare you.”

The man in the grayish formal suit looked indifferently. With a smile, he respectfully replied, “As

my word.” you said, I’m very much like you. You know I’m a man of

Although the elderly man was reluctant to yield to his grandson, he knew better than to make him mad—mainly because his grandson had the same personality he had, and he had to think about the consequences. There was nothing he disliked more than to live in a fully guarded retirement house.

He cleared his throat and deliberately changed the topic. “You’re right on time. A crazy woman parked her car on the tactile paving, and she pushed me. Luckily, this girl here bravely protected me. You must thank her on my behalf!”

Chapter 262

The man looked up at Corinne, who stood beside his grandfather.

She had a calm and indifferent expression on her face, a huge contrast when one compared her expression with the shocked expressions on the onlookers' faces. It seemed like she was in her own world.

As a matter of fact, she did not look remotely shocked when she saw the man's outstanding

appearance.

Truth be told, Corinne thought of leaving when she knew the elderly man's family arrived, but she could not find a way out due to the men in black still surrounding them.

The man nodded politely at Corinne. "Hello."

Corinne nodded back. "Hello."

She was no exception from the other girls when it came to judging a man's appearance. It was normal that she, too, thought the man in front of her looked very handsome, but at the same time, he looked dangerous.

She had a feeling that despite his smile, the man was not genuinely happy or of any sort. In contrast to his handsome and friendly face, she felt like the man could turn out to be a cruel man that she should not get involved with.

Far different from Jeremy, Corinne reckoned. Jeremy did not look friendly. From top to bottom, he emitted a dangerous vibe that warned others to steer clear.

The man in front of her, on the other hand, looked gentle, yet his attitude felt so indifferent and distant. Nonetheless, he was still very charming and seductive.

The man then said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," replied Corinne.

Such a simple conversation that both Corinne and the man acted indifferently. Coincidentally, neither of them had the intention to continue talking.

The elderly man was annoyed with his grandchild when he heard their conversation.

Anxiously, he decided to take matters into his own hand as he asked cheerfully, "What's your name, girl? Do you have a boyfriend? What do you think of my eldest grandson? He's over thirty years old and hasn't-"

"Grandpa!" The man pinched his glabella and smiled bitterly at Corinne. "I'm so sorry. The old man is being foolish and says whatever's in his mind."

"That's alright." Corinne smiled understandingly, but she did not want to tell them her name either. Thus, she said, "Sir, since your grandson is here, I'll get going. I have something else to do."

After she bid farewell politely, she requested the men dressed in black to move away and walked away neither haughtily nor humbly.

The elderly man was disappointed when he knew Corinne had left. "What do you think?" he asked

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his grandson. Is she pretty?"

The man raised his brow as he saw Corinne walking away. "Very pretty."

The elderly man shorted and said disappointedly, "Then why **didn't** you ask for her number? I even took the initiative to hook you up with her!"

Grandpa, you don't have to worry about my love life."

You don't want me to worry? Bring back a wife, then! When I was your age, your dad was already in school. Look at you... The blind elderly man was not going to give up easily.

Grandpa, I know you're tired. I'm going to have them send you home."

"I'm not tired. Who told you I'm tired?"

"Men, send my grandfather home."

Yes, the man's subordinates obeyed.

Corinne had not gone too far before the leader of the men in black came to look for her.

"Miss, my employer has prepared this check for you as a gratitude for saving his grandfather. You're free to write down any amount you want."

Corinne glanced over at the check faintly and scoffed. "A check with a maximum limit of seven hundred fifty thousand dollars, and he asked me to write down any amount I desire?"

The leader was stunned. 'Is she saying this is too little?' he thought.

When the leader regained his senses, Corinne had walked down the stairs and got into Aaron's pink sports car.

Chapter 263

Just as Aaron's car drove off, another black car arrived and parked where Aaron did.

Sunny got off in a hurry and quickly ran toward the handsome man in a grayish formal suit. "Lucas, is everything alright?" he asked tentatively. "Did you find Grandpa?"

As it turned out, the man was Sunny's brother, Lucas.

The man had just coaxed his grandfather into the car to go home. He glanced at Sunny when he heard his disappointing brother panting. He did not answer his question and instead asked, "Where did you come from?"

Sunny would typically act haughtily like other rich kids, but he was a different person when he was with Lucas. He was well-behaved and lowered his head as if the mice had seen a cat.

“Lucas, I...came from Century Lunar Manor...”

Lucas' expression hardened. “The term is starting soon, and you still have the time to play around? You're repeating for the third time this time. Are you refusing to let other people take away your school hunk' title?”

Sunny was embarrassed and felt his brother was being very sarcastic.

The girls in the school dubbed him the 'school hunk because he was very good-looking, but because he could not pass his test to go to the university and had to repeat his high school year, he continued to be the school hunk in his school for consecutive years.

Being the school hunk was an honorable thing, but it was the opposite for him.

“I'll study harder this time. Anyway, there's a special occasion today...”

Lucas snorted. “And which day doesn't have a special occasion on your calendar?”

Sunny looked innocent. “I'm being real this time, Lucas. Don't you know? Anya is back! Jeremy decorated Lunar Century Manor with pink tulips, and it was so romantic. I went to witness her happiest moment!”

'Anya is back?' Lucas was surprised.

Seconds later, he narrowed his eyes and figured something was wrong. He furrowed his eyebrows. “Jeremy is married now. Why did she come back and look for him?”

Sunny had always been very protective of Anya, so he looked up and answered, “Lucas, the only reason he married his current wife is because of his grandfather. He has no feelings for his wife. And you know it, too. Anya can't live without Jeremy. The last time you guys stopped her from being together with Jeremy, she tried to commit suicide...”

Lucas' long eyes looked worried. He pinched his glabella.

Every family had their own problem.

