## Chapter 16

Corinne's eyes widened, and she stared in bewilderment when she realized that Jeremy was doing one-handed pushups. He had covered her mouth with one hand after pulling the blanket over their bodies, leaving only their heads exposed.

They stared blankly at each other as his face seemed to rise and fall within inches of hers. Anyone who saw them would assume that they were in the midst of a passionate session.

Corinne felt a little uncomfortable and pushed his hand away after finally having enough of

his suggestive actions. "Mister, you..." When Jeremy lowered himself during a round of push-ups, he leaned into her ear and

whispered a warning, "Didn't you say you were going to do a proper job of fulfilling your

task? You need to cooperate with me on this as well, so stop moving around!" Corinne stared blankly at him for a moment before keenly noticing movements at the door of

the room.

Pamela had pushed the door slightly ajar and was observing in secret.

'I get it now!' As soon as Corinne realized what was going on, she asked in a low voice, "Do you want me to moan too?"

Jeremy froze slightly and soon narrowed his handsome eyes. "Do you know how?"

Corinne's expression was that of confidence, while Jeremy's was that of playful teasing.

"Go ahead and try." Corinne took a deep breath and began her performance. "Yeah, Hubby. Mmh! Come on!

Come on! Yes, yes, yes, yes! Do that, do that! MMMHHH! Oh yeah, f—"

could put it on again.

aren't my type!"

The playfulness in Jeremy's eyes disappeared in a flash, and his forehead twitched violently as he covered her mouth shut.

Corinne frowned. "Mgghh..." It would be much more believable if her voice was muffled as if she was suppressing herself from making any noise.

The small gap at the door began to narrow even more until it finally closed shut. Pamela had a satisfied smile as she turned around and left.

Corinne pushed the man's hand away again and said angrily, "Your grandmother is gone, mister! You can get up now!"

Corinne sat up, leaned against the head of the bed, and remarked in a peeved tone, "You must be very disciplined to have maintained those six-pack abs at this age!"

Jeremy lifted the blanket, got up gracefully, and grabbed the shirt that he had taken off so he

'This age?' Jeremy's back stiffened. 'How old does she think I am?'

"I'm going to be under the impression that you're interested in my body if you keep looking at me like that."

Corinne wiped off the drool from her mouth. "I'm interested only in your abs. The rest of you

"Really?" Jeremy walked to the bed and reached out to grab Corinne's chin. "And what's your type?"

Corinne's small face was tilted up as she said, "The good-boy type that calls me Mommy."

"That's what you call a man?" Jeremy chuckled in disdain.

Corinne scoffed. "What's your type then, mister?"

Jeremy kept quiet, prompting Corinne to cock an eyebrow and ask, "Let me guess: You like the super sexy ones, don't you?"

awkward to spend a night with him in the same room.

Jeremy stared at her and leaned over slightly, "As long as they're not little girls like you who act like cheerleaders in bed."

Corinne smirked, fully aware that Jeremy would sleep with her that night because Pamela was at home that day. Despite knowing that he was not interested in her, she still felt

He let go of her chin as soon as he ended his sentence and made his way to the bathroom.

When Jeremy came out of the bathroom, Corinne had already fallen asleep while leaning

'She's too full of herself for wanting a guy who calls her 'mommy' when she's still a kid at heart.' Jeremy's handsome eyes narrowed as he took her cell phone, pressed the lock screen, and tossed it on the side of the bed.

against the bed head. Her cell phone screen was still on, and she was midway through a

He initially did not want to worry too much about her, but since he had hurt her by accident that day, he decided that there was no harm in tucking her in the blanket. With that out of the way, Jeremy turned around and walked toward the sofa.

Jeremy was no longer in the room when Corinne woke up the next day. Being unemployed meant that she did not have to get up early for work, so she leaned lazily on the bed head to scroll through her phone.

All of a sudden, a contact of hers named Aaron Rhode sent her an urgent message through a messaging app. [Hey, boss! I just got some information on an authentic painting by Nellie

Grandma!"

mobile game.

Nymphaea! The location is Peakrise Auction House. You need to get here quickly!] Corinne's eyes turned dark, and she immediately got out of bed to freshen up. As she went down and prepared to head out, Corinne ran into Pamela who had just exited the kitchen.

She greeted the old woman politely, "Good morning, ma'am."

Corinne did as she was told and corrected herself, "Grandma."

Pamela frowned unhappily. "Don't 'ma'am' me. Just call me Grandma." The old woman's attitude seemed to have taken a swift turn from the previous day.

"See? Doesn't that make us feel so much closer to each other?" Pamela finally smiled and led her to sit at the table. "Come and have a taste of the breakfast I made for you!" The Holdens' maids were all shocked to hear that. They never imagined that the old lady

imprudent of her to refuse Pamela's gesture. "Thank you, Grandma. It's delicious."

would cook something for Jeremy's new wife. It was an unprecