

The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished Chapter 671

Chapter 671

It was Joey.

Previously, she kept pestering Jeremy to accompany her in adopting a child from overseas. However, the child still did not have an official name. Lately, she was not interested in taking care of the child herself and has left it to the nanny to handle all day long. Mostly, she was too lazy to take care of the child!

This child used to have some value for her as a major excuse to cling to Jeremy and briefly hold his attention. But things are different now. Jeremy already knows that Corinne is carrying his child, so he won't care about this adopted child without a blood relationship.

Thus, this child has become a burden, with no utility or value left. Anya never truly loved this child, aside from considering it as a tool for her benefit. She never had any genuine affection for the child.

All the tenderness and maternal gestures she displayed toward the child in the past were only an act put on for Jeremy! When there was nobody around, she could not be bothered to pretend anymore!

At this moment, Anya is in a bad mood, and looking at this child who is no longer of any use to her only makes her angrier! When the child comes over wanting a hug, Anya, devoid of any love, impatiently pushes away Joey, who was still unsteady on his feet.

“Get away! Stay far away from me! You little brat, all you do is eat and cry all day long. Aren't you tired of being annoying?”

Joey fell to the ground, completely shocked and helpless, looking at his mother with a bewildered expression, then bursting into tears, feeling deeply wronged.

Anya felt annoyed and extremely bothered by the loud crying of the child. In frustration, she reached out and forcefully pinched and twisted the flesh on Joey's body.

“Crying, crying, crying! All you know is crying! I have so many people serving you, taking care of your food and drink every day. What else do you have to cry about? Let me tell you, if it weren’t for my kind heart in adopting you, you would still be eating scraps in that impoverished orphanage. Would you be able to enjoy such good food now?”

“Don’t be ungrateful! Generally speaking, people of your lowly status have no right to step foot into the Riveras. You should be grateful to me instead of crying all the time!”

‘That’s enough! Stop crying! Cry some more, and I’ll use a needle to end you! Shut up, do you hear me? Are you going to cry or not?’

While Anya scolded, she continued pinching and twisting different parts of Joey’s body, venting her pent- up frustrations.

However, Joey had no understanding of what he did wrong to make his mother angry. He only knew that he was in pain from being pinched, so he instinctively cried even harder, “Waah!”

The more the child cried, the more fiercely Anya pinched him.

This was not the first time Anya treated Joey like this. Whenever she was unhappy, she liked to vent to the child, resorting to physical abuse and sometimes even using needles on him multiple times.

Of course, she only did these things when nobody else was around.

Lacking a sense of security and understanding of the world’s rules, Joey believed that he could not resist what his mother did to him. So even though he cried, he would still seek reliance and call out to Anya as his mother.

“Why is the child crying? What’s going on?” Lucas, hearing the child’s agonizing cries, forcefully pushed the door open and entered the room!

At this moment, Anya’s hand was still firmly pinching the child.

"The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished" Today, author

Chapter 672

Anya only hesitated for a moment before quickly releasing her grip on the child's hand. She remained calm and discreetly covered the red marks on Joey's body that she caused, then gently pulled him closer to her embrace, soothingly saying, "Don't cry, don't cry, Mommy is here! Joey, don't cry, everything is fine!"

Faced with the sudden change in his mother's emotions, Joey's crying subsided slightly, but he still felt very confused about what he did wrong.

Lucas approached, his clear and thoughtful eyes filled with doubt. "Anya, what happened? Why is the child crying like this?"

Anya looked up, her expression innocent and harmless. "Brother, you're back! It's, it's nothing. Joey accidentally fell and hurt himself just now. I was comforting him."

The perplexity between Lucas's eyebrows dissipated, and he gently touched Joey's head. "A real man should be strong. You can't cry over a little bump or scratch!"

Joey's face was tear-stained as he looked up at his uncle. With his limited language ability, he could not express his own experience, but he felt wronged and pouted his lips.

Suddenly, his mother's hand pinched him again, not too lightly or heavily. Joey's fearful gaze once again turned to Anya.

In the face of her mother's warning gaze, he dared not cry anymore or show any reaction. He was afraid of his mother, but he also loved her.

He still remembered when his mother came to the orphanage to pick him up. At that time, he thought his mother was very beautiful, and she would bring him lots of delicious food, change him into clean clothes, and gently play with him.

Since he could remember, he was roughly confined with other children in the orphanage, never experiencing such gentle care from anyone.

However, after he was adopted, his mother of his became somewhat unpredictable.

Sometimes, he did not even know what he did wrong to make her unhappy, and she would pinch him, hit him, and scold him.

He did not mean to make his mother unhappy. He loved seeing his mother's gentle smile toward him!

Joey snapped out of his thoughts, anxiously pursing his lips, and tried to please her. "Mommy, don't be angry! Joey is sorry! Joey is sorry!"

Anya smiled gently at him. "Hmm, good boy! Mommy isn't angry. Silly child, how could Mommy be angry with little Joey!"

Upon hearing his mother say she wasn't angry, Joey finally felt a bit relieved.

Anya continued, "Good boy, go outside and find Auntie who will take care of you for a while. Mommy needs to talk with Uncle. I'll come to find you later."

Joey understood his mother's words and nodded obediently. He then clumsily walked outside to find his caretaker.

After watching Joey leave, Anya stood up, looking somewhat melancholy, and turned to her brother." Lucas, I'm sorry. You asked me to accompany Corinne to the hospital today for her surgery, but I failed to watch over her."

Lucas's face grew serious. "Edmund already told me about today's Incident. It's not your fault. It's Corinne

being too cunning."

Helplessly, Anya let out a sigh. "Brother, just now Jeremy's sister, Francine, called me. She said Corinne has already gone back to the Holden's estate with Jeremy. Jeremy doesn't want me anymore."

As she spoke, her voice choked up, sounding pitiful and aggrieved.

Lucas furrowed his brow and gently patted her shoulder, soothing her in a warm voice. "Anya, don't worry. Anything you want, including people, I guarantee they will be yours. No one can take them away from you."

"Brother!" Anya pounced into her brother's embrace, acting coquettishly, filled with reliance.

Lucas held his sister tightly. He truly felt heartbroken for his sister, thinking how she, at such a young age, was unable to have her child due to a man's actions and was callously abandoned by that same man. It was unfair and pitiful.

As her older brother, how could he stand by and watch his sister suffer like this?!

Meanwhile, at Holden's estate.

Francine was crouching outside the bedroom door, eavesdropping on the activity inside.

What were Jeremy and Corinne doing in there? Why couldn't she hear any sound at all?

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Chapter 673

In broad daylight, are they not supposed to be sleeping?

Inside the room.

Corinne stood in the center of the room, aimlessly looking around.

This room was Jeremy's bedroom, the same room they used as their fake marriage bedroom before.

The furnishings in the room appeared exactly as they did before she left, without any changes. However, her mindset was different upon returning.

On the side. Jeremy's face showed no emotion as he coldly watched her, commanding, "You smell like disinfectant. Go take a shower and change your clothes!"

Corinne snapped back to reality, lowering her head to examine her attire. She lifted her arm and sniffed her sleeve, indeed detecting the scent of hospital disinfectant.

When she was at the hospital earlier, she already entered the operating room wearing a surgical gown. provided by the nurse. Although she was quickly

carried out of the operating room by this man, she did not have a chance to change back into her clothes, and the smell of disinfectant lingered.

However, as soon as this man entered the room, he ordered her to take a shower. Doesn't that easily give people the wrong idea?

Corinne furrowed her brows, feeling that staying in the same room with this man left her with nothing to say and was quite suffocating.

It would be good to hide in the bathroom for a while!

Without saying a word to the man, Corinne went directly into the bathroom, locked the door, and filled the

tub with water.

She intended to pass the time in the bathroom and hoped that by the time she came out, the man would have something to do outside!

As she soaked in the bathtub, she fell asleep.

She was not sure how much time passed when she vaguely heard the sound of water running.

Corinne struggled to open her eyes and woke up.

Before her, there was a tall and imposing figure, dressed neatly, lazily, and leisurely sitting at the edge of the bathtub, looking down at her.

