

The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished

Chapter 781

Chapter 781

Knowing Corinne had seen through him, Cedric cleared his throat guiltily. “Ahem! It’s not like that. I just want to invite you over to thank you. My wife wishes to meet and thank you, too.” After thinking about it, Corinne asked, “When should I be there?”

“Anytime you like.”

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‘Lucas will be at work in the daytime, and Anya will be too busy taking care of Joey, so... might just have a chance to dig up some information about my mother’s disappearance,’ thought Corinne.

“Okay, Grandpa Cedric. Since you insist, I’ll drop by your place today. But you don’t have to thank me for saving your life, okay? Let’s just treat this as me wanting to spend some time with you.

“Okay! You have my word!” said Cedric happily. “I’ll send the car to pick you up later.”

“Sure. Thanks.”

After hanging up the phone, Corinne saw the message Jeremy sent her earlier in the morning.

[Remember to have your breakfast after you wake up.]

Corinne smiled and typed, [Quit being a nagger, Mister!]

Corinne went to the bathroom to wash up before changing into some casual clothes. Then, she went downstairs and saw all of the mess from last night had been cleaned up.

Bowen respectfully walked up to her. “Good morning, Ma’am. Your breakfast is already on the table. Please eat it while it’s still hot.”

Corinne nodded. While walking toward the dining room, she asked, "Who cleaned up the mess last night?"

"It was Miss Francine, Ma'am. She didn't sleep and spent the whole night wiping the floor clean and picking up the broken vase pieces. To be honest, I was shocked to see the downstairs so clean when I came in. But, this being her first time cleaning, she did miss a few spots, which I've asked the cleaners to go over."

There was nothing in the world one could not learn if one put their heart into it. The fear of being scolded by Jeremy must have served as a strong motivation for Francine to figure out how to clean up the mess. Corinne was impressed.

"Where is she now?"

"She only went back to her room early in the morning. Poor thing must be exhausted," replied

Bowen.

"Okay, let her sleep until whenever she wants." Corinne sat down and started digging into her breakfast. "By the way, Bowen. I'm going out after breakfast, but there'll be a delivery for me later. It's a present for Francine, so please give it to her after she wakes up."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Bowen with a nod. Inwardly, he was overcome with a rush of positive

emotions. 'Ma'am is still willing to buy Miss Francine things, even though they didn't really start off on the right foot. There's still hope of them repairing their relationship after all.

Before Corinne even finished her breakfast, one of the servants came in and reported, "Mister Bowen, there's a car waiting outside, saying it's for Ma'am."

Bowen looked at Corinne with confusion. "Ma'am?"

Corinne put down her utensils and wiped her mouth gently with a napkin. "Yes, it's for me."

“But Ma’am, why not use the car we have?” asked Bowen worriedly. “There’s no need to get in some stranger’s car. Who’s the person who sent the car to you?”

Corinne knew what Bowen was worried about, so she said, “Don’t worry. I’ve told Jeremy where I’m going and who I’m meeting with, and he said he’ll pick me up tonight.”

Bowen nodded. “Okay then. Have a safe trip, Ma’am.”

“Will do. Bye now.” Corinne walked out of the mansion and got in the Riveras’ car.

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The Day I Kissed An Older Man By Cher the Cherished Chapter 782

Chapter 782

Meanwhile, at the Riveras’ mansion.

Benson Miller, the Riveras’ butler, stood by with the rest of the household staff at the mansion’s entrance, as per Cedric’s order.

As soon as the car Corinne was in arrived, Benson quickly opened the door for her. “Welcome, Miss Corinne. Mister Cedric is waiting for you inside,” he said with a bow. Corinne was speechless, to say the least. She was not used to this type of pompous affair.

She followed Benson into the living room, and Cedric immediately put down his cup when he saw her.

“Corinne, you’re finally here! Come, sit down, sit down,” he said happily.

Corinne walked up to him and said politely, “Grandpa Cedric, there’s really no need for the household staff to put on such a welcome. This is just an everyday social visit after all.” Although Cedric was a very kind old man, he seemed to just get even more stubborn with age. “Nonsense. It would be rude of me to put on anything less than that since you’re my savior. Come,

Corinne, there's no need to be shy. Come sit. Benson! Bring our guest some coffee."

"Yes, Mister Cedric," said Benson. He immediately ordered one of the servants to bring Corinne some coffee.

