

The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished

Chapter 681

Chapter 681

Jeremy, this man who just stayed by her side, made her feel an unprecedented sense of security. belonging, and comfort. It's hard to explain, very subtle.

With this man, it seemed like she could recklessly bully him.

“Try the taste, how is it?” The man's deep voice interrupted her thoughts.

Corinne snapped back to reality and saw the man using a fork to feed her a mouthful of freshly cooked tomato and egg sauce noodles. She obediently opened her mouth, about to taste his cooking skills.

However, before the noodles reached her mouth, she felt an uncomfortable gaze. She turned her head toward the kitchen door and found a row of maidservants standing there, peeking and whispering. Their mouths were gaping, bigger than hers as if they were all stunned.

Only the butler, Bowen Hoover, seemed relatively calm.

Corinne pulled the corners of her mouth, forced a smile, and kindly said to everyone, “How about everyone joins in and has a taste?”

Jeremy followed the little girl's gaze and looked over, his expression turning cold.

Instantly, the maidservants became solemn and quickly waved their hands as if they were escaping.

How could they dare to eat Mister Jeremy's food? They were unworthy!

Miss Corinne was amazing. As soon as she came back, she made Mister Jeremy, who never touched kitchen utensils, willingly cook for her. This was truly a rare sight!

It was like Mister Jeremy was pampering her like a baby!

The maidservants dispersed, and Bowen also turned and left. An expression of satisfaction appeared on

the old man's face.

It's good that Miss Corinne is back. Mister Jeremy finally has a bit of humanity on his face!

"God knows how terrifying Miss Corinne's face has been every day since she ran away from home over a month ago. The atmosphere in the mansion is no better than hell, suffocatingly oppressive.

Now, we finally have Miss Corinne's purification, which is great! With no one watching, Corinne finally opens her mouth and eats the tomato and egg stir-fried noodles made by the man.

The man feeds her another bite and smiles, asking. "How is it? Are you satisfied with the taste?"

Corinne smacks her lips and says, "Hmm! It's already pretty good to make it like this for the first time, but there's still room for improvement!"

Her desire for a word of praise remains unfulfilled. The man pretends to be displeased, coldly retracting the mouthful of noodles he was about to feed her and eating it himself.

Corinne furrows her brows and protests. "Mister, why are you eating my noodles?"

The man coldly snorts, "Didn't you say there's room for improvement? If it's not tasty, why eat it?"

Corinne pouts, "I'm hungry!"

Jeremy keeps a stern face and refuses to give her more.

To eat, Corinne knows how to adapt. She smiles playfully and says, "Mister, you're amazing! So impressive! Can you let me have the noodles?"

Jeremy deliberately holds the bowl out of her reach but leans closer, his ambiguous warmth brushing against her ear. "Oh? Tell me in detail, which specific aspect am I impressive?"

Ha! Men! Corinne blushes and says, 'It's that part.'

As she speaks, she seizes the opportunity to snatch the bowl of noodles, turning a blind eye to him and protecting her food. "It's all mine now!"

The man chuckles, no longer competing with her, allowing her to eat in peace.

It's the first time she has cooked, and the little girl is being so supportive. It gives him a face.

At that moment, the man's phone suddenly rings.

Jeremy takes out his phone, and glances at the caller ID, his gaze darkening. Almost instinctively, he looks at the reaction of the little girl beside him.

Corinne did not even need to ask to know who it is. While eating her noodles, she rolled her eyes and said, "It's Miss Anya calling, right? Are you not going to answer?"

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

Chapter 682

He did not want to answer this phone call.

However, if he did not answer, it would be as if he was hiding something from the little girl. Just when he just brought the little girl back, Jeremy did not want any misunderstandings to make her angry. If he couldn't see her tomorrow and she ran away again, it would be troublesome.

So, the man directly answered the call on speakerphone.

From the other end of the phone, Anya's voice trembled with a crying tone, sounding flustered and panicked. "Jeremy, where are you?"

"At home."

"Jeremy, do you have time to come over? I need you."

"Not convenient."

Anya heard the man's resolute refusal but did not give up. She pleaded while crying, "Jeremy, I know it's not good to disturb you like this all the time, but

now Joey is missing! Wuwuwu! I searched everywhere I could, but I can't find him anywhere. I don't know what to do now! Jeremy, do you think something happened to Joey?"

Upon hearing this, Jeremy's brow furrowed. The child was missing?

Beside him, Corinne finished half a bowl of noodles, put down her chopsticks, and casually interjected, Go and take a look. After all, that child was adopted by you and Miss Anya together, Mister, you also have a share of the guardianship responsibility."

Jeremy did not respond to Anya's tearful cries over the phone. He simply hung up and gazed deeply into Corinne's eyes. "Little girl, you have to believe that child."

Before the man could finish his sentence, a slender finger pressed against his lips, silencing him.

Corinne looked at him calmly. "Mister, you don't need to explain. I understand, and I won't get angry."

Jeremy hesitated for a moment, feeling touched by the young girl's understanding.

Corinne continued, "However, you need to carry me upstairs first so I can change clothes. I want to go. with you and see what's going on."

Jeremy gently lifted her, holding her in his arms. "Alright, you'll accompany me."

He cursed himself inwardly. Why did he fear her anger and choose not to tell her about adopting the child? If he explained it properly, she would have understood and wouldn't have left without a word.

This young girl had a broad-mindedness when it came to right and wrong. It was he, as a grown man, who narrowed his perspective.

As he carried her out of the kitchen, Corinne lazily wrapped her arms around Jeremy's neck. "Mister, this is our last chance. From now on, you can't keep anything from me, or else I will truly never forgive you!"

The man ran his large hand through her hair. "Alright, I promise you that there will never be any more secrets between us."

"That's more like it!"

After changing their clothes, they left together and got into the car, heading toward the Riveras.

However, not long after their car left the vicinity of Holden's estate, a black van emerged from a nearby

alley in the darkness, quietly following them from behind.

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Chapter 683

The Riveras.

A servant entered respectfully and reported, "Mister Lucas, Miss Anya, Mister Jeremy of the Holdens have arrived!"

Anya, feeling helpless due to Joey's disappearance, leaned against Lucas's chest, sobbing uncontrollably. When she heard that Jeremy came, she regained some spirit and sat up straight, looking toward the entrance.

Sure enough, the tall and slender figure of Jeremy walked into the living room of the Riveras. Unfortunately, he was not alone. He was accompanied by Corinne, who he held gently by the hand.

Anya's eyes, which just lit up, froze for a second. Her face turned gloomy, and she clenched her fists tightly. At the same time, her crying grew louder.

Lucas, who also saw Jeremy leading Corinne toward them, wore an extremely displeased expression in his eyes, with a cold face and furrowed brows.

At a time like this, Jeremy brought that woman, Corinne, along. Wasn't it enough for Anya to suffer such a blow?

Jeremy led Corinne to stand in front of the Rivera siblings. His expression was serious as he asked in a deep voice, "What happened? Have you found the child?"

Anya wiped her tears and sobbed, "Jeremy, you're here! Joey, still hasn't been found."

Jeremy furrowed his brows, his eyes filled with deep intelligence. "He was perfectly fine, how could he suddenly disappear?"

Choking back her sobs, Anya explained, "I put Joey to sleep at night. Once I saw he was asleep, I went to the bathroom for a moment. But when I came out, Joey was gone! I searched everywhere, but couldn't find him."

Jeremy narrowed his long gaze. "What about the surveillance at home?"

Concerned about his sister's unstable emotions, Lucas gently patted her shoulder to comfort her, then took over the conversation. "We've checked the surveillance at the main gate and around the walls. It's confirmed that the child didn't leave during this time."

Jeremy said, "Since we are certain that the child didn't run away, he must be hiding in some corner of this mansion. Get a few search dogs and search carefully!"

"Jeremy, what should we do? I'm really worried about Joey. He's so young, what if something happens?" Anya stood up weakly, as if seeking support, and leaned toward Jeremy like a floating duckweed.

Jeremy seemed to have anticipated this and timely took a step back, moving behind Corinne, consciously avoiding any suspicion.

As a result, Anya almost leaned on Corinne, but fortunately, she stopped herself in time. However, her face could not help but show a hint of embarrassment and awkwardness.

Corinne looked at Anya approaching and remained calm, politely smiling at her.

"Miss Anya, even if you're heartbroken from losing the child, you should seek comfort from the appropriate person. Mister Jeremy is a married man and should maintain his husbandly virtues. It's not convenient for him to comfort you."

Anya felt mocked and showed a face of misunderstood grievance. She sobbed pitifully, "Corinne, I didn't

mean that, I just lost my balance.”

Corinne chuckled, watching Anya’s skilled act, and lightly sneered, “Is that so? You lost your balance, huh? Well, you should be careful in the future. When you can’t stand steady, lean against the wall, not on someone’s husband. Otherwise, you might fall to the ground easily.”

Anya’s face turned stiff and pale. “You!”

Lucas’ could not stand seeing his sister being ridiculed and stepping forward, saying, “Corinne, you have no right to speak here!”

Before Corinne could react, Jeremy’s arm swiftly embraced her from behind, his tone calm but filled with a threatening undertone, “Lucas, you’d better watch your attitude when talking to my wife!”

“Wife?” Lucas’s refined and elegant face contorted into an extremely angry sneer. “Jeremy, you have ruined my sister’s lifelong happiness, and yet you’re to bring up wife in front of her, hurting her heart! What kind of a man are you?!”

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Chapter 684

Jeremy remained silent. Years ago, to save his life, Anya selflessly extracted the snake venom from her own body, forever sacrificing her ability to become a mother. This was a debt he would always owe to the girl, and he could not fulfill Anya’s emotional needs. Therefore, when Lucas accused him in such a way, he had no words to respond.

Corinne raised an eyebrow and said, “Mister Lucas, if you truly care about your sister, it is more important to help her find her beloved son than to focus on competing with me for a man’s heart here!”

Lucas glared at Jeremy, his gaze turning cold as he looked at the eloquent Corinne, filled with disgust and anger. It was all because of her! Anya was tormented back and forth by this little girl Corinne, to the point where she was on the verge of a breakdown. He wished he could strangle her!

At that moment, several household servants gasped for breath as they returned from somewhere within the estate to report.

“Mister Lucas, we’ve searched everywhere, but we still haven’t found the child!”

Upon hearing this unfavorable outcome, Anya began to sob, “Where could Joey have gone? My Joey!”

Lucas snapped back to his senses, turning to his subordinates with a stern frown. “Have you searched all the rooms in the house?”

One of the servants stepped forward and answered, “Young Master, we have searched all the places we could, except for the two special rooms upstairs. We didn’t dare enter without your permission.”

When the two special rooms upstairs were mentioned, a complex look flickered in Lucas’s eyes. After a moment of silence, he waved his hand. “I’ll go and take a look at those two rooms upstairs. In the meantime, bring a few search dogs and comb through every corner of the house!”

“Yes, Mister Lucas!”

The servants received new orders and went down one after another to carry them out.

Lucas wearily pinched his brow and then turned around, speaking gently to Anya, “Anya, brother will go upstairs to take a look. Don’t worry, we will find the child.”

Anya understood that her brother was planning to go to those two ‘special’ rooms upstairs to see if Joey was there. She pondered for a moment, wiped away her tears, and nodded, saying, “Brother, why don’t you let Jeremy go with you to those two rooms and search for Joey? Joey likes Jeremy the most. If he’s hiding somewhere in those rooms, as soon as he sees Jeremy, he will obediently come out!”