She did not react for a while, but when she realized that she was taking a bath naked, she suddenly fell asleep, curled up her legs and hands to protect her chest, stared at the man in embarrassment, and said, Mister, I'm taking a bath, you, you What are you doing here? You hooligan!"

There was calm teasing in the man's eyes, and his slender fingers with well-defined joints reached into the water and flicked a few times, "Miss Corinne, you took a bath for more than an hour, even if it was washed with boiling water, the water would have cooled down by now. I couldn't help it, so I came in to see if someone drowned."

Corinne blushed with displeasure, and said angrily, "Then I thank you for your concern first! Now you can see that I am alive and well! Please get out immediately!"

The man was unmoved, and just sat by the bathtub and looked at her with dignity.

Corinne could not even get up and put on her clothes like this! Don't talk about it, even if she moves a little, she may be spotted by this man!

No, before she woke up, she was seen! Ah! Damn, she locked the door!

Corinne gritted her teeth, "Mister Jeremy, I just want to take a good bath right now, okay? It's rude and shameless for you to barge in like this!"

The man did not seem to think there was anything wrong with him. "I knocked on the door."

Corinne twitched the corners of her mouth irritably. "After knocking on the door, you can enter the

bathroom at will? Mister Jeremy, if it were you taking a shower instead, I knocked on the door and ran in without waiting for your consent. What do you think? Is that okay with you?"

Jeremy said bluntly, "Yes."

Corinne was speechless.

The man narrowed his eyes subtly, and added, "If it's you, you don't have to knock on the door."

"The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished" Today, author

Chapter 674

Corinne faced the provocative gaze of the man, her eyelashes trembling slightly, and her heart suddenly fell into chaos. She, who was always eloquent and persuasive, suddenly did not know what to say.

"Mister Jeremy, you, you need to leave quickly!"

She just wanted to drive him away and pointed her finger at the door of the bathroom.

Due to her excited gesture, the man's gaze shifted downward, narrowing his eyes. That subtle look in his eyes was cunning like a wolf.

Corinne suddenly realized that in her excitement, she did not forget to cover her chest. Embarrassed, she let out a scream, curled up into a ball, and hugged her knees tightly!

“Jeremy Holden! You shameless person!”

The little girl rarely called him by his full name so directly. It seemed that she was truly angry.

However, the man laughed, amused by her confused and angry appearance.

He raised his hand and with his rough fingertips, pinched her pointed chin, lifting her blushing little face. “I still prefer hearing you call me ‘Mister’.”

Corinne felt both embarrassed and indignant. Her skin was burning, and her delicate shoulders showed a fragile beauty.

She was defenseless, so she had no escape. She had to compromise.

“Alright, Mister, I beg you to leave. first. If there’s anything you want to say, wait until I’ve put on my clothes.”

The man was relentless, still holding her chin, lightly pinching and teasing.

“You even fall asleep absentmindedly while taking a bath. Did you also act so carelessly when you were living with Mister Aaron? Letting people see you completely naked without even realizing it? Hm?”

As his words reached the end, the man’s tone was almost interrogative.

Corinne furrowed her brows unhappily, hugging her knees tightly in the warm water of her bath, ensuring that her crucial points were not exposed. She retorted irritably, “No way! Do you think everyone is as ruffianly as you, barging in while someone is taking a shower?”

The man’s brows furrowed, “I’m ruffian? What about Mister Aaron, a good friend of yours, Miss Corinne, who takes different women to different hotels every day? Isn’t he considered a ruffian?”

Corinne’s expression froze, and she felt somewhat guilty due to Aaron’s questionable personal life. She awkwardly twitched the corner of her mouth and said, “Aaron may be a bit promiscuous, but he has no interest in me, and he wouldn’t dare do anything to me.”

Jeremy raised an eyebrow, “Are you so sure he wouldn’t dare? What kind of deep affection and friendship do you two have that makes you trust his character so much?”

-Corinne pursed her lips, “I want to get dressed first before talking to you! Mister, even if you have a hobby

of chatting while being naked, I don’t!”

Jeremy’s face was serious, but there was a dark light in his eyes that seemed to be a smile, “I’m wearing clothes, how can I be chatting while naked?”

That’s right! He was clothed!

You b*stard, what a bully!

