

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

## Chapter 721

### Chapter 721

'Gah! I hate her so much!' thought Francine. She stood with her arms akimbo and shouted, " Hey, you! Put on some clothes and get up from the bed now!"

"Why should I?" Corinne asked with a quirk of her eyebrow. She went back to her phone after throwing an indifferent glance at Francine. She was not surprised by her sudden appearance in her room because she heard everything that went outside the room just moments ago.

"You're asking me why? Well, let me tell you why! As a woman of the Holden family household, you're prohibited from staying in bed past a certain time. Tsk, I guess what they say is true. Poor people are poor because they're lazy," replied Francine.

Corinne chuckled wryly. "I married your brother, not you. What makes you think you can control me when he can't even control me?"

Francine glared at her and said haughtily, "And what makes you think I can't control you? You can't fool me into thinking you're really my sister-in-law since I know the two of you aren't really married in the legal sense! In other words, you're still an outsider and as an outsider, you have to listen to everything I, Francine Holden, tell you to do!"

Corinne smiled and nodded. "Fine. I'm all ears. What do you want me to do?"

Francine crossed her arms and said, "I want you to get up from your bed now and do some work around the house to earn your keep!"

"Work? What work?" asked Corinne curiously.

"Clean the bathroom, do the laundry, cook some meals... Whatever. Just do something! Or are you so blind as not to see there are so many things you can do around the house?"

"But we have professionals for that... so I don't see why I should do all that work."

“While that’s true, you should still do some work as Jeremy’s wife. If not, what’s the point of him marrying you? We have wasted enough time talking. Get up now and mop the whole house,” said Francine with a frown.

Corinne had been holding up her phone toward Francine this whole time. At that moment, she looked lazily at the screen, pouted, and said, “Mister, you heard all that, right? Seems like I’m not welcome here at all. In fact, your sister is treating me worse than all those mother-in-laws portrayed in soap operas.”

“Give her the phone,” said Jeremy coldly.

Francine immediately tensed up with horror when she heard Jeremy’s voice coming from the phone. It was then she realized Corinne was not actually playing on her phone. Instead, she was recording her!

‘Sh\*t! I’ve forgotten how devious she can be!’ thought Francine.

Corinne remained lazily slumped against the head rest. She smiled and crooked her finger toward Francine. “Come. Your brother is asking for you.”

A chill ran up Francine’s spine but she did not dare to defy Jeremy’s order. Glaring all the while at Corinne, she walked up to the bed and took the phone from her. Jeremy was on his way to the office in his chauffeured car.

“Jeremy…”

“Pack up your things. I’ll send someone over to take you to your mom’s place later,” said Jeremy emotionlessly.

That was when Francine knew she was in big trouble. She and Jeremy shared the same father but unlike his mother, her own mother had remained on the periphery all this while due their grandparents’ unwillingness to accept her into the family. The only reason Francine could live in the Holden’s estate was because Jeremy allowed her to do so since she was a Holden after all. Not to mention, it was quite rare for the Holdens to have a daughter amid their midst.

‘Does that mean Jeremy doesn’t want me anymore? Is that why he’s sending me back to live with my mom?’ thought Francine.

“No! I don’t want to go live with my mom!” she cried out to Jeremy. “Then apologize to Corinne this instant!”

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## Chapter 722

Francine sneaked a peek at Corinne, who was yawning lazily on the bed. No way could she put down her pride and apologize to that country hick. “Jeremy, 1.

“It’s either you apologize to her or you pack up your things,” said Jeremy coldly

In the end, Francine’s fear of her brother overpowered her unwillingness to apologize to Corinne. She immediately conceded defeat and bowed her head toward Corinne. “Sorry. Corinne, I shouldn’t have said all the things to you and I promise to not make the same mistake again. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me and ask Jeremy not to send

me away.

Corinne looked sideways at her and waved her away. “Give me back the phone. You’re dismissed.”

“I’m dismissed? Who does she think she’s talking to? The maids?” Francine nearly blew up at Corinne’s impudence but alas, she could not since Jeremy was still watching her every move from the phone.

Not daring to go against Corinne’s wishes anymore, she docilely passed the phone to her before leaving the room with her head bowed.

Corinne made sure Francine had left the room before turning her attention back to the handsome man in her phone. “Mister, why is your sister so different from you?” she complained.

“There, there. Don’t be angry anymore. I’ll make sure to teach her a lesson after I’m back from work,” said Jeremy softly.

“I’m not angry. I just can’t stand all the noise she was making.” Corinne yawned before adding. “By the way, when will you be back?”

She immediately realized something was not right after the question came out of her mouth. She blinked awkwardly and tried to cover up her mistake. “Umm. What I meant to ask was...”

Jeremy was slightly taken aback by the whole thing but then he suddenly smiled. "I can go back now if you want."

Corinne cleared her throat awkwardly. "No, that's not necessary. I was just asking. I'm going to go back to sleep now. Have a nice day at work."

She immediately ended the video call and threw her phone to the side after that. 'Gah! That was so embarrassing' she thought as she covered her face with her hands. "Why did I have to go and ask him when he's coming back? He hadn't even left ten minutes ago I hope he doesn't miss him Oh Corinne, you've certainly become a silly brained little girl, haven't you? miraute is it really so wrong to miss him so much? Gah what should I do?"

Corinne buried her head into the blanket the two of them shared last night in a bid to get a whiff of Jeremy After some time, she gradually dozed off

Bowen had finally found the hay and was making his way to Corinne's room when he saw Francine walking out with her head bowed. He breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Thank God you're out, Miss Francine! I hope you didn't make Ma'am angry."

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

Chapter 723

Francine frowned unhappily and said, "All you care about is Corinne this and Corinne that. Why don't you ever ask if I'm okay?"

Bowen was shocked into silence by her sudden outburst.

Francine's recent humiliation caused her to lash out at Bowen and the servants. "Huh! You would do well to remember you work for the Holden and not the Carew! What an ungrateful bunch of jerks you all are... siding with an outsider instead of me."

Bowen thought it was wrong for her to say that but still he kept quiet. 'It's not like I'm purposely siding with Ma'am..... Miss Francine shouldn't have barged into her room like that in the first place. The other servants thought the same way as Bowen that Miss Francine had really gone overboard this time.

Francine went back to her room in a huff and the more she thought about what happened, the angrier she became so she decided to call Anya to vent

her anger. Her call quickly went through and Anya's usual gentle voice could be heard from the other side of the phone. "Hey, Francine. What's up?"

"Ugh, Anya! Guess what happened? The entire household has been taken over by that b\*tch Corinne. She thinks she can do anything she wants just because she has Jeremy on her side!" said Francine angrily.

"Francine... slow down. Tell me what happened. What did Corinne do to make you so angry?" Anya asked between gritted teeth.

After thinking about it, Francine muttered along the lines of, "She didn't really do anything to me but... everyone is treating her as if she's the mistress of the household while I get the short end of the stick. Moreover, she speaks to me like she's speaking to a servant 'cause she knows. My brother will always take her side over mine. Ughhhh, I can't take this

anymore." "What? She speaks to you as though you're a servant? Francine, that's absolutely vile of her. Is Jeremy at home? Why didn't he say anything about it?" asked Anya in mock kindness.

"He already went to work and that shameless woman is actually still sleeping in my brother's bedroom. Besides, even if he's at home, he'll only help her instead of me! Anya, you have no idea just how obsessed my brother is with that woman right now. In fact, she has him totally wrapped around her little finger! Even a love potion would not be as effective as whatever she's feeding my brother to make her fall so madly in love with her. Why did you let her steal my brother away from you? Are you going to just stand by and do nothing? I really don't want a country bumpkin for a sister-in-law..."

Anya balled her hand into a fist when she heard Corinne was sleeping in Jeremy's bedroom but she managed to keep her voice gentle as she said, "Francine, it doesn't matter whether I end up with your brother or not but no way am I going to let Corinne get away with treating you like a servant. I'll head over to your house later to talk to her about it."

Francine was touched by Anya's gesture. "Oh, thank you, Anya! You're the best. Wait a minute

Why do I hear a child crying in the background?"

“Umm... That’s ’cause Joey’s crying. He’s not feeling well at the moment,” said Anya awkwardly. “Hey Francine, I’m going to hang up now. See you later, ‘kay?”

“Okay. I’ll be waiting for you.”

After hanging up the phone, Anya turned to the crying Joey – who was currently curled up in fright in his nanny’s arms with annoyance written all over her face.

“Stop crying, Joey. It breaks mommy’s heart to see you like this. What do you want to eat? Mommy will ask the servant to buy it for you, okay?”

Anya was only pretending to care about Joey since it would be suspicious if the little baby continued to recoil in horror whenever he saw her. However, her effort ended up being futile since Joey seemed to only cry harder after she took a step toward him.

Joey was crying so hard that his nanny started to worry that he would choke from a lack of oxygen so she said, “Miss Anya, why don’t you keep some distance from Mister Joey for a while since I’m quite worried his crying would make the injury on his head worse. You can carry him all you want when his head is all better.”

Anya had always found Joey annoying in the first place and his crying only served to make her even more annoyed with him so she waved her hand and said, “Fine. You look after him. I’m going to go out for a while.”

The nanny secretly sighed with relief before saying, “Yes, Miss Anya. I’ll make sure Mister Joey is well taken care of.”

Anya glanced at the still-crying Joey and thought, ‘Ugh, he’s getting more and more annoying each day. The only reason I chose him that day was because he looked cute... but he turned out to be so hard to raise. It’s a shame I can’t return him...”

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Chapter 724

After Anya went out, the nanny kept patting Joey on the back to calm him down. "There, there, little guy. There's no need to be scared anymore 'cause your mommy has left the room already."

It was only then Joey dared to turn around and his crying gradually subsided once he had confirmed Anya was, indeed, not in the room. Seeing this, the nanny sighed. It was quite obvious to her that Anya did not love Joey at all since she would only pretend to care about him when there were other people in the room with them and when there were not... she would show her true colors.

'Poor Joey... Not only did he lose his parents at such an early age, but when everyone thought he was set for life on account of being adopted into a wealthy family, his mother only sees him as a means to achieve her goal. Sigh... It wouldn't surprise me if his life only gets harder from now on,' thought the nanny.

Meanwhile, back at the Holden's estate.

Corinne was woken up from her sleep by the sound of a ringing phone. She groggily made a reach for her phone and put it against her ear. "Hello?"

"Good morning, Miss Corinne," came a man's serious voice from the other end of the phone.

Being still half-asleep, Corinne did not recognize the voice so she asked, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Edmund."

'Oh, it's him!' This woke Corinne up a little. "Yes? What do you want?"

Edmund could tell her from voice that Corinne had just woken up and he became rightfully worried that he was the reason for that so he cautiously asked, "Umm... Did I wake you up?" "That's not important since what's done is done. Just tell me what you want."

"Please forgive me if I happened to wake you up... but Mister Lucas had asked me to arrange a private meeting with you. He wanted to apologize for the misunderstanding that occurred last night."

Corinne frowned. She was not happy at being woken up for something as trivial as this. "It's fine. He doesn't need to apologize to me. I'm going to hang up now."

"But Miss Corinne-

She did not even wait for Edmund to finish speaking before hanging up the phone. She then threw her phone and went back to sleep. However, someone knocked on the door at that precise moment..

"Ma'am, it's already past ten. Mister Jeremy had instructed me to wake you up for breakfast at this time," said Bowen respectfully.

Corinne yawned while stretching her arms over her head. 'Looks like I'm not going to get the sleep I want today...' She smoothed down her hair, got off her bed, and went to the bathroom to wash up.

Bowen smiled kindly at Corinne when he saw her coming out from the room. "Ma'am, your breakfast is on the table. Mister Jeremy specially hired a nutritionist to make breakfast for you. What would you like for lunch today? You can let me know now so that I can arrange for the food to be made for you."

"I'm not picky so anything's fine. Though I wouldn't mind some homey dishes," Corinne replied as she walked down the stairs.

"Okay, Miss Corinne. I'll relay your message to the kitchen."

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Chapter 725

Bowen followed her to the dining room. Once there, he took a step before her and said, "Ma'am, here's your bre... Huh?"

What he saw shocked him for there were two women eating the breakfast specially prepared by the nutritionist for Corinne.

"Miss Francine, didn't you already have your breakfast? Why are you eating Ma'am's breakfast?" Bowen asked with a frown.



Francine continued eating while she said, “Oh, I didn’t know this was her breakfast. The food has been sitting out here without anyone touching them so I thought the kitchen made it for my friend who has so graciously come to visit me. Plus, it would be a shame if the food went cold before anyone got to enjoy them.

She then piled on some bacon on Anya’s plate. “Here, Anya. It’s so rare for you to drop by our house so make sure you eat more, ‘kay?” While doing that, she secretly threw a provocative glance at Corinne.

As for Anya, she ate one bite after another as though showing off to Corinne who Francine’s favorite person was. Corinne simply looked at them with an indifferent smirk on her face.

After drinking some milk, Anya got up and pretended to be embarrassed. “Oh no. I didn’t know this was your breakfast, Corinne. So sorry. I was kinda hungry just now and thought I might as well join Francine since she asked me whether I’ve had my breakfast yet... I hope you won’t get mad at us, Corinne. I swear we didn’t mean to eat your breakfast...”

Corinne raised her eyebrow and smiled for a second. “It’s alright. You’re the guest so you should eat first.”

The word ‘guest’ caused the fake smile on Anya’s face to stiffen. ‘Ugh... Francine is right. She hasn’t been back for a day but she’s already acting like she’s the mistress of the household! How dare she use the word guest on me to show off her position in the Holden family?! Pah! She’s not worthy of being called Missus Holden. The only thing she’s good at is using Jeremy’s power to bully other people!’

Bowen sighed helplessly when he saw the plates were already half-empty. “Umm... Ma’am, please have a seat while I go and ask the kitchen to remake the breakfast for you.”

Corinne glanced at the breakfast spread on the table and knew it would take a while, not to mention, very troublesome for the kitchen to make another for her. Moreover, she did not want to sit at the same dining table with Anya because she could not stomach her face.

Thus, she waved her hand and said, “It’s okay, Bowen. I’ll order some takeout.”

“I’m afraid that won’t do. They’re not only unhealthy but unclean too. Besides, it’ll only take a moment for the kitchen to make breakfast for you.

Corinne shook her head. “Please, Bowen. There’s really no need to go through all that trouble. I’m not going to eat it even if you ask the kitchen to make me another one. In fact, tell the kitchen to get lunch ready and I’ll settle my own breakfast.”

“Oh fine... I’ll ask the kitchen to prepare some of your favorites for lunch then.”

“That would be lovely. Thanks.”

Bowen sighed again before turning to go to the kitchen. As soon as he had left, Francine burst into laughter. “Haha! Did you hear that, Anya? She said she’s going to order takeout. No sane wife of a wealthy and powerful man would ever order takeout. That’s poor people’s food.”

Anya smirked and continued eating Corinne’s breakfast. She was in total agreement with what Francine said.

“Anya, I’m sure you’ve never ever ordered takeout before, right? ‘Cause socialites like us will never eat those cheap food reserved for the commoners,” Francine added. “Even on the low occasion we order takeout, it’s in the form of professional chefs, who only use the freshest and highest quality ingredients, coming to our house to cook for us. Unlike some country bumpkin who I bet has never eaten anything good in her life so she has to make do with eating junk food!”

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## Chapter 726

While Francine was spouting all that nonsense, Corinne had already sat down in the living room. She shut out Francine’s voice and started ordering for takeout with her phone.

Francine was incensed that her words had no effect on Corinne so she raised her voice even more and said, “Say, why is it taking her so long to order takeout? Could it be that she’s so poor that she has no choice but to choose the cheapest takeout?”

Anya could not hold back her laughter anymore but she quickly composed herself and said fakely, "Francine, don't be so rude. We should respect other people's lives, no matter how they choose to live."

Francine rolled her eyes and scoffed. "I'm just saying it like it is. A country bumpkin like her can never compare to us socialites Even if she manages to seduce my brother using her beauty, she'll never have the same worldview or values as us so my bet is their relationship will never last long. It's time for her to wake up and get out of this house!"

Corinne did not pay any mind to Francine's ridicule at all. She had just finished ordering her takeout and at the same time, Jeremy received notification of the payment order. In the throes of passion last night, Jeremy told her all of his bank account password and even gave her several of his debit cards to show he meant it when he said he wanted to spend the rest of his life with her.

Although Corinne did not really lack money, it was still nice to get to spend her boyfriend's money some times. Francine continued on mocking while Corinne ignored her completely. The latter leaned back on the sofa and turned on the TV.

Suddenly, a glass of milk appeared before Corinne. She looked up and saw it was Anya who brought it to her.