Corinne sat down on the sofa beside Cedric's and thanked the servant who brought her the coffee.

Cedric happily turned around and called out to the study on the first floor. "Beatrice! Corinne is here now. Come quick!"

After a while, an old lady dressed in an elegant dress walked out of the study. "Corinne's here? Where?"

Cedric gestured at Corinne with his hand and introduced, "Here she is."

An electric shock coursed through Beatrice as soon as she laid eyes on Corinne. She stared at her, even when Corinne got up to greet her, "Hello, Grandma Beatrice."

Judging by her fading smile, Corinne started to feel uncomfortable by the way Beatrice stared at her.

Seeing this, Cedric cleared his throat. "Ahem! Beatrice, stop staring at our guest like that. Where are your manners?"

Beatrice snapped out of her trance and smiled awkwardly. "Oh, hello. You must be Corinne. My husband keeps talking about you."

"Yes, that's me. Nice to meet you, Grandma Beatrice," replied Corinne with a faint smile.

Beatrice sat down next to Cedric. "Please have a seat, Corinne. Make yourself at home."

Corinne sat back down again. She picked up her coffee and took a sip while checking out Beatrice from the corner of her eyes.

Although all of Beatrice's hair had turned white, Corinne could tell she must have been a

beautiful woman in her younger days. She could also tell Cedric and Beatrice really loved each other from the way Cedric treated her with respect and gentleness.

While Corinne studied Beatrice, the old woman gazed at her too. However, Corinne did it

subtly, whereas Beatrice was openly staring straight at her.

After looking Corinne up and down, left and right, before finally fixing her gaze on Corinne's face, Beatrice said, "Corinne, thank you for saving my husband's life. It's not easy to find someone willing to lend a helping hand in this day and age."

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Chapter 783

Corinne shook her head. "It was no trouble at all. Really, you two are too kind to me," she said humbly.

Beatrice immediately took a liking to Corinne. "Can I ask you something, Corinne? How old are you?"

"Twenty."

Beatrice did a quick mental calculation in her head as her fingers moved subtly as if counting something. "And when is your birthday?"

An alarm bell went off inside Corinne's head. 'Why would she ask me when my birthday is? Could it be...'

"I don't know when my real birthday is because no one has ever celebrated my birthday after I lost my mother," replied Corinne out loud.

The suspicion in Beatrice's eyes became even stronger. "You lost your mother when you were young? Did she die or go somewhere else?"

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Corinne fell silent. She was not happy with Beatrice's questions at all. 'Why don't ask yourself that, you old crow! I wouldn't have lost my mother if you didn't chase my mother out of this house just because of some rumors...'

Cedric could not stand seeing Corinne sad, so he nudged Beatrice's elbow and said, "Why are you asking all these questions? Look at how sad you've made her."

Beatrice quickly realized how inappropriate she was, so she said, "Forgive me, Corinne. You look so much like someone I know that I can't help but ask those questions. Sorry for making you think of the past..."

Corinne smiled calmly. "It's okay. You didn't mean too anyways."

Beatrice passed a piece of sliced apple to Corinne. "Here, child. Have a piece of apple. We'll have a simple lunch later, and for dinner, Cedric had ordered some fresh food specially flown from overseas. I can guarantee they're all delicious, so please stay for dinner."

"Sure. Don't mind if I do, then."

"By the way, Corinne, I heard from my husband that you'll be marrying Jeremy Holden?"

Corinne nodded. "Yup."

"What a pity for a nice girl like you to end up with a family like that," said Beatrice with a frown. "Why, if you're still single, my husband and I can introduce you to some nice boys."

'Seems like they have a common hobby of setting people up with blind dates...' thought Corinne. She simply smiled and said, "Thank you, but the Holdens actually treat me quite well. There's no need for you to worry about me."

Cedric scoffed unhappily. "Even that Jeremy kid can get a nice girl like Corinne, so why is our Lucas still single?"

"There, there. You know Lucas has always lived his life to the beat of his drum. Have patience. Sooner or later, he'll bring a girl home. You'll see," said Beatrice soothingly.

The more Cedric thought about it, the angrier he got. "What do you mean, sooner or later? I bet that brat is just waiting for me to turn in my grave!"

Beatrice smiled helplessly. “Here you go again. We have a guest here, so where are your manners? Well, why don’t you stay here and chat with Corinne for a while, and I’ll go bake some cookies for her?”

“Corinne, let me show you around the garden while my wife is baking some cookies for you,” said Cedric.

“Okay.” Corinne was happy to do that since she might just find new clues about her mother’s disappearances.

Thus, Beatrice went to the kitchen while Corinne followed Cedric into the garden. Suddenly, somewhere out of their sight, a servant sneakily ran up to the second floor.

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Chapter 784

“Mister Sunny, something happened!”

“What? What is it? Shock me again like that, and I’ll punch you,” said Sunny.

He was trying to figure out his math homework when Felix suddenly barged in and interrupted him.

“But something did happen. I saw your grandfather and grandmother talking to a guest like they were very close or something,” replied Felix haplessly.

Hearing this angered Sunny even more. “What’s so weird about that? We have guests over all the time! They’re either Grandpa’s old friends or Grandma’s bridge friends!”

Felix shook his head rapidly. “No, their guest is a young lady now, and you know her too!” Sunny frowned. “A young lady who I know? Who is it? God, can you spit it out in one go?” “It’s Missus Holden! You know, that lady you keep causing trouble for...”

Sunny immediately put down his pen and looked up in surprise. “Are you talking about Corinne?”

Felix nodded. “Yeah! That’s her! Don’t you find it strange at all, Mister Sunny? I mean, the Riveras and the Holdens rarely cross each other’s threshold, yet

your grandfather and grandmother treat Missus Holden so warmly. I even heard them calling her 'savior.'

Sunny did not hear the rest of what Felix said. At the mention of Corinne's name, his eyes started burning with anger. "How dare she come to our house! Where is she now? I've got a bone to pick with her!"

"Mister Cedric is showing her around the garden. Mister Sunny, what did she do to you to make you so angry at her?"

Sunny rolled up his sleeves as if getting ready for a fight. "That's none of your business. Help me finish my math homework. I'm going out for a while."

"I'm afraid I can't do that, Mister Sunny. Mister Lucas will fire me if he finds out," said Felix helplessly.

"Do as I tell you! How would Lucas find out if you and I don't say a word about this? Do it now!"

Felix looked like he was about to cry. 'I shouldn't have told Mister Sunny what's happening downstairs...'

The Riveras' entire compound covered an area of a couple of acres. Except for the mansion sitting in the middle of the land, the rest of the spaces were full of various flowers, plants, and trees. It was a beautiful sight to behold.

With one hand on his cane and the other supported by his servant, Cedric showed Corinne the flowers he planted and which of the other plants were carefully cared for by Beatrice.

While listening to Cedric going on about the plants, Corinne made sure to keep an eye out for

clues. Oddly enough, she had no recollection of ever living in that mansion.

Corinne was five years old when Emily took her away from the family, so she should at least have some memories of playing in the garden. Alas, no sense of familiarity or memories rushed back into her mind.

To be more accurate, she seemed to have no memories from before the age of five.

Soon, they came to a field of dusty blue flowers which Corinne had never seen before. Turning around, she was about to ask Cedric for the name of the flower when she noticed he did not look too good.

“Grandpa Cedric, are you okay?”

Cedric paused and put his hand to his head. “I’m okay. I was so excited about you coming that I forgot to take my blood pressure medicine.”

“Mister Cedric, how could you’ve forgotten to take your medicine? It’s important you take them every day. Let’s go back to take them now,” said his servant hurriedly.

Cedric wanted to show Corinne so much more. Besides, it would be rude to cut short the tour. Corinne could tell what he was thinking, so she said, “It’s okay, Grandpa Cedric. Why don’t you go back to take your medicine first? I’ll walk around for a while before going back to find you.”

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Chapter 785

Cedric nodded. “Very well, then. Take your time in the garden, Corinne, and come back inside when you’re tired.”

“Yes, Grandpa Cedric.”

The servant helped Cedric into an electric buggy, and the two of them drove back to the mansion.

After seeing Cedric off, Corinne looked back to the field of dusty blue flowers.

“They’re so beautiful. It’s a pity I didn’t get a chance to ask Grandpa Cedric for the flower’s

name...’

She walked closer to the flowers and bent down to take a sniff. ‘Strange... These flowers smell nice and sour at the same time. What a shame that a beautiful flower like this doesn’t have a beautiful scent to go with it.’”

