

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

## Chapter 276 to 300

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### Chapter 276

“Uncle Jeremy! You’re back!” Annie immediately got up from the hospital bed to make way for Jeremy as soon as she saw him appear.

However, her expression froze when she saw Anya coming in with Jeremy, and she subconsciously turned her head to see how Corinne reacted.

Corinne’s expression remained calm, and there seemed to be no emotional changes at all.

“Did you just wake up?”

Jeremy walked slowly to the side of the hospital bed. He stood in a dignified and relaxed posture, with his hands inserted elegantly in his trouser belt. His calm eyes were indecipherable as he gazed downward at her.

“Yeah.” Corinne nodded, looked at Jeremy’s handsome eyes, and shifted away without lingering too long on him as she looked at Anya who was by his side.

The man could tell what she wanted to ask and turned around

to look at Anya beside him. He then turned back to Corinne and said softly, “She wanted to see you.”

Annie stood to one side and let out a barely discernible cold

snort from his nostrils.

Anya, like Corinne, was wearing a puffy hospital gown. There was gauze wrapped around her forehead, and her injured

appearance made her look even more slender and weak—the very epitome of a sick woman who needed to be cared for.

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However, she did not seem haughty at all and had a cheerful **yet** easy-going smile on her face. She took the initiative to step forward and ask concernedly, “I heard Jeremy say that you were hospitalized due to allergies, and I came with him to see you because I’m a little worried about you. How are you feeling now?”

Corinne replied politely, “Thanks for your concern. I feel much better now. How about you, Miss Anya? You look injured too. Are you okay?”

Anya touched her gauze-wrapped forehead and sighed helplessly, “I’m fine. It wasn’t a very serious car accident. All I suffered was a graze on my head. My family’s a bit fussy though, and they insisted that I had to be hospitalized for a couple of days’ worth of observation!” She had something of an annoyed expression on her face, like there was nothing that she could do with what her family members imposed on her.

Yet, that very helplessness inadvertently revealed how much she was cherished by her family, who lavished her with love and affection. Since she received such care ever since she was a child, she did not lack wealth, companionship, and love—anything she wanted could be had without any effort, which allowed her to act like a child. The good life she had then probably meant that she had saved the world in her previous life.

Corinne smiled and kept quiet.

Anya seemed to have noticed something was amiss. She looked left and right and all around the ward, noticing that Annie was the only other person in the ward aside from herself and Jeremy, who had just come in.

“Where’s your family, Corinne? Why aren’t they here at the hospital to take care of you?”

Corinne's face darkened slightly when she heard that.

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'Family? I don't have a family.' Only recently did she find out that Marvin was not her biological father, so even Sherlyn whom she had always thought to be her half-sister—was not related to her by blood either. Meanwhile, the Carews in the countryside had no thing to do with her either.

Therefore, one could say that she did not have any relatives.

Corinne remained silent, and it was Annie who stepped forward to voice her opinion, "Your remark is a little strange, Miss Anya. Aren't Uncle Jeremy and I Corinne's family? We're with her at the hospital now!"

Anya looked at Annie and explained innocently, "You

misunderstood me, Annie. I know that you're Corinne's family, but what I mean by my question is, why didn't any of her own family come here?"

Annie did not know about Corinne's family affairs and simply felt that Anya was being nosy. "Having myself and Uncle Jeremy here is good enough. We shouldn't bother her family!"

Anya disagreed. "You can't keep it from them just because you're afraid they'll get worried. Corinne's allergies are so severe that she must feel very uncomfortable right now. I'm sure she'll feel a lot better if her close relatives are by her side at such a time."

Annie felt that Anya's words made sense, so she turned to look at Corinne and asked obediently, "Would you like your family to come and keep your company? Do you want Uncle Jeremy to

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send someone to pick them up?"

Corinne shook her head and said, "This is a small injury.

There's no need to get them to come back since I'll be fine in a couple of days anyway.

Annie was very obedient and did as Corinne told her. She nodded and did not get involved in that anymore.

Seeing that Corinne did not budge, Anya looked at Jeremy worriedly again and said sincerely, "Corinne might insist that it's not serious, but I still think it's better to call her family and inform them!"

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Jeremy waited for further instruction from Corinne after hearing what Anya said. He knew that the little girl grew up in the countryside and had a relatively poor relationship with the Carews, but if she wanted to see them, he could grant her that wish.

"Thanks for your concern, but unfortunately, I don't have family," Corinne answered expressionlessly.

Anya was stunned. "What? Umm... I'm sorry, Corinne. I didn't know."

"It's no biggie," Corinne smiled and did not seem to mind what Anya said at all. Truth be told, it was better not to have a family rather than have one just like the Carews.

Anya felt very moved when Corinne did not get angry at her, so she stepped forward and gently took one of Corinne's gauze-wrapped hands while remarking emotionally, "You have such a good personality, Corinne. We share a pretty odd fate too, considering we were both admitted to the hospital on the day we first meet each other! You can treat me like your sister from now on. Don't hesitate to look for me if you feel like you need anything!"

She held Corinne's swollen hand carefully and suddenly did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Your hands might be painfully swollen, but they look cute, like little pom-poms!"

Corinne stared quietly at Anya who was being all intimate with her and looked down at her hands. A sudden thought occurred to her, and she seemed to have found the answer to the

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conundrum. She had confirmed that she did not touch any

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obvious allergens before she suffered an allergic reaction, and the only person aside from Jeremy who touched her hand was Anya, who did so twice!

Anya showed her kindness at the entrance of Holdens' estate and came over to hold her hand.

Corinne withdrew the first time because she felt awkward, but she could not bring herself to resist the second time because Anya seemed too kind. Could that innocent-looking girl have done something to her hand?

"At least we can keep each other company and not feel lonely these couple of days at the hospital!" Anya said with a smile.

Corinne looked pensively at Anya's innocent face but did not respond to her statement.

Annie

complained angrily, "Hospitals aren't places to have fun. The doctor said that Corinne needs to rest for the next two days, so I'm afraid she won't be able to keep you company, Miss Anya."

Anya was stunned and felt a little embarrassed. "... You're

right. How could I be such an idiot to treat hospitalization like it's something fun?"

Annie said without any restraint, "Because you're used to being hospitalized with your weak and sick body!"

Anya's deer-

like pupils flickered, and she lowered her head in shame like a child who had spoken and done something wrong.

Jeremy's expression sank, and he gave Annie a stern look. "Don't be rude!"

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Annie pursed her lips and muttered in a low voice, "... I'm not wrong!"

Anya looked at the time on her watch, then raised her head again and said softly, "I've already visited Corinne, so I think it's about time I go back, or my family will be worried sick."

Jeremy nodded and responded with a light grunt.

Anya said goodbye to Corinne and turned around to walk toward the door.

When she reached the door of the ward, she stopped suddenly and turned her head helplessly. "Oh dear, I forgot how to get back to my ward. Could you send me there, Jeremy?"

Jeremy did not say anything and turned around to prepare to see her off.

Before his long legs could take a step forward, his big hand was grabbed by a clumsy small hand that had swollen like a balloon.

Jeremy stopped what he was doing, turned his head to see Corinne holding him, and had a bit of vigor in his eyes.

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Corinne did not say anything. She merely held the man's hand and looked at the man unblinkingly. All she gave him was a look, and it was up to him to decide what to do about it.

After two seconds of silence, Jeremy turned his head to Annie and said, "Could you help me bring Miss Anya back to her room, Annie?"

Annie was hardly pleased to hear that, but she was well aware of the situation at hand. If she did not go, Corinne would be unhappy because Jeremy would have to go. As Corinne's most loyal supporter, she could never allow such a thing to happen!

"Okay, Uncle Jeremy. I'll send Miss Anya back to her ward as politely as I possibly can!" Annie then reluctantly walked up to Anya.

"Let's go. I'd have to be the one sending you because Uncle Jeremy isn't free right now."  
"

Anya's innocent eyes stared straight at Corinne's hand

holding Jeremy, and she was stuck in a momentary daze before turning to look at Annie. "Do you know where my ward is, Annie?"

Annie did not take it too seriously. "I can ask around, right? I have a functioning mouth, and there are nurses stationed on every floor of the hospital!"

Anya's expression was a little contorted, but that was

immediately replaced by a smile as she said, "You're right. Let's go!"

Before leaving, Anya looked intently at Corinne again and said in a caring manner, "Take good care of your health, Corinne. I'll come to see you tomorrow."

Corinne nodded. "You too. Get well soon."

Anya's gaze moved away from Corinne, and she looked affectionately at Jeremy. "I'll be leaving then, Jeremy."

"Sure." Jeremy did not have much to say.

Eventually, Anya left with Annie.

Corinne and Jeremy were the only two people left in the ward. He looked at her holding his hand, and warmth sprang up from the bottom of his eyes as he raised his eyebrows to look at her little face. "What's wrong?"

"I'm fine."

Corinne let go of his hand without hesitation.

She only wanted to test Anya's reaction to verify her guess. If Anya was a simple-minded girl, then most of the latter's emotions would be shown on her face. Young ladies who were spoiled by their families did not need to learn to judge the situation and hide one's emotions. Examples of such women were Annie and Francine, who both had a straight temper and did not hide their emotions. They would not shy away from making their true emotions known.

By contrast, Anya retained a smile despite feeling bothered by the way she saw Corinne holding Jeremy's hand earlier. It was proof that Anya was not as simple and innocent as she let on and that she was more cunning than what met the eye.

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However, her lovely looks and charm were incongruous with the way she put on a facade.

Truth be told, Corinne did not care whether Anya was

pretending or not, or what kind of person Anya was. She was more concerned about whether Anya had something to do with her severe allergic reaction, and if Anya had manipulated her. If so, any bridge between them was as good as burnt.

Though she could not tell from her 'test' earlier whether Anya did it, she could confirm that Anya was duplicitous and

insincere, which necessitated greater care when interacting with her in the future.



As for the real cause of her allergies, it seemed that there was no way for her to find out the truth, because if she were to analyze the situation by virtue of two simple perspectives of motive and suspicion, then it was almost certain that Anya was the culprit. Unfortunately, there would hardly be any evidence if Anya changed her clothes and washed her hands.

What Corinne did not expect was that Jeremy would stay simply because of her light tug, rather than escort the apple of his eye out.

“You stopped me from sending Anya to her ward and now you left me in the cold like this? What are you trying to do,

Corinne?”

Jeremy’s tone was displeased, and he seemed to object to her actions.

Corinne came back to her senses to discover that Jeremy was still standing beside her hospital bed and gazing—or more accurately, glaring—down at her. She knew that he would find her behavior to be a little inexplicable, so after thinking about

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it, she said, “**I just** remembered that there’s something I **need from you!**”

‘That’s more like it.’ Jeremy snorted coldly, then moved

gracefully and sat on the side of the hospital bed. His long legs were crossed lazily one over the other, like a king waiting for his subjects to present a report.