Anya smiled at her innocently. "Corinne, it'll take some time for your takeout to arrive. Why

you drink some milk first? I wouldn't want you to go hungry."

don't

Corinne looked down at the glass of milk. There was an obvious lipstick mark on the rim. 'Eww

How could she offer someone something that she already drank?"

Corinne calmly and lightly pushed the glass of milk away. "Thanks but I'm not hungry. You should drink it yourself," she said with an indifferent smile.

Anya sat down disappointedly beside her and said, "Why won't you drink it? Is it because I've drunk it already? I thought you wouldn't mind since you don't seem to mind being together with a man I was with first."

Anya's tone made Corinne want to punch her in the face but she managed to control herself. She raised her eyebrow and looked sideways at her. "A man you were with first?"

Anya beamed a sunny smile at her. "Yeah! I'm talking about Jeremy, of course. I was with him for so many years and yet you didn't seem to mind. In fact, you used every trick in the book to steal him from me so I don't get it... Why would you mind that I've already drunk the milk?"

Corinne knitted her brows together. "He slept with you before?"

Anya nodded. "That goes without saying. Did you think he was a virgin? It doesn't take a genius to figure out how impossible that is. He's a man, after all. Plus, with his looks and

status, he would never lack women throwing themselves at him and no man could ever resist that kind of temptation."

Corinne stared at Anya with a darkened expression so much so that Anya thought Corinne was really angry. Suddenly, Corinne laughed as though she had heard a funny joke. "Miss Anya, do you seriously think I'll ever believe anything you say after you've lied to me about Joey being Jeremy's kid?"

Anya's expression stiffened for a second before she laughed hysterically. "Even if he didn't sleep with me, do you seriously think a hot blooded man like him never bedded any other woman other than you?"

Corinne smiled. "I have ways of testing whether a man is still a virgin. Thus, I can I'm the only woman he has ever slept with."

Anya frowned. "You have ways of testing? How? I know it's possible to know whether a

woman is a virgin but never heard of a way of testing a man.... Corinne, are you sure you're not just being delusional here?"

Corinne chuckled. "I'm not but I can't share the method with you either since it concerns Jeremy's privacy. All you need to know is he was a virgin before he

slept with me.” At that moment, Corinne’s face was overflowing with confidence and happiness, causing Anya’s face to darken immensely.

Anya clutched the glass in her hand even tighter to the point of almost breaking the glass. Oh, how she wished she could rip apart Corinne right now. She remembered how, this one time, she pretended to be drunk and took off all her clothes in front of Jeremy only to have him ignore her completely.

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

Chapter 727

Jeremy simply ordered Anya to put her clothes back on and left the room. Anya knew Jeremy was not the type of guy to sleep around since she had witnessed the length he would go to to uphold his own principles. However, she could not understand why Jeremy was willing to let go of his principles for someone like Corinne.

Suddenly, Corinne received a call from an unknown number. She thought the delivery person had arrived so she answered the call without reservation  
“Hello”

However, no sound came from the other side of the phone for a good long while

“Hello? Who is this? Can you hear me?” Corinne asked with a frown

“Yes... I can hear you...” The cold and awkward voice was that of a man’s and Corinne immediately recognized it to belong to Lucas

Corinne was a little surprised that Lucas would actually call her using his own private number. She glanced at the scheming Anya beside her, wondering if Lucas was calling her for his sister’s sake again.

She narrowed her eyes and asked, “Why are you calling me?”

“Are you free to come out and meet me today? I have something I want to tell you.”

“Nope. I’m not free,” said Corinne without hesitation. If possible, she would rather not have anything to do with Anya and Lucas since trouble seemed to follow her whenever those two appeared.

Lucas must have guessed what she was thinking because he quickly shouted, "Wait, don't hang up the phone just yet!"

Corinne's finger stopped just an inch above the 'End Call' button. "Why don't you just tell me what you want to say to me over the phone?"

Lucas sighed and said, "I'm really sorry for all the troubles I've caused you recently... but Corinne, can you please come out and meet me? I have something really important to tell you and I swear it won't take up much of your time."

While Corinne was talking on the phone with Lucas, Anya never once stopped glaring at her.

After thinking about it, Corinne said, "Fine. You can drop by where I am if

"I'm afraid I can't go there. Can we meet outside instead?"

"You can forget all about it then."

you want."