Just then, one of the men dressed in black came over to ask, "Sir, what should we do with the influencer?"

"Influencer, is it?" Lucas took out his vibrating phone and looked at the news. His expression remained calm as he said, "Ban her, and never let her have any opportunity to 'influence' others. Have her and the car she parked over the tactile paying vanish from this city forever."

His subordinate nodded. "Yes, sir!" The man then left.

Not long after, another came. This time, it was the leader who went to chase after Corinne, and he came back with the check she refused. "Sir, that girl didn't accept the check and has left."

Lucas was typing on his phone when he heard that. His finger paused, and he looked up with a smile of surprise. "A girl with integrity. Good."

The leader, Edmund Claud, shook his head embarrassingly. "That's not it. I think what she meant was...she thinks the reward is too little."

Lucas narrowed his eyes and looked at the check Edmund was holding in his hand. He recalled how dignified and humble she was.

If the girl really thought it was too little, she would not leave so easily. There were still some girls that were different from the others that deserved people to respect them.

Sunny looked at the check curiously. "Who is it? Seven hundred fifty thousand dollars, and she thinks that's too little? If she doesn't want it, just give it to me."

As he said that, his hand reached out to the check.

Alas, Lucas was quicker to take the check from Edmund and tear it into pieces. "You have no right to use our family's money because you can't get into a university. Now, come back home with me"

to study!”

“Alright...”

Sunny was so upset that he lowered his head so far down that it might touch the ground. He wanted to cry, but at this point, all his tears were dried.

Chapter 264

Sky Mirror Residence was situated near Yonder River. There was **only one** unit per floor, **and it** was **one of the** most expensive places **to stay in the city center.**

On the 28th floor...

Upon entering the unit, Corinne plopped onto the couch as if she was a jellyfish. She was so tired **that** she wanted **to** stay there and not move.

At that moment, a fluffy cream-colored—a paste color of yellow—cat jumped up at her. It nuzzled Corinne with its head, demanding cuddles.

That was when Corinne was willing to sit up and cuddle the cat.

The cat’s name was Mia. Aaron took it in and raised it when he found it in the countryside. The cat was already eight years old.

Mia was a plump cat, and at first glance, people might think Mia had been living the high life since it was a kitten. As a matter of fact, Mia was there when all Corinne, Xante, and Aaron had were leftover meals. It stayed in a humid, tiny basement with them before.

Many years later, Mia finally got to live in such a comfortable place and had an endless supply of delicious cat food.

Xante was warming the milk in the open kitchen. She looked at the living room. “Boss, how come you got enough spare time to come back here today?”

Corinne sat on the gigantic couch with her legs crossed and was feeling sleepy as she cuddled Mia. "I'm on leave today, so I come back here to be with you guys."

Xante pushed up her gold-framed glasses and took out the warm milk from the kitchen. Caringly, she placed the milk on the coffee table in front of Corinne. "Mister Jeremy is nice enough to let you go on leave?"

Corinne closed her eyes tiringly and said tiredly, "No. I think he's very busy today and won't have the time to look for me, so I took this chance and gave myself a day off. He won't know."

Truth be told, there was no particular reason. She just did not feel like going back to Holdens' estate today, and the feeling was very strong.

Aaron, who went back to his room to take a shower, came out and sat on the single couch at the side and said, "Boss, I'm craving your chestnut cake!"

Xante glared at Aaron as if he was an annoying fly. "Are you seriously asking Corinne to bake for you now? She hasn't been back lately, and now that she's back, she has to satisfy your dirty mouth?"

On the other hand, Corinne did not mind. She let go of Mia and let it play with itself. "I'm too lazy today. I'll bake it for you when I wake up tomorrow."

Aaron crossed his legs delightfully and shot Xante a provoking look. "Did you hear that? That's the way she pampers me!"

Chapter 264

Xante scoffed and wanted so badly to slap him.

Nonetheless, she was not surprised that Corinne would somewhat agree. She would spoil Aaron like he was her son. When she was busy, however, she would instruct him like a free worker.

All of them had gotten used to this way of getting along.

The three of them knew each other during their teenage years, and all of them had miserable fates. They gathered during their difficulties and worked harder together to build their business. That was how they founded Newmoon Group.

They did not have to live their life under someone else's roof anymore.

Xante ignored Aaron altogether. She pushed up her glasses and sat to report to Corinne, "About the design for the new office building of Holden Group... They had urged me a couple of times, and I came out with some excuses to stall them. When do you plan on coming out with a preliminary design for them?"

Corinne picked up the warm milk and took a sip. "Within three days. I'll send the draft to their boss email. After getting their feedback, I'll discuss the detailed exterior design of the building with them. I'll deal with them directly, so you won't have to worry about it in the future."

"Alright, I get it." Xante nodded. She was rest assured when Corinne had her own plan.

Aaron rested his chin on his hand and teased, "Hey, boss, isn't the boss of Holden Group your husband? Why do you need to communicate through email? Isn't it better to communicate together when you two are in bed? You'll probably be surprised by it!"

Her expression hardened instantly upon hearing Aaron's words. She glared at Aaron and replied, clearly saying every word, "Jeremy and I are only married for a short term, and we'll part ways once the period is up. Stop talking that nonsense!"

Aaron was startled by this burst, and the same went with Xante. She was shocked by Corinne's sudden mood change.

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Chapter 265

It **appeared** that Corinne was not in her best state.

Aaron realized he had misspoken and had irked Corinne, so he quickly went over and apologized. "Boss, I'm sorry. I won't do it again..."

Actually, Corinne was just a little frustrated and did not mean to lash out at Aaron. Inevitably, she rolled her eyes. "Okay, that's enough. Stop acting cute. Have you tracked down any of Nellie's paintings in the market recently?"

Aaron got serious and replied, "No. Most of the paintings in the market are by artists from foreign countries. I haven't seen any paintings from local artists recently."

Corinne narrowed her eyes and looked solemn. "Alright. Continue to monitor the market for me."

"Yes, ma'am!"

Ever since she knew she was not Marvin's biological daughter, she was more eager to find more clues about her mother.

She wanted to know who she was.

Who was her father? Why did he leave her and her mother?

Why did her mother leave her in the hospital and never come back for her? Why did her mother allow a man that had nothing to do with her to take her in?

What happened in the past?

She was curious and eager to find out the answers **to these** questions.

Chapter 265

2/3

Xante noticed Corinne's sour expression. She thus raised her chin at Aaron and said, "Hey, Aaron, go get us some supper. I think the boss is hungry."

Aaron frowned unhappily. "What? I just had my shower! Why don't you go buy it?"

Xante ignored him and continued, "Oh, and get a box of donuts. The boss likes that."

Aaron snorted and consoled himself. "Sigh! Poor me, being ordered around."

Although he sounded like he was reluctant, he quickly went back to his room to change and left the house after taking his car key.

Once Aaron left, Xante looked at Corinne and asked, "Boss, I actually heard something about what happened today."

Corinne regained her senses and looked at Xante. "Huh? What did you hear?"

"I heard Miss Anya Rivera is back and that a man had decorated Lunar Century Manor with pink tulips to welcome her. I also heard about the confessions on the LED panel of the Century Bank Tower, the blue fireworks, and the drone

performances... I saw them by accident when I was hanging my laundry on the balcony."
"

Upon hearing that, Corinne looked out the window in the living room. It was indeed as Xante said; they could clearly see the confession on the Century Bank Tower.

Their unit had the best view of the Yonder River that oversaw the entire Yonder River.

Chapter 208

Xante asked another question, "Did Mister Jeremy do those because of Miss Anya?"

Corinne nodded lightly. "Yeah, it's all him."

"What's their relationship?" Xante asked again.

"I heard they were actually a couple but were forced to break up. I don't know about the details, though," Corinne answered.

"Boss, I can feel that you're in a bad mood today." A ray of light flashed over Xante's glasses. She said, "Is it because you are...jealous?"

"Cough! Ack, ack..."

Corinne choked on the milk she was drinking and began coughing so much that the veins in her eyes appeared.

Chapter 266

Xante hurried over to take the glass of milk from Corinne and placed it back on the coffee table. She then drew out a piece of tissue and passed it to her before she helped soothe her back.

After a while, Corinne finally stopped coughing. "Xante, you're right. I'm in a bad mood today."

Xante nodded and asked, "Okay. Why?"

When this topic was brought up, it seemed like fire was burning in Corinne's eyes.

"Because Jeremy was ridiculous. I was having a good day, and he suddenly had me witness them seeing each other again after a long time. Regardless of what really went on, I'm still his legally married wife. That was very disrespectful."

Xante's lips stretched into a thin line. "That...really is too much."

Corinne frowned unhappily. "I know he wants me to know his beloved woman is back, or maybe he's thinking of reminding me to watch myself and avoid causing the apple of his eye any misunderstanding, but

he could've used actual words to do that. It was totally unnecessary to let me live in that moment."

Xante agreed by nodding. "Yes. It was very rude of him to do that."

Corinne leaned back on the couch frustratedly. "That's why I felt so annoyed and frustrated. How am I going to be his wife when I'm stuck between them during the remainder of my contract period?"

"Oh, I see!" Xante curled up her lips into a smile. "Don't go back. Let them live happily ever after and just ignore them!"

That was exactly the problem Corinne had been thinking of. "I can't. The contract is for three months, and it's only been half a month. I must honor the contract. Besides, that old man isn't easy to deal with. If I ran away halfway, I'm sure he'd search the whole world just to know where I went. It's going to be even more troublesome then."

"So you're going back tomorrow?"

"Yes. I only have one month and a half left. I have to bear with it, even when I don't want to."

Xante got up and went behind Corinne to massage her shoulders, feeling sorry for her. "I feel so bad for you."

Corinne pursed her lips. Honestly speaking, being Jeremy's wife was even harder and more exhausting than engaging in hard labor.

Ever since she moved into the Holdens' estate, her life had been so dramatic.

Xante thought about it and asked another question, "But... As someone who has experience, I'd like to ask one more

question. Did you sleep with him during this period?"

The redness on Corinne's cheeks remained after having her coughing fit. Although she refused to admit it, she was honest. "Yes... Just once."

"Did you use protection?" Xante furrowed her eyebrows. Admittedly, that was not the answer she expected; she was just asking because she was being cautious.

Chapter 285

3/4

Protection?

Corinne was stunned for a moment before saying guiltily, "No

It happened too suddenly, and it was a special situation. I didn't think too much about it. I don't think I'm that unlucky to hit the jackpot by doing it once, right?"

"It's hard to say. If you don't want to have anything to do with Mister Jeremy after your contract ends, it's better to use protection in the future," reminded Xante kindly.

Corinne's pupils looked cold. "That was an accident, and it won't happen again."

Still, Xante looked worried. "Then...do you like him?"

Corinne chuckled. "Why would I like him? Because he's old? Because of his hot temper? Because he likes to bully me?"

Xante was amused by Corinne's behavior; she looked rather cute in an arrogant way.

She smiled. "What I mean is, do you find him sexy?"

Corinne did not think too much of this question. "There's nothing I can do that he's sexy. He was lucky to be born with a handsome face and a fantastic body. How can I say that he's not sexy? He was born with it, and it has nothing to do with my feelings. Don't tell me you don't find him sexy."

Xante cleared her throat. "Of course, I think he's not too bad!"

Suddenly, Corinne looked up at Xante. "Huh? When did you change your taste to mature men? I remember you prefer younger guys."

Xante lifted her glasses again and smiled suggestively. "I don't

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mind a mature man. I don't restrict myself to just one type!"

