

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

## Chapter 401 to 420

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### Chapter 401

Corinne chuckled. "Nope, I don't get it at all. If I leave and you go back to Mister Jeremy, then aren't you afraid that he'll lose interest in you too once he gets tired of playing with you?"

When they reached that point in the conversation, Anya's expression became proud along with a little touch of condescending sympathy. "That's where I'm different from you, Corinne."

Corinne. "Oh? What's the difference then?"

"My family background is on the same level as Jeremy's. My parents love me, and they protect me. Whatever happens, both my brothers will be my support and my shield. You don't have people like that in your family, do you?"

The smile on Corinne's face sank instantly and she suddenly realized something. "So it was you who went to the Carews and told them that I married Jeremy."

Anya answered without sidestepping the question. "Bingo! It was me!"

Corinne remained calm as she asked, "Did you think you can chase me away from Mister Jeremy by goading the Carews into causing trouble for me?"

The innocent and demure appearance that Anya usually wore had disappeared, and she no longer hid her high-born haughtiness.

"I know it's not that simple, of course! I just want you to understand your situation a little better. You have no backing,

and you married into a wealthy family without having a solid foundation. As time passes, you'll only be viewed with disdain.

"I, on the other hand, have no reason to be afraid of that. After all, none of my family members are that easy to offend, so the Holdens would never dare to treat me badly and Jeremy won't treat me badly either.

"Even if something bad happened one day and my relationship with Jeremy broke down, I would still be able to bear the consequences. My family will become my way out, and they'll always be there to protect me. Do you understand that now? That's where my confidence comes from!"

"So," Corinne asked, "you're relying on the protection of your family as your backing?"

"Isn't that obvious?" Anya replied.

Corinne smiled.

"I'll admit that I don't have that sort of backing, but I can still rely on myself. I don't depend on anyone, and I don't expect to be protected by anyone for the rest of my life. The only way to avoid being put in a disadvantageous situation is to be able to fulfill your own needs without needing anyone's help.

"The reason I stayed with Mister Jeremy is simply because I have a good impression of him. I neither want nor wish to rely on his family, status, and wealth. Even if he loses interest in me, or I lose interest in him, we'll just leave each other and no one will be on the losing end.

"I advise you to save your energy and stop racking your brains with all these little schemes. If you're not careful, your perfect angelic facade will collapse, and no one will spoil you

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unconditionally ever again!"

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After saying what she wanted to say, she got up and prepared to go back and see if the chicken wings were done roasting.' Wait, Corinne! I have something to show you!"

Anya was persistent, and she chased after her to stand in her way.

Corinne was losing her patience, and she looked at Anya while asking, "What?"

Anya gently lifted her blouse to reveal a section of her abdomen. "Do you see this scar?"

There was a very obvious scar on her slender, fair-skinned abdomen.

Corinne narrowed her eyes. "Did you get that after an operation to remove your appendix?"

That question only riled Anya up further as she gritted her teeth and said, "This is the scar from a c-section!"

Corinne was slightly taken aback and stared in disbelief at

Anya, who was about the same age as her. "You've given birth to a child?"

Anya smiled. "Yes, Jeremy's child."

"What?"

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Anya let go of her blouse and straightened her clothes out before raising her head slowly and looking at Corinne with a sympathetic yet goading gaze. "Jeremy never told you that we have a child, did he? Can you still tell me with confidence that you'll trust him unconditionally?"

Corinne narrowed her eyes slightly. "How old were you when you got pregnant? Where's the child now?"

When she saw Corinne asking for more details, Anya surmised

that she must have struck a nerve with that remark. She therefore smiled and said, “I thought you said that you trusted Jeremy a lot? Why don’t you ask him for the details? But then again, I don’t think Jeremy will admit to it or tell you the truth even if you ask him.”

Corinne seemed to have become exceptionally curious, and she raised her eyebrows while saying, “Okay then, I’ll take your statement at face value. If you had a child with him and you’re both in love with each other, then why don’t the two of you just get married? As far as I know, Jeremy’s grandparents are very anxious to see their great-grandson, so what reason could there be for the two of you to hide something like that?”

A sad memory seemed to have flowed into Anya’s mind, and she said with a melancholic expression, “I would expect you to know that the Riveras and the Holdens have a bit of a feud with each other, and none of our elders approve of us being together. If they both found out that I was pregnant, it would’ve been very likely that the child in my womb would have to be aborted. None of them would allow me to bear a

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child with both the Rivera and the Holden bloodline.

“To protect me, Jeremy sent me abroad to raise the baby. He helped a lot in taking care of everything, and he made sure that no one-especially not our families-found out that I got pregnant and gave birth abroad. Why else would you think that I was away from home for more than a year and went abroad for so long?”

Corinne frowned slightly. “You still haven’t told me where that child is right now.”

Anya sighed sadly, like a mother who missed her child very much. “My baby has already been weaned and is being cared for by someone else abroad. Jeremy said that he would find a way to resolve the conflict between the two families as soon as possible, and once that is done, he’ll officially bring both me and my baby into the Holdens...

“But neither of us knew that his grandfather would be so insistent on marriage at that crucial moment. Jeremy had no choice but to find someone to deal with him, and that was when he found you by chance.

“I’m not surprised that Jeremy’s heart is wavering because of you. Men always prefer novelties, and a new woman can give them a sense of freshness. I can’t change the fact that I’ve become his previous lover, especially since I’ve already given birth to his child.

“But even if you’re a novelty to him right now, you’ll become a thing of the past one day too! Jeremy, however, will always treat me differently. I saved his life, and I gave him a child. When he’s had enough fun, he’ll always go back to the woman who gave birth to his child.”

Corinne listened calmly to everything Anya said and nodded. I see, thanks for letting me know. Is there anything else you wish to tell me? If not, then please excuse me while I go get my chicken wings fresh from the grill!”

□

Anya froze instantly. ‘What the hell is wrong with this woman? Why does she react so differently from other normal people? She’s always so unpredictable! How can she still think about chicken wings after knowing that her husband gave birth to a child with another woman?’

Anya stared at Corinne’s rear figure and gritted her teeth resentfully. Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she saw a figure walking out of the villa and immediately had an idea. Without further ado, she rushed forward and grabbed

Corinne’s arm.

Corinne frowned in surprise. “What else do you want, Miss Anya?”

Anya knelt on the ground out of the blue and said, “I’m sorry. It’s all my fault! Please don’t be angry at me.”

Then, she bounced back as if she had been kicked hard by Corinne and fell to the ground in pain. Her voice was weak as she moaned, "I've already admitted my mistake. Why did you still have to kick me, Corinne?"

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Corinne looked at Anya in confoundment as the latter lay on the ground and put on a dramatic act.

At that moment, Lucas-the figure who had just walked out of the villa-rushed over and pushed Corinne away from Anya. She asked coldly, "Go away! What are you trying to do to Anya?"

Then, without waiting for Corinne to offer an explanation, he bent down in distress and helped Anya up from the ground. "Are you okay?"

A man's strength would always be greater than that of a girl, so regardless of how stable Corinne's center of gravity was, she nearly fell over after being pushed by Lucas. She staggered a step back and tried to stand firm again, but she unfortunately slipped on the cobblestone path that was made for the villa and failed to steady herself as she fell into the small fish pond next to her.

The water in the fish pond was not that deep, but because the villa was facing the mountain and thus had low night temperatures, anyone who fell into the water suddenly would be able to feel the biting cold. She propped her body up and poked her head out of the pool, looking like a drowning rat.

Just as she was about to get up, a tall figure suddenly appeared beside the fish pond and jumped down before wading through the water to reach her as soon as possible. The person stretched out his long arms and then carried her up completely. It was none other than Jeremy.

Corinne shivered. "It's...s-s-so...c-c-c-c-cold..."