Just when she was disappointed about the strange-smelling flower, a tall middle-aged man suddenly popped out from the field of flowers.

Corinne jumped up in fright as the middle-aged man straightened himself, both of his hands caked in dirt. Corinne instinctively stepped back and looked quizzically at him.

The middle-aged man smiled at her. "Sorry for scaring you. I was putting some fertilizer on the flowers."

He then walked out from the field of flowers and went to wash his hands at a tap nearby. "So I take it you're a guest of the house?"

Corinne nodded. "Yes. Sorry to be bothering you, Mister Maxwell."

Maxwell had just finished washing his hands. He turned around in surprise and asked, "You know who I am?"

He was dressed in gardening clothes and never introduced himself, so how could Corinne know who he was?

"I've met you before at Grandpa Edgar's birthday party. It hasn't been that long ago, so I still remember you.

'Oh, that solves the mystery, then.' Maxwell looked at her and said, "I remember you too."

"Oh?" It was Corinne's turn to be surprised.

They did not really talk during Edgar's birthday party. In fact, they just passed each other by, and unlike Corinne, Maxwell did not seem to be observing her closely. How could he remember her?

Maxwell smiled. "I have a deep impression of you because you look like my daughter."

'Oh, sh*t! Have I been found out? Wait, calm down, Corinne. He's probably talking about Anya,' thought Corinne.

It was not strange that she and Anya would look alike since they came from the same father.

Maxwell sat on a bench and sipped the water from his thermos before looking at Corinne. "So

you're the one who saved my father's life? I heard all about you, you know."

“It wasn’t as dramatic as that made out to be. I was just passing by and thought I’d help. I came here today because I couldn’t bear to turn down Grandpa Cedric’s invitation.”

Maxwell nodded. “I like you. You’re humble.”

Corinne did not want to continue making small talk with her deadbeat father, so she turned

and asked, “Mister Maxwell, what’s the name of these flowers?”

Maxwell stared at the field of flowers and said softly, “Moonlight.”

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Chapter 786

‘Moonlight? What a beautiful name. The color does remind me of the moonlight. I’ve never heard of this flower before... It must be very rare,’ thought Corinne.

Corinne stared at the field of flowers as though in a trance. After a while, she asked, “Why are you putting the fertilizer yourself? Don’t you have a gardener to do it for you?”

“They’re my wife’s favorite flower, and they’re very picky, you know. They’ll only grow if given the right temperature, humidity, soil acidity, and as such. I’m worried the gardener won’t do the job well, so I have taken it upon myself to take care of it.”

‘Wife? Is he talking about Anya’s mother? Ugh, does he think doing this makes him seem like a romantic? Things wouldn’t have ended up like this if this old man treated my mom half of how he treated Anya’s mom! What a hypocrite he is!

Corinne would inevitably get angry whenever she thought of how her mother was betrayed by the Riveras. ‘It wouldn’t hurt as much if the betrayal came from other people, but how could her own husband team up with others to bully her? That makes him no better than animals!’

At that thought of that, Corinne’s face darkened. She laughed coldly and said, “Forgive me for being blunt, but why don’t you spend this time with your wife

instead of putting fertilizers on the flower? Wouldn't that better show her how much you love her?"

Maxwell was a little taken aback by Corinne's words. She was the first person who dared to speak so bluntly with him. 'So she's not as mature as I thought her to be... And why is she glaring at me like I've just killed her mother?!

He could not figure out why Corinne was so hostile toward him, but not wanting to argue with her, he simply nodded and said, "You're right. But call me young or call me foolish-some things are just too late to do."

Corinne was dumbfounded. Too late? What does he mean by that?

"There you are, Corinne. You lying piece of sh*t!" Sunny suddenly popped into her sight, pointing and cursing at her.

Corinne looked at him with her eyebrow raised. 'So he's here too.'

Maxwell frowned when he saw his youngest son being rude to their guest. "Sunny, how can you talk like that to our guest? Where are your manners?"

It was only then Sunny noticed Maxwell was on the bench. He immediately toned down his attitude. "Oh, Dad, you're here too! Umm, I need to talk to Corinne, if that's okay."

"You can if you speak nicely to her. No more of that finger-pointing either. Also, she's older than you, so you need to address her as Miss Corinne!"

Sunny frowned and said grudgingly, "Ahem... Miss Corinne, may I have a word with you in private?"

Corinne nodded. "Sure." She then turned to Maxwell and said coldly, "Now if you'll excuse me, Mister Maxwell."

Maxwell took a sip of water from his thermos before saying softly, "Go ahead."

He watched Corinne follow Sunny back to the mansion. Once they were out of his sight, he

closed his eyes and thought about his wife and daughter.

"Doing some gardening again, Daddy?"

A young woman's voice pulled him out of memory lane. He opened his eyes and saw Anya's face looking down on him, causing his eyes to dim subtly.

"Yeah. What's the matter, Anya?" he asked gently.

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Chapter 787

"Mommy's not feeling so well, and she asked for you to see her upstairs," answered Anya.

Maxwell frowned. "She should ask for the doctor instead of me. It's not like I know how to cure whatever she has."

Anya was stunned. Maxwell sounded just like Jeremy. 'Is that how men treat the women they don't love anymore?'

Ever since she married into this family, Phoebe had been doing whatever she could to please Maxwell, Cedric, and Beatrice, but she did not get the love and respect she hoped for. It was only because of Anya and Sunny that she could keep her position as Maxwell's wife.

'Sometimes I wonder how a man's brain works. I mean, why is Daddy still pining for his ex- wife and daughter? He should be spending more time with Mommy instead. And that Jeremy... he'd rather marry that scheming country bumpkin instead of me!'

Feeling sad for her mother, Anya decided to fight for her sake. "Daddy, maybe you should at least check on Mommy. I heard Grandpa had invited a guest over today, and I'm worried that he'd think Mommy's a party pooper if she says she wants to go to the hospital today."

Maxwell pinched the bridge of his nose. "Go back to your mother first. I'll go check on her a bit later."

"It's not that I don't want to accompany her, but I need to take care of Joey too! Daddy, please hurry up to her room."

Maxwell sighed and got up from the bench.

Sunny brought Corinne back to his room because he was afraid he would be scolded if caught him being rude to Corinne.

Felix, who was doing Sunny's math homework, was stunned to see Corinne in the room.

"Felix, get out now," Sunny ordered.

"But I haven't finished doing your homework yet..."

"Leave it, and get out now!"

"Yes, Mister Sunny!"

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Felix put down the pen, happy to be relieved from his work since there were so many questions he did not know how to answer. Sunny would definitely lay it on him once he found out there were so many wrong answers, so Felix quickly ran out of the room.

Sunny shut the door tight after Felix left. He then turned around and shouted, "Corinne, you lying piece of sh*t!"

Corinne looked around his room with a bored expression before pulling out a chair to sit on. Tell me, what did I lie about?"

Sunny glared at her. "Don't play dumb. You gave me your word you have no interest in Jeremy and swore you won't steal him away from Anya. But the last I heard is you've already moved

back in with him!"

"Yes, I've moved back in with him, but I didn't steal him away."

Sunny crossed his arms angrily. "Oh sure, you didn't! You only needed to crook your finger and he came running to you, right? You think you're so great huh, Corinne?"

Corinne yawned lazily. "Did you bring me all the way here just to heap praises on me?"

While Sunny was admittedly angry at her nonchalant attitude, he was also somewhat used to it.

“Let me ask you something. Are you or are you not going to give Jeremy back to Anya?”

“I’m not,” Corinne answered without hesitation.

“Why not? Did you not mean what you said previously?”

Corinne smiled, hooked her arm around the back of the chair, and rested her cheek on the other hand. “I was really disappointed in Jeremy when I gave you my word. Your precious sister caused a misunderstanding between me and him. Fortunately, we’ve managed to clear it up. And now he likes me, and I like him, so why should I give him to your sister?”

“Corinne Carew, stop making up excuses and just admit you went back on your word!”

“Oh, please. Do you think Jeremy will be with Anya even if I’m not in the picture? I mean, wouldn’t he have married her already if that’s the case?”

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Chapter 788

Sunny was terribly livid, but he could not come up with a retort.

Corinne was coincidentally sitting at the spot where Sunny was doing his homework. While flipping through his school books, she said, “Do you really have the time to be minding other people’s business when you haven’t even finished doing your homework?”

Sunny immediately blushed with embarrassment when he saw Corinne looking through his homework. “Put that book down and keep your hands on my stuff! That’s none of your business.”

Corinne put his book down and tapped the table with the tip of her index finger. “You’re right. It’s none of my business. What do I, an outsider, have the right to tell you what you can and

cannot do.”

“I’m glad you know that,” replied Sunny with a haughty scoff.

“But you know who does have the right to discipline you? Your brother, that’s who. I wonder what he’ll do to you once I let him know you’ve asked that Felix guy to do your homework for you.”

Sunny started to panic. “Don’t you dare!”

Corinne smirked. “Scared now, are we?”

Sunny glared at her. “What do you think?! Of course I’m scared.”

Corinne’s face darkened as she rapped the table with her knuckles. “Then you’ll do well to redo your homework!”

“What’s it got to do with you whether I do my homework or not? Didn’t you just call yourself an outsider just now? Why should I listen to you?”

Instead of arguing with him, Corinne simply took out her phone and started dialing.

Sunny’s expression changed when he saw that. “Stop! What do you think you’re doing?” He ran up to her and tried to snatch away her phone.

Corinne quickly hid her phone behind her as though knowing he would try to snatch it away from her. “So are you going to redo your homework?”

Sunny feared no one more than Lucas, so no matter how unwilling he was to give in to Corinne, he still grudgingly said, “Fine. I’ll do it! Just put away your phone and promise me you won’t call my brother.’

Corinne raised her eyebrow and looked into his eyes to see if he was lying. Once she was sure he was honest, she put her phone back into her pocket.

She never intended to call Lucas. Why would she, when she was trying to avoid him as much as she could? It was all a show to scare Sunny into submission. Her plan was to distract Sunny from interrogating her about Jeremy by forcing him to do his homework.

Sunny sat down in a huff and started blanking out the answers Felix wrote with correction fluid before forcing himself to redo the question.

Corinne shook her head when she saw how ugly Sunny's handwriting was. "You know... I

would've never believed a good-looking guy like you would have such horrendous handwriting if I hadn't seen it."

Sunny turned red with anger. "That's it, Corinne Carew! You've crossed the line this time. Get out of my room now!"

Instead of doing what he asked, Corinne remained standing and picked up another pen from the table to circle the main points in Sunny's book. "You have to take note of here and here. Do you still remember the formula I taught you last time? Well, you can use it to get the answer to this question. Why don't you try it yourself."

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Chapter 789

'Oh that's right. Corinne taught me a formula at Lucas' office last time. Yes, this all makes sense now,' thought Sunny. It was like he saw the answer revealed before his eyes. However, not wanting to let Corinne know she won, he simply muttered, "Hmph! I don't need you to teach me."

Corinne did not mind his attitude. She put down the pen and said, "I'm going to the

bathroom, and if you still haven't figured out the answer after I come back... Well, don't blame me for laughing at you then, Mister Sunny."

After that, she went into the attached bathroom in Sunny's room.

Sunny scoffed at the closed bathroom door one last time before turning his attention back to the math question. He tried to solve it by using the formula Corinne taught him last time when

Knock! Knock! Someone knocked twice on his door.

A chill immediately ran up Sunny's spine as he thought it was Lucas who came to check on his homework.

"Sunny, are you in there?"

Sunny breathed a sigh of relief when he recognized the voice to be his mother's.

"Yes, Mom. Come in. I'm just doing my homework."

Phoebe opened the door and walked in. "Sunny, why haven't you finished doing your homework?"

Sunny scratched his head. "The homework Lucas gave me today is a little hard...so that's why it's taking me so long."

Phoebe sighed and walked over to him. "Sunny, you should work harder on your studies. How can I face your grandparents if you fail to get into college again this year?"

Sunny frowned. "What does that have anything to do with whether or not you can face my grandparents?"

Phoebe was not pleased. "Of course it does! We could've pulled something to get you into one of the better colleges, but your brother wouldn't allow it. He said no Rivera will sully the family's name by being a slacker who has to use connections to get into college, and he insisted that you get in by your own effort. You failing to get into a good college this year will just prove the son I gave birth to isn't as smart as the son your father's ex-wife gave birth to."

"But Mom..." Sunny was starting to get annoyed by this. "It is what it is. We all know that Lucas is better than me in every way."

"And that's why I'm asking you to study harder!" said Phoebe in frustration. "Do you know how much I've been suffering all these years? Why, your father and your grandparents would've treated me worse if it weren't for your sister. Sunny, my only hope for you is to take over the family business so that one day, I don't have to suffer anymore."