Corinne studied the look on Xante's face and started to sympathize with her ex-boyfriends, whom Xante dumped after she got bored.

Corinne shook her head, feeling sorry for the boys.

"Xante, you're not getting any younger. You should do more good deeds. Stop playing those guys and be more serious with your relationship."

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Xante shrugged nonchalantly. Her obsession was not important, and she did not want Corinne to worry about her.

She continued with the previous topic. "Oh! Aaron is good-looking too. He's nearly 6 feet, has broad shoulders, and a thin waist with eight-pack abs. Do you think he's sexy?"

Corinne was dumbstruck.

Of course not!

Aaron was a charming guy that could mesmerize many girls, but to her, he was the same guy he was when he was a kid. A silly guy.

Xante continued to massage Corinne's shoulders. "That's the difference. You don't think every handsome man is sexy unless you have feelings for him."

'What is Xante saying? Is she saying I have feelings for Jeremy?' Corinne thought.

She furrowed her eyebrows in disgust. "That's because Aaron is too feminine, and he's not my cup of tea!"

Xante nodded. "Yeah, you're right. He's not my cup of tea either!"

Just then, the door opened.

Aaron walked in leisurely. "Did you two make me go out to buy supper just so you can talk smack about me behind my back?"

Xante pushed up her glasses. "We're saying you have a good body. Is that bad-mouthing you?"

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Aaron placed the supper he bought on the coffee table and

took off his jacket to show the muscles he was proud of.

"It's true that I have a fabulous body. Here, I'm going to show you guys some tonight. I spent two hours in the gym every day and nurtured my body with good-quality protein powder. You're free to touch them!"

"Shoo!" hissed Xante. "Don't make me and Corinne puke!"

Aaron continued to show off his muscles.

Corinne grabbed her chin and thought deeply. "Xante, I think you're right. I only have one man and it was a nice experience, so I might have a false impression. Maybe I should try a few more to compare so I know what I really like."

After that, she stood up and extended her hand out to feel

Aaron's abs with his shirt on.

"What do you think?" Aaron flashed a confident sexy Am I sexy?"

smile.

Corinne pulled her hand

back and shook her head. "Xante, you're right. It disgusts me to touch the man I have no feelings for."

The smile on Aaron's face froze. "Boss! Are you insulting me?"

Xante patted his shoulder. "Don't doubt it. She is insulting you!"

Aaron snorted. "You two evil women! You girls like to bully me so much!"

The three of them joked and chatted while they ate their supper, and they then went back to their own room to rest afterward.

However, Corinne found herself struggling to fall asleep- probably because of all that food.

It was a rare moment that she woke up early the next morning. She headed to the kitchen to bake the chestnut cake she promised Aaron last night.

She left a portion for Aaron and Xante in the kitchen and took away some. After that, she grabbed a taxi and headed back to the Holdens' estate.

The person who answered the door for her today was neither Bowen the butler nor any of the maids. Instead, it was a girl in a silk nightgown. She opened the door, barefooted.

It seemed like the girl was still groggy from sleep. She blinked her sleepy eyes and tilted her head as she asked, "Who are you?"

Corinne recognized the girl from the photo she saw. It was Anya Rivera.

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Anya was slightly shorter than Corinne. Her skin looked so fair that it looked like she was sick or suffered from malnutrition. She had shaped her eyebrows exquisitely to accentuate her gentleness. There was a rouge mole between her brows, too.

She had a beautiful pair of slightly droopy eyes, making her look like a carefree fawn innocent to the dangers of the world.

She was very pretty but not the aggressive, invasive type of beauty. On the contrary, people would automatically think of protecting her.

However, she was wearing a nightgown and opened the door barefooted... It seemed like she must have spent the night here yesterday.

As Corinne was aware of that, she curled her lips ironically.

Luckily, she was smart enough to stay outside last night, or it would have been embarrassing. That being said, how shameful can Jeremy be? Could he at least be kind enough to stay outside with his old love?

Did he not know he was already married?

Even though their marriage was built upon a mutual agreement that was forged, it was still very mean of him to bring another woman back into their home to stay overnight!

Anya blinked her large round eyes when she did not get any answer or response from Corinne. She asked again, "Hi. Who are you looking for?"

Corinne was not ignoring her; she just did not know how to

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answer Anya's question. She presumed Anya would not know her even if she told Anya her name. However, if she told Anya she was Jeremy's wife, it seemed like she was provoking her.

She did not have the intention to create any conflicts with Anya, whom she had just met for the first time nor did she intend to steal Jeremy from Anya.

After some thinking, she found a more subtle answer. "I'm not looking for anyone. I'm staying here temporarily."

Anya widened her eyes like she discovered something new. "You stay here?"

At that moment, Bowen came running down the stairs with an anxious look. All of a sudden, he saw Corinne standing at the door. His eyes brightened as he strode toward them excitedly. "Ma'am, you're back!"

Corinne looked at Bowen and nodded.

Caringly, Bowen

examined Corinne from top to bottom before he asked, "Ma'am, where did you go last night? Why didn't you come back?"

Corinne entered the house and nonchalantly answered, "I was at my friend's house and it was getting late, so I spent the night there."

Knowing Corinne was home safe and sound, Bowen was relieved. "I see. Anyway, it's good that you're back."

The changes in Bowen's expression did not affect Corinne. Naturally, she passed the lunchbox in her hand to him and said, "Bowen, this is the chestnut cake I brought back from my friend's house. Can you please get someone to put it in the freezer? I'm going to eat it when I'm hungry during the evening."

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evening."

Bowen accepted it respectfully. "Yes, Ma'am."

Immediately, he called a maid over and passed the chestnut cake to her, telling her to put it into the fridge. He also gave her a hint to call Jeremy to inform him that Corinne had returned.