Jeremy took off the jacket he was wearing, wrapped her wet little body tightly, then lifted her in a bridal carry, and brought her out of the pond. "You're all right now. You won't feel cold anymore if you go back in and change your clothes"

On the edge of the pond, Lucas glanced at the dripping -wet Corinne in Jeremy's arms, noticing that he had a hint of sarcasm in his eyes. He stepped forward and stood in front of Jeremy, saying, "Before you leave, I just want you to know

that I merely pushed her away to prevent her from hurting Anya. I didn't think she'd make the most of the situation and fall in the water too!"

Corinne frowned because Lucas was trying to suggest that she threw herself into the water on purpose to try and draw

sympathy from others. 'Your sister is the one who loves pretending. As expected, you only see what you want to see because she's your sister!'

Jeremy looked coldly at Lucas and narrowed his eyes in displeasure. "That's not a good enough reason to use brute force on a girl!"

Lucas was in no hurry to argue with Jeremy and merely said, "Did you know that your woman forced Anya to kneel just to kick her? If I hadn't come over and stopped her, she might have stomped on Anya's face too!"

Jeremy hesitated slightly, looked at the pale Anya, and asked with a frown, "Are you feeling all right? Were you hurt?"

Anya leaned against her brother and trembled in shock as she shook her head. "I'm fine, Jeremy. Please don't blame

Corinne. It was my fault. Corinne only did that because she was angry...

Jeremy lowered his eyebrows and looked down at the wet girl in his arms. He then asked her in a deep voice, "What's going on?"

Corinne was stunned by his reaction and calmly broke free from his embrace. "There aren't any surveillance cameras here, and nothing I say will carry any weight, but I won't let anyone frame me for something that I didn't do. If you don't believe me either, then go ahead and make a police report so they can arrest me again!"

After saying that, she stormed off in the direction of the villa and wanted to warm herself up as soon as possible. She would get sick if she fell into the water and was blown by the cold night wind, and risking her health for the sake of putting on a show was something she would never be willing to do.

If Jeremy did not believe her, then so be it. She did not see any reason for her to argue with him about it!

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Everyone inside the villa living room was chatting enthusiastically with each other, but as soon as Corinne walked in, they all turned to her and stared at her with curious glances.

"Who is she? Why did she come in like this?"

"Is she trying to seduce someone with that wet, see-through look?"

"How the hell is she supposed to do that when she's wearing denim shorts?"

"Don't you think she's super pretty though?"

"Who came with her? Why didn't I see her around earlier?"

They speculated on her identity while staring at her and evaluating her appearance.



Corinne did not care one bit about their gazes when she came in, and her main purpose there was to look for Zeke-the villa's owner-so she could ask him whether or not he could

spare her a set of clean clothes.

However, Zeke had never returned after his supposed

bathroom break', and he was nowhere to be seen on the first floor of the villa. 'Isn't he the birthday boy? Where did he go?'

As Corinne was looking around, Jason-who was busy chatting with a friend-narrowed his eyes pensively and placed his wine glass down as he got up and walked toward her. "What happened, Corinne? Why are you all wet?"

Corinne heard the sound and looked over to see Jason. It had been a while since she last saw him, and he was still as charming as ever before with his picturesque eyebrows, succulent red lips, and pearly white teeth. Each of his movements was elegant and delicate, almost as if he had calculated the exact angle every single time.

"It's you, Kind Sir! Now's the time for you to show your kindness! Did you bring any female plus-ones here today?"

Although Corinne was in a wet and messy state, her expression was still calm and composed as ever, and her wittiness did not diminish in the slightest.

'Kind Sir?'

She gave him a similar nickname once before, and she had gotten used to calling him that.

Jason was a little dumbfounded, but he still answered her in earnest, "No, but one of my female subordinates came with me. She's waiting for me in my car outside. Do you want me to ask her if she has any extra clothes?"

Corinne nodded. "Yes, please. I'd like to borrow some clothes and change into them!"

"No problem. Wait here."

Jason understood what she meant and took out his cell phone to make a call.

"Hey, Angie? Could you bring a fresh set of your clothes over here right now?"

After Jason requested for her to bring the clothes, he ended the call and smiled at Corinne. "You're in luck. She happened to

bring along another set of clothes, and she'll have it delivered to you in no time."

Corinne then thanked him sincerely. "Thanks, Kind Sir!"

Jason was speechless. Despite finding it amusing, he was not used to the nickname 'Kind Sir'.

"Hey! Look, you guys! Mister Jason is talking with that drenched woman!"

"What's going on over there? Is she his girlfriend?"

"He always chooses the daughters of upper-class families as his companions, so why would he suddenly bring with him a girl that no one knows?"

"The way she dresses is nothing to shout about, but her beauty is simply out of this world!"

"What's the use of being beautiful? Reputation and status are far more important than looks when it comes to being Mister Jason's girlfriend!"

"That's right! How did she even become his girlfriend? The clothes she wears look so cheap that they probably don't even have a brand label."

"Yeah, we dress way better than her, so why does she deserve to talk to Mister Jason?"

Zeke only invited his close friends as well as a few others who have a good relationship with him for his simple birthday celebration. Some of his guy friends brought along their female companions just to liven things up a bit more.

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The women who were talking about her were mainly female companions whom the guys brought along, and they included popular entertainers, certified internet celebrities, and certain prominent daughters of smaller families.

Jason did not like hearing those comments. With a frown, he glanced unhappily at those talkative people and then said softly to the girl opposite him, "There are a lot of people here, so why don't you go upstairs with me? I'll get you a towel so you can dry your hair."

"Sure, thanks."

Corinne accepted his suggestion because she did not want to stand there and be subject to all those nasty remarks. Before long, she went upstairs with him.

As they walked slowly up the stairs, Jason glanced at Corinne from the side and as she was following him, and those enchanting eyes that were often so charming seemed to be in deep thought. "Where's Jeremy? Why did you come in all by yourself?"

Corinne's expression was very calm and she replied drily,

He's outside, probably still worried over his savior, Miss Anya.

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The slight bitterness in her seemingly indifferent tone

prompted Jason to narrow his eyes and smile. "Did the two of you fight because of Anya?"

Corinne's expression remained unchanged, and she said in a flat tone, "No. I understand why Mister Jeremy shows concern for his savior, so there's nothing for me to feel awkward about.

Jason was surprised to hear her reasoning, but he did not completely believe that she would be so indifferent about it. He stared at her for a while with an inquisitive look and lamented, "Jeremy has always been very kind to Anya, and before you showed up, I was always under the impression that the two of them would eventually get married."

Corinne cocked her eyebrow slightly. 'Eventually get married? Only lovers will eventually get married, so does that mean that Jeremy had a relationship with Anya, at least in Jason's view?'

Jason went on to say, "I know Jeremy's character. He's aloof, but very upright. If Anya saved his life, then he would most certainly repay her kindness. Truth is, the care that Jeremy showed Anya these past few years, such as the way he protects and tolerates her, was so impeccable that even I felt touched when I saw it.

"However, it's not quite the ideal thing to do if I look at it

from the perspective of his wife. After all, women often find it difficult to accept when their husbands show such care toward other women. I can understand why you're jealous, Corinne!"

Corinne did not say anything because she could not be bothered to explain too much. 'I'm not jealous; I'm angry!'

She was angry with the distrustful tone in which he asked her what the situation was. The attitude he had was a clear demonstration that he suspected Lucas's accusations of her to be true. She thought that Jeremy knew her well, but that

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incident made her feel that he did not understand her at all, and worse still, think badly of her.

Though she despised Anya's duplicitous nature and did not want to interact with her in any way whatsoever, Corinne would never stoop to using such crass methods to harass Anya even if she hated Anya to the core.

In fact, she had absolutely no interest in wasting her time and energy on someone like Anya, and it was Anya who kept on causing trouble to her time and again. It was incredibly annoying for Corinne.

Jason led her to an unoccupied guest room and fetched a towel from the bathroom, which he handed over to her.

"Take this and dry yourself up. This is the biggest guest room in Zeke's villa. He doesn't usually stay here, but each room is cleaned often, and stuff like the sheets and towels are changed regularly too. This towel is new, so you don't have to worry about any hygiene issues."

Jason made a point to explain everything carefully to her.

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"Thank you."