Corinne immediately hung up the phone after that. 'Something fishy is definitely going on. First, Edmund called to tell me Lucas wanted to meet me, then the devil himself called me personally... Not to mention, he called me Corinne as though we're very close to each other!'

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**Score 9.9**

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

Chapter 728

Once Anya saw Corinne hanging up the phone, she beamed her signature 'I'm so kind' smile at her again. "Corinne, you sure are one busy woman. Was that a guy who called?"

Corinne put away her phone, grabbed a cushion from the sofa, and hugged it to herself. "Yeah, it was indeed a guy," she said languidly.

A hint of ridicule flashed across Anya's doe-like innocent eyes. "Does Jeremy know that you're still in contact with other guys?"

Corinne yawned and said, "Most probably not."

"He doesn't? That's not good. Rumors will spread like wildfire if words get out about you inviting a man over while Jeremy's is outside working."

Corinne turned to look at Anya with her brow raised. "Miss Anya, are you threatening me right now?"

"Of course not. Why would I ever threaten you? I'm just being nice enough to warn you of the consequences," said Anya sweetly.

Corinne smirked. "Fine. It doesn't matter whether you're threatening me or warning 'cause I don't care if you tell everyone you know that I've invited a man over. In fact, you can even call Jeremy and tell him now if you want."

Seeing Corinne not panicking caused Anya to secretly grit her teeth in anger. Anya actually well aware Corinne was not hiding any improper relationship since she was bold enough to ask a guy over the house. The only reason she said what she said just now was to rile her up but alas, she did not succeed in doing that.

"Corinne, don't get me wrong. I'm not the type to spread rumors about other people and don't worry, I won't tell Jeremy either," said Anya with a smile.

'Huh! She's not the type to spread rumors about other people? As if! She must be plotting something again...' thought Corinne. After throwing Anya a side-eye, she decided not to prolong the conversation anymore.

Thus, it was a good thing that at that moment a servant came in with her takeout in hand. "Ma'am, your delivery order has arrived."

Corinne nodded. "Thanks. You may leave it here."

The servant put the takeout on the coffee table and left the living room. After throwing off the cushion, Corinne went to unwrap her food. "Miss Anya, do you want some?"

Anya threw a disgusted glance at the takeout before squeezing a fake smile on her face, saying, "No, thanks. I'm quite full already."

Corinne smiled nonchalantly at her and said, "Then if you don't mind, can you please go away? I don't like to have an audience while I'm eating."

The fake smile on Anya's face stiffened. "Umm..."

At that moment, Francine entered the living room and said, "Anya, why are you sitting there with Corinne? Come here. Don't you know those cheap takeouts are made with ingredients that had gone bad? You wouldn't want to get sick from them, would you?"

She then pulled Anya up from the sofa and dragged her out the living room but before they

left, Anya managed to shove the glass of milk into Corinne's hand.

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

Chapter 729

"Take this glass of milk, Corinne You can drink it to make the food go down easier." As Anya said this, she pretended to lose her footing. With a sway of her body, the milk in the glass spilled onto Corinne's takeout

'Oh no! My ramen. I didn't even get a bite before the milk got in... thought Corinne.

Anya covered her mouth in mock surprise. "Oh no! I'm so sorry, Corinne. I didn't mean to spoil your food..."

Corinne simply stared at the ramen soup which had turned white from the milk.

Francine burst out in a vindictive laughter when she saw how disappointed Corinne looked. Of course, she did not forget to show concern to Anya either "You don't need to apologize to her, Anya. In fact, you should worry more about yourself. I hope you didn't knock into furniture just then

Anya shook her head and said anxiously, "I'm fine, Francine... But I feel so bad for spoiling Corinne's food..."



“Oh, please. It’s just a little milk. It’s not like she’s very particular about her food anyway. I mean, I’m willing to bet a hundred bucks that the milk from our house is a hundred percent cleaner than the takeout food she ordered.”

“Don’t say that, Francine. In any case, this is all my fault.” On the surface, Anya might sound like she was really remorseful about what she did but deep inside, she was actually laughing. gleefully.

She turned to Corinne and said, “I hope you’re not angry with me, Corinne. I’m really sorry. and I’m willing to compensate you for the food. In fact, I’ll give you double what you paid for.”

“No. That won’t be necessary,” said Corinne. After that, she picked up the takeout container and without warning, poured all of the content on top of Anya’s head.