The maid understood and nodded before leaving with the lunchbox.

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After that, Corinne walked toward the stairs to go upstairs to her room without caring about Anya. In fact, she had her plate full. Designing the Holden Group's building was not an easy job. After delaying it for many days, she finally found inspiration for the design.

It was very pressing to come out with a draft design within three days, so she had to make use of her time wisely and get started with her work.

However, someone called out to her softly after she took a few steps.

"Corinne."

Anya sounded gentle and soft.

Corinne stopped walking and was surprised Anya knew her name.

She looked back. "Yes? Is there anything I can do for you?"

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Anya's large doe eyes stared at Corinne as Anya slowly approached her. "So you're Corinne!"

Corinne nodded. "Yes, I'm Corinne."

'What is that? Is she looking for a fight?' she thought.

Being close to each other, Anya suddenly grabbed Corinne's hands intimately. With an apologetic expression, she said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know it was you. I thought you were a guest

Corinne was not used to having physical contact with the person she first met. Calmly, she withdrew her hands and smiled faintly. "It's alright. We've never met before, so it's normal that you don't know me."

Nevertheless, Anya did not mind it and smiled purely. "I've been hearing Jeremy talking about you on the phone when I was away."

Corinne raised her brow. "Is that so? What did he say about me?"

She bet nothing good about her would come out of Jeremy's mouth.

Anya looked at her admiringly, and her smile looked so pure and sincere. "Jeremy praised you all the time. He said you're a smart girl and not the type of girl who'd think of ways to marry into a rich life. He also said you know your place and are a girl with principles. You always keep a safe distance from him. Anyway, he kept on going about how nice you are."

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That was quite a lot, which meant they probably called each other very often.

From Corinne's point of view, she did not think Jeremy was praising her. She figured he was reporting his daily life to Anya and making sure she did not think he was developing feelings for Corinne.

'Hoho! I didn't know Jeremy was such a self-aware person. He has a very strong survival instinct,' mused Corinne.

Corinne stretched her lips and said, "Well, I should be thanking him for all the compliments."

"Corinne, thank you for helping Jeremy to deal with his family during this period," said Anya sincerely.

"It's nothing." Corinne smiled helplessly. As a matter of fact, she was forced to do this.

"You're so nice. I have a feeling that we're going to be best friends." Anya then grabbed Corinne's hands again as if

regretting only knowing Corinne, and she blinked at her light-heartedly, trying to get on her good side.

Anya was too passionate.

Corinne was too embarrassed to withdraw her hands a second time, so she endured the discomfort.

There was nothing wrong with Anya, but Corinne refused to be friends with the people from Jeremy's circle.

When the contract period was over, Jeremy—as well as those she knew that came with knowing him—would have nothing to do with her.

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"Jeremy! You're back!" Suddenly, Anya let go of Corinne's hand and ran over to the door happily.

Corinne turned back and saw Jeremy.

He had just come in from the door, looking rather anxious.

Oddly, he still had the formal suit he was wearing yesterday on him. The wind had tousled his hair with a few strands standing up. It made him look less stern, more genial than his usual mature and calm look.

His focus remained on Corinne the moment he walked into the

house. His long, narrow eyes were bloodshot. It looked as though he had grown stubbles on both sides of his cheeks.

He looked much different than how he used to look. He looked

rugged, exhausted, unkempt, and dangerous.

Moreover, he looked...haggard, which his strong, cool face never once showed before.

Overnight, it looked as though Jeremy slimmed down a lot.

Corinne could not help and wonder if he had overindulged last night...

She narrowed her eyes and thought, 'They haven't seen each other for a long time. I bet they couldn't control themselves and held each other in their arms throughout the night,

especially with how passionately Jeremy confessed his love to her.'

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Anya tugged at the hem of Jeremy's shirt and said softly, Jeremy, I've introduced myself to Corinne. You were right about her after all! She's a nice girl, and I like her too!"

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Finally, Jeremy's gaze shifted from Corinne as he then looked down at Anya. He said, "Go change your clothes. I'll ask Tommy to send you back. Your family misses you."

Anya was rather reluctant, but she nodded obediently. "Okay. Well, I'll head home now."

Jeremy responded and looked up again, frowning when he realized Corinne was no longer there.

Corinne headed upstairs while Jeremy spoke to Anya. It was no fun being the third wheel.

The moment she entered the room, she could sense that someone had moved the items.

The room was Jeremy's, and she had been staying in this room to play a good role as Jeremy's wife ever since she moved in.

Jeremy did not come back very often. Even when he did, he would sleep on the couch after taking his shower. Never had he truly moved the items in the room.

When the maid did the cleaning, they never dared to move any of the items.

At this moment, many items on the shelves and table had shifted places. Even the lamp on the bedside table was moved

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from the left to the right.

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Corinne was used to sleeping on the left side. Placing the lamp on the left side was convenient for her to switch it on when she got up at night.

It was very obvious that the lamp was moved to the right.

The bedsheets and pillows were very neatly organized without a crease. It seemed like the maid had just tidied it this morning.

Did Jeremy and Anya sleep in this room last night?

Well, there was nothing wrong with that. Where else would he sleep when he brought his beloved woman back to his house?

Corinne frowned in disgust. She thought the room was not clean anymore, and she would rather sleep in the guest room.

The moment she opened the door once more, a tall man stood outside the room. She was shadowed by his tall, aloof body.

Instinctively, she backed up a step and looked up at him.

It was more obvious to see how exhausted he was in such proximity. The veins in his eyes showed he did not have a good night's sleep last night.

How deeply in love were they with each other? Jeremy was always a calm person with much self-restraint. It was nearly impossible for him to lose control of himself and allow himself to indulge so much unless he loved Anya that much.

Corinne's eyes sank. "Mister, you look very tired today. You can have the bedroom. I'll go to the guest room."