Corinne had always been quite casual about it, so she did not mind sharing the towel. After accepting the towel, she wiped away the water on her face before drying her hair.

Jason smiled at her. He was the perfect gentleman, albeit the previous instances where he would constantly tease her with ill humor. He knew not to cross the line.

"Corinne, you can rest here for a while. I'll ask my secretary, Angie, to bring some clothes to you later."

"Okay. Thanks again, Kind Sir!"

Corinne did not have any intention to keep him in there. She was a married woman after all, so it would not be good if she was seen with another man in a room. She had to keep her distance at all costs.

Jason smiled helplessly when he heard Corinne referring to him as 'Kind Sir'.

"Corinne, if you really want to thank me, you should call me by my name instead of giving me a nickname."

Corinne raised an eyebrow nonchalantly. "Why? You don't like being called a kind sir? I, for one, think it's the perfect nickname to show your willingness to help others."

"Forget it... It just feels like you're being sarcastic," said Jason with a smile.

"No! I truly am grateful to you. Thank you for lending a

helping hand to me today even though you're only doing this because of Jeremy, otherwise I wouldn't be able to find a clean set of clothes to change into," said Corinne seriously, meaning every word she said.

The smile on Jason's face froze for a moment and his forehead began to crease up.

"Corinne, I didn't help you because of Jeremy. I helped you because it's you I want to help. Even without Jeremy, we're still friends, right?"

Corinne looked at Jason's handsome and enchanting face, thought for a while, then nodded. "Okay, I've decided we're friends from today onward! Now... Kind-I mean, Jason, you can leave the room now. I need to dry myself up, and even

though we're friends now, it doesn't mean I can show you my bare self."

She then pushed Jason out of the guest room. In fact, it would be more accurate to say Jason was chased out of the room. It was quite funny to see a tall and strong man being pushed by a petite woman to the point of tripping over.

The guest room door closed with a bang. Jason stared at it for a long while with a smile on his face. 'Why that little... She still treats me the same as ever!'

He recalled how she hesitated a little when he asked her whether they were friends. Even though she nodded in the end, agreeing to be his friend, she did not look that willing.

'She must think I'm annoying. That's why she's so reluctant to be friends with me. Corinne Carew, the more I get to know you, the more interesting you get. I guess some things never change, even if your name has,' thought Jason.

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Jason turned around gracefully and saw his smartly dressed secretary walking up the stairs. When she saw him, she

quickerened her pace.

"Mister Jason, here are the clothes you've asked for. May I ask why you need women's clothing?"

Jason smiled. "Oh, it's not for me. A friend of mine accidentally fell into the pond, got drenched, and needed a change of clothing. Angie, take the clothes you bought into her room. You can submit a claim to the accounts department later."

Angie shook her head and her hands. "Mister Jason, you're being too formal with me. These clothes aren't expensive. I don't mind giving them to your friend as a gift so I'm not going to submit a claim."

Jason did not insist since the perks he gave her every day already exceeded the value of the clothes.

At that moment, a large hand came from above and took away the clothes in Angie's hand. "Well, don't mind if I do."

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That hand was not Jason's.

Angie was shocked. She looked up and saw Jeremy's cold face

looking down at her. His sudden oppressive appearance caused her to instinctively back away.

"M-Mister Jeremy!"

Jeremy calmly opened the shopping bag and looked at the clothes inside. They were indeed new since the tags were still on them.

'I guess they'll work in a pinch.'

Jason looked at Jeremy and smiled. "Jeremy, you're finally here."

Jeremy nodded at him and said unsmilingly, "Yeah. Where's my wife?"

"She's inside and completely drenched. I was worried that she might get sick so I brought her to the guest room to dry off."

"In any case, thank you."

Jeremy narrowed his eyes and continued, "However, you shouldn't simply bring another man's wife into a room next time. Your kindness is more trouble than it's worth."

Jason's smile froze on his face but then he gave a quick chuckle. "Jeremy, I was left with no choice but to do that. She looked like a pitiful wet puppy walking around like that. Besides, I wouldn't have needed to do that if you didn't choose to attend to your savior instead of your wife. Don't you think

so?"

Jeremy's eyes darkened and after two seconds of silence, he finally spoke, "Our relationship isn't something you should comment about. Not when you don't have any idea what's really going on behind the scenes."

Jason shrugged. "Fine. It's my fault for being nosy then."

Jeremy did not say anything else. Instead, he took off the expensive watch on his wrist and gave it to Angie.

"I don't have much cash on me right now so please accept this watch as payment for the clothes. The watch probably costs more than the clothes but if you don't think it's enough,



please come to Holden Group tomorrow and my assistant will sign you a check.”

After that, he turned around and went into the guest room that Corinne was in.

Angie looked at the watch Jeremy gave her in a dumbstruck manner. Not only was the watch from Rolex, but it was from the brand’s 100th Anniversary limited edition lineup. The watch definitely cost more than the clothes she gave Corinne. In fact, she would need to work a hundred lifetimes to be able

to afford a watch like that.

The watch was just too expensive for her to accept. Overwhelmed, she looked anxiously at Jason and stammered, Mister Jason, this watch... Mister Jeremy...”

Jason was pulled back to reality and he replied absent- mindedly, “Just take it. That watch will go up in value in the future, so if you don’t like it, you can sell it then and buy yourself some new clothes.”

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Angie examined the watch curiously. “Mister Jason, your lady friend who fell into the pond... Is she Mister Jeremy’s wife?”

“Yeah.”

“I heard he married a very ordinary woman, but that’s what I don’t understand. How did an ordinary woman catch his attention so much that he’s willing to give me this expensive watch so that she would have something to change into?”

“Oh, she’s not ordinary at all,” replied Jason with a meaningful smile.

Angie was stunned. She looked at Jason with a puzzled expression on her face.

‘Mister Jason doesn’t seem like his usual self today. His eyes... They seem to be shining with excitement instead of

indifference

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Jeremy entered the guest room and saw Corinne standing next to the bed with her back against the door and drying herself off with the towel.

Her unbuttoned shirt was half-hanging off her shoulders and from the back, he could see her beautiful collarbone, slender neck, and fair back. He had never seen those parts of her body before, not even at home.

'I can't believe she didn't lock the door before undressing. What if it was not me but another man who came? Does she want the whole world to see her half-naked body?'

Thinking of that made his eyebrows draw together, his face darkened, and his jaw tightened.

When Corinne heard someone come in, she did not turn

around but instead said, "Thank you, Angie. You can just leave the clothes on the shelf over there."

'What? She didn't even turn her head around. What a heartless woman,' thought Jeremy.

The frown on his face became deeper. He narrowed his eyes. 'Looks like I need to teach her a lesson.'

Click!

Jeremy locked the door.

"Who are you thanking?" he asked in a deep voice.

Corinne paused what she was doing and turned around. Her face immediately revealed an expression of shock when she

saw Jeremy but it lasted only for a second before her face returned to normal.

"Mister, what are you doing here?"

“You sound disappointed to find me here.”

Jeremy marched steadily to where she was. Corinne

immediately buttoned up her wet clothes when she saw him walking over to her.

“No, I’m not. I just thought you were Jason’s secretary instead.

The fact that she quickly covered herself up made Jeremy

angry.

‘I can’t believe she’s okay with being half-naked with the door unlocked when I’m not here but as soon as I’m here, she covers herself up. What the hell is this woman thinking? That everyone else in the world can see her half-naked but not me?’ thought Jeremy.

He threw the shopping bag on the bed and glared angrily at her. “Stop drying yourself off! You should take a hot shower first. After that, dry your hair with a hairdryer and change into these clothes.”

Corinne was unhappy with the way he glared at her. It was not like she had done anything wrong, but she did not want to argue with him while she was still wet so she turned around and went into the bathroom to take a hot shower.

‘Why’s he lecturing me like that when I’m the victim here? Does he have no empathy at all?’ she wondered.

After ten minutes or so, Corinne wrapped herself up in a towel

and peeked her head out of the bathroom door. “Mister, where are my clothes?”