Corinne almost cried because of his anger, “You, do you want to go too far!”

Seeing the little girl wrinkled up in anger, the man could not bear to tease her anymore, he stretched out his long arms to reach for the towel, threw it into the bathtub, and gave it to her.

The bath towel was soaked, soaked, and floated on the water in the bathtub.

Corinne quickly grabbed the bath towel and draped it over her body, wrapping her whole body up. Only then did she feel a little bit more secure, not as invisible as before?

After wrapping herself up, she got up and wanted to get out of the bathtub.

However, before he could stand up, he was pushed back by the man’s big hand again,

She looked up at the man dissatisfied, “Mister, why don’t you let me go out?”

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Chapter 675

The man’s stern gaze resembled that of someone scolding a careless child as he disdainfully lectured, “You haven’t even washed the foam out of your hair properly, and you’re in such a hurry to go out!”

Corinne paused for a moment, remembering that she fell asleep in the bathtub while washing her hair and did not rinse it off.

She pouted and issued her ultimatum, "If you don't go out, how am I supposed to wash?"

Jeremy did not waste time on idle talk. He reached out and grabbed the showerhead, half-commanding, "Close your eyes."

Corinne hesitated. Why should she close her eyes? Could this man be planning to help her wash her hair? Would he be so attentive?

"What are you staring at? Close your eyes!" the man commanded again.

Annoyed by his reprimand, Corinne felt displeased but obediently closed her eyes.

Fine, she would endure this momentary calm and not challenge this man!

Otherwise, he might act without principles and take away her bath towel!

Seeing her obediently close her eyes, the man tested the water temperature from the showerhead and then positioned it over her head, letting the warm and gentle water flow onto her hair.

With his other large hand, the man gently and patiently gathered her hair, making sure to wash away the foam hidden among the strands.

Perhaps it was true that a woman became less clever during pregnancy. This little girl was not as sharp as she used to be, appearing dazed and confused.

Jeremy could not bear to leave her alone in the bathroom to bathe, given her current state of confusion.

The reason he entered while she was bathing was by no means to peep at her.

She was in the bath for too long, not responding when he knocked on the door. It was only then, as a last resort, that he used the key to open the door and check on her.

Considering her pregnancy and her current dazed state, he did not want her bathing alone. What if she slipped and fell? It would not be a trivial matter!

Her hair was gently gathered by the man's large hand, occasionally receiving gentle massages on her scalp. With the warm water adding to the comfort, Corinne felt like a contented lazy cat, thoroughly satisfied and almost sleepy. Thinking that there would not be any foam in her eyes, she secretly opened her eyes and stared at the handsome man who condescended to wash her hair, feeling dazed for a while.

Who would have thought that Jeremy, the proud son of the Holdens who stood above all, would personally take care of her hair in private? It was truly unimaginable!

Noticing the girl's infatuated gaze, the man lowered his eyes and suddenly met hers.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" he asked, his tone both flirtatious and mocking.

Corinne felt a bit shy and blinked unnaturally. "Um, can't I just look at you?"

The man squinted his eyes, his tone ambiguous and sarcastic. "Am I good-looking?"

Corinne admitted frankly, "Um, you're quite good-looking."

The man's gaze darkened, and he stared at her aggressively. "You think I'm good-looking, yet you run to

other men? It seems that in Miss Corinne's eyes, I'm not the most attractive one!"

Corinne tugged at the corner of her mouth, feeling speechless.

After going in circles, the conversation returned to its original topic. If Jeremy was so concerned about Aaron's presence, it was possible that he would cause trouble for Aaron and his company in the future.

Considering this, Corinne decided to be honest and confess, "Mister, to be precise, Aaron and I are from the same hometown. We grew up together in the same village, just like close friends who are as familiar as family. So, there can never be any romantic feelings between us. He's like a younger brother to me!"

Upon hearing her voluntary explanation, the man was quite surprised but responded with a dark, unhappy chuckle. "So, you're childhood sweethearts, huh?"

She nodded. "Um, something like that!"

Jeremy's expression turned serious as he turned the question around. "Then, what is your relationship. with Newmoon Group?"

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Chapter 676

"I have a small share in the Newmoon Group."