“What is it?”

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Corinne smacked her lips and said, “There is a cake I made for myself in the refrigerator at home. Could you please ask Tommy to get it for me? I’m craving it a little right now.”

Jeremy’s expression turned cold. “Is that it?”

Corinne nodded. "Yeah. That's it."

Jeremy's complexion did not seem too pleased, but he gazed deeply at her and said, "If there's anything you want to ask, you can ask now. I'll tell you everything."

"Nope." Corinne looked out the window at the sky and yawned tiredly to avoid looking at the man.

She had nothing to ask, and since she was not his true wife, would be annoying if she asked too many questions.

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Jeremy stared at her nonchalantly, and his jaw gradually tightened. Had it not been for her pitifully swollen little hands, he wished he could just pick her up and give her a good lesson!

Her actions irked him, and he had no choice but to suck it up as he massaged his heavy eyebrows.

Then, he pulled Corinne's small swollen gauze—wrapped hand and placed it on his palm to see if the swelling subsided. He then asked her, "Does your hand still hurt?"

Corinne had been looking out the window all that time and was startled by his actions. She replied curtly and said, "It's fine. I can bear it."

**Jeremy frowned, and the gentle arc of the corner of his lips froze within seconds.**

She **was** probably number one in the world when **it** came to ruining the mood.

The man sighed helplessly and tucked the lock of hair behind her ear. "Don't worry. I won't let you die."

Corinne was startled by what he did and turned her face away before closing her eyes. She then muttered to herself, "Yeah, you won't let me die..." 'At least within these three months, you won't.'

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By the time Corinne woke up again, the sky outside the window was already dark.

The side effects of the antihistamines injected into her system made her very sleepy, and she slept incredibly deeply at that time. However, her condition soon recovered somewhat, and she was able to sit up on her own.

As soon as she sat up, her first instinct was to look around, whereupon she saw the tall figure of a man sitting on the sofa in the ward.

She was startled, and when she looked closely, she discovered that it was Jeremy. He was sitting lazily on the sofa with a laptop on his lap. His forehead was supported on his hand, and it seemed that he was focused on some important work

matters.

"You're awake?" His attention was clearly on the laptop, yet he knew that she was awake without even bothering to look up at her.

Corinne frowned and asked in surprise, "Why are you still here?"

Jeremy glanced at her, reached out for the coffee on the table, and took a sip. "Didn't someone tell me not to leave even after they've fallen asleep?"

Corinne's lips twitched awkwardly. "Didn't I say that you can leave when Annie comes back? Where is she?" She looked left and right but saw no sign of Annie in the ward.

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"Tommy sent her home," he replied softly.

Corinne's complexion soured. Since Annie was gone, then Jeremy was the only one left with her in that room.

Jeremy cocked an eyebrow. "Something the matter? Are you disappointed that I'm keeping you company while you sleep?"

The phrase 'keeping you company while you sleep' was rather unassuming, but for some reason, it sounded particularly insinuating when it came out of Jeremy's mouth.

Corinne was disappointed indeed, but it was not like she could do anything about it since Annie had already left.

Corinne sighed helplessly, glanced briefly at the man, and discovered that he was using a fork to eat something as he was looking at the computer. She was hungry after sleeping the entire day, so she smacked her lips and asked, "What are you eating?"

"Cake," he replied nonchalantly.

'Cake? Since when did he like eating sweet stuff?'

A sudden thought occurred to her, and she immediately glared at him. "Is it my chestnut cake?"

"Yes."

"That's mine! I was saving it! Who said you could eat it?!"

The man had a straight face. "You were asleep and hadn't woken up yet, and it'd be a waste not to eat it because this sort of stuff spoils easily at room temperature."

Corinne frowned. "Well, I can eat it now that I'm awake! Give it!"

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"Come and get it yourself."

"Hmph."

Corinne got out of bed

to take the cake from him, but as soon as she walked to the sofa, she discovered that there was only one small piece of cake left. Jeremy had already eaten most of it!

She was unhappy and stretched out her two swollen hands to take the cake away. As soon as she lifted the plate, Jeremy pressed it back on the table with two long fingers. "Sit down. and eat with me."

"It's mine!" Corinne had a protective expression, and her eyebrows were knitted into a frown.

Jeremy had a domineering expression. "Does that mean I can't eat any?"

Corinne was furious. "Why are you still trying to snatch it away from me after eating so much already?!" She then immediately picked up the plate and wanted to leave again.

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man raised his big hand and used his long fingers to grasp the other end of the plate. He pulled the plate toward him, dragging along

Corinne who was holding the plate, and said, "Are you really being stingy over a piece of cake with the person who sent you to the hospital and took care of you all day?"

Although Corinne's hand condition made it inconvenient for her to do anything, she did not let go and continued to hold the plate tightly

as she confronted him. "There's only one piece left, and I want to eat it all! I can always make one for you another time if you want it!"

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"Deal." Jeremy let go all of a sudden, and Corinne fell into his arms because the inertia made it difficult for her to control her center of gravity.

Fortunately, the cake did not fall and was duly caught by the man's hand.

Her chin struck the man's collarbone heavily, and she could feel the contours of his bones through the layer of clothing. She stood up at once but felt pricked when she inadvertently brushed past the man's side profile.

She scratched her face with her hands and complained, "Don't you think it's about time you shave? You're full of stubble now!"

"Oh?" Jeremy cocked his eyebrows, clasped her waist with one hand, and pulled her body close to him again so he could rub her face on purpose. He wanted to rub his stubble on the little girl's tender skin.

Corinne's face turned red when he rubbed her face, and she did not know whether to be angry or ashamed. "Mister! Stop! Enough!"

Jeremy let go and looked at her with tired eyes, "I didn't have time to shave because I haven't closed my eyes for two days now."

Corinne was taken aback. 'He hasn't slept for two days?'

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'Oh, he didn't sleep a wink because he and Anya had spent the night experiencing the miracles of life!' Corinne remembered.

Jeremy frowned when he saw the look of disgust on her face." Do I disgust you? All men have beards, you know."

Corinne came back to her senses, got up from him, and shook her head after moving a little away. "No. You look handsome with a beard."

Whether or not he grew a beard had nothing to do with her, so the question of liking or disliking it did not arise.

"You think I'm handsome, then?" There was a surge of heat in Jeremy's expression, for it was rare to hear her say something nice about him.

Corinne remained calm. "Your handsomeness is a fact. My opinion doesn't matter."

"Is that why you are so cold toward me?"

“Am I supposed to be super friendly with you just because you’re handsome? There are plenty of handsome men out there, so am I supposed to get close to all of them?”

Jeremy’s complexion darkened. He dragged her over, sat her down on the sofa with a sullen face, and abruptly placed the cake plate in front of her as he said coldly, “Don’t think about that stuff. Eat your cake!”

Corinne snorted unhappily when she was forced to sit. ‘Yeah, yeah, I’ll eat it!’

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Her hands might be swollen, but she could still hold the fork- albeit with some effort.

She no longer kicked up a fuss and merely sat on the sofa while eating her cake. From time to time, she glanced at Jeremy’s laptop screen too. He had stopped causing trouble and continued to focus on reviewing the documents on his laptop. Occasionally, the long fingers of his hands would dance on the keys as if to make annotations on the documents he was reviewing.

Corinne felt unbearably bored, so she sucked on the cake fork and asked, “When can I be discharged from the hospital, Mister?”

“In another three days at least.”

‘Three days! That’s too long!’ Corinne did not want to stay in the hospital, so she negotiated with him. “I’ll be fine as long as I don’t come into contact with allergens, right? I want to go home to recuperate. Can I? Please...”

The man turned around, and as soon as he saw Corinne was about to put a cake in her mouth, he raised his handsome eyebrows and opened his mouth at her.

Corinne was taken aback for a moment when she saw that. ‘Is he...begging me for the cake? And what’s with that tiny hint of threat in his eyes? Is he saying that I have to feed him if I am to have the smallest chance of discussing this with him?’

She was a little upset after coming to realize what he meant, but since she did not want to stay in the hospital for three more days, she decided to set down the cake that she had not yet eaten and reach out to get a new fork to feed him.

Unexpectedly, his big hand grabbed her wrist before she could put it down, and he pulled her over forcibly to feed himself

indirectly. He showed no hesitation at all in eating the cake she had on her fork.

Corinne's heart skipped a beat, and by the time she regained her senses, she quickly threw the fork away and replaced it with a new one.

Jeremy frowned. "Do I disgust you that much?"

Corinne cleared her throat, curled her lips, and said, "It's unhygienic. Sharing utensils is equivalent to engaging in a ritual of germ exchange! You might not mind it as much, but I do!"

Jeremy snorted softly. "Too late to worry about that. The germ exchange between us has already happened."

'Germ...exchange...' Although he did not mention anything in specific, he was clearly referring to what happened on the night she got drugged, was in heat, and engaged in a passionate spiritual and physical encounter with him.

She wanted to forget it, which made it even more irksome that he had mentioned it again.

Corinne could not take it anymore. "Mister!"

Jeremy felt as though he had finally let out his anger on her and chuckled softly after seeing her blushing face. He stopped causing trouble and raised his hand to rub her head. "Okay. Don't eat too much sweet stuff. A hot meal will be delivered to you soon."

Corinne was stunned. Was he some sort of schizophrenic? He was gloomy one second and then cheery the next!



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She turned her face away and uttered a displeased grunt.

Jeremy seemed to tease her whenever he had nothing better to do.

Her phone then vibrated all of a sudden, and Corinne put down the cake fork so she could reach out and take the phone.

She has been using Jeremy's cell phone recently, and all his contacts were stored in it. Generally, Tommy and Zeke were the ones who would call the number on occasion. The

incoming call she was receiving then happened to be from a number that was not saved

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Corinne picked up the phone, and since it was inconvenient for her to swipe and answer due to her gauze-wrapped hand, she used her chin to swipe the screen and answer it.

Anya's terrified voice came from the other end.

"Ah! Help! Don't! Don't come here! Jeremy! I'm scared! Help me! Come quick..."

Corinne frowned and walked over to Jeremy immediately as she handed the phone to him. "It's for you, Mister. Something apparently happened to your Anya!"

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Jeremy raised his sharp eyes. "Who's calling?"

Corinne felt that Jeremy seemed to have missed the point, so she stuffed the phone into his hand. "Hurry up! Don't let anything happen to her!"

Jeremy narrowed his eyes, gazed deeply at her, then placed the phone to his ear.

After hearing the call for help, his calm face tensed up

suddenly as he stood up and asked in a deep voice, "Where are you? Stay there and don't go anywhere! I'll be there right away!"

After ending the call, Jeremy hurried to leave but stopped suddenly and stared at Corinne.