At that moment, Jeremy was smoking on the sofa. He

narrowed his eyes, blew out some smoke rings, and gestured with his chin toward the clothes on the bed.

“They’re over there. Are you going to come out and take them. yourselves or should I bring them in for you?” he asked unhappily.

Corinne did not answer his question but instead rolled her eyes at him.

After that, still wrapped in her towel, she shuffled toward the bed, picked up the shopping bag, and then quickly shuffled back to the bathroom. She made sure to lock the bathroom

door and only came out after she had dressed.

Angie’s figure was more on the voluptuous side so her fashion style was more mature and sexy. The dress she had given Corinne was a wine – red silky V-neck spaghetti - strap dress. The dress was designed to accentuate every curve on the female body but it was one size too big for Corinne.

She draped the towel over her head and dried her hair with it as she walked out of the bathroom. “Mister, where did you get these clothes?”

Jeremy looked up at her and was immediately stunned. Seeing Corinne in the wine-red dress made his blood boil with lust. She was soul-stopping beautiful and it was so rare for her to wear something so sexy like that.

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Jeremy snapped out of his trance and tapped his cigarette against the ashtray. “Jason’s secretary gave it to me.”

“Oh... Why didn’t she just bring it in for me instead?” Corinne asked curiously.

“I just so happened to bump into her outside the door, so she asked me to bring it in for you,” Jeremy answered, giving her the short version of the story.

“Oh, alright.”

Corinne massaged her hair with the towel and walked over to the bed to check if there were any messages on her phone.

“Come here!”

Jeremy extinguished his half-smoked cigarette and crooked his finger at her.

A disgusted expression appeared on Corinne’s face. She was still angry at him, so she did not want to be near him at all. However, she did not like giving him the silent treatment either, so after thinking it through, she put down her phone and obediently walked over to him.

“Why did you ask me to come here?”

Jeremy patted his thigh and said one word.

“Sit.”

Corinne was speechless. ‘Is he really asking me to sit on his lap? No... That’ll be so awkward.’

She took a few steps forward but she did not sit on his lap. Instead, she walked around him to get to the other side of the sofa.

Jeremy must have predicted that she would do that, so he reached out his hand and pulled her into his lap.

Corinne frowned in disgust. She pushed him away in a bid to get up. The way she looked at that moment was just like a cat who was too proud to be touched by its human.

Jeremy wrapped his strong hand around Corinne’s tiny waist, imprisoning her within his embrace so that she had no chance to escape. “Why are you struggling like this? It’s not like I’m going to eat you.”

Corinne scoffed and glared at him. “As if I’m going to believe that.”

Jeremy thought she looked cute acting all huffy and puffy like that. He loosened his grip on her and just held her gently as he stroked his wet hair with his other hand. “There, there. Be a good girl now and tell me why didn’t you wait for me to come in with you?”

"I came in first because I was cold! I would've frozen to death if I waited for you to come in with me," said Corinne

unhappily.

Jeremy's eyes softened and his heart went out to her. He hugged her tightly and said, "I'm sorry. Are you angry at me?"

Corinne pulled down her face and said honestly, "Yes. I'm very, very angry at you."

Jeremy liked that about her. She would always tell him what

she was feeling so he never had to guess. It saved him the

trouble of worrying about giving her the wrong answer which would make her even angrier.

"Is it because I didn't come in with you earlier?"

"No."

"Then tell me why you're angry at me. What did I do wrong?"

Corinne did not beat around the bush. She glared at him angrily and said, "I'm angry at you for asking me 'What happened?'. Come on, Mister. Did you really think I would harass your savior? In your eyes, am I really that evil?"

'Oh, so that's what it is,' thought Jeremy.

He pinched her cheeks and said, "Nonsense! You're my wife, so why would I think you're evil? I wasn't there when the whole thing happened, so I had to ask you what happened so that I could communicate with the people who were accusing you."

Corinne seemed to be convinced by his answer. The frown disappeared from her face, but only for a second before it made its appearance again. No, she was still angry at him.

“Well, who should I ask then if not you? Why should I believe the words of others and not yours?” he asked gently.

Corinne pouted and said a little less angrily, “Mister, do you know how unreasonable you sound right now?”

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Jeremy stroked Corinne’s hair as though she was a cat.

“I’m just saying it like it is. You know Anya saved my life, so I have no choice but to make sure I can give her a reasonable explanation. I wouldn’t have gone through all that trouble if it was any other person. Earlier, I wanted to come in with you but Anya suddenly vomited everywhere and kept calling for me, so I-”

Corinne rolled her eyes and interrupted him, “Say no more. I can see where this is going.”

Jeremy raised an eyebrow. “Do you now? Well, where is this going?”

Corinne sat up a little straighter in his lap and said

confidently, “I understand your dilemma, Mister, because Anya is your savior and she lost something irretrievable to save you back then. So, you feel like you’re deeply indebted to her. Therefore, you can’t just leave her alone whenever she’s in some sort of trouble. Am I right?”

Jeremy did not deny what she said. “Yeah, I’m sorry. Please give me a little more time to repay her kindness. Once that’s done, I promise you’ll never have to suffer like this anymore.”

Corinne felt a little lighter since she had unburdened herself from those words. “It’s okay. As long as you trust me, I’ll stop being angry. It’s only right for you to repay someone for saving your life. I understand and I trust you.

Jeremy knitted his brows tightly together and looked unhappily at her, “Little rascal, I won’t be angry at you if you

vent your anger out on me, you know.”

Corinne smiled. “I’m not going to vent to you. I’m not that petty.”

Jeremy’s eyes darkened. “But I am, so what are we going to do about that?”

“What do you have to be petty for? I didn’t do anything to you, ” said Corinne quizzically.

Jeremy’s face sank and he asked, “Wasn’t Jason in the room with you earlier?”

Corinne nodded calmly. “Since he’s your friend, I asked him to get some clothes for me. He brought me here to rest, and he went right out after giving me a towel.”

Jeremy looked deeply into her eyes.

“You don’t have to explain. I know nothing happened between the two of you. However, I must tell you that I don’t like you being too friendly with another guy. In fact, I can’t promise I won’t lose my temper if I see you do that.

“That reminds me... You don’t seem to mind me being friendly to other women, do you? Corinne Carew, sometimes I can’t help but think that you’ll be just as happy with or without me.”

Corinne blinked her eyes innocently. “Mister... Are you saying that you don’t have a sense of security about this relationship, and that I’ll leave you at a moment’s notice?”

Jeremy glared at her. “Yes! That’s exactly what I’m saying. I have no sense of security and every day, I worry that you’ll run off with another man.”

As he said that, he squeezed her waist roughly as if to teach

her a lesson.

A tiny wave of pain shot through Corinne’s body. “Mister... I didn’t say you’re off the hook. Please have some respect for yourself, and don’t mess around with me like that.”

Jeremy did not take her words to heart. He gently tickled her underarm and said, “You’re my wife so I can mess around however I want with you.”



Corinne tried to endure the itching and numbness coursing through the upper half of her body and corrected him, “No! Ours is a sham marriage! We don’t even have a marriage certificate to prove we’re really married.”

Jeremy would have forgotten all about it if she had not brought it up. One of his eyebrows shot up when he asked, “Shall we go get one tomorrow?”

Corinne was stunned and started blushing. “Ahem, please don’t misunderstand me, Mister. I didn’t mean that we should go get a marriage certificate.”

Jeremy moved a little closer to her and put his chin on her forehead. “I want to get one. Do you? It’ll mean a lot to me,” he said softly.

Their faces were so close to each other that Corinne could feel his warm breath on her skin. She was so nervous she could hear the pounding in her heart.

She pushed his face away and said, “Stop it, Mister. You shouldn’t joke about something like that.”

“I’m not joking. I’m being serious.”

“No, I’m not going to do that tomorrow. We can talk about

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this in the future. Besides, I still need to evaluate your performance to see if I’m satisfied with it.”

Jeremy knew it would not be that easy to convince her to marry him.