She spoke cautiously.

Jeremy looked at her with a scrutinizing gaze, a small share, or a substantial one?

After discovering that Corinne and Aaron were living together, he sent Tommy to investigate the background of the Newmoon Group.

Newmoon Group had a clean background and started from scratch. It was the most eye-catching rising star among domestic enterprises. Within a few years, it rapidly rose and was almost on par with the major family-owned conglomerates in the Capital. Its strength should not be underestimated.

However, their President, Xante, and Vice President, Aaron, were not the true owners of Newmoon. 60 percent of the shares were held by a mysterious major shareholder who never appeared in public.

According to the investigation, that elusive major shareholder was a young girl.

He long knew that Corinne was not as simple as she appeared. Now, learning that she held the largest share of Newmoon Group in her hands, he did not even find it surprising.

Given this girl's education, abilities, intelligence, and a touch of ambition, it was not surprising that she independently built some industries at such a young age.

What surprised him now was that the little girl was willing to slowly tell him some truths.

In the past, she often babbled nonsense to him, deceiving and guarding against him, not allowing him to understand her situation too well.

However, now, regardless of her motives, her willingness to tell him the truth indicated that he could get closer to the real side of this little girl than before and hold onto her more tightly.

If one day she tried to run away again, he would not be clueless and wander around like a headless fly.

While the man was deep in thought, he continued washing the girl's hair without pausing. His distinct joints gently gathered the water from the showerhead and poured it down onto the back of her head, carefully ensuring that not a single drop entered her eyes.

Seeing Corinne nervously observing his reaction, as if afraid of making him angry?

Jeremy could not help but soften his heart, letting go of his frustration over her month-long escape, lies, and concealment, all at once. What more could he do if he could not let go? Hit her? He could not bear to.

As the man let go of his frustrations, he teasingly remarked, "No wonder Miss Corinne never liked money. It turns out she didn't lack money at all and is a hidden wealthy woman."

Upon hearing the man's ambiguous words, Corinne rolled her eyes at him and said, "Who said I don't like money? Where is it written that someone would dislike having too much money? You, as a capitalist, should understand the concept that money makes the world go round!"

Jeremy narrowed his eyes and asked with a meaningful tone as he held her hair, "Money makes the world go round?"

Corinne nodded, "Yes! Isn't it true?"

Suddenly, Jeremy's large hand, which was gathering her hair, grabbed the back of her head, and he asked with a hint of meaning, "Then if I give you all my money, can I buy you to carry me around, Miss Corinne?"

Corinne's eyes lit up, revealing a glimmer of greed for money. "All of it? How much is that?"

7

She asked about the amount?

Jeremy was not using flowery words this time, "The entire Holdens, including myself, is yours."

The man looked at her with starry eyes, earnest, not joking. His overly sincere gaze startled Corinne, and

it took her a while to regain her senses and say, "Uh, that's too much. I can't afford to take it! I'm not a

god, and even if I sold myself to you and took all your assets, I don't think I carry you around!"

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Chapter 677

The man threw the shower head casually, held her wet little head with both hands, and sat on the edge of the bath, leaning over and getting closer, his deep voice carrying some fatal temptation.

"You can carry me, it's not difficult. You just need to push me lightly, and I will turn around by myself."

The distance between the two suddenly drew too close, Corinne was stunned, and her breathing was

stagnant.

How the kiss happened, she did not even know.

Corinne only knew that her brain was humming, and it was all messed up.

In both ears, I could only hear the sound of rushing water and the man's rapid and steady breathing.

She felt as if she was about to be swallowed into a black hole, and she was powerless to resist, as the unbearable heat surrounded her.

Originally, the water in the bath was already cold, but now the water is hot because the faucet was turned on by the man long ago, and the hot water was slowly pouring out, and the drain below was also discharging the cold water at the same speed. It was gradually being replaced by hot water.

She was just woken up by the sound of running water.

Mister was afraid that she would catch a cold, so he came in and changed the hot water for her.

At first, Corinne instinctively pressed her hands against the man's shoulders, not accepting his sudden attack, but slowly, she felt as if she was captured, and her two wet little arms unconsciously hooked on the man's neck.