She then attempted to walk past Jeremy to head out.

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Nevertheless, Jeremy calmly stepped forward and stopped Corinne from leaving. He asked fiercely, "Where did you go last night?"

His tone was calm and deep, but it sounded very stressful and suppressive.

"I was at my friend's house," Corinne answered honestly.

Jeremy furrowed his eyebrows and narrowed his handsome eyes sternly. "Who gives you the permission to stay out all night?"

Corinne frowned in dissatisfaction. 'What is he talking about? I'm a grown-up, not a kid. What's wrong with spending the night over at my friend's house? Besides, what am I going to do if I returned, anyway? What if I saw something I shouldn't see or heard something that I'm not supposed to hear? That's going to be very embarrassing for all of us!'

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"I chatted with my friends until late last night, so I decided to just stay over at their place."

Jeremy bent down and approached Corinne. "What sort of friend? Are they guys or girls? What are their names? Where do they live?"

His barrage of questions offended Corinne, and she could not help but explode in a rage. "Am I not allowed to have friends? Or do you mean to tell me that I'm not allowed to have any privacy when I'm with you? Must I tell you everything in detail? How is this any different from being in prison?"

Jeremy froze slightly, and he narrowed his eyes quietly as he looked at her unhappy, dissatisfied little face. He smiled rather than got angry at her, and his thin lips pursed slightly as nearly half his fatigue disappeared in an instant. She seemed to be rather energetic still and had the strength to argue with him.

He stared at her in silence for a while, but instead of arguing with her, he asked in a sneering voice, "Where's your phone? **You** could've called me to inform me if you wanted to stay overnight at a friend's house, right?"

At the mention of her phone, Corinne lost some of her confidence and spread her hands open helplessly. "Sorry."

About your cell phone... I... I lost it last night, and I don't know where I could've dropped it. I'll buy a new one of the same model to compensate you."

It probably fell out during a physical conflict with the female

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internet celebrity the previous day, and she only found out about it when she took a taxi that morning. Luckily for her, however, she managed to have cash with her.

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Jeremy snorted softly, raised his hand, and took out the very cell phone from his jacket pocket. He held it up in front of her with his long fingers and tapped it against her forehead. "You're going to lose your brain one day if you keep losing your stuff all the time."

Corinne blinked unexpectedly, took the phone, and looked at it to confirm that it was the same one she had dropped by mistake. She raised her head in surprise and asked curiously, "What's going on, Mister? Why is it with you?"

The man answered concisely, "Someone found it up by the river and handed it over to the police, who then returned it to its owner."

'I see!' Corinne nodded and said thankfully, "I'm so glad someone found it! I was worried that someone might steal the phone. I can't afford to pay you the huge amount of money that's tied to your bank card," she muttered to herself.

"Corinne," Jeremy called her name all of a sudden.

"Yes?" Corinne raised her head naturally and waited for him to continue his sentence, but her heart skipped a beat when she saw his bottomless black eyes.

Jeremy looked at her intently and said to her in a deep voice, "It's never my intention to imprison you, so you don't need to be that guarded in front of me."

Corinne was startled.

His attitude might be stern, but his tone was incredibly gentle

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as he added, "You can have privacy, you can have little secrets that you're free to keep from me, and you can have your own social circle, but never, ever, decide not to come back home without informing me. What if something happens to you?"

As he spoke, his big rough hands caressed her face as his bony long fingers gently brushed against her delicate cheeks like he just unearthed a long-lost treasure that he could not bear to part with.

He answered her earlier complaints without ignoring her feelings, and he even gave her a very specific answer and attitude.

His unpredictable and ambiguous attitude made Corinne very puzzled; he sounded like he was reproaching her while

persuading her with solid reasoning at the same time. 'Is he too tired? So much so that he's getting confused?'

Jeremy lowered his gaze and stared at Corinne's small and beautiful face. He looked at her starting from her eyebrows, then to her nose, and finally to that sharp tongue of hers. It had been a week since he saw her, and though he did not feel much when he missed her, he could get by with a lit cigarette and meditating with his eyes closed.

It was only when Jeremy touched her in real life that he realized there was an uncontrollable burning desire within him. He could not wait for even a second longer as he raised her little face and kissed her ravishingly.

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Jeremy hooked his arm behind Corinne as he clasped her waist and stretched forward. Their bodies came into close contact through their clothes, and both sides were tightly attached.

Their breaths were intertwined, and their lips were about to meet. The sudden close distance made Corinne palpitate and irked her considerably.

‘What is he trying to do? Anya just left!’ Had she not seen Anya there in a nightdress and knowing that he and Anya had just spent a night of passion together, she might have felt that he was being kind, considerate, and perhaps even developing feelings for her.

However, it was clear to her that he had spent the entire night with Anya, so she was very unhappy that he still had the energy to tease her like that.

‘Tch! Men!’ Corinne regained her senses, tilted her head to avoid his kiss, and nearly twisted her neck as a result. She put her hands on the man’s chest, pushed him back, and consciously stepped back a little to keep a distance from him. I get what you’re trying to say, Mister. I’ll remember to keep you informed wherever I go next time. You don’t need to do this just to reinforce that advice on me!”

Jeremy straightened up, and as soon as he heard Corinne’s heartless words, his handsome eyes narrowed and his passion-filled heart turned cold.

‘This woman can’t read the d*mn room!’

“You get what I’m trying to say? What is it that I’m trying to

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say?” Jeremy glared at Corinne with a touch of helplessness, uneasiness, and unsatiated desire.

“Everything.” Corinne glanced at him and did not want to make too harsh a statement.

He said

more than once that he could give her everything except his feelings, so there was no point for her

to read too much into his actions and think he had feelings for her. She gave his words some careful thought and came to the reason that he was worried about her life because his main concern

was his future with Anya.