He smiled haplessly and said, “Okay, take all the time you need since sooner or later, you’ll definitely give in to me.”

Corinne could not help but feel that he looked at her as if sizing up a prey. Without her noticing, the strap of her dress had already slipped down to her elbow.

## Chapter 411

The dress was too big for her. Not to mention, it was designed to make the wearer look sexy. Her strap slipped down, making her look all the more seductive with her gleaming pale

shoulder and neck.

The scent of her body wash wafted off her skin and the combined effect of her smell and look caused Jeremy's eyes to burn with lust and his Adam's apple rolled up and down.

Corinne noticed the weird look in Jeremy's eyes. Following his gaze, she looked down at her body, only to discover that the already low neckline had plunged even lower because her strap had slipped off. She blushed with shame as her hand instinctively shot up to cover her chest.

"Hey! Stop staring at my chest, Mister!"

She quickly pulled up her strap with another hand before moving that hand to cover her chest too. Hell would freeze over before she let him see that part of her body. However, the one-size-too-big dress was too loose on her, so without her even moving, the straps moved on their own accord again.

Unfortunately, both straps slipped down then.

Corinne was so embarrassed she wished she could dig a hole and hide it in. Panicking, she fumbled as she tried to get both straps up at the same time.

Jeremy laughed at her clumsiness. He then hooked both of the spaghetti straps with his slender fingers and put it back on her shoulder. However, he did not move his fingers away from her after that. Instead, he brushed her shoulder ever so lightly.

"I just can't get enough of your fair skin," he purred admiringly, wiping the drool off the corner of his lips.

While being praised for her fair skin, Corinne noticed the scent of pheromones coming off him. She shot up with alarm and said, "Ahem. I should go out now that I've already changed."

Jeremy did not move from his seat. Instead, he grabbed her hand to prevent her from leaving.

"You're not going out dressed like that."

"But... I-I want to go eat barbecue. Wait, no, I mean..."

Corinne shook her head to clear her mind. Then she turned around to look at Jeremy and asked quizzically, "What's wrong with the dress I'm wearing?"

Jeremy frowned and said disapprovingly, "With that little fabric on your skin, you might as well be wearing lingerie."

Corinne did not know whether to laugh or cry at that. "Come on, Mister. With your status, you should've been to a lot of parties where the women dressed in clothes skimpier than this, so you can drop the innocent act, alright?"

Jeremy narrowed his eyes. "So what if I've seen women dressed in skimpier clothes than yours? They're them and you're you! I won't allow you to go out like this. Your body is only for my eyes to see. Stay here and I'll ask someone to deliver the food to you."

"No! I want to eat outside!" insisted Corinne.

Jeremy frowned and in a sterner tone said, "Listen to me!"

No way would Corinne listen to him. She had a feeling that she

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would be ravished by Jeremy if she stayed in the room any longer, so she shook his hand off and ran away.

Jeremy stood up and before Corinne even took two steps, he grabbed her wrist again. The sudden force caused Corinne to spin back and crash into his strong chest.

Without giving her a chance to recover, Jeremy cupped her face with his strong hands and kissed her hard on the lips without warning. He grinded his lips against hers before moving down to her chin, then to her neck. There, he bit her lightly as if kissing her was not enough.

Corinne started to panic. "Hey, stop. Mister, no!"

## Chapter 412

In the meantime, Sunny had just grilled up a plate of his secret. sauce chicken wings. He added some special seasoning and confidently brought it out for Corinne to try so that she would know what a real good chicken wing tastes like.

However, when he looked up, he realized that there was no one at the gazebo.

'Where's everyone?'

He remembered Anya dragged Corinne over to the gazebo for a chat earlier, yet they were nowhere to be seen.

Sunny scratched his head in confusion. He then carried the plate of chicken wings inside to look for them.

Sunny looked around the mansion for Corinne but still came up empty-handed. However, he saw Lucas and Anya sitting and talking on the sofa so he went over there with the plate of chicken wings still in his hand.

"Anya, have you seen Corinne?" he asked.

Anya was leaning against Lucas. She looked uncomfortable and a little pale in the face. She tried to speak but had no energy to do so, coughing after every word.

"Oh, hi... Corinne... She's..."

A worried frown appeared on Lucas' face. He patted her on the back to make her stop coughing. Then, he glared at Sunny and barked out a question. "Why are you looking for her?"

All of a sudden, Sunny felt this immense pressure pressing down on his body. He held up the plate of chicken wings and stammered, "I just... I grilled some chicken wings and I want her to taste it..."

Lucas narrowed his eyes. There was a look of hatred specially reserved for his idiot brother.

"Your sister isn't feeling well and all you can think about is bringing food to other people?" he asked sarcastically.

#1

Sunny was struck dumb. He immediately turned toward Anya and only then did he realize Anya did not look too good. Anya, what's wrong? Did you get a cold outside?" he asked. worriedly.

Just now, he was so focused on showing off his chicken wing grilling skill to Corinne that he did not even notice Anya's discomfort.

Anya coughed weakly again before waving her hand. "I'm... I'm fine."

Sunny became even more worried after Anya insisted she was fine when she obviously was not.

Lucas held Anya gently as he scolded Sunny, "Didn't you see Corinne harassing Anna when you were outside? How can you still think about bringing food to your sister's bully when she's the one who spoils you the most in this household!?"

Sunny was stunned. "What? Corinne harassed Anya?"

Lucas' face darkened. "Yeah! If not, why would Anya suddenly fall sick again when she was just fine moments ago?"

It made Sunny even more confused. "Anya, what exactly is

going on? I saw you dragging Corinne over to the gazebo to have a talk with her. What happened after that? I was so busy grilling the chicken wings that I didn't see what happened."

Anya lowered her eyes and silently shook her head as though she did not want to make things worse for Corinne by bringing up the matter.

Lucas, however, had no intention to cover up Corinne's crime. "Corinne forced Anya to kneel before her before kicking her to the ground."

His face became dark, and his jaw tightened just thinking about the image.

Anya wiped away her tears pitifully before saying, "Stop, Lucas. I don't want to make Sunny worry about me."

Sunny frowned in confusion. "That's impossible! Anya, there must be some misunderstanding. Corinne would never do something like that. She's not that kind of person!"

Anya did a double take at his words. She thought she had heard wrong. Otherwise, why would her little brother-who had always taken her side-suddenly come to Corinne's defense?

## Chapter 413

Anya was not happy at all. However, she did not show it on her face. Instead, she pretended to be kind and understanding

"Don't worry, Sunny. I'm fine and I'm sure Corinne didn't mean to do that, so... Let's just forget about it."

Sunny nodded confidently. "Yeah! I'm sure she didn't mean it too. There must be some misunderstanding. I'll go ask her about it later."

Anya was speechless.

'Unbelievable! My own brother would rather believe Corinne is innocent than to accept the fact that she harassed me! Did she slip him a love potion or something?' thought Anya.

Lucas witnessed their interaction with a sullen face. Then, he suddenly said sternly and sarcastically, "You seem to be very confident about what kind of person Corinne is. Tell me, did she bribe you with something?"

Sunny felt pressured when he realized just how dark Lucas' face was. "No... She didn't, but she helped me out a few times. and she never asked for a favor in return. I figured someone like that can't be all that bad!"

"That's all? What you're saying is that Corinne is a good person and Anya is lying about what happened?" questioned Lucas with a cold look in his eyes.

Sunny shook his head. "No, that's not what I'm saying. I just think some kind of misunderstanding must've happened

between them. Corinne would never assault Anya! She definitely isn't that kind of person!"

He emphasized the word 'definitely', making Lucas and Anya wonder just how confident he was about Corinne's character that he would use the word 'definitely' without hesitation.

Sunny rarely butt heads with Lucas, who was even stricter than their father. Therefore, he did not know where he got the courage to talk back to Lucas like that. In any case, he did not like how Lucas spoke about Corinne.

The argument between the two brothers seemed to have attracted attention from others.

"Are Mister Lucas and Mister Sunny arguing with each other? I wonder what happened?"