She no longer resisted, faced her inner feelings directly, and began to slowly respond to the man's turbulent kiss, even unwilling to be outdone.

The wild beating of the heart, the staggered breathing, the wet friction, and entanglement, made the two people who were separated for a long time because of misunderstanding wish to rub each other into their

bodies.

Corinne hooked his neck, and suddenly had some bad thoughts, deliberately leaned a bit, and pulled him

into the bathtub!

Bang!

The man fell into the bathtub, and the water suddenly overflowed. The bathroom seemed to be flooded,

and it was wet everywhere.

Jeremy put his hands on both sides of the mischievous girl's head. His body was suspended in the warm. bath water, so as not to let his body overwhelm the little girl under him.

The man looked down at her condescendingly and scolded her severely with heavy eyebrows. "Are you crazy? What if it hits your stomach?"

Corinne blinked, her eyes sparkling, her face was full of mischief and joy after a successful prank, "You were the one who went crazy first! Who told you to kiss me first? Just a little bit!"

Looking at her cute and hateful little appearance, Jeremy's pupils shrank, his throat was so dry that he could not bear it, and the kiss fell again like a devouring entanglement, exchanging each other's hot breath.

This annoying little thing almost killed him!

Corinne punched him, "Mister, come here"

Embracing each other in the water seems to be closer than in the air, tightly fitting and intimate.

If the kiss continues like this, the bloody man will almost be unable to bear it.

Jeremy gathered together rationally, propped up his large body, and finally separated from her with some unfulfilled intentions.

The man's big hand gently touched the girl's head, stabilized his messy breath, and coaxed her in a low voice, "Okay, get up, wash up, and get dressed, if you keep making trouble, you will catch a cold!"

Corinne kissed like a drunk, her face was pink in confusion, her eyes were full of misty tears, and her little hands tightly grasped the man's drenched shirt that was clinging to the muscles of his chest, "I don't want!"

The man's Adam's apple rolled, and he could not help pecking her lips again, "What don't you want? Huh?"

Corinne's voice was hoarse due to lack of oxygen, "I don't want you to go!"

"The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished" Today, author

Chapter 678

Jeremy was stunned, the fire that was forcibly extinguished just now suddenly ignited again.

The corners of the man's lips were slightly drawn, and he stared deeply at the little girl under him, "Are you inviting me in, Miss Corinne?"

At such a moment, the man still wants to tease her!

Corinne was a little angry, it only took a moment to turn from emotional to angry!

She wrinkled her small face, let go of the little hand that was holding onto the man's clothes, and pushed him away, "I didn't! Go away! Leave me alone!"

At this moment, she is very cute, like a little daughter-in-law who is having a tantrum with her husband.

She was no longer as indifferent to everything as she used to be. She no longer remains unruffled by favor or humiliation. Everything was just a performance to please him, devoid of any genuine emotions.

The man liked her like this, so he pressed the little guy's naughty little hands, stopped fighting with her, and coaxed, "You little rascal, I'm happy to be invited, but no, you are in your special period, and I can't bully you.

Did a special period mean she was pregnant?

Corinne was stunned for a moment and met the man's gentle eyes, her heart was pounding, and she lowered her eyes shyly like a ghost. "The doctor said that you can bully, as long as you're not heavy-

handed."

The girl's voice was very small, and in the end, she was too shy to hear what she was muttering.

However, the man understood everything. The black pupils in the handsome cold eyes trembled, like breaking a ring, he picked up the small waist of the girl in the bathtub.

Heat swept through their bodies.

With the gentle entanglement, it spreads out little by little in their bodies, and a gorgeous flower bloomed.

When the man carried the girl out of the bathroom, the sky outside already turned dark. Young people in love always surrender tirelessly to tenderness, forgetting about time.

The man carefully placed the girl by the bedside and pulled a blanket to wrap her up, as she was only wearing a bathrobe. Then, he gently took a dry towel and softly wiped her still damp long hair.

Just like a parent taking care of a child.

However, Corinne was already too tired to sit still. Her body was so sore that she couldn't even straighten up. Despite the man's gentle care and attention throughout the process, she was physically exhausted from one climax after another.