Corinne shrugged indifferently. "Go ahead. I'll be fine on my own!"

The man had mixed emotions as he frowned and said, "Be good. I'll be back soon." He then rushed off.

Corinne froze for a moment, feeling as though she had been transported all those years ago when her mother said the same thing to her at the hospital. "Be good. I'll be back soon."

Sadly, her mother never came back.

An hour passed, and after Corinne finished her cake, she scrolled through several short videos on her phone for some time. Jeremy, who said he would be back soon, still had not.

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returned yet.

'Did something happen? I don't know which ward Anya is in...'

Corinne slept too much during the day and could not fall

asleep anymore, so

after some thought, she got up and left her ward with plans to go out and look for him. She was on the VIP floor of the hospital's inpatient department, where each patient was housed in a high-quality ward. The environment there was relatively quiet, and most people were already resting because it was getting late.

There was no one in the corridor, so Corinne walked slowly toward the nurse's station to try and find out which room Anya was in. Before she could reach one of the stations, however, she saw from a distance the presence of police officers checking the surveillance in the nurse's station. They seemed to have made a copy of the video they needed, and they came out of the nurse station, and a doctor who seemed to be in a relatively high position in the hospital hierarchy sent the police to the elevator entrance.

The police

waved their hands and said, "Don't worry about it. There's no need to send us off. We appreciate your hospital's cooperation with the investigation today."

The doctor replied politely, "It's our duty! You've all worked hard to address our issue at such a late hour!"

"Our duty is to serve the people!" the police said before leaving.

Corinne heard several nurses in the nurse's station discussing among themselves.

"That was scary! I didn't expect a pervert to show up in our

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hospital!"

"Perverts exist everywhere. We should all be more careful in the future!"

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"This particular sicko is brave enough to stalk Miss Anya from room three—o—two! Who does he think he is, trying to stalk someone like Anya?"

"People like him should be chemically castrated after getting caught!"

"By the way, I just went to take Miss Anya's temperature, and I noticed that her little face turned pale with fright. She hasn't recovered yet, and she's still crying pitifully in her boyfriend's arms!"

“Is her boyfriend handsome? He’s the one who spent a huge sum of money for Century Bank’s LED advertisement by Yonder River last night just so he can express his love to Miss Anya all the time, right?”

“He’s not just handsome... He’s super handsome! He’s even more handsome than any movie star! I wouldn’t even dare to steal another glance at him or else my legs will turn weak...”

“Why would your legs turn weak? Are you craving a man’s touch?”

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“Don’t be ridiculous! It’s obvious that the man’s status is unique and that he probably has the same sort of family

background that could complement Miss Anya. They made for the perfect pair!”

Corinne heard that while she passed slowly by the nurse’s station, and she had a good guess of what could have

happened. A pervert had stalked Anya, which led her to call Jeremy for help. By the time Jeremy arrived, however, the pervert had run off.

The police then came to investigate potential suspects by checking the hospital surveillance footage. The nurses mentioned that Anya was in Ward 302, which did not seem too far away. She should be almost there if she kept walking and took the turn up ahead. Corinne turned the corner and found Ward 302 in no time.

The door of the ward was half open, and there were plenty of people inside, including the police. Without getting too close, the angle was just right for her to see what was going on in the

ward.

Anya leaned against Jeremy’s arms in shock, and her shoulders were trembling. “Jeremy, I’m scared...”

Jeremy hugged her shoulders and patted her back gently to comfort her. He then reassured her in a low voice, "It'll be alright. Just tell the police what happened. Do you still remember the perpetrator's physical appearance and characteristics?"

Anya was unable to go to the police station to have her statement taken because she was hospitalized, so the police had no choice but to go to the hospital to do their duty.

Jeremy's reassurance stabilized Anya's mood greatly, and she took a deep breath before saying as calmly as possible to the officers, "That man... He wore a striped shirt, wears glasses, and is a bit fat. He's about one-point-seven meters tall..."

The police nodded and jotted it down. "Okay. We've got that written down, Miss Anya. Rest assured, we will apprehend that person and get justice for you!"

"Thank you." Anya thanked the police politely while shrinking into Jeremy's arms to seek a sense of security. It was as if that man was the only person in the world who would not scare her.

"I'm scared, Jeremy. Please don't go. I want you to be here by my side..."

"I won't go anywhere."

Jeremy patted her gently on the back and whispered a few words of comfort.

After finishing up their work there, the police stood up and prepared to leave. "We'll excuse ourselves now, Mister Jeremy. You'll be the first to know if there is any progress with the case."

Jeremy nodded slightly. "Okay. Please send the two officers off, Rosie."

Rosie then said magnanimously, "Thank you for all that

you've done, officers. Right this way, please. Take care on the road."

Corinne stood outside the ward and saw that the two of them were fine. Nothing serious seemed to have happened, so she closed her eyes gently and turned around to go back to her ward.

"Corinne?! It's you!" Rosie, who had come out to see the police off, chanced upon a figure that looked like Corinne in the corridor. She immediately followed behind the girl to get a closer look, and her guess turned out to have been spot on.

Corinne looked calmly at Rosie standing in front of her. "Good evening, Miss Rosie."

Rosie looked at Corinne suspiciously, then looked back at Ward 302, and realized that she could see Anya leaning against Jeremy's arms through the half-open door. She understood at once and laughed. "You saw everything, didn't you? I told you a long time ago that you'd be reduced to nothing once Anya comes back!"

Corinne smirked. She was nothing to Jeremy before Anya came back anyway, so what was the difference?

Rosie folded her arms triumphantly and said, "I'll have you know that Anya has known Jeremy since she was ten, and their relationship had developed to such an extent over the years that you can never separate them!"

Corinne surmised that Rosie was just trying to stand in her way, so she raised her eyebrows and asked, "Don't you think you're just poking your nose into other people's businesses?" Rosie's face turned sour, and after seeing a distinct lack of disappointment on Corinne's face, she gritted her teeth unhappily because her comments failed to achieve the

intended effects. "Hmph! I'll wait until you're abandoned by Jeremy! I hope you don't cry too ugly when the time comes!"

“Who are you talking to?” A man’s gentle and clear voice suddenly sounded from behind Corinne.

## **Chapter 284**

Rosie’s eyes lit up when she saw the man who spoke, and her tone became gentle as she said, “Lucas, you’re here!”

Rosie’s sudden lovestruck reaction prompted Corinne to turn around and have a look at who it was.

The man behind her was tall and slender. He wore a finely tailored light-gray suit, and there was a touch of warm handsomeness to his expression. His beautiful long eyes were like an artist’s portrayal of a charming man, with a hint of estrangement added to his demeanor. He exuded the condescending look of the high-bred member of society, like a god bereft of earthly influence as he stood high above all men.

He looked at Corinne when she turned to look at him, and he recognized Corinne immediately. “You?”

Corinne also recognized him as the grandson of the blind elderly man from the previous day.

Seeing Lucas chatting with Corinne, Rosie panicked and had her guard up as she asked with a smirk, “Do you know Corinne?”

Lucas glanced at Rosie insipidly before turning his warm yet distant gaze back toward Corinne. “Your name is Corinne?”

Corinne nodded. “Yes. My name is Corinne.”

Lucas did not say anything more and simply raised his hand elegantly, signaling to his secretary, Edmund, for his wallet. He took it fr

om Edmund, opened it, and signed a checkbook inside before tearing it off and handing it to Corinne. He then

said politely, "I caught wind that you felt that I gave you too little. Take a look at this check and tell me if it's better."

Corinne looked down at the check that was handed to her. This time, it was a check filled with a specific number, 750,000 dollars, which was one zero more than the previous day.

Rosie looked at them in a daze, for she was puzzled as to why Lucas would give Corinne such a large check. Though she wanted to ask him, she did not dare to be rash and interrupt them.

Corinne cocked her eyebrow. "Sir, do you think seven-hundred -and-fifty million can buy a person's dignity?"

Lucas's noble and handsome face was unmoved. He smiled and responded to her without answering her question, "Generally speaking, it doesn't take this much to buy the dignity of an ordinary person."

Corinne looked at him with a bright, clear gaze. "So, what you're saying is, you think that as long as you have enough money, you can buy anyone's dignity and everything that comes with a person?"

Lucas smiled gracefully. "Well, yeah."

Corinne took the check with her gauze-wrapped hands, brought it to her nose to smell it, and smiled. She almost seemed unable to put it down. "Money smells amazing! Are you giving me this check, sir?"



“Indeed.” Contempt flashed across Lucas’s handsome eyes when he saw Corinne’s reaction after seeing all that money. He initially thought of her as being different from the others, but it seemed that she would be just as prone to money as long

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as the price was right.

All of a sudden, Corinne placed the check in Lucas’s hand again and said with a smile. “This amount of money can set an ordinary person up for life, but you’re very good-looking, and you seem to be worth a lot too. In that case, I’ll use this money to take care of you for an entire year!”

‘Take care of me?’ Lucas was stunned and sullen. ‘What did she just say?’

He never felt that offended by anyone in his 30 years of living.

Meanwhile, his secretary Edmund could not bear to see his master being teased by a woman like that and wanted to step forward to deal with her.

Rosie

was just as angry too. “What are you talking about, Corinne? Who gave you the courage to talk to Lucas like that?!”

Lucas raised his hand, signaling Rosie and the secretary to step aside and not to interrupt.

He looked down at the check that had returned to his hand, narrowed his eyes, and said to her seriously, “Well, Miss Corinne, you saved my grandfather yesterday, and I intend to repay you out of gratitude. I bear no ill will. Are you sure you don’t want a single penny?”

Corinne shrugged. “I do. Didn’t I just say I’m using it to take care of you for an entire year?”

Lucas stared at her for a few seconds and smiled. "Oh? How do you plan to take care of me with this seven-hundred-and- fifty thousand?"

Corinne said curtly, "I want to make sure you don't show up in front of me throughout the one-year duration!"

Lucas's elegant smile froze, and he frowned.

Corinne's playful eyes suddenly turned cold, and she snorted softly. "Kids like you from aristocratic families think that your charm is endless, and you're always afraid that people will want to try and take advantage of you whenever they see you. That's why you pay off people no matter what they do, and I'm sick of seeing people do that to me! Take the money and get out of my sight!"

Lucas, Edmund, and Rosie were all speechless.

At that moment, neither of them noticed that a tall figure had long been standing outside Ward 302. Jeremy heard Corinne's voice talking with someone in the corridor, so he immediately got up and came out to check. That was when he witnessed how swiftly she dealt with Lucas, who was an arrogant and ruthless man notorious for being a difficult old fox in the business world. Even Jeremy had suffered in Lucas's hands before.

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Amazingly, Corinne left the man stumped with just a few words.