"Miss Anya seems to be caught in the middle. Look, she's crying!"

“Isn’t Mister Sunny deathly afraid of his brother? Something must’ve happened for him to hold his ground like that.”

“Who knows? They were fine just moments ago.”

Lucas stared at Sunny for a while, deep in thought as a multitude of emotions flashed through his eyes.

‘This half-brother of mine has always been scared of me ever since we were young. In fact, he doesn’t even dare to breathe too loudly around me. Now, he dares to talk back to me just because of Corinne. Well, I’m glad he’s manned up, but he should know that family comes first!’ thought Lucas.

He did not want to humiliate Sunny in front of so many people so he decided to give him a way to back down. “Whether or not what happened today was a misunderstanding, you’re to stay

away from Corinne. In other words, you’re not allowed to talk to her unless it’s absolutely necessary.”

Sunny frowned and stubbornly said, “She’s my friend! I have to talk to her. Sorry, Lucas, but I’m not going to listen to you this time.”

“You son of a gun!” shouted Lucas angrily.

‘I already gave him a way out, yet he still dares to defy my order. Is it all because of that Corinne?’

Sunny took a deep breath in a bid to shore up his courage. “L- Lucas, don’t forget that Corinne saved grandfather. Our family is indebted to her so don’t you think it would make us seem a little ungrateful if you forbid me to talk to her?”

“Why you!”

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Anya had never seen Lucas and Sunny fight like that, so she did not know what to do.



Everyone knew Sunny lived in fear of Lucas. In fact, even if Lucas said one plus one equals three, Sunny would not dare say otherwise. It was unprecedented for Sunny to contradict Lucas like that, and it was all Corinne's fault.

The onlookers watched excitedly from a distance as the argument unfolded. Anya did not want her family to become a laughingstock, so she tugged on Lucas' sleeves.

"Lucas, forget it. Sunny's right. I must've misunderstood Corinne's intention. I'm sure she didn't mean to kick me, so please don't fight with Sunny anymore. He's still at that age when boys are stupid..."

Anya slowly got up and sighed with resignation.

"I'll go upstairs to talk to Corinne and Jeremy. It's best if we clear up this misunderstanding as soon as possible."

She then walked toward the stairs to find Corinne and Jeremy. To be honest, she had long wanted to do that.

Earlier, she pretended to be sick so that Jeremy would stay with her. However, he left without turning back to go upstairs to look for Corinne as soon as Anya got 'better'.

The thought of Corinne and Jeremy alone in the room made her feel like a boulder that she could not push away was pressing on her chest.

'Corinne might start undressing because she wants to get out

of her wet clothes... Then, sparks will fly and they'll start... No! Jeremy is mine. I won't allow them to do that!'

It was a good thing she had a valid excuse to go check on them.

However, Lucas could not help but frown with worry when he saw his fragile sister walking up the stairs alone. He then turned and glared at that idiot brother of his.

"Sunny, what's wrong with you? Not only are you bad at your studies but now you've teamed up with an outsider to torment your sister?"

Sunny thought that Lucas' words were a little unfair.

"No, Lucas. You know very well that I'll always protect Anya no matter what, but Corinne isn't really the kind of person you think she is! You have no idea how many times I pestered Corinne because of Anya but she still helped me in my time of need!

"I can say with absolute certainty that she's one of the good ones. I'll follow Anya upstairs to look for Corinne too and ask her what happened. Like I said, there must be a misunderstanding in all of this!"

He then turned around and followed Anya up the stairs. He had two reasons for doing that.

One, he did not want to be alone with Lucas, and two, he wanted Corinne to try the chicken wings he had grilled so that she would have no choice but to bow down to his amazing cooking skills.

Lucas remained seated on the fabric armchair with a refined but unfriendly expression on his face. He pinched the space between his eyebrows wearily.

"What am I going to do with them? My sister is infatuated with a man who will never return her feelings, while my brother is a heartless son of a gun! When will they ever make me stop worrying about them?"

The thought made him miss Luna even more. 'If only Luna was here. She'll never make me worry about her like this. That kid has always been more sensible, tougher, and smarter than other kids her age. Why, after taking the IQ test, the doctor confirmed that her IQ was higher than average, making her one of those rare gifted children. She knew almost all the words in the dictionary even before she started kindergarten.'

Lucas remembered when he was still studying in public elementary school, his mother would wait with Luna in her arms at the intersection near their house for him to come home on the school bus.

Every time the school bus arrived, Luna would jump down from their mother's arm and stumble toward him. She looked so cute with her round little belly, and she would never

cry when she fell down. In fact, she would just get up, pat the dirt away, continue to run happily toward him, throw herself into his arms, and call out for him in that baby voice of hers.

His life was happy and simple back then. Though it did not last for long, the memories could still warm him up whenever he thought of it.

'I wonder where Luna is right now... I do hope she and mother are happy.'

Losing his mother and sister would forever be the most

painful thing to Lucas. He hated himself for being too young to help his mother. If not, she would not have left the house

out of disappointment. If not, she would not have disappeared with Luna. If not...

While Lucas was taking a trip down memory lane, the other people had gathered into small groups to gossip about what happened.

## Chapter 415

"Who's this Corinne they're talking about?"

"Is she a daughter of a wealthy family?"

"Beats me. I've never heard of her."

"No matter who she is, she must be a force to reckon with since both Mister Lucas and Mister Sunny are fighting over her!"

Hearing all the ruckus, Lucas cleared his throat and looked at the crowd with his piercing eyes. The gossipers immediately felt an oppressive energy washing over them, which immediately shut them up.

However, the gossipers were right about one thing-Corinne was a force to be reckoned with. The fact that Sunny, who never showed any interest in any girls before, would come to Corinne's defense was proof of that.

Lucas narrowed his eyes. 'What the hell does Corinne want? Isn't it enough that she has Jeremy already? Why would she be interested in Sunny? I'm starting to suspect that her helping out grandfather at the embankment was all a ploy for her to get closer to us.'

In the guest room on the second floor, Corinne's face flushed red with embarrassment.

"Mister, I'm going to get angry if you don't stop..." Corinne growled between gritted teeth.

She was trapped in Jeremy's embrace for over five minutes as he kissed her neck lightly, sometimes aggressively. She was sure he would leave hickeys all over her skin.

Jeremy could hear the panic in her voice, so he gave her one last peck on her skin and proceeded to straighten himself up so he could take a good look at his 'work of art'.

He stroked her hickey-studded neck lightly and said confidently, "I'm sure you wouldn't want others to see all these hickeys on your neck, do you? So just stay here and I'll bring back some barbecue food for you."

Corinne was speechless. 'Damn this evil old man! He did it on purpose. I can't believe he'd do this just so I won't go out dressed like this. What's wrong with this dress anyway? Yes, it's a little revealing but it's not like I'll be going out naked! He's so possessive. Does he really think everyone is a perv like him?'

The more she thought about the more angrier she got so much so that her cheeks were blown up like a pufferfish.

A faint smile appeared on Jeremy's face. 'She's even cute when she's angry.'

He gently brushed his fingers through her hair and said, "There, there. Just wait here, okay?"

He then left the room to get some food for Corinne.

Corinne immediately strode angrily to the bathroom. Her eyebrows started creasing together when she saw the hickeys Jeremy gave her in the bathroom mirror. Thinking back to how he hungrily sucked on her neck like a vampire out for blood made her blush again.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

'Oh! He's back already? That's fast... Wait, he never knocks!' thought Corinne.

Corinne wrapped a clean towel around her neck, making sure that all the hickeys were covered before going out to open the door.

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Corinne opened the door and saw Sunny and Anya standing behind one another outside the threshold.

'Oh my god, they're so annoying,' thought Corinne. She did not have the mood to deal with both of them so she raised her eyebrow and coldly spat out one word, "Yes?"

Anya looked at Corinne first and then she took a glance inside the room before softly saying, "Corinne, I'm sorry... After thinking about it, I have to admit that I've misunderstood you earlier. I knelt down on the ground because I thought you wanted me to do that and... I know you didn't mean to kick me.