Regarding his sister’s suggestion, Lucas instinctively showed resistance. Normally, he did not allow anyone from the household to enter those two ‘special’ rooms casually. How could he easily accept an outsider entering? But seeing his sister’s anxious and pale face, Lucas couldn’t bear to refuse. He turned his head, coldly looking at Jeremy, who just had a heated argument with him earlier, and said, “Let’s go, come with me to search.”

Jeremy had no reason to refuse, but he was concerned about the young girl beside him. He lowered his gaze, looking at her.

Corinne was a clever person. From the conversation between Lucas and their servant just now, she understood that those two so-called 'special' rooms upstairs were not places anyone could casually enter. Therefore, she obediently sat down on the sofa, understanding the rules.

"Mister, you go ahead! I'll wait for you here!" she said.

The man smiled knowingly and gently patted her head, sternly yet tenderly admonishing. "No running around,"

Corinne obediently nodded, "Okay, I understand!"

She rarely behaved so docile because she knew how to act appropriately and wouldn't engage in verbal sparring with the man during such a time.

With that, the two men went upstairs together, moving away.

With no one else present, Anya's tearful appearance disappeared, replaced by a gloomy glare directed at Corinne!

Every action and gesture from that wretched woman, Corinne, in the presence of Jeremy pierced Anya's eyes like thorns!

Corinne was aware of Anya's glare, but she simply ignored it, not bothering to pay attention

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Chapter 685

She leaned lazily on the sofa in the Riveras's living room, yawning idly, and looked around the

surroundings with boredom. Is this the Riveras? It used to be the place where she was born. Huh, she has no impression of this place at all!

"Corinne, can we talk privately?" Anya suddenly spoke to her.

Corinne was not interested in falling into her trap. “No need for privacy. I’m too lazy to move. Just say it here! This is your home, and I’m not afraid. What are you afraid of?”

Anya could not persuade her, gritted her teeth, and said, “Corinne, I have underestimated you before, but I won’t give up just like that!”

Corinne did not want to engage in discussions about winning or losing with her. She could not care less about competing with someone like Anya.

However, there was one question she wanted to ask Anya.

“Miss Anya, there’s no one else here. Tell me the truth! Did you lose the child, or are you faking it?”

Using that innocent child to entangle Jeremy was Anya’s usual tactic. Corinne had reasonable doubts about the authenticity of the child’s disappearance today.

However, Anya, with her eyes red, wiped away the tears she shed, “Do I look like I’m joking? My precious child is missing! Sob! sob!”

Corinne did not believe her tears. “If it’s true, instead of crying here, as a mother, shouldn’t you personally go and search for the child? Even if the child isn’t your biological child, you should at least take responsibility for their safety!”

Anya’s face changed, damn it! Corinne indeed found out that the child was adopted!

“Yes! That’s right! Joey is not my biological child! But even if he is adopted, he will always be the bond between me and Jeremy! Jeremy is a responsible and good man, so he will never abandon the two of us. mother and son! Corinne, don’t even think about taking Jeremy away from me completely. I’m telling you, it’s impossible!”

Corinne did not think much of the existence of the adopted child. She just looked at Anya with a lack of understanding. “Miss Anya, aren’t you tired of this?”

Anya laughed crazily. “I’m not tired! What’s there to be tired of? I’m willing to pay any price to keep Jeremy by my side because I love him!”

Corinne shook her head. “No, what you have isn’t called love.”

Anya was defiant. “If this isn’t love, then what is? No one loves Jeremy more than me, including you!”

Corinne looked at her with a gaze as if she was looking at a madwoman. “What you have is called. perversion!

Anya stood up in anger. “Corinne, you wicked woman, what do you understand! One day, Jeremy will realize that I am the one who loves him the most!”

Corinne felt speechless and lazily smiled. She did not want to bother this crazy woman.

Anya glared at her, stomped her foot, and then turned around unhappily. She was probably going to find that child.