Jeremy leaned lazily against the door frame and placed his hands on his belt. There was a gentle sense of pride as he watched his wife gain the upper hand against Lucas. 'That's my girl!'

He then walked over and asked, "Why did you come out instead of resting in your ward?"

Corinne saw that Jeremy had come out of Ward 302 at some point and was walking toward her, which drew a frown from her as she said unhappily, "I've been sleeping too much and I'm bored, so I thought of coming out to check whether or not you're still alive."

Jeremy's expression turned sullen, but he seemed to have gotten used to her ability to irritate people and was not angry as a result.

His big rough hands covered the top of her head and massaged her impudently. "Sorry to burst your bubble, but I'm still alive. Were you disappointed?"

Corinne dodged the man's touch smoothly by moving a step. She despised having him touch her when his hand had just been hugging another woman! Tiredness began to sink in, so Corinne waved her little swollen gauze-wrapped hands and said, "Carry on, folks. I won't be joining your conversation anymore!"

She then turned and left.

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2/6

Jeremy followed Corinne naturally, and Anya ran out suddenly to hold the corner of his clothes. Tears welled up in her eyes as she said, "Don't go, Jeremy! Stay with me, please. I'm scared..."

Jeremy paused and looked at Anya. Rather than responding directly to her, he looked up at her brother Lucas and said, "My family is very strict, and it's inconvenient for me to take care of your sister."

Lucas's eyes dimmed slightly, and he nodded gracefully. "Understood."

Jeremy then calmly broke away from Anya's hand and said to her, "Your brother is here to keep you company. Rest well." He then picked up the pace with steady steps and caught up with Corinne who was far ahead of him.

Anya wanted to catch up when she saw Jeremy leave, but Lucas took his younger sister's arm and advised her kindly, "Be good, Anya. He's already married."

Anya shook her head aggrievedly. "I know that Jeremy only got married to deal with his old man. He never really intended to marry..."

Lucas reminded her in a gentle but stern tone, "Whatever his reasons for marrying, the fact remains that he's married. You're an innocent girl, Anya. Don't get too close to married men in the future. Listen to my advice!"

Anya burst into tears. "But Lucas, I want Jeremy. I'm scared..."

Lucas looked very distressed, so he hugged his sister in his arms to comfort her. "I'm here. Don't be scared."

Her elder brother's patient comforting allowed Anya's mood to calm down slightly. Her bitter cries soon became soft sobs.

At that moment, Lucas received a call, prompting him to take out his cell phone and look at the caller ID. His eyes darkened, and he said to Rosie who was staring infatuatedly at him,

Could you please help Anya back to the ward? Stay with her while I take this call."

Rosie blushed and nodded tenderly. "Okay, Lucas. Don't worry. I promise I'll take good care of Anya."

Upon seeing Rosie coax Anya into the ward, Lucas closed his eyes and answered the phone. The person on the other end was one of his capable subordinates. "Sir, the two unclaimed

female bones, one large and one small, that were found in Westrise Village have been compared with your DNA. They're not a match, which means they couldn't have been the madam and the young lady who disappeared all those years ago."

"Keep searching. I want to know for sure if they're dead or alive."

"Understood!"

Lucas pinched his eyebrows after ending the call. 15 years ago, several complex family conflicts led his mother to run away with his five-year-old sister, and the two have disappeared without a word since then. Many people said that they were dead, but he would not give up looking for them until he could locate their bones. Lucas

snapped back to his senses and told the secretary beside him, "Edmund, could you have someone find out where Corinne is from? She looks like a very capable woman, and I don't want her to bully Anya."

4/4

"Yes, sir." Edmund heeded Lucas's order and added, "That would explain why she isn't swayed by the check you gave her. She must have even bigger ambitions, and what she wants is to secure her position as Missus Holden and gain the Holdens' assets! I'm afraid Miss Anya might not have a chance with

Mister Jeremy anymore...

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Lucas frowned lightly and narrowed his eyes.

It would be difficult for Anya and Jeremy to get together even without Corinne in the picture. The beef between the Riveras and the Holdens was a family feud, and although the

enmity between the younger generation has faded and they were not at odds with each other whenever they ran into the other

party, it would still be difficult for the families to be related by marriage if the elders of the older generation were still alive.

Alas, Anya just had to fall in love with a man whom she should not have.

## Chapter 286

In the quiet hospital corridors, Corinne could be seen hurriedly striding past the nurses' station as she made her way to her ward with Jeremy following closely behind her.

Witnessing this, the nurses began to whisper excitedly between themselves.

"That's him! That's him! That man is Miss Anya's boyfriend!"

"Oh my god! He's so handsome!"

"But why is he chasing after another girl right now instead of being with Miss Anya in Room 302?"

"Please don't tell me the three of them are involved in a love triangle!"

A frown immediately appeared on Corinne's face when she overheard what the nurses said. Annoyed, she sped up her pace.

She turned to close her door once she was back in her ward, but Jeremy quickly blocked the door from closing with his hand. "What is the matter with you?" asked Jeremy through

the gap.

"You shouldn't come in, Mister," said Corinne as she struggled to close the door.

“Give me a good reason why I shouldn’t go in,” demanded Jeremy with a darkened face

.

Corinne nodded and said, “Fine. Move your hand, and I’ll tell you.”

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2/5

Jeremy, being the trusting fool he was, immediately moved his hand only to have the door closed with a bang in his face. Then, he heard the sound of the door being locked from the inside.

He was rendered speechless for a while.

“Don’t be like this. Open the door and let me in!” said Jeremy as he knocked on the door, his patience running thin.

No sound came from inside the ward. Corinne had made up her mind to ignore him completely.

Jeremy furrowed his brow and said, “Corinne Carew, open the door this instant, you hear?”

No sound, still.

Jeremy was at a loss for what to do. He sighed and made up his mind to swallow his pride.

“Hey now, won’t you be a sweetheart and open this door for me? Could you at least tell me what’s wrong? I know it’s my fault that I came back late, and I should be punished for that. But Corinne... Corinne dear...sweetheart...” Jeremy cooed.

Suddenly, Tommy spoke up from behind Jeremy, causing the latter to whip around with a scrunched -up thunderous face.

Tommy had no idea what was happening. All he knew was something was off, so he tried to explain

himself, "Umm... Sir, I was caught up in a traffic jam and the food you asked me to buy went cold, so I went back to the same place to get a new one. This here is still hot. Please let Ma'am eat it while it's still hot."

Jeremy wanted to pass the food to Corinne while it was hot, but how could he when Corinne would not even **let** him step one foot into the room?

"Sir, I'm guessing Ma'am won't let you in?" asked Tommy, finally making heads or tails out of the situation.

Jeremy did not know how to reply to him. He just stared frostily at Tommy until the latter instinctively took a few steps back.

Tommy was smart enough to put the food on one of the corridor chairs before bidding farewell. "Sir, I'll put the food here. Remember to eat it while it's still hot. I'll take my leave now if there's no need for my service anymore."

"Okay."

Tommy quickly left the hospital.

Jeremy rubbed his face out of tiredness and sat on the corridor chair. He took out his phone and sent a message to Corinne.

[Anya saved my life ten years ago. She hurt herself in the process and became sickly and weak after that. Because of that, I'll forever be indebted to her and would do anything within my power to make sure she's okay.]

Corinne, still in her ward, read the message from Jeremy. After a pause, she replied, [If that's the case, you should just go and be with her instead of me. You should just leave me alone.]



[Why don't you let me in first?] Jeremy texted back.

[I'm going to sleep now. Go be with your savior.]

[Open the door. Let me explain it to you face to face.]

There was no more reply from Corinne.

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Jeremy waited for another minute but there was still no reply. He reined in the urge to throw his phone onto the floor and shot off another message to her. [Tommy brought some barbecued meat .]

Three seconds later, the ward door opened with a click.

Jeremy – with a darkened face–picked up the food from the corridor chair while thinking, 'I can't believe she'll only let me in because of some barbecued meat.'

Corinne opened up the takeaway container and discovered the content to be chicken soup. She immediately scowled at Jeremy. "Where's my barbecued meat?"

Jeremy was situated near the window. He was enjoying the breeze and did not seem to feel any remorse for the lie he told. "You had a severe allergic reaction, so it's best for you to eat something lighter. It's the doctor's order, after all," he said calmly.

"You liar!" cried Corinne, unhappy at being lied to. While that was true, she was also hungry. Hence, she started to drink the chicken soup.

Jeremy walked over and sat next to her. He stared silently at her while she ate. Only when she put down her spoon did he begin to speak. "Are you done eating? If you are, I have

something to tell you..."

“Mister, you don’t have to tell me anything. I don’t want to know about it,” Corinne interjected.

Jeremy’s face fell, and his eyes darkened. “Why didn’t you want to let me in just now?”

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“I didn’t want to give the nurses something to gossip about nor do I want to be involved in a love triangle with you and Miss Anya. I can’t think of anyone who’d be happy to have fingers being pointed at her and be called a mistress.”

Jeremy understood where she was coming from, but that only served to fuel his displeasure even more. “Corinne, aren’t you going to at least ask me what happened? Things are not as you believed, okay?”

Corinne was calm. “I don’t feel like there’s a need to ask, and there’s no need for you to explain yourself to me either. This isn’t like you. Others might think that you like me...”

Jeremy narrowed his eyes. Suddenly, he grabbed her jaw with his big hands and forcefully twisted her face to the side so that she had no choice but to look at him. “There’s no one here but us. Who are these others you speak of?”

Corinne was speechless.

Jeremy grabbed a few tissues and lightly wiped off some of the soup from Corinne’s lips. “Well, go on and say it. Who are these others you speak of?”

Corinne furrowed her eyebrows and pushed away his hand. “Fine! I’m the one who might actually think that you like me. Anyone would’ve thought like this from the way you’ve been treating me!”

Jeremy grabbed her chin and forced her to look into his eyes again. He closed in on her face and said, “What if that’s what I want you to think?”

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2/5

Corinne was stunned. "Mister, you shouldn't joke about something like this. It's... It's not funny at all."

In fact, she was disgusted by the suggestion. 'I hate it when a man simply tells me he likes me when we haven't even gotten to know each other. Besides, how can he suggest that when just yesterday, he proclaimed his love for Anya to the whole world? Does he take me for an idiot?' thought Corinne.

Jeremy stared deeply into Corinne's resentful eyes. "You're right. This isn't like me at all. I wouldn't have believed you if you had told my old self that a girl like you would have me wrapped around her little finger."

'What? I have him wrapped around my little finger?' thought Corinne incredulously. She was just about to argue back when Jeremy put a slightly cold finger on her lips. "Shh, don't talk, and just listen to me."

Corinne closed her mouth and looked quietly at him.