"You must've accidentally brushed against me when you were walking... So I'm really, really sorry for making Lucas think you were bullying me and for getting you pushed into the pond. Can you please forgive me, Corinne?"

Corinne narrowed her eyes and thought, 'Here she is with her pitiful act again.'

Then she smirked and said out loud, "Miss Anya, there's no need for you to put on this act because I can assure you Jeremy is not inside the room right now."

Anya was stunned. She did not really believe her so she scanned the room again. 'Is he really not here?'

Corinne was right. Anya was indeed putting up an act for Jeremy. She would not have apologized to Corinne if he was not there. There was no point for her to do that since her relationship with Corinne had become unsalvageable.

However, Sunny was there with them so Anya still had to somewhat keep up the pretense.

"Corinne, I'm not the hypocrite you think I am. I truly came to apologize to you with all my heart. I'm really, really sorry so please forgive me."

Judging from the indifferent expression on Corinne's face, she was not moved by Anya's plea as she knew what kind of

person she really was.

Anya might have looked like she was being sincere but Corinne knew that what she was doing was just a form of emotional blackmail. After all, it would make Corinne seem like she was a heartless b\*tch who liked to prey on the weak if she did not forgive Anya, who had apologized to her sincerely again and again.

In most cases like that, those in Corinne's situation would choose to forgive Anya to avoid being labeled negatively by other people. However, Anya had chosen the wrong person to mess with since Corinne did not care what others think of her.

Corinne would never cave under the pressure of having to forgive her.

Corinne smiled and said, "Save it, Miss Anya. Don't waste your Oscar-worthy acting skills on me. I'll never fall for your act nor do I want any drama in my life."

Anya put on a hurt look as if she had been wrongfully accused by Corinne. "I'm not acting... Why do you keep insisting that I am? Do you really hate me that much?"

'Hate? More like disgusted by you,' thought Corinne.

She yawned, not wanting to waste her time on Anya anymore.

‘Anything I say now will just come back to bite me later, so I might as well keep my mouth shut.’

Corinne was about to close the door so that she could return to some peace and quiet when Sunny suddenly walked up to her with a plate of chicken wings in his hand. His handsome face was full of youthful spirit when he asked, “Corinne, what

happened in the gazebo earlier? Lucas said that you forced Anya to kneel down in front of you and that you even kicked her! Is that true?”

‘Tsk! What’s up with this brother and sister duo? Why won’t they just leave me alone?’ thought Corinne with a frown.

She was so annoyed at how they just would not let her be. She covered her mouth and yawned again.

Then, she said impatiently, “Your sister suddenly knelt down in front of me and fell on her own accord. That’s all that happened. Nothing more and nothing less.”

Corinne gave the short version of the story because she felt like it would be pointless to explain too much. Those who

believed her would believe her anyhow, and those who did not, well, they would never change their minds no matter what she said.

“Oh, so that’s what happened!” Sunny nodded, believing her right off the bat. He then turned to face Anya and said.

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“I understand what happened now, Anya! You must’ve mistakenly thought Corinne wanted you to kneel down before her but you lost your balance and fell to the ground. Then, Lucas just so happened to see that last part and thought you fell because Corinne kicked you.”

Anya was speechless. 'Is this idiot really my brother? How can he take her side and not mine?'

Corinne's eyebrow quirked up. She was surprised by what Sunny said. 'I guess he finally has some sense knocked into him. He finally believes me after all those times of taking Anya's side.'

Anya chuckled dryly and added to Sunny's conclusion, "Yeah, that could be it. I could have misheard since I was feeling a little dizzy from the cold..."

The image Anya liked to portray to others had always been one of kind and gentle, so even though she disagreed with Sunny's statement, she did not dare to argue with him.

After clearing up the misunderstanding, Sunny excitedly shoved the plate of chicken wing in front of Corinne's face.

"Here, I'm giving you a chance to try my special sauce chicken wings! They're a little cold now, but I can guarantee that

you've never eaten a chicken wing as delicious as this in your whole life," he said proudly.

Corinne was indeed hungry so she did not hesitate to grab a chicken wing from the place.

"Hey, this is quite good. Yum!"

Sunny lifted his chin smugly. "What did I say? I was telling the truth, right?"

Corinne gave him a thumbs-up. "Yup, you truly live up to your reputation of being the best barbecue cook in the city! This is really great!"

Sunny was starting to feel embarrassed by all the praise she was heaping on him and to cover it up, he tooted his own horn a bit more.



Anya watched sinisterly at the two of them eating and talking happily with each other. She could not help but feel her territory had been encroached upon and the enemy was right inside her own home.

'Why does it feel like I'm the outsider here? He's my baby brother, not hers!' thought Anya.

Suddenly, she smiled and approached them, "Sunny, can I try the chicken wings you've cooked?"

Then, she reached out to take a piece of the chicken wing in a bid to show Corinne that she was Sunny's favorite person in the whole world.

However, Sunny moved the plate away to prevent her from taking any of the chicken wings.

Anya's face immediately darkened.

"Anya, you shouldn't eat this since they've become cold. Have you forgotten that you'll get a tummy ache if you eat cold food?"

Anya was stunned but then she nodded happily. "Yes, that's true. You're so thoughtful, Sunny. I can always trust you to take care of me, but you should extend that consideration to others too. I'm sure the cold chicken wings will upset Corinne's stomach too," she said with a smile.

'Ha! See that, Corinne? He doesn't mind giving you cold food at all!' thought Anya.

It was only then Sunny realized what he said was a little unfair to Corinne, so he quickly explained to her, "Ahem, don't take this the wrong way, Corinne. My sister has been sickly since she was young, so she'll get inflammation in her gut if she eats any cold food. However, for us healthy people, we'll be fine eating these cold chicken wings."

To prove that he was not playing favorites, he then picked up a chicken wing and started to eat it.

Corinne had better things to do than to care about that. In fact, she would not even care a lick if Sunny was indeed playing favorites. Anya was his sister after all, so it would be normal for him to give her preferential treatment.

“If that’s the case, can I have all the chicken wings here?” asked Corinne.

Happy to know that Corinne really loved his chicken wings. Sunny smiled proudly and said, “Of course! You can have it all since you like it so much.”

Corinne accepted the plate of chicken wings without

hesitation. “Thanks! You can leave these here and the two of you can leave now.”

Sunny was speechless. He did not want to leave. For some

reason, he liked hanging out with Corinne. Not only was she funny but he felt as if she was family. He tried to come up with an excuse to stay there with her when he suddenly realized something odd.

“Corinne, why is there a towel wrapped around your neck?” he asked curiously.

Chapter 418

A weird expression flashed across Corinne’s face. She subconsciously touched the towel on her neck and said, “Oh... I was feeling cold!”

Sunny frowned and said quizzically, “A towel can’t keep you warm at all. You should put on my jacket instead.”

Then he turned to Anya and asked, “Anya, I’m sure you’re all warmed up by now, right?”

Anya was stunned. “Yeah... I’m not cold anymore.”

“Can you please take off the jacket and give it to Corinne to wear? She fell into the pond earlier, so we need to make sure she doesn’t catch a cold,” he said seriously.

It was only then that Anya realized she was still wearing Sunny’s jacket. Her smile slowly faded at the way Sunny was asking her for the jacket.

“Oh... Okay. Yes, we must make sure Corinne doesn't catch a cold.”

She had no choice but to kindly take the jacket off herself and give it back to Sunny.

Sunny took the jacket without hesitation and passed it to Corinne. “Here, put this on.”

Corinne glanced at the jacket in front of her and then raised

her eyebrow at the sincere-looking Sunny. She then smiled

and waved her hand.

“No, thanks.”

Sunny shoved the jacket into her hands and said, “Just put it on. There's no need to be a stranger with me.”

“I appreciate the gesture but there's really no need...”

However, Sunny would not take no for an answer. He thought she was just being polite so he grabbed the towel wrapped around her neck and forcefully put his jacket on her shoulders.

All of a sudden, the hickeys around Corinne's neck were out in the open for everyone to see, causing them to start thinking.