"But Mom... I've told you I have no interest in taking over the family's business. Plus, I don't want to fight over the inheritance with Lucas. We all know Lucas will run the company better

than I do, so I might as well do something I'm passionate about instead."

"What are you passionate about? You mean all those computer games you spend your whole day playing? Sunny, when are you going to make me stop

worrying about you? Don't you know that we'll be chased out of the family once your dad is gone? And the only way to prevent that from happening is to take over the family business!"

"Mom, Lucas would never do something like that. If he's wary about me, he wouldn't have spent all his time trying to get me to study or put me to such a high standard!"

Phoebe frowned. "Speaking of this... Don't you find it weird that your academic score hasn't improved at all, even though Lucas has been tutoring you all these years? There's a chance he's been purposely teaching you the wrong thing... I mean, how else can you explain why you can't even get into the lesser-known college?"

"Umm... I don't think Lucas is the problem," said Sunny with shame. "It's all my fault. You just have to accept the fact that your son is stupid."

Phoebe nearly blew her top at this useless son of hers. "Sunny, think about it. You and Lucas didn't come from the same mother, so how sincere do you think he can be with you? You should know the only people in the world you can trust are me and Anya. Only we will want what's best for you, so you have to listen to us!"

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Sunny frowned. He hated nothing more than when his mother and sister encouraged him to take over the family business, which he made clear he was uninterested in. He also hated when his mother made baseless accusations about Lucas. While it was true Lucas was strict with him, giving him reason to fear him, he never once doubted Lucas only had his best interest at

heart.

'Mom is right about one thing, that Lucas and I didn't come from the same mother, but he was the one who brought me up. He taught me how to talk and read. He might not spoil me as much as he does to Anya, but...no matter how strict he is to me, he's never mistreated me either...'

Although Lucas objected to Sunny being a professional computer gamer and would scold him whenever he asked for new gaming equipment... Without fail, a few days later, Edmund would show up

with the said gaming equipment in his room. Sunny knew without Lucas' order, Edmund would never dare to buy these things for him. Not only that, but Lucas had been teaching him the ropes of running the family business. Alas, Sunny did not take anything he said seriously.

"Mom, I'm going to get mad if you keep talking about Lucas like that," said Sunny seriously. "Oh, why can't you be half as mature as your sister?" Phoebe could not fight the regret she felt for birthing the ungrateful Sunny.

She had gotten her wish of marrying into the Rivera family, but she never received the care and love she wanted from Maxwell, not even when she pretended to be sick.

'Sigh, I only have Anya on my side...since this good-for-nothing son of mine wouldn't listen. to me,' thought Phoebe.

Just then, the attached bathroom door opened, and out walked Corinne.

Hearing the noise, Phoebe turned to the direction it was coming from.

"Who... Who are you?" she asked in shock when she saw Corinne.

Corinne said nothing and simply glared at Phoebe. 'So this is the woman who pretended to be best friends with my mother, just to steal her husband away from her. And she's instigating her son to fight Lucas for the family business? Pah! What a vile, greedy woman!'

Even though Corinne had no love for Sunny, what spurred her even more was not wanting to see that homewrecker Phoebe get what she wanted.

Phoebe grew uncomfortable by the way Corinne silently glared at her. Frowning, she turned to ask her son, "Sunny, who's this? Why didn't you tell me there's someone else in your room?"

'How stupid can he get? He should've told me someone else was in the room. I wonder how much this girl had heard of our conversation...' thought Phoebe.

Sunny looked at Corinne and said, "Mom, she's..."

"Mister Sunny, did you manage to solve the question just now?" interrupted Corinne.

Stunned by the sudden interruption, it took a while before Sunny answered, “I know how to do it, but I haven’t got to the answer yet... Don’t you dare underestimate me, Corinne. Just

wait there and I’ll finish it now!”

“Very well, then. I can’t wait to see what answer you come up with,” Corinne said with a smile.

Through their conversation, realization suddenly dawned on Phoebe. “Oh, so you’re the home tutor? Sunny, did Lucas get you another tutor again?”

Sunny was so focused on proving himself that he did not hear Phoebe’s question. Even so, Phoebe was sure Corinne was a home tutor from how she worked at Sunny as soon as she came out of the bathroom.