Once the three months were over, Jeremy would become nothing more than a divorced man if she

survived until the divorce. He would not feel affected much if he talks about marrying again.

However, if someone who is nothing more than a tool for him runs into some trouble and dies, then he could be considered a widower, and his marriage to Anya—the love of his life—might result in her being viewed as Corinne's replacement.

Many families felt taboo about that, and that would certainly be truer when it came to wealthy families like the Riveras. Since Anya was favored by her family as the apple of their eye, they would probably never agree to let her become someone else's replacement!

With enough family conflicts between the Holdens and the Riveras, there was no point in adding yet another one. Jeremy was simply trying to avoid such troublesome things from happening, and there was no need to spell such things out loud if one already understood it clearly.

After all, it would be pointless to explain it in crystal-clear

detail.

Corinne thought for a while, then looked at Jeremy seriously and said in a negotiating tone, "I hope you won't bring Miss Anya back here to spend the night again, Mister."

Jeremy was stunned at first and raised his handsome eyebrows to stare inquisitively at her. "Why not?"

'Is she jealous?' he wondered.

Corinne shrugged calmly. "You do have other places outside, right? If there aren't any nearby ones, you can still choose from lots of different hotels! I don't care if you sleep with her anywhere outside of the house, but it'll be difficult for me to keep acting as Missus Holden if you bring her back all the time! There are plenty of people in the household, so am I supposed to be offended or just ignore you in front of the butler and the other servants? It's not like I have any say over what you do anyway. Once word gets out to the elders, they'll discover that your marriage with me is fake, and you're the one who will end up being in trouble!"

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Jeremy repeated one particular sentence coldly, "You don't care if I sleep with her anywhere outside of the house?"

Corinne nodded. "That's right."

In that instant, Jeremy's face turned as dark as ink and as cold as the depths of an icy pond. His lips twitched as he let out an unnerving chuckle from the bottom of his throat.

Corinne got ready to go to the guest room after finishing her words. She patted Jeremy on the shoulder like he was a friend and said in a teasingly 'concerned' tone, "You were exhausted last night, weren't you? Make sure you have a good rest. Don't overexert your body even though you snagged yourself a beauty!"

Jeremy narrowed his eyes. "What did you think I was up to last night?"

'I know what I did! Where did you get the nerve to put words in my mouth?'

Corinne curled her lips. "Mister, what I'm trying to say is that excessive indulgence can cause premature aging even though you're still strong and energetic now. You need to l

earn how to control yourself for the sake of your long-term happiness!” she said, then walked past the man and strolled to the guest room alone.

Unfortunately, Jeremy grabbed her by her back collar as soon as she walked out of the room. Next, Jeremy picked her up like a ragdoll and brought her into the bathroom, the door of which he slammed shut and locked.

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Corinne was thrown into the bathtub by the man in a rather harsh manner, and he turned on the shower to splash water all over her body. Because she was unprepared for what

happened, she coughed twice after being drenched in the water and frantically leaned on the edge of the bathtub. “What are you doing, Mister ?!”

Jeremy stood by the bathtub and looked condescendingly at her. “Your brain seems to be clogged with dirt, so I think it’s about right that I wash it with water.”

“You’re the one with something wrong in your brain!” Corinne muttered angrily. She grasped the edge of the bathtub and stood up from the slippery bathtub to try and get out.

Her slippers were not non-slip, and it was only natural that she would slip by accident and was about to fall face-first onto the hard floor!

She thought that she would hurt herself badly, but she ended up being grasped by Jeremy.

The posture was rather awkward, and she wanted to get off him as soon as possible after she stabilized herself. However, he did not give her the chance to do so and held her lower body in his big hands. He turned around while still holding her, and then placed her right on the bathroom sink.

Corinne's body was too wet, and since she slipped down when she was put down on the sink, she instinctively hooked Jeremy's neck but let go as soon as she sat firmly.

She wanted to get down from the sink and leave the bathroom as soon as possible, but his arms were propped on both sides of her body, locking her in between. Even his body was

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standing between her legs against the sink and her waist, preventing her from escaping his shackles.

His posture and their intimate distance were embarrassing.

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The clothes on Corinne's body, which were drenched with water, clung tightly to her skin and highlighted her slender and exquisite figure, leaving little to the imagination. She was a little ashamed and angry as she said, "What are you doing?!"

Jeremy leaned over, approached her, and whispered, "Didn't you suspect me of being too sexually indulgent last night? How about I show you what true indulgence looks like from me?"

Corinne was startled and a little scared. "... I was joking! Can't a grown man like you take a joke?"

The man locked her two restless little hands to the top of her head, pinched her pointed chin, and raised her as he said in a charming, hoarse voice, "You're right. I can't take a joke. I'm too serious."

His turbulent aura, along with his reproaching tone, came crashing right in her face.

Corinne's heart was in a mess, and she closed her eyes as if to escape the ordeal.

“It hurts...”

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“Ugh, it hurts! Mister... Ouch...” Corinne’s voice was trembling

a little and she gritted her teeth to endure the pain. Her face turned pale, and she looked like she was about to keel over anytime.

Jeremy stopped what he was doing, and his eyebrows sank. Why is she yelling when I haven’t even done anything to her yet? He never intended to **do** anything to her in the first place and merely wanted to give her a little scare as payback for her

words to him.

“Where does **it** hurt?”

Corinne frowned uncomfortably. Her eyelashes trembled slightly, and her eyes were red. “My hands...”

‘Hands?’ Jeremy glanced up and looked at the two little hands that he held in a tight grip against the mirror. His pupils shrank suddenly as he let go of her and brought her two hands down to eye level so he could check them.

At that moment, Corinne’s two little hands were red and swollen like two boiled lobster claws.

Jeremy frowned tightly and asked her in a deep voice, “What happened? What did you do?”