Jeremy put on a very serious and sincere expression. "I once said that I can give you everything except for my heart. There was simply no room in my heart for a woman in the life plan I had written in the past. Meeting you changed all that. I'm telling you all this now because I'm not afraid that you'll laugh at me. I've only ever been with one woman in my life and that woman is you. That night, it wasn't only because of the drug effect but also because...I already had feelings for you..."

A shockwave shot through Corinne's heart. Her eyelashes quivered as she looked at him suspiciously. "Mister...are you kidding me?"

Jeremy could not believe that she still did not believe him after

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all he had said. He frowned slightly, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "You little rascal. I haven't slept for two days, so please don't annoy me further, okay? Won't you just let me go to sleep with a clear mind?"

He let go of her and put his head on the sofa's armrest. Having been mentally and physically exhausted, he soon closed his

eyes.

Corinne's heart tightened when she saw just how tired Jeremy was. She actually felt bad for him, even after telling herself she should not feel that way since Jeremy was the type of man who could get everything he wanted with a crook of his finger.

Nonetheless, she got up, picked up the blanket from her hospital bed, and then laid it over Jeremy. Then, she could not help but think just how handsome Jeremy was as she stared at his face.

'I guess having slept with him is a win for me...' Corinne thought. She leaned in closer to take another good look at Jeremy when he suddenly opened his eyes, causing her to jump back in fright.

"Mister...you're still awake?"

"Were you trying to steal a kiss from me?" asked Jeremy with one eyebrow raised.

"As if!" answered Corinne with a twitch of her mouth.

Jeremy narrowed his eyes and softly brushed his hand against

her face. "Corinne, don't ever keep me out again."

"But I've let you in in the end," said Corinne quizzically.

"I meant, out of your heart."

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Not one second after saying that, Jeremy fell into a deep sleep.

Corinne blinked foolishly a few times while staring at him. Her heart was in a mess.

The next day, Corinne woke up and rubbed her face against Jeremy's arm, which she thought was her pillow. It was only when she wondered when her pillow became so hard that she opened her eyes just to discover that she had been sleeping by the crook of Jeremy's arm all along.

Jeremy had been staring at her for god knew how long.

"Umm... Mister...how did we end up...falling asleep together?" she asked bashfully.

Luckily, she was saved from embarrassment when someone knocked on her door.

Jeremy got up to open the door.

"Good morning, Jeremy!" greeted Anya with a smile. She had a stainless steel food thermos in her hand. "My mom brought some homemade soup for me. I can't possibly finish it all, so I've brought some to share with Corinne," she said as she held up the food thermos.

Jeremy turned back to look at Corinne. "Do you want some soup?"

Corinne shook her head. She still had her doubts about Anya and thought it best not to eat anything she gave, especially not when she still had not recovered from her allergic reaction.

"She has been put on a strict diet on account of her allergic

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reactions," said Jeremy as he turned back to Anya.

Anya nodded and smiled apologetically. "It's my fault for not thinking it through..."

At that moment, a doctor followed by two police officers entered the ward.

“Miss Corinne, the police wish to speak to you.

Corinne’s face turned ashen. She frowned and asked, “Why are the police looking for me?”

The police officers showed her their IDs and said, “Miss Corinne, you’ll need to come down with us to the station. You are suspected of participating in illegal activities, and we require your cooperation to aid in the investigation.”

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‘What illegal activities?’ thought Corinne puzzledly. It was obvious she was confused by the expression on her face.

Jeremy came over and asked in a low voice, “Which case are you referring to?”

It was only then the police officers noticed Jeremy was also in the room. They were a little caught off guard by that.

“Mister Jeremy, do you know Miss Corinne?”

“Yes. What business do you have with her?” questioned Jeremy seriously.

Anya—who was standing next to Jeremy—recalled the terrible ordeal she experienced last night when she saw the police officers. Instinctively, she leaned on Jeremy for support, as she exclaimed anxiously, “Mister police, what case is Corinne involved in? Is there a possibility that you might’ve gotten the wrong person? She’s a good person, I tell you.”

The police officers were even more thrown off to see Anya. Miss Anya, you’re here, too! So both of you know Miss Corinne.

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Considering the victim and her ‘family’ had a right to know, the police officers decided to go straight to the point. “It’s like this, Mister Jeremy... We’ve already caught the perpetr

ator who tried to rape Miss Anya last night. Under our intense interrogation, the perpetrator finally confessed everything, saying that a certain Corinne Carew gave him fifteen thousand dollars to carry out a rape crime against Miss Anya.”

“Wha... What?” The food thermos Anya was holding in her hand fell to the floor, causing the soup to spill out, and missing her feet by only an inch. Jeremy—with his quick reflexes—quickly pulled her away to save her.

Anya was in shock. She kept shaking her head while

muttering, “No... No... This can’t be. Corinne is my friend. She wouldn’t hurt me like this ...”

The police officers, who had seen everything under the sky, could not help but feel bad for Anya, who they thought was kind and innocent. “Miss Anya, you’ll only know who the person is once their mask is off. I suggest you choose your friends more wisely in the future.”

“How can this...” Anya seemed to have suffered a huge blow to her faith in the goodness of people. Her weak and small frame was teetering on the edge of falling. She anxiously grabbed hold of Jeremy’s arm. “Jeremy, how can this be? Corinne is a good person. She won’t do anything to hurt me...right?”

Jeremy looked at Anya, then sideways at Corinne.

Corinne, who was leaning against the hospital bed, calmly stared back at him in a ‘I-told-you-so’ way. She knew this would never end, not when she was still married to him. In fact, she could kiss her peaceful life goodbye.

Jeremy held her stare with his deep, dark eyes for a moment before turning back to tell the police officers, “You better have evidence that she is a suspect. Otherwise, don’t even think about taking her away from the hospital.”

The police officers were stunned. Suddenly, they had no idea which side Jeremy was really on. ‘Isn’t he Miss Anya’s

boyfriend? Why does it seem like he’s protecting the suspect?’

“We have both physical evidence and witness testimonies. Mister Jeremy, we’re just doing our job by the book, so please step aside and stop interfering.” It was obvious from the way the police officers were behaving that they had decided Corinne was guilty. All that was left for them to do was go through all the formalities.

“You have both physical evidence and witness testimonies...?” Anya took a deep breath and turned to look sadly at Corinne. Her eyes were so red and teary that anyone would have wanted to scoop her up to assure her everything would be okay.

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“Corinne, I really wanted to be your friend. I even brought some homemade soup to share with you, so why did you want to hurt me like that? What did I ever do to you that you wish to hurt me so badly?”

“You didn’t do anything to me. You’ve only been back for two days, so there was no way you could’ve done anything to me,” said Corinne calmly and with a smirk on her face. She wondered if Anya would be able to read between the lines.

Anya returned home two days ago, while Corinne had been hospitalized since yesterday morning due to her suffering from a severe allergic reaction. All throughout her stay, Annie and Jeremy had been by her side, so there was no time for her to hatch some devious plan even if she wanted to hurt Anya.

Besides, there was also the fact that no one even knew when Anya would return until yesterday. The plan would not have worked unless Corinne had the psychic ability to predict the future. More importantly, Corinne did not even know who Anya was until yesterday. They never had any contact with each other, so how could she do anything to her?

From the police officers’ conjecture, Corinne might seem like the biggest suspect but not when the timeline was factored in. Anyone who had a brain would rightfully conclude that



someone had set Corinne up and that she had no involvement in the crime at all.

Then came the question of who the real culprit was. Corinne, not surprisingly, knew the answer to this.

'Seems like Anya didn't come here to bring me soup at all. No, her real motive is

## Chapter 290

annoyed he got. However, it was not like he could do anything because he knew Corinne would be unhappy with him if he

forcefully pushed his way in.

Anya remained standing where she was, next to Jeremy. He was wearing an expression that she had never seen him wear before. It was one of lovesickness and helplessness. Silently, she waited with him for the interrogation to finish.

"Jeremy... If, and I'm saying if, Corinne was the one who hired someone to hurt me, would you ever...divorce her?" probed Anya carefully and suddenly.

Jeremy's eyes froze over, and without even giving it a thought, he simply said, "No."

Immediately, Anya's eyes became wet with tears. "Why? She should be punished for doing something so heinous..."

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Jeremy was unhappy about the turn of events but decided to keep his mouth shut and respect Corinne's wishes since she agreed to it. Thus, that was how both of Corinne's hands were put into handcuffs.

Other than that, the bureau even sent someone to keep a watch over her from outside the door, which meant her freedom was temporarily restricted. However, they did not immediately interrogate her as she still needed to undergo a few more rounds of IV drips.

Out of humanity, the police officers listened to the doctor's advice and agreed to let her rest after she had completed her IV drip. There would be plenty of time for them to conduct an interrogation after she had finished resting.

Corinne ate the breakfast that Jeremy sent someone to buy for her and soon drifted off to a peaceful slumber as she waited for the IV drip to finish. She was ready to be interrogated once it

was noontime.

According to the rules, only personnel involved in the case

were allowed to be present during an interrogation. Even Jeremy was not spared from the rule and was asked to step out of the room.

However, he simply refused. The police officers did not know what to do with him, and it was not until Corinne asked him to step out did he reluctantly pick up his jacket from the sofa and walk out of the room.

Jeremy remained on standby outside of the ward and kept staring inside through the little window on the door.

"Jeremy..." called Anya softly from behind. She then carefully pulled his hand out from his pants' pockets.

Jeremy turned back, frowning. "Why are you still here?"

"Jeremy,

I really want to find out why Corinne would hire someone to hurt me," said Anya sadly.

The frown never left Jeremy's face as he looked at her silently and with mixed feelings.

Anya started hugging herself and rubbing her arms as if she was feeling a little cold.

"Are you cold?" asked Jeremy.

"A little," replied Anya with a nod.

“The weather’s getting cold. You should go back to your room so you won’t get any sick er,” said Jeremy with concern in his eyes.

Anya was stunned. She took a glance at the jacket in Jeremy’s arm, wanting to say something but stopped herself.

Jeremy did not notice her glance. He quickly turned his attention back to the little window on Anya’s ward door.

Corinne – with her head against the bedrest and both hands handcuffed– answered every question as truthfully as she could. She would sometimes nod and would, at other times, shake her head.

Jeremy could not believe that this was the same Corinne would dare to talk back to him. The more he witnessed, the more

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annoyed he got. However, it was not like he could do anything because he knew Corinne would be unhappy with him if he forcefully pushed his way in.

Anya remained standing where she was, next to Jeremy. He was wearing an expression that she had never seen him wear before. It was one of lovesickness and helplessness. Silently, she waited with him for the interrogation to finish.

“Jeremy... If, and I’m saying if, Corinne was the one who hired someone to hurt me, would you ever...divorce her?” probed Anya carefully and suddenly.

Jeremy’s eyes froze over, and without even giving it a thought, he simply said, “No.”