She wasn't very cooperative and didn't want to bother with drying her hair. She collapsed on the bed, as if her strength drained away, simply wanting to have a good sleep.

While Jeremy was wiping her hair, he suddenly disappeared. Lowering his gaze, he saw the little girl wrapped in the blanket, already lying down and asleep..

The man looked down at her from above, furrowing his brows. "You can't lie down now. Your hair needs to be dried before you can sleep!"

Corinne was too lazy to move and grumbled, "No need to dry it, I'm tired."

Seeing her like this, the man's eyes filled with tenderness and affection, but he had no intention of indulging her and letting her sleep like that. "No, listen to me. Get up and sit properly to dry your hair."

Corinne found it troublesome and was extremely sleepy, not wanting to pay any attention to him.

Helpless, the man bent down and held her waist, lifting her forcefully to make her sit upright again. As if the girl lost all her bones, as soon as he released his grip, she could not support herself, and Jeremy let her lean against his own body.

Looking at the exhausted little one, the man could not help but feel a bit regretful for his lack of restraint in the bathroom. He was too rough with her.

However, no matter what, her hair had to be dried before she could sleep, or else she would catch a cold and have a headache the next day.

Bringing the hairdryer over, the man-made Corinne lazily lean against his chest and held her in a hundred percent careful manner, gently blowing her hair.

Her hair was long, and it took a long time to dry.

Finally, the man's distinct fingers gently touched her hair, confirming that it was dry enough. He put down the hairdryer and said in a warm voice, "Okay, now you can lie down and sleep."

However, in the absence of the noise from the hairdryer, the rumbling sound from Corinne's stomach became incredibly clear in the quiet room.

"The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished" Today, author

Chapter 679

Corinne awkwardly pursed her lips and rubbed her stomach. The man's eyebrows lifted with a hint of

amusement.

"Hungry?" he asked.

Corinne nodded. "Mm, hungry!"

He whispered to her, "What do you want to eat?"

She looked up at him, a sudden idea popping into her head. "I want to eat the food made by you, Mister!"

Jeremy furrowed his brows. This little girl was trying to give him a hard time. He did not know how to cook anything. However, this was the first request from the little rascal that he just regained, so how could Jeremy not dote on her?

"Alright, wait for me. I'll learn how to cook something for you."

Corinne lazily opened her arms. "No need to wait, I want to watch you make it, Mister!"

The man squinted his eyes. Was this little rascal energized again?

Bending down, he received her beckoning arms and embraced the little girl in his arms. He patted her Small backside and said, "Looks like you're not tired enough yet. You still need some straightening up!"

Hearing the emphasis he put on the word 'straightening up', Corinne got scared immediately. She jumped off the man in fear. "No, I don't want it anymore, I don't want it."

She could not handle it anymore. She could not bear it!

Seeing her frightened and wanting to run away, the man chuckled and held the struggling little one tightly. "Good girl, I won't tease you anymore! Didn't you say you wanted to eat the food I make? I'll make it fresh for you now, and you can watch!"

Corinne finally breathed a sigh of relief, nodding her head. Then she obediently leaned on his broad shoulder, allowing the man to hold her and move around without wanting to exert any strength of her own.

Francine squatted outside her brother's room for several hours, but she did not hear any sounds. It was not until she saw her brother, Jeremy, carrying Corinne like a child and coming out of the room, heading.

downstairs.

Francine frowned disapprovingly and muttered, "She's such a sly fox, seducing my brother as soon as she

comes back!"

She surreptitiously followed them and covertly recorded the entire scene with her phone, including her brother going to the kitchen to personally cook for Corinne. She then sent the latest information to Anya.

The Riveras.

Anya watched the video sent by Francine, her eyes turning red with anger. She gritted her teeth and fiercely threw her phone to the ground!

The loud noise of the phone hitting the floor woke up Joey, who just fell asleep. The child looked at his angry mother in confusion.

Anya was consumed by jealousy. She never imagined that Jeremy, such an indifferent and proud man, would one day personally cook for a woman! She was supposed to be the one who made Jeremy unconditionally gentle and accommodating!

What was she lacking compared to Corinne?