After a while, a maid brought a cup of coffee to Corinne. “Miss Corinne, please have some coffee.”

“Thank you.” Corinne happened to be thirsty, so she took the coffee and was about to drink it. Suddenly, her gaze was drawn to a touch of red liquid on the white coffee cup, and she paused.

The texture of that red liquid did not look like a beverage.

Corinne became wary and touched the red liquid with her fingertip, then brought it to her nose for a sniff.

This was-

It was a smell of blood?

How could there be blood?!

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Chapter 686

Corinne wanted to ask the maid who just brought the coffee whether it was the blood from the chickens and ducks slaughtered by the kitchen staff. But when she looked up, she realized that the maid already walked away, and no

other servants were waiting around. Corinne furrowed her brows in confusion, thinking about the pitiful child who was always manipulated by Anya. Could Anya have harmed that child again?

With this thought in mind, she stood up and followed the direction the maid went.

Corinne followed the maid until they reached the main kitchen of the Riveras. However, no servants were bustling about in the kitchen. The countertops were cleaned spotlessly, and there was no trace of any poultry being slaughtered.

If the blood on the coffee cup was not from a fowl, could it be human blood? Could it belong to that child?

What was even more peculiar was that the maid who entered ahead of them was now nowhere to be found, even though Corinne saw her enter first.

Corinne became increasingly suspicious of the situation in the kitchen. She cautiously looked around, and apart from the emptiness, there did not seem to be anything unusual.

Suddenly, her gaze inadvertently fell to the floor, and she saw red blood droplets on the kitchen floor. Not just one or two drops, but several droplets close together, suggesting that they were left behind by a bleeding person or animal passing through this area.

Corinne furrowed her brows in alertness and followed the direction indicated by the blood droplets. The droplets led to a tightly closed, somewhat old iron door at the far end of the kitchen.

She had a suspicion in her heart. Could the missing child be locked inside? Was there bloodshed? Murdered? Corinne felt shock but did not act rashly. This was the Riveras's residence, and there were some matters she could not directly intervene in. So she decided to call someone from the Riveras to come and investigate.

However, as soon as she turned around, she was immediately startled! Anya stood behind her, her face pale, her expression sinister and twisted like a deeply resentful female ghost, holding a sharp chisel in her hand.

Corinne instinctively took a step back and calmly asked, "What do you want to do?"

Anya suddenly burst into tears. "Corinne, you came at the right time! Please help me!"

A furrow formed between Corinne's brows, not ruling out the possibility that Anya was acting again. "Help you with what?"

Anya continued crying as if she genuinely experienced some kind of fright or shock. Her shoulders trembled violently. "I just went to the kitchen to look for Joey. I thought maybe the mischievous child went there to hide and eat snacks. Then I saw blood on the floor!"

She pointed at the bloodstains on the ground, her face filled with fear, and her fingertips trembling.

Corinne glanced down at the blood droplets she was pointing at and then looked back at her. "And then? What do you want me to do?"

Tears streamed down Anya's face. "I'm so scared. I'm afraid that's Joey's blood! So I followed the blood stains and they led me to the front of that storeroom. I wanted to open the door and take a look."

"But I couldn't open the door, no matter how hard I tried! I was worried that Joey was injured and trapped inside, so I exerted force to pull the door open. Unexpectedly, I heard a rough man's cough from inside!"

"Corinne, there's someone in that room! Someone has taken Joey hostage! They're inside there."

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Chapter 687

"I want to save my son, my precious little one! Corinne, please help me, help me break open that door together!" Anya exclaimed, raising the chisel in her hand in excitement.

Corinne watched Anya's distressed and desperate state, squinting her eyes, feeling skeptical.

At this moment, Anya did indeed seem different from her previous acts. It did not seem like she was pretending.

If what Anya said was true, there might be a man inside that utility room who possibly took her child hostage.

Could it be a burglary? The thief was discovered by the child and, fearing the child's cries would alert the adults in the house, resorted to harming the child to silence them.