Immediately, Anya's eyes became wet with tears. "Why? She should be punished for doing something so heinous..."

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"She didn't do it," interjected Jeremy before Anya could finish her nonsensical sentence.

Anya was saddened by this. "Jeremy, do you trust her that much? You've only known her for a month plus..."

"We're husband and wife. That should be reason enough for me to trust her," said Jeremy mindlessly, not getting what Anya was hinting at as all of his attention was focused on the situation inside Corinne's ward.

'Husband and wife...' Those three little words caused Anya's face to stiffen, but she quickly put on an innocent smile. "You're right. There must be a misunderstanding. Corinne is a good person, after all."

Rosie and Sunny strode out of the elevator.

"Jeremy, we rushed here as soon as we heard!" exclaimed Rosie angrily. "Corinne has done it this time. How can she be so evil as to hire someone to assault Anya when she hasn't even done anything to her? Heck, Anya has only been back for a couple of days."

"Watch what you're saying. We haven't gotten to the bottom of it yet," said Jeremy sternly.

A chill went up Rosie's spine. She opened her mouth but decided it was best not to say anything more. She thought that Jeremy would immediately cast Corinne aside once Anya was back. However, it seemed like she underestimated Corinne's

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place **in** Jeremy's heart.

Sunny, however, was more concerned about his sister, Anya. He might be her younger brother, but he was a head taller. He looked down at her and asked worriedly, "Anya, are you okay? I just got wind of what happened last night. They put off until today to tell me 'cause they were afraid I'd do something impulsive."

Anya smiled and gently shook her head. She stroked Sunny's face and comforted him, "Don't worry, Sunny. I'm fine. Jeremy came just in time to save me."

Sunny sighed with relief once he was sure Anya was okay. Then, he clenched his fist angrily. "D\*mnit, that b\*stard. I swear to god I'll beat him into a pulp if I ever lay eyes on him!"

Anya scrunched up her face in mock anger as she lectured him, "Sunny, let the police handle this. You better not do anything impulsive or get into a fight. Don't let me worry about you, okay?"

Sunny did not wish for Anya to be angry. He immediately lowered his head and nodded like a little boy. "Okay, Anya. I won't do anything impulsive. Don't worry."

"That's more like it. I knew you're a good kid after all," said Anya with a reassured smile.

The door opened at that moment, and the officers walked out unhappily with the interrogation record in their hands.

Rosie could not wait to find out what would lie ahead for

Corinne, so she was the first to approach the officer. "Officer, how did the interrogation go? Was Corinne the one who hired that thug to carry out the crime?"

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The police officer sighed and shook his head. "I don't have an outcome yet. She refused to confess to the crime."

Rosie knitted her brow in consternation. “Are you saying she won’t be convicted if she doesn’t confess to the crime? Didn’t you say you have physical evidence and witness testimonies? Show her that and see if she can worm her way out of this!”

“The witness and the perpetrator are the same person. He also turned in the chat record between him and Miss Corinne as physical evidence. The chat record shows Miss Corinne transferred fifteen thousand dollars to him, but Miss Corinne insisted she was being framed, that the chat record was fake and her bank account was hacked. She said she’d consider pleading guilty only if we can turn up circumstantial evidence proving she had met with the perpetrator before the crime happened,” the officer replied. Just thinking about the interrogation process made his head hurt.

Corinne was not the fool he thought she was. While it was true she had fully cooperated with the police officer throughout the entire interrogation by answering every question that was thrown at her, she was so skilled at reasoning that she was able to catch any inconsistencies in the investigation and turned the tables back at him.

After a few rounds of back-and-forth questioning, the police officers could not help but question the evidence and, consequently, their sanity. They were left with no choice but to convince their superior of Corinne’s innocence and drop the case against her.

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After hearing the resignation in the police officer’s voice, Rosie, having firsthand experience of Corinne’s deviousness, started shouting angrily, “That d\*mn woman isn’t only evil but cunning as well!”

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

“Rosie, you shouldn’t jump to conclusions. What if it really wasn’t her?”

Rosie was stunned. She looked at Sunny incredulously. "Are you serious, Sunny?"

She might not be brave enough to talk back to Jeremy, but she was definitely not afraid to do the same to Sunny.

"Sunny, this is Anya we're talking about! How can you side with an outsider and not your sister?"

A troubled frown appeared on Sunny's face. "Rosie, you shouldn't make such baseless accusations about me. I'll always stand by my sister no matter what. It's just that...I don't think Corinne is the kind of person who'd do such a thing. Besides, have you forgotten the many times you've wronged her?"

Rosie opened and closed her mouth like a fish gasping for air, having been rendered speechless. After all, the things she did before Anya came back were indeed atrocious, but she justified it by telling herself she only did it for Anya's sake. She only wanted to get rid of Corinne so Anya could return to Jeremy's side as his rightful wife. It was unfortunate that her plan never succeeded, not even once.

## Chapter 292

Rosie did not want to waste her breath on the foolish Sunny, so she turned to her best friend and complained, "Anya, all your love has been wasted on Sunny. That ungrateful kid cares more about Corinne than you!"

Anya snapped out of her thoughts when she suddenly heard Rosie call out her name. She smiled gently and said, "Oh, nonsense. Sunny is a good kid. I know him. He just sees the good in everyone, that's all. In fact, I'm just like him."

Sunny nodded in agreement.

Rosie theatrically put her hand to her forehead and thought, Oh my god, why aren't they panicking? The two of them are too kind and innocent for this world. I won't be surprised if

one day, they decided to invite Corinne to their house so they could all be good friends. Well, that's not going to happen on my watch!

Hell would freeze over before Rosie was going to let Corinne walk free from her crime. "Officer, do you or do you not have enough evidence to convict Corinne?" she asked.

The police officer shook his head regretfully. "No, we don't have enough evidence yet. Unless there's surveillance footage or someone turns up with pictures of Corinne meeting with the perpetrator. However, generally speaking, those who want to carry out a crime won't choose to meet in public places or places with surveillance cameras. Therefore, the chances of them being photographed by other people are even lower. Simply put, this kind of evidence would be very hard to come by."

The police officer's answer made Rosie even more anxious. She vehemently wished she could throw Corinne into jail there and then.

"Why don't you take off her handcuffs now that she's not a suspect anymore?" said Jeremy finally. There was an underlying current of anger in his quiet voice.

The police officer started to break out in cold sweat. He looked hesitantly at Jeremy and said, "Well, Mister Jeremy..."

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Jeremy was not someone the police officers could afford to cross. At the same time, Lucas made it clear to them that they must not let Corinne off the hook easily. Facing pressure from both sides, they were at a loss for what to do at that moment.

“Who said there’s not enough evidence?” Lucas’ crisp clear voice came from the elevator.

“Lucas!” exclaimed Rosie happily. Her eyes immediately lit up at the sight of him.

Lucas strolled over leisurely with a kind of self-assuredness that only the very wealthy like him and Jeremy could possess.

A certain level of confidence fell over Anya’s face when she saw Lucas walking over to them, but she chose to remain standing passively next to Jeremy. She did not want to leave his side if given a choice.

Sunny was awed and nervous at the same time. He wanted to make a run for it but decided it would be worse if he got reprimanded for that.

“Lucas, good timing! The officers said Corinne would only confess to her crimes if there was circumstantial evidence of her meeting up with the perpetrator. But where can we get that kind of evidence?”

“Well, look no further,” said Lucas with a crook of an eyebrow.

Rosie was stunned. “Do you have it? Do you know where we can find some circumstantial evidence, Lucas?” questioned Rosie quizzically.

“I’m the circumstantial evidence you’re looking for!” exclaimed Lucas with gentle authority. “Coincidentally, I saw Corinne meeting up with the perpetrator two nights ago.”

Lucas positioned himself in the middle of the crowd and nodded politely to the police officer as a form of greeting. Then he cast a ‘friendly’ glance at Jeremy and said, “Jeremy, I do apologize. I have no choice but to intervene in this matter since it concerns the safety of my sister.”

He pretended to speak humbly, but there was no denying the wilfulness in his energy.

Jeremy narrowed his eyes at the same time a murderous look flashed across his face. “Isn’t that why the great and mighty Lucas Rivera would take time out of his busy schedule to personally come to act as a false witness?” he asked with a faint smile.

A frown appeared on Lucas’ face, but it quickly turned into a modest smile. “Oh, Jeremy, how you underestimate me. What I just said is the truth. I’ll never give false testimony, nor will I ever forgive the person who wished to cause my sister harm. Even if that person is your wife.”

Lucas maintained his composure through the whole delivery, but one could smell a hint of warfare from a mile away. It was as if it would only take a spark for the two men to explode.

The two families had been in a generational feud over the centuries.

Anya did not want Lucas and Jeremy to end up in a fight there and then because that would only put her further and further away from Jeremy.

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She quickly hugged Lucas and said

in a cutesy way, “Lucas, why don’t we just let it go? Corinne is Jeremy’s wife after all. Besides, I...”

Lucas hugged her back and affectionately stroked her hair as he lectured, “Anya, the we ak get bullied. I’m pretty sure there’ll be a second time if we don’t nip this in the bud now. As you brother, I have to make sure no harm comes to you, so I’m not going to let this matter go without wreaking just punishment on the culprit who did this to you.”

Anya and Lucas might only be half–brother and half–sister to each other, but even though Lucas’ relationship with Anya’s mother was average at best, he still saw Anya as the apple of his eye. The reason being he had lost his real sister when he was young, and so he poured all of his brotherly feelings into Anya.

There would be hell to pay if anyone dared to hurt his little

sister.

Jeremy calmly looked at Lucas. “Seems like you’re determined to lock up anyone with the slightest suspicion hanging over their head, including my poor, innocent wife.”

“Jeremy, I wouldn’t have wasted my time collecting evidence if it was anybody other than your wife. It is precisely because Corinne is your wife that I’m willing to come here to give you an explanation. The truth will be revealed once we all go in and interrogate her. Then you’ll find out for yourself whether

she’s been wrongly accused or you don’t know her as well as you thought you did.”

Lucas’ face was brimming with confidence. He then turned to the police officer and asked the police officer politely, “Officer,

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as a witness to circumstantial evidence, I’m allowed to **go in to** confront the suspect, right?”

The police officer was still a little out of it. He quickly nodded once he snapped out of his daydream. "Uh... Yes. Yes, you're allowed."

## Chapter 294

Lucas nodded gracefully. "Then, might I trouble you officers to bring me in to confront the suspect Corinne Carew?"

The police officers exchanged a look with each other before taking Lucas into Corinne's ward. Jeremy, too, calmly followed them in. However, the police officer standing guard by the door held up his hand and stopped him with a frown on his face.

"Sorry, Mister Jeremy. The case is still under investigation. As someone who's unrelated to the case, it's better if you wait outside."