The burning sensation from the hot soup caused Anya to yelp out in pain. She stared at the soup dripping down her eyes and broke down.

Francine was shocked too. “What the hell are you doing, Corinne? Have you gone insane?” she shouted angrily.

Corinne brushed her hand absent-mindedly as though she was trying to get rid of some dirt. Then she smiled and gushed, “Oh no, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to do that. For a moment. there, it was as if my hands had a mind of their own and well... I hope you’re not angry at me, Miss Anya.”

Anya took a deep breath and gritted her teeth. “Why you...”

Francine walked up to Corinne vehemently and said, “Don’t lie to us! You did that on purpose. Why, I’ve never met a person as rude as you in my life. Apologize to Anya now!”

Corinne yawned and asked, “Apologize to her? Why should I do that when I didn’t do it on purpose?”

Corinne could take whatever they dished out to her but not when it came to her takeout! God knows how long she had been craving for some ramen soup... and yet that Anya dared to ruin

it by pulling a stunt like that? It was totally unforgivable of her to waste good food like that! After composing herself, Anya put on her innocent act again.

“Corinne, I really didn’t mean to spoil your takeout and I even offered to compensate you double of what you paid for... So was it necessary to take revenge on me like this?”

Corinne shrugged. “Miss Anya, I wouldn’t really call that revenge since just like you, I didn’t mean to pour the ramen soup on you. Plus, I never once blamed you for being so clumsy so why are you blaming me now? Forgive me for saying this, but aren’t you being a little double standard right now?”

“I...” Anya was unable to come up with a retort.

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Chapter 730

Francine glared hatefully at Corinne. Then she turned to Anya and said, “Let’s go, Anya. We’ll deal with this crazy woman later. It’s more important for you to change into something, clean right now. Follow me to my room.”

Anya nodded and followed Francine up the stairs. Midway through, she turned around to glare sinisterly at Corinne. Her message was clear, there would be h’ll for Corinne later.

Corinne smiled back at her for two seconds before summoning, the maids to come clean up the

floor.

Bowen happened to see the tail end of what happened just now when he came out of the kitchen. He sighed helplessly, walked up to Corinne, and asked concernedly, “Ma’am, why don’t I ask the kitchen to make you a sandwich? That should last you until lunch.”

Corinne was indeed hungry. She nodded and said, “Okay. It doesn’t have to be anything complicated. Actually, an egg salad sandwich would do.”

“As you wish, Ma’am.”

Bowen was about to go to the kitchen when a servant came running in. “Mister Bowen, Mister Lucas has dropped by to visit Ma’am.”

“Are you talking about Mister Lucas from the Rivera family?” asked Bowen with shock.

“Yes, that’s exactly who I’m talking about,” said the servant with a nod.

Bowen found this odd since the two families rarely dropped by for a visit on account of the bad blood between them. Anya was the exception of course since she was so smitten with Jeremy. Lucas dropping by was in itself already very odd but then to say he had come to visit Corinne? “Ma’am, Mister Lucas has come by to visit you. Should I let him in?” asked Bowen worriedly. “Yes. That would be perfectly alright,” Corinne said with a nod.

“Yes, Ma’am.” Bowen gestured for the servant to escort Lucas into the living room.

Not long after, Lucas was brought into the dining room. Corinne, who was seated at the dining table, smiled faintly at him. “Well, it didn’t take you long to come here at all.”

Lucas came alone. He stood at the threshold with his back ram-rod straight. However, there was none of the usual confidence in his eyes. In fact, those eyes of his seemed to be clouded by a multitude of emotions. “I happened to be around the neighborhood when I called you.”

“Oh, I see.” Corinne nodded and smiled. “I hope you don’t mind if we talk in the dining room since the living room is being cleaned up right now.”

Lucas looked deeply at her with eyes filled with guilt before nodding and saying, “Yes, that’s perfectly okay. I don’t mind talking here.”

“Great! Please have a seat then, Mister Lucas.” Out of politeness, Corinne lazily gestured for Lucas to take a seat. “To be honest, I thought you’re going to make a fuss about talking in a room filled with the smell of food.”

A servant immediately pulled out the chair opposite Corinne. Lucas said nothing as he slowly walked over and sat down. Before the two of them could say anything, the maid brought out a plate of sandwich from the kitchen and placed it in front of Corinne.

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