Anya was initially stunned before she became angry. ‘Are those ... Just how much does Jeremy love her to kiss her so fiercely?’

Sunny stared at the hickeys and all sorts of scenarios flashed through his mind.

Corinne turned beet red. She touched her forehead and tried to explain, “Umm... So...”

“Corinne! Did your allergies flare up again?” asked Sunny seriously, thinking he had found the reason for her hickeys.

“Why didn't you tell anyone? Wait here. I'll call for an ambulance.”

Corinne was speechless. The corners of her mouth began to twitch uncontrollably. She quickly stopped Sunny when she realized he was actually going to make a call.

“No, I’m okay. It’s not that serious this time. We shouldn’t tie up the emergency line with matters such as this. There could be people who are in more serious condition than me.”

She would definitely be the talk of the hospitals in New Capital City if she was admitted to the hospital because of some

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hickeys. Not to mention, she once was sent to the hospital in an ambulance because she was suffering from period cramps and she had Jeremy to thank for that.

Suddenly, she remembered that her period had not come this month. In fact, it should have come a couple of weeks ago.

“Corinne, stop being so stubborn. Having an allergic reaction is nothing to be ashamed about,” lectured Sunny seriously, insisting on calling the emergency hotline.

“I’m not being stubborn!”

Corinne did not know what else to say. In fact, she was so close to being at a loss for words.

‘This kid is so annoying! It seems like he’s bent on making my life difficult. I seriously can’t tell whether he’s more annoying when he was being mean to me in the past or now when he’s being nice to me.’

Anya’s eyes became darker and darker, providing a stark contrast to her usual doe-eyed innocent look, when she saw how worried Sunny was over Corinne.

Chapter 419

“What are you all doing here?” asked Jeremy authoritatively.

Corinne and Sunny-who were still fighting over whether

there was a need to call the emergency hotline-immediately turned toward him.

Jeremy stood emotionlessly, staring at them coldly from far

away.

“Jeremy!”

The darkness in Anya’s eyes immediately dissipated when she realized Jeremy had come. She put on her innocent doe-eyed look and ran over to him.

“Jeremy, I came here to apologize to Corinne for the misunderstanding between us, but it doesn’t seem like she’s willing to forgive me,” she said with a pitiful sigh.

Jeremy glanced at Anya, and then at Sunny, before finally fixing his gaze on the jacket Corinne was wearing on her shoulder. He narrowed his eyes unkindly and asked, “Whose jacket is that?”

Corinne did not know how to answer him.

A chill went up Sunny’s spine as he tried to explain, “Corinne said she was cold, so I gave her my jacket to wear, and... She seems to be having an allergic reaction so I wanted to call an ambulance for her, but she stopped me... Jeremy, you should talk some sense into her.”

Jeremy’s face darkened. He was already not happy to find out Corinne was wearing Sunny’s jacket, but the fact that Sunny

stared worriedly at Corinne’s neck made him even angrier. After all, if Sunny’s gaze fell any lower, he would be looking at Corinne’s plunging neckline.

Jeremy walked slowly toward Corinne, completely ignoring Anya. He gestured coldly with his chin and said, “Be a good girl and give back the jacket to Sunny.”

“Okay.”

It was not like she wanted to wear it in the first place. Sunny was the one who forced the jacket onto her after ripping the towel off her neck. In fact, she had forgotten the jacket

was even on her as all of her attention had been used to stop Sunny from calling an ambulance.

Corinne quickly took off the jacket and gave it back to Sunny. Subsequently, Jeremy took off his own jacket and wrapped it around Corinne so that only her head would show. There was no way he would let the others see her in that dress.

Sunny took back his jacket without making a fuss, but he still could not but worry about Corinne's 'allergic reaction'. He frowned and said, "Jeremy, about the hives on Corinne's neck..."

'Why's this kid still talking about her neck? Doesn't he know to look elsewhere?' thought Jeremy angrily.

He narrowed his eyes and reprimanded him, "This has nothing to do with you, kid. Us adults will take care of our own business. Take your sister to Lucas now. I wouldn't want him to blame me should anything happen to either of you."

Jeremy then put his arm around Corinne's shoulder to steer her back into the room.

Anya remained rooted to the spot in shock. She watched as Jeremy and Corinne went back into the room. Without her even realizing, she was already chasing and shouting after them, "Jeremy, wait!"

Jeremy paused in his tracks and asked, "Yes?"

Anya looked at him with her big sad puppy dog eyes and said, "Jeremy, do you still remember what you've promised me?"

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Jeremy turned back to look at her with eyes filled with mixed emotions. He was silent for a while before answering softly.

"Yes. Don't worry, I still remember."

Anya nodded like a little girl. "Okay, I'll be waiting for you then."

Corinne had no idea what they were talking about, but when she looked back at Anya, she realized that she was smiling in a way that gave her the creeps. Moreover, Anya deliberately put her hand on her belly and looked at her provocatively.

Corinne suddenly remembered that Anya had a scar on her

abdomen. According to Anya, the scar was from a c-section. procedure. She even told Corinne that she had a child with Jeremy.

Chapter 420

“What are you thinking about?”

Corinne was suddenly pulled back from her thoughts when Jeremy scratched her lightly on the nose. He bent down lightly so that he could be at eye-level with her as she sat down on the bed.

“The barbecue grill was left unattended, so all the food got burnt. I’ve already asked someone to cook some fresh food for you and he’ll bring it over later,” said Jeremy gently.

Corinne was full from the chicken wings Sunny gave her, so she did not really care whether there would be new food coming in.

She raised her eyebrow slyly. “Mister, you’re not keeping any deep, dark secrets from me, right?”

Jeremy hesitated slightly. He then knelt down before her, looked her deeply into the eyes, and shook his head. “No, I’m not.”

“Good.”

Corinne was satisfied with his answer. She did not take Anya’s bullsh\*t at all. In fact, she would have forgotten about the child matter if Anya had not smiled so creepily at her earlier.

After spending time with Jeremy for over two months, Corinne was sure about one thing-Jeremy's impeccable character. She knew he was not the type that would abandon his own child.

Besides, knowing how much Anya liked to manipulate people, Corinne was also sure that Anya would definitely use their 'so-

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called kid' to make Jeremy marry her. It would be out of character for Anya to keep it a secret.

Jeremy looked at her and asked, "Why did you suddenly ask me that?"

Corinne shook her head. "Oh, it's nothing. I was just curious, that's all. By the way, do you want to try some of Sunny's chicken wings? They're really good."

She then picked up a chicken wing, which was sitting on top of the bedside table, and brought it over to Jeremy's mouth.

Jeremy smiled and opened up his mouth. "Mm. You're right. It's delicious. You should have more since you like them so much, and we'll go home after that."

Corinne nodded. "Okay."

Jeremy patted her on the head and looked at her with eyes full of adoration. "Eat up, my little rascal."

He was secretly angry at himself for not taking better care of Corinne. His plan for the day was to bring her out to have some fun but in the end, the whole pond thing happened, so he swore to himself that he would never let something like that happen again.

It was already late at night by the time Jeremy and Corinne got back home.

He walked her to her room and said, "I'll be going on an



overseas business trip tomorrow. Make sure to take good care of yourself while I'm not here, okay? Don't go out too much and don't make me worry."

"How long will you be gone for?"

"Around half a month."

Corinne frowned. "Why do you need to be there for so long?"

Jeremy narrowed his eyes and smiled. "Sounds like someone's going to miss me. How about a goodbye kiss then?"

He bent down and tilted his head sideways.

Corinne smiled but the smile did not reach her eyes. She then patted Jeremy's cheek and said cheekily, "Haha, nice try, Mister. Have a safe trip and goodnight."

After that, she went into her room and locked the door.

Jeremy was speechless. He did not know whether to laugh or cry.

'That cheeky little rascal. I'm only asking for a kiss. Why does she like to torment me so much?'

Half a month later, Corinne had been spending all her time designing the headquarters of Holden Group in the time that Jeremy was abroad.