"How come he can go in, then?" asked Jeremy with a raise of his eyebrow.

The police officer knew he meant Lucas when he was referring to 'he', so he tried to explain as nicely as he could. "He's related to the case. He's acting as a witness to circumstantial evidence and has the right to confront the suspect."

"Who told you I have nothing to do with this case?" asked Jeremy, narrowing his eyes.

"Huh? Mister Jeremy, how are you related to this case...?" asked the police officer curiously.

"I was the one who reported the crime, and I have the right to watch the confrontation unfold." Jeremy's tone was one of calmness, yet it carried with it an undeniable sense of oppression.

Indeed, he was the one who reported the crime.

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Jeremy instructed Tommy to call the police as soon as **they** arrived at the crime scene. Therefore, Tommy would understandably give Jeremy's name as the one making the report.

The police officer could not think of a comeback. After some hesitation, he put down his hand and let Jeremy into the ward.

Seeing him going in, Anya wanted to follow as well, but the same officer put up his hand. "Miss Anya, you're not allowed in at the moment," he said gently.

"Mister Police, I'm the victim of this crime, so I have the right to know, too! Besides, I want to go in to look for my brother. I'll be scared if he's not by my side..."

Anya was a gorgeous girl, and the way she looked with her big sad puppy eyes and the bandage wrapped around her head would make anyone melt—which was exactly what happened to the police officer.

After thinking it through, he sighed and put down his hand to allow Anya in.

Then came Rosie and Sunny's turn. They, too, wanted to go in since everyone was inside.

The police officer's tone turned sharp when he said, "The two of you stay here."

Sunny frowned in frustration. "Why can't I go in when both my brother and sister are in there as well?"

"Who are you? And what are your brother's and sister's names?" The police officer had never seen Sunny before, so he did not know who he was. In fact, he thought Sunny was

nothing but a spoiled, wealthy brat who had it in him to mess up the case. He definitely was not going to let him in if that was the case.

Luckily, Rosie was more skilled at handling this kind of situation. She quickly pulled the naive Sunny aside to stop him from shooting his mouth off. Then, she smiled warmly at the police officer and said, "Officer, I hope you can forgive my friend for his childish behavior. We're Anya's family. She was hospitalized after getting into a car accident, then there was the incident yesterday... All of that caused her to be physically and emotionally unstable. It's now time for her to take her medicine, which she forgot to do before going in, so it's best if we give her the medicine now before she collapses from her previous injuries. Can you please turn a blind eye and let us in? I promise we'll come out as soon as we give her the medicine."

The police officer frowned and recalled how weak Anya looked moments before she went in.

## Chapter 295

'Ahh, all these people are driving me crazy!' thought the

police officer standing guard by the door. 'All of them have valid reasons to go in. D\*mn it, I shouldn't have let the others inside in the first place.'

It would be hard to explain himself if he let the others in while keeping the rest of them out. In the end, the officer irritably waved his hand and said, "Fine, the two of you can go in, but keep quiet so you don't distract my colleagues from their work."

Rosie immediately thanked the police officer and pulled Sunny

into the ward with her.

The police officer smacked his forehead in exhaustion. 'Good thing the formal interrogation process is over. It should be more casual this round, so there's nothing wrong with letting them in.'

Since Lucas was Anya's older brother, making it inconclusive whether he would be a reliable witness, it was the officers' supervisor's intention to let him confront Corinne to see whether he would be of help to cracking the case. Should Lucas prove to be useful, he would be then taken down to the police station for a formal evidence collection process.

Corinne was reaching for the glass of water by her bedside when everyone walked into the ward. She was thirsty from all the interrogation from before. However, her hands were still a swollen mess of flesh, not to mention they were all bandaged

up, so it was hard for her to get a good grip on the slippery glass.

The bandage proved to be the main obstacle as it had provided no friction against the glass, which would slip off as soon as Corinne lifted it. She became visibly annoyed when a bony and large hand suddenly lifted the glass off and positioned it near her mouth.

Corinne looked up only to see Jeremy's handsome face staring down at her. There was a straw in the glass, and she only had to open her mouth to drink from it. However, she refused to do so because she did not want to accept Jeremy's gesture.

Instead, she stubbornly took the glass in her swollen and bandaged hands. In the end, she managed to hold on to the glass by putting one hand at the bottom and one hand at the side. Only then did she drink from the straw to quench her parched throat.

Corinne did not forget her manners, so she thanked Jeremy for his kind gesture.

Jeremy frowned in response. He was not used to being thanked by her, but he remained silent. Instead, he raised the same hand that delivered the glass to her and patted her

lightly twice on the head. It was how some parents would pat their children on the heads when they wanted to comfort them.

Corinne was quietly drinking her water, and she looked up in surprise after Jeremy patted her on the head. Then, she lifted the corners of her mouth and smiled at him lightly.

Jeremy returned her smile. They had a tacit understanding of each other that required no words. It was amazing to watch how they subtly interacted with each other.

At **that moment, Anya was standing next to Lucas. Her eyes dulled with** disappointment when **she saw the way Jeremy and** Corinne behaved toward each other. Immediately, she **turned** around bitterly and folded herself into Lucas' embrace.

Lucas lowered his gaze. He put his arms around Anya and patted her on the back to comfort her. Then, a murderous glint flashed across his eyes as he turned his attention toward Jeremy and Corinne.

Anya was perfect in his eyes. Perfect in every way, except for her infatuation toward Jeremy. Every time she was hurt or sad, Jeremy would not be far off the picture.

'That good-for-nothing scumbag! How dare he act all lovey-dovey with another woman in front of Anya? He might as well put a bullet to her heart!' thought Lucas.

Wanting to break off Jeremy's interaction with Corinne so that Anya would be spared from more sadness, Lucas smiled coldly at Corinne and said, "Miss Corinne, we meet again."

## Chapter 296

Corinne looked at Lucas. "Looks like the 7.5 million dollars check wasn't well spent. Didn't you promise you'll leave me alone for a year once you get the money? A day hasn't even passed, and here you are."

Lucas was already used to Corinne's unpredictability. His thin lips curled into a smile, and he cordially said, "Miss Corinne, now isn't the time to joke around. I wouldn't have come to bother you if the victim wasn't my own sister."

Corinne took a leisurely sip of the straw. “Regarding that case, I’ve told the police officers everything. You’re more than welcome to ask them for information about the case.”

Lucas stared coldly at her. “I’ve come here to confront you with the consent of the police officers.”

Corinne raised her eyebrow. “Confront me?”

Jeremy was stationed beside Corinne’s hospital bed, and at that moment, one of the police officers in the ward said to him, “Mister Jeremy, please step to the side. The new witness is now having a confrontation with the suspect. Police officers need to get closer to take notes.”

Jeremy just stared at the police officer indifferently and

remained standing where he was like an immovable, majestic mountain with both of his hands tucked inside his pants’ pockets.

A certain chill ran up the police officer’s spine, even though Jeremy did not say anything. “Mister Jeremy...” began the police officer exasperatedly.

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Corinne could tell from his voice that he was extremely stressed. She tilted her head to look at Jeremy and said, “Mister, I’ve finished my water. Can you help me put the glass back on its shelf? Thank you! Why don’t you go sit over there? It must be tiring to be standing all this time.”

She was still in handcuffs, so her two hands had restricted movement. She clumsily held the glass in both hands and extended her arm to Jeremy, which prompted him to narrow his eyes.

He coolly took the glass from Corinne but did not put it back on the shelf. Instead, he kept holding it in his large hands as if it was the most natural thing to do in the world. However, he did follow the second part of Corinne's suggestion.

Jeremy pulled a chair to a spot that was a little distance away from the hospital chair and sat with his long legs gracefully crossed. He then propped up one elbow on the armrest and serenely rested his face on that hand. Finally, he held up the glass and took a sip from the straw as he silently watched what Corinne was going to do next.

Everybody present, except for the police officers, was shocked by Jeremy's seemingly-normal action. They all knew him to be a germaphobe, and he hated nothing more than to share any bodily fluids with another person. Therefore, it was quite shocking to them that he would drink from the same straw as Corinne, and what was more, he seemed to be enjoying it a little.

Anya was watching Jeremy's every move. Her face tensed up before darkening, and her hands instinctively balled up into a fist.

Lucas naturally noticed Anya's disappointment, and his heart went out to her. He grabbed her hand and led her to the sofa. The two of them sat together, and he hugged her close to him while continuously patting her shoulder. 'I'll protect her, come what may,' he thought.

The police officers had finished setting up their equipment. The confrontation would be recorded in two ways: video and a written transcript.

Lucas wasted no time in getting straight to the point. "Miss Corinne, you said that you'll only confess to your crimes if there's circumstantial evidence of you meeting up with the perpetrator. Well, you're looking at the circumstantial evidence right now."



Corinne covered her mouth to yawn. "I'm sorry, but I'm looking for real evidence, not fake evidence."

Lucas' expression remained relaxed. "You can rest assured that I won't be confronting you without solid proof."

Corinne lazily leaned back against the bedrest. "Mister Lucas, pray tell, how are you going to prove that I've met up with the perpetrator before?"

## Chapter 297

Lucas sat upright, crossed his fingers, and put them on the knee of his crossed legs. This was a signal that he was going to be serious from that moment onward. "Before answering that, may I ask you a few questions, Miss Corinne?" he asked at a leisurely pace.

"Of course."

"Two nights ago, were you at the embankment around Yonde River?"

"I was." A nod from Corinne.

"And why were you there? Were you perhaps feeling down and wanted to get some fresh air?"

"What does my feeling have to do with the case?" Here, Corinne's eyebrows furrowed.

Something flashed across Lucas' eyes. "Trust me, it does. Miss Corinne, please don't try to avoid the question, and just answer it as truthfully as you can."

Corinne tried to recall her emotions from that night. It was so complicated, she did not know how to explain herself.

"I was feeling bored and wanted a change of pace, so I went there."

Lucas smiled. "Anya returned from abroad two nights ago. Your husband, Jeremy Holden, specially prepared a sea of flowers at the

Lunar Century Manor to welcome her back. Now, that in itself wasn't weird at all since they were old friends. However, you happened to pass by and saw the whole

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thing, am I right?"

Jeremy's

pupils became pinpoints, and his lips froze on the straw as he looked at how Corinne was going to react.

Corinne recalled the sea of pink tulips in the Lunar Century Manor that night and also how Anya jumped out of a giant gift box before rushing toward Jeremy's embrace. Instinctively, a frown appeared on her face, and she became quiet.

"Cat got your tongue, Miss Corinne? Or perhaps you don't want to admit you've witnessed the romantic gesture your husband had prepared for another woman?" Lucas' tone was gentle, but his question was not.

Corinne could feel that, apart from Lucas, there was another man staring at her with sharp, probing eyes. She tried to collect her thoughts, and she then turned to calmly look at

Lucas.