Joey did not know what happened and Innocently crawled over to soothe his mother. "Mom, don't be angry."

However, Anya did not appreciate it. Irritated, she pushed him away. "Get lost! Don't bother me!"

As a result of this push, Joey fell directly off the bed, hitting the back of his head on the sharp corner of the nightstand!

Anya was too lazy to get off the bed to help the child. After realizing there was no movement for a long time, she impatiently glanced at the floor. Suddenly, her pupils dilated, and she completely froze!

There was blood all over the floor. A lot of blood.

Was the child dead?

"The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished" Today, author

Chapter 680

In the kitchen of the Holden's estate, Corinne was indulgently placed on a clean countertop by a man who would not let her lift a finger. Watching the man's somewhat unskilled knife work while he chopped vegetables, Corinne leisurely swung her still tender and sore legs and teased, "Mister, you're a grown man, and you still don't know how to cook?"

The man glanced at her and retorted, "Do you think I need to know these things?"

Corinne raised an eyebrow. Well, for someone born with a silver spoon in their mouth, with clothes and food readily available, they indeed did not need to bother with such trivial matters as cooking and household chores.

Corinne crossed her arms and said, "Maybe you didn't need to before, but in the future, you how to do laundry and cook!"

better learn

The man continued dicing the tomatoes with a hint of amusement in his eyes. "Why is that?"

Corinne replied matter-of-factly, "Because if you want to start a family, you need to learn to take care of your wife and children!"

The man snorted lightly while cutting the tomatoes. "Even if I don't know how to do laundry or cook, I won't let you do it. I'll arrange for someone else to take care of all that for you. And as for me, I'll take care of you in ways that others can't."

Look at him! Why is he changing the subject again?

Corinne felt her cheeks flush but pretended not to understand, avoiding his topic of driving. "Well, I also don't like having people around me all the time, disturbing my life! Honestly, I'm not used to living in a house with so many servants like Mister's. I prefer the atmosphere of just family members living together, taking care of, and worrying about each other. Mister, if you want to be with me, you have to get used to a life without servants in advance! You can't expect me to do all the household chores alone; I won't be your free nanny!"

The girl continued to speak eloquently, her words flowing smoothly from her small mouth.

The man hesitated for a moment, raising his head to look at her intently, his eyes narrowing with a hint of deep contemplation.

This mischievous and troublesome little girl barely did anything, yet she was already trying to instruct and train this older man in various matters. But her words struck a chord deep within him.

She was considering their future together, making plans for a life that included him. It was truly the most touching declaration of affection.

The man snapped back to reality and gently brushed the tip of the girl's nose with a large hand. "Alright! I'll listen to you! From now on, I'll be your free

babysitter, washing your clothes and cooking for you, taking care of you, you little rascal. Is that acceptable?"

Corinne rubbed her nose against his hand and wrinkled her brow in disgust. "Mister, your hands smell like onions!"

The man found her amusing and deliberately pinched her nose again. "That's because of the cooking I do for you, little rascal. Understand?"

Corinne angrily swatted his large hand away. "Then stop fooling around and cook already! I'm starving!"

The man stopped fooling around and finished chopping the tomatoes. He humbly sought advice, "Tell me, what should I do next?"

Corinne glanced at the chopped vegetables on the cutting board and directed him, "Alright, the green onions and tomatoes are ready. Now, beat two eggs to make an egg mixture, heat the pan with oil, and stir-fry the eggs first!"

The man nodded and followed her instructions. Although he never personally cooked before, his years of dominating the business world endowed him with a meticulous work ethic. Under Corinne's guidance, he smoothly completed each step.

Corinne watched the tall and handsome man stir-frying the eggs with a sense of contrast, and an uncontrollable smile of sweetness crept up on her lips, bringing clarity to her heart.

Although she was reluctant when Mister forcibly brought her back to the Holden's estate, now, as she quietly watched him, she felt an indescribable sense of reassurance and warmth.

Since she was young, Corinne was abandoned at her relatives' countryside home. They did not want to take care of her, so she ended up going to a nunnery and grew up there, relying on their meals.

Therefore, she always lacked a sense of belonging. She had no place that made her feel like it was her home, no sense of rootedness that she could rely on.