Considering this, with the safety of the child at stake, Corinne temporarily set aside her biased perspective of Anya and calmly advised her:

"Don't act rashly for now. Even if we break open the door, it won't solve the problem if someone is holding your son, hostage. It might even provoke the person to take extreme measures and harm your son! We don't know the situation inside the door or how many people are in there, so we should first call the people in your house before making any decisions!"

After speaking, Corinne prepared to go find someone from the Riveras.

However, Anya grabbed her, her eyes filled with panic, her voice trembling, "No need to call anyone. I've already called my brother. He and Jeremy will come right away! Corinne, we can't leave. If we go, what if the bad person inside takes the opportunity to escape with my precious child?"

Anya's grip stopped Corinne in her tracks, plunging her into deep thought.

Anya's concern is indeed valid. Both of them going out would provide an opportunity for the bad guys to escape, but it wouldn't be safe to leave one person here alone either..

Since she mentioned that she already called her brother, Lucas, let's wait here for a while!

Corinne agreed to stay behind. "Alright! But no one should act recklessly until your brother and the others arrive!"

Anya, for once, agreed with her. She nodded and tremblingly said, "Corinne, can you help me hold onto this for a moment? In case someone inside suddenly rushes out, you can defend yourself. My emotions. are too overwhelmed, and I can't summon the strength."

Saying that Anya directly stuffed the sharp chisel into Corinne's hand!

Her action was too quick, and Corinne had no choice but to catch it. If she did not catch it, the chisel would have dropped to the ground and hit her foot!

However, Corinne caught the chisel but did not have time to react to the next step when Anya suddenly seemed to lose her mind. She ran toward the storage room as if going crazy, shouting as she ran, "Joey, don't be afraid! Mommy's here to save you."

Corinne's eyebrows furrowed. Not good! What is Anya up to? What is she doing? Did she forget about the agreement they just made?!

She saw Anya rush over like a gust of wind and immediately yank open the door of the storage room!

Contrary to her previous description of the door being difficult to open, it was almost effortlessly pulled. open!

Whoosh!

Various miscellaneous items poured out from the storage room, and a child's body rolled out and fell among the clutter!

Then, Anya's piercing scream echoed throughout the Riveras.

"Joey!!!"

Seeing something was wrong, Corinne quickly approached and saw the motionless and pitiful little child lying in the heap of objects. Her pupils contracted, and she took in a sharp breath! \$

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Chapter 688

Anya fell to her knees with a thud, holding her lifeless child, unable to contain her sobs.

"Joey, my Joey, wake up! Open your eyes and look at Mommy! Mommy is sorry, Mommy came too late! Joey, sob, sob!"

As a pregnant expectant mother, Corinne could not help but feel a pang in her heart witnessing the separation of mother and child. At the same time, she remained cautious, raising her eyes to observe her surroundings, wary of whether there were others in the miscellaneous room.

Anya's screams quickly drew the attention of many people.

"Anya, what happened?"

Lucas hurriedly ran in and his face turned solemn upon seeing the scene. 1

Anya continued to sob while holding the child, on the verge of collapse as if her breath was about to give out. "Brother! Joey, he has stopped breathing, sob, sob!"

Lucas quickly squatted down and reached out to feel the child's breath, but there was no sign of life. His hand trembled slightly, he closed his eyes in grief and took a deep breath.

Jeremy entered afterward and his pupils contracted upon seeing the scene. "What happened?"

Hearing the man's voice, Anya raised her head, tears streaming down her face as she said, "Jeremy, our Joey, he was murdered!"

Jeremy's brows furrowed, he froze for a moment, then he kneeled down and gently touched the child's small hand. It was still warm, but the child already lost his breath.

Although he only adopted this child with Anya not long ago, despite having no blood relation, he felt deep sorrow and regret.

A very obedient child, not even two years old yet.