Corinne shook her head weakly and was barely able to speak. “I ... I don’t know. I didn’t ...do anything...”

Her hands were hot, and the unbearable pain she felt could be likened to being dipped inside the hot oil of a frying pan. The pain made her sweat all over, and her breathing gradually

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became difficult too. Her throat felt as if it had been stuffed with cotton balls.

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Before she finally closed her eyes, she heard Jeremy calling her name in a rather nervous manner.

“Corinne! Corinne! Corinne...”

The next second, Jeremy quickly rushed out of the bathroom with the unconscious Corinne in his arms.

At the hospital, Corinne woke up to see a white ceiling up above and intravenous drips hanging just beside her.

Her mouth was dry, and her throat felt sore. She wanted to get up but was unable to. She wanted to reach out for the water on the cabinet, only to discover that her hands were tightly wrapped in gauze just like that of an oversized round ball. Her fingers were not in sight, and she could not grasp anything at all.

She lay helplessly on the hospital bed and looked around.

Being the only person in the ward, the silence was deafening and terrifying. It was like the time her mother sent her to the hospital for treatment when she was a child. Her mother had told her to wait obediently in the ward while she went out to buy some food.

She watched as the liquid in the intravenous drip ran out drop by drop, but her mother never once came back.

Hospitals thus became one of the places she disliked most.

She was feeling in low spirits when a loud voice called out to her, “Corinne! You’re awake! I’m so glad!”

Corinne heard the sound and saw that Annie had walked in.

Annie rushed to the hospital bed and looked at her worriedly. "I just went to the bathroom. Why are your eyes red?"

Corinne's lips curled into a smile and she answered hoarsely, "I'm okay. I just slept a little too long."

Annie then nodded. "Do you feel better now, then? Would you like me to call the doctor over and check on you?"

Corinne shook her head. "No, it's fine. Could you help me up and pass me the water? I'm feeling super thirsty right now."

Annie did as Corinne requested and carefully helped the latter up. She then put a pillow on Corinne's back, then brought a glass of water over with a straw and held it up for Corinne to take a sip.

Corinne originally wanted to take the water glass to drink by herself, but since she was unable to hold the glass with her hands, she could only accept Annie's help as she stretched her head over and drank with a straw.

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Corinne's throat felt a lot better after she drank a lot of water. She leaned against the hospital bed and asked Annie, "Why are you here?"

Annie put down the glass before replying, "Uncle Jeremy

called me and asked me to rush over to the hospital after buying a set of clean and comfortable innerwear for you. I came as soon as I bought everything."

'Inner...wear?' Corinne felt embarrassed as she looked down at herself.

She remembered being locked in the bathroom by Jeremy and getting drenched before finally losing consciousness.

Although she was wearing a hospital gown, the underwear inside was dry and had been changed.

“... Who helped me change my underwear?” she asked with a frown.

Annie said, “I did. I took off your wet clothes too!”

Her answer allowed Corinne to heave a sigh of relief. She no longer felt as embarrassed as before and said, “Oh. That’s good!”

Annie added, “But he did help at one side since I didn’t have the strength to hold you up and put your clothes on at the same time!”

Corinne’s embarrassment returned. “Did he watch the entire process?”

Annie waved her fingers. “No, no, no! He wanted to, but I

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insisted that he turn **his** face away. The two of **you** may be husband and wife, but it’s still important to keep things mysterious, or there won’t be any hint of intrigue in the future!”

Corinne’s lips twitched. ‘Annie can be such a dunderhead sometimes...’

Annie sighed worriedly again as she held Corinne’s little hands which were swollen red like crab claws.

“Why are your allergies so serious this time? What did you touch?”

Corinne had guessed that it was an allergic reaction as soon as she woke up. “I don’t know. I must’ve encountered some allergen by accident.”

She only had a strong allergic reaction toward silver products, and everything else would not be as serious.

Previously, at the racecourse, a tiny silver earring was enough to cause her palms to turn red and swollen. The severe allergic reaction she had then must have meant that she had touched a lot of silver, but she did not remember touching anything of the sort, be it from the time she took a taxi back to the Holdens estate from Sky Mirror Residence, or when she returned to the room. She surmised that she could have accidentally touched some hidden silver objects in the taxi.

“Please be more mindful of your allergens. You shouldn’t be careless again! Do you have any idea how scared Uncle Jeremy and I were when we came and saw your pale, unconscious face?”

“Okay. I’ll pay more attention in the future.” Corinne then glanced around the ward after responding to Annie.

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Annie seemed to have guessed why Corinne was acting that way, so she leaned over and asked, “Are you looking for Uncle Jeremy?”

Corinne did not deny it. “Where is he?”

Her initial intention was not to see Jeremy. She was simply curious as to who sent her to the hospital, and whether he could have left her in Annie’s care just so he could leave without being responsible for her.

Annie thought for a while and told Corinne the truth. “Well, Anya had a car accident on the way home and was sent to this same hospital. Sunny just called Uncle Jeremy and asked him to go see her.”

Corinne narrowed her eyes slightly and said, “Oh. I see.”

Annie looked at Corinne with a flickering gaze as if she wanted to say something, but she hesitated and said, “Umm... Are you hungry? Would you like something to eat? I’ll get someone to buy some food for you!”

Corinne shook her head. "No, I'm not hungry yet."

Annie felt a little uneasy. "Don't be angry, Corinne. Uncle Jeremy should be back soon!"

Corinne curled her lips and smiled. "I'm not. Why would I be angry?"

A person's psyche would usually become more fragile and delicate when they get sick. She was not angry though, and all she wanted was to go home—to the home she, Xante, and Aaron stayed in—and hug their little Mia on the sofa while listening to her favorite classical music and doing nothing.

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All of a sudden, someone pushed the door open and walked in.

Jeremy's tall and slender body came into view, and behind him was Anya, who was still wearing a hospital gown.