"Yes, you're right. I

did happen to be at Lunar Century Manor that night and saw what you described. But so what?"

Lucas put away his cordial smile and suddenly stood up. "So from that night onward, you saw Anya as your enemy because you were jealous of her. Thus, you decided to hire somebody to take revenge on her. That was why you were at Yonde River! You were meeting up with the perpetrator and gave him fifteen thousand dollars for his service! Subsequently, you told the perpetrator of Anya's location when she had been hospitalized so that he could come to the hospital to commit the heinous crime against Anya! Am I right so far?"

Corinne was a little taken aback, and the corner of her mouth twitched a little. “No, you’re wrong. I don’t have the time or the money to carry out such a plan. Besides, I have never met

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up with Chris Tate before! Mister Lucas, this won’t be a confrontation if you can’t show any other evidence. In fact, what you’re doing is akin to forcing an involuntary confession out of me!”

“Now, now, Miss Corinne. We’re just getting to the good part.

Lucas raised his hand, and his personal secretary immediately passed him a mobile phone.

“Do you recall the female influencer who parked her car on the tactile paving located on the Yonde River’s embankment? Well, she was doing a live broadcast and happened to accidentally record your meeting with the perpetrator. That video is stored in this very mobile phone, and now, the truth will be revealed!”

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Corinne did not panic at all as she did not believe a word Lucas said. Why would she, when she did nothing wrong? There was no way a camera could record something that never even happened in the first place.

“Alright, why don’t you play the video, then?” she asked calmly.

Lucas jerked up his chin once, gesturing to the secretary to turn on the television in the room. Then, he connected the mobile phone to the television screen so that everyone could

watch the video.

The video showed a female influencer standing on top of the embankment railing. A selfie stick was held high up in her hand, and it was obvious she was doing a live broadcast. The angle of the selfie stick happened to allow her phone camera to capture the street behind her, and Corinne could be seen in the right corner of the video.

She was sitting alone on a bench, drinking Coke, and looking up at the sky. She was too far off to be able to tell what she was feeling. However, she did seem a little sad and lonely to be sitting there all alone.

Corinne frowned with embarrassment when she saw just how pathetic she looked in the video. "Ahem! As you can all tell, I was alone."

Lucas looked at her. "So you're confirming the person sitting on top of the bench in the right corner of the video was you?"

"Yeah, it's me. So where's the perpetrator you so vehemently

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insisted was there with me?" Corinne asked serenely.

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"All in good time, Miss Corinne." Lucas' eyes darkened. Then, he clicked fast forward on the phone before stopping at a particular time frame. After the video returned to normal speed, they saw a young man with a bundle of leaflets walking over and sitting next to Corinne.

The bespectacled young man looked to be about five feet and seven inches tall, slightly on the plump side and was dressed in a striped shirt. After sitting down for a while, the young man handed a leaflet to Corinne. He introduced the newly-opened barbecue place, its opening hours, promotions, and other details.

Corinne listened absent-mindedly and glanced at the leaflet before accepting it. The young man also asked for her social media

account so that he could send her the membership that she could apply to get a free plate of premium steak.

Corinne decided to sign up for the membership after considering the facts that the young man was still working at such a late hour, how he enthusiastically recommended the food worth getting, and that he would receive a commission for any successful membership registration which would definitely help with his living expenses.

Corinne scanned the QR code on his phone and followed his instructions to sign up for the restaurant membership. At that time, she thought she was getting a good deal and could not wait to invite Little Rain Drop and King Maple to go there for dinner.

It never crossed Corinne's mind that all that would be accidentally recorded by a female influencer. However, it was

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just her luck that no one could hear the conversation between her and the young man since the female influencer's high-pitched voice asking for sponsorship was louder than theirs. These two factors - not being able to hear what Corinne and the young man were talking about and her scanning the QR code on the young man's phone - put Corinne back at the top of the suspect list.

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"That's him! The man who is sitting and talking to Miss

Corinne is Chris Tate, the perpetrator who we arrested for attempted rape," said one of the police officers sharply at the point in the video.

The police officer then turned around and looked sternly at Corinne. "Miss Corinne, what do you have to say for yourself?"

Corinne's expression remained relaxed. She did not say

anything, though her lips were twitching. 'My, my. Looks like they had pulled out all the big guns on framing me. First, that devious Lucas asked me all those seemingly-irrelevant

questions, but he actually did it to establish my motive! I can't believe he chalked it down as me being jealous. Then, he hit me with concrete evidence in the form of this video.'

Anya flung herself into Lucas' arms, trembling and crying, when she saw the man who tried to assault her in the video. " Lucas, that's him! He ripped off my clothes and tried to ..."

A murderous glint flashed across Lucas' eyes at the thought of Anya, the apple of his eye, nearly being assaulted. He hugged her tightly and tried to console her, "There, there. I'm here. I won't ever let anyone hurt you again."

However, Anya was not only afraid of the perpetrator but also could not comprehend why Corinne would do something like this. "Lucas, how did things end up this way? Why does

Corinne want to hurt me so much? I just wanted to be her friend..."

Lucas gently stroked Anya's hair. "Silly girl. Haven't you heard

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**of the story about the wolf in sheep's clothing? I hope you'll choose your friend more wisely next time. Not all people are worthy to be your friend."**

From all outward appearance, Lucas might seem gentle and humble, but he was actually a cold and distant person. To

others, he behaved cordially only out of his good upbringing and the high demands he placed on himself, but if one were to take a closer look, one would find that his smiles did not reach his eyes.

However, Anya was the only exception. The tenderness in his eyes was real. He looked at her with a worried expression as he tried to soothe her. "Don't cry, don't cry. No one will dare to lay a finger on you as long as I'm here."

"Lucas..." Anya gradually calmed down as she listened to Lucas gentle coos.

Sunny, on the other hand, had been quiet until then for he

knew he would not get a chance to speak whenever Lucas was present. However, he could not hold back his anger anymore when everything in the video pointed to Corinne as being the mastermind behind the crime.

There was disappointment and rage in his eyes as he stormed angrily over to Corinne and pointed at her. "How could you do this, Corinne? I trusted you to be a good person. That's why I spoke up for you. Why did you want to hurt Anya? You're a woman, too..."

Corinne calmly looked up at the raging Sunny and decided she would be wasting her breath if she tried to explain herself then.

Rosie pulled Sunny off to calm him. "Sunny, didn't I tell you that Corinne is good at tricking other people into thinking

she's a good person? Yet you didn't want to believe me. **Well, I** guess it's better late than never," she said with a sigh.

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Then, she turned to look at Jeremy, who was still seated quietly in his chair. Inwardly, she was happy to be proven right, but outwardly, she shook her head ruefully and said, "You too, Jeremy. You had been taken in by Corinne's seemingly - innocent act as well. It's a good thing Lucas and this case opened up everyone's eyes. If not, I shudder to think just how long you'll all stay deceived by her."

Anya straightened herself up and, with teary eyes, turned to look at the silent and serious Jeremy. She wiped away her tears and walked over to where he was seated. "Jeremy, please don't be angry. I'm sure Corinne didn't mean to do it..."

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Jeremy was still calmly sipping on the straw, choosing to

remain silent. Anya thought he had said something, so she leaned in closer and tugged on his sleeves. "Jeremy, are you okay?"

No words, still. In fact, he did not even spare her a glance. No one knew what he was thinking about.

Lucas could not help but

walk over to Anya and put his arms around her after seeing her getting the cold shoulder. He threw an unhappy glance toward Jeremy before turning back

to face Corinne.

"Miss Corinne, I don't think you're a wholly bad person since you were willing to extend a helping hand to my grandfather two days ago. Not many people would be willing to do that for someone they've never met before. However, when it comes down to securing your interest, you'll become this ruthless woman who finds joy in hurting the innocent, am I right?"

Corinne knitted her eyebrows in consternation. "Securing my interests? What interests are you talking about?"

Lucas narrowed his eyes. "The only reason you decided to hire someone to assault Anya is you think that she'll take away your position as Mister Jeremy's wife."

Corinne was first stunned, then she suddenly smiled. "I'm

willing to let her take over my position as Jeremy's wife if she wants it so badly."

Jeremy frowned at this.



Lucas was a little speechless. Then, a mocking smile appeared on his handsome face. “Miss Corinne, doing so still makes **you** the suspect of the crime.”

Corinne’s face remained impervious. She looked like she was lounging by the poolside, even though her hands were in handcuffs.

“Oh, I’m not doing it to worm my way out of this. No, no, no. I simply don’t want to be his wife. It’s more trouble than it’s worth so your sister can be his wife if she wishes.”

Jeremy, upon hearing what Corinne said, ground the straw with his teeth. His eyes darkened at the words ‘more trouble than it’s worth’.

Everyone else in the room thought Corinne was putting up an act because seriously speaking, who would not want to be Jeremy’s wife? Who would not want to be showered with all the riches and power in the world?

A woman like Corinne especially, who came from the

countryside and

had not seen the world, should be chuckling in her sleep for having nabbed the most eligible bachelor in the city. Instead, she was offering up her husband with both hands as if he was nothing but a beggar on the street.

Therefore, it was totally understandable for others to think she was being a hypocrite.

Lucas smiled faintly. “Miss Corinne, there’s still time for you to confess your crimes. Are you sure you want to waste it

by being stubborn? I’m giving you a last chance. If you willingly confess to hiring the perpetrator to rape Anya, I’ll personally write a letter of leniency to the judge so that your sentence will be reduced by a few years. Think of it also as me showing

my gratitude for helping out my grandfather.”

Corinne yawned and said, “Your kind offer is duly noted but no, thanks.”

Lucas knitted his handsome eyebrows together. Then, he

smiled at the bold and fearless Corinne. “Very well. You can look forward to being locked up in jail for a long, long time, then.”

At that moment, a police officer closed the notebook in his hand and stood up. “Mister Lucas, thank you for helping us out with the investigation. Might I trouble you to come down to the station with us so that you can tell us how you got your hands on the mobile phone?”

“Of course,” answered Lucas with a nod.

The police officer then turned around, brought out another pair of handcuffs, and chained one of Corinne’s slender ankles to the bed railing to prevent her from escaping.

“Miss Corinne, it’s useless for you to get out of this crime since we have all three evidence types—witness, physical and circumstantial. We’ll formally arrest you once your condition allows you to be discharged from the hospital,” said the police officer sternly.

“Whatever,” scoffed Corinne.

The police officer was about to say something about her attitude when he heard the sound of a chair scraping against the floor coming from behind him.

Someone had stood up.

The police officer immediately thought of a certain person and discovered he was right when he turned around to take a look.

A tall, lumbering Jeremy was making his way toward Corinne. His impassive face coupled with his oppressive aura caused everyone to instinctively shrink back.