Lucas suddenly opened his eyes, regained his senses, and stood up, loudly commanding the people around him:

"Investigate! Go and investigate now! Find out who dares to attack my family. I will make their whole family pay with their lives!"

"Yes, Mister Lucas!"

Someone responded and left, while the others remaining felt sorrow and silently mourned for the prematurely deceased child.

At that moment, Anya, who was emotionally distraught, suddenly cried out, "Brother, there's no need to send anyone to investigate. The killer is right here. I saw it!"

Anya's words caused an uproar among those present. People looked at each other in disbelief.

Lucas's expression faltered. "Anya, you saw it? Tell me, who is it?"

With teary eyes, Anya looked at Corinne standing nearby, her gaze filled with sorrow and resentment. "It's her!"

Corinne was silently praying for the unfortunate child, but she was suddenly accused of being the killer. She furrowed her brows in surprise, but upon seeing Anya's excellent acting skills, she was not entirely surprised.

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Lucas froze, his angry gaze coldly directed at Corinne. "Is it you who did it?!"

Jeremy, who was squatting beside the child, also turned to look at her. His deep and inscrutable eyes revealed no emotions, his position unclear.

The gazes of the crowd were filled with anger as they glared at Corinne, the 'culprit' who could heartlessly

harm a child. 1

Due to Anya's words, Corinne instantly became the target of everyone's accusations. She regained her composure and calmly stated, "It wasn't me."

Anya looked at her in utter despair. "Corinne, the murder weapon is still in your hands. How can you deny it?"

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Chapter 689

As she spoke, Anya withdrew her hand, which was holding the back of Joey's head, and showed the blood on her hand to everyone. "I saw it with my own

eyes. You used that thing in your hand to hit my little Bao's head! He's still so young, how could you do such a thing!"

Following Anya's lead, everyone's gaze turned towards Corinne, who was still holding the chisel in her hand, further confirming their belief that she was the murderer!

Faced with glares from everyone, Corinne lowered her head and looked at the chisel that Anya forcefully handed her. She understood.

This was a trap, a carefully designed set-up!

It started from the moment Anya invited her to take a step into the living room just now.

However, she did not fall into the trap at first. Anya then sent another maid, who deliberately used a bloodstained coffee cup to lead her to this meticulously designed 'crime scene'.

One could only say that Anya's acting skills were truly outstanding!

The way Anya showed concern for the child, worrying to the point of collapse and panic just now, really made her believe it was genuine.

She thought that apart from using her, Anya also cared about the safety of that child!

However, Anya, to frame her, actually took the life of an innocent child. Her methods were too ruthless, too inhumane!

At this moment, Corinne admitted that she was wrong. Her mistake was that she previously regarded Anya as a human being!

Anya continued to sob and said, "Corinne, I know you and Jeremy have reconciled today, so you're worried that Joey's presence will interfere with your relationship. But you shouldn't harm a child like this! Joey was adopted by Jeremy for me from abroad. I explained it to you earlier in the living room, and I promised you that neither I nor Joey will ever disturb you and Jeremy in the future. Why can't you let Joey go?"

"He's just a child who's not even two years old," Anya lied without hesitation, not even batting an eye.

Corinne looked at her mockingly and coldly retorted. “Miss Anya, do you also know that he’s just a pitiful child under two years old? Did you show him any mercy when you used him?”

Faced with Corinne’s sharp question, Anya’s eyes flickered guiltily. She did not respond to Corinne’s words but turned her face away and, with a face full of grief and anger, addressed Lucas and Jeremy.

“Brother, Jeremy, I don’t think Corinne will admit it! So let me tell everyone how things unfolded!”

“This is what happened-”

“I just managed to find Joey in the kitchen after a lot of effort. The child is mischievous and hid there to play hide-and-seek alone.”

“Because I was worried and angry, I lectured him about not doing this again, as it would make his mother very worried. Joey is a good boy and promised me that he wouldn’t do it again!”

“But at that moment, Corinne suddenly appeared here. I asked her why she was there, but she didn’t answer. Instead, she took the chisel in her hand and ruthlessly struck the back of Joey’s head with it. I watched helplessly as Joey collapsed right here, unable to do anything! Sob, sob, sob!”

“I never expected that Corinne would harm Joey. I couldn’t even stop her in time. She killed my Joey!”

“It was her, it was Corinne who killed Joey! My poor Joey died so tragically.”

As Anya described the so-called events, she broke down into loud sobs, as if crying would increase the credibility of her words. Whoever cries is considered right?

Ironically, that’s how reality is. Everyone believed Anya’s words, overwhelmed by the grief of losing a child.

Lucas wholeheartedly believed his sister’s words. Exercising his good upbringing, he suppressed his resentment and anger and asked coldly, “Corinne, do you plead guilty?”

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Corinne raised her gaze calmly. "I'm innocent, why should I admit to anything?"

Lucas narrowed his eyes darkly. "If it wasn't you, then why were you holding the murder weapon?"

Corinne lifted the chisel in her hand. "Are you talking about this? Miss Anya forcefully gave it to me, saying it was for self-defense!"

Lucas found her unreasonable. "Corinne, don't you find these words you're saying laughable?"

Corinne's expression remained calm. "I'm speaking the truth. If you find the truth laughable, then it's your problem, Mister Lucas."

Lucas's face darkened, believing that her current attitude was not only an attempt to escape blame but also a challenge to their family's authority.

"Corinne, I'll give you another chance to confess. I can still let you bear the consequences of your actions. Otherwise, I'll make your whole family pay!"

Corinne looked at him unperturbed, feeling a tinge of irony and amusement in her heart.

Make her whole family pay?

Does this so-called 'whole family' refer to those with blood ties?

If so, then this Mister Lucas would probably be the first to die!

If it doesn't refer to blood relations, it doesn't matter even more. She doesn't have any so-called family, to begin with.

"Whatever."

The word softly spoken by Corinne left Lucas shocked and bewildered.

She doesn't care about implicating her own family?

Does that mean there's no one she cares about in this world?

Anya, taking advantage of her brother's position, choked up and questioned, "Corinne, are you suggesting that I handed you the murder weapon to kill our precious Joey?"

Corinne glanced at Anya. "As for what I mean, Miss Anya should know better than anyone."

Anya cried with a grievance, "I don't understand! How could I comprehend your baseless words? Corinne, not only do you refuse to admit your guilt, but you also slander me as an accomplice. I am Joey's mother! How could I help someone else harm my child?"

Corinne looked at her disdainfully, "Miss Anya, crying loudly won't deceive everyone! This chisel was handed to me by you! At that time, you claimed to suspect that your son, Joey, was being held hostage in this storage room, and you couldn't open the door no matter what."

"You asked me to help open that door, I believed your words and was afraid that rashly opening the door would enrage the person inside and harm the child, so I advised you not to act recklessly."

"Then, you handed me this chisel, saying I should hold it for self-defense since you didn't have the strength to carry it. And then, you suddenly went crazy and directly opened the door of this storage room that you claimed couldn't be opened, and your son fell out from inside."

"From beginning to end, I never even touched him. I think no one knows better than you, Miss Anya, what exactly happened to your son!"

Anya wore a face of unjust accusation and indignation, "Corinne, aren't you guilty of telling such lies? Doesn't your conscience ache? When did I say those things to you? Stop making up stories!"

Who is it that lies without guilt? Who is it that doesn't feel pain in their conscience?

Huh, the thief accuses others of being a thief!

Corinne glanced at Anya and felt disgusted.

Anya did not finish yet and pretended to wipe away her tears, turning to the man beside her who did not speak for a long time and said, "Jeremy, I know

that all the kindness you've shown me over the years was because I once saved your life. I'm not asking you to repay the debt of saving my life now. I only beg your to help us seek justice for Joey. He can't be unjustly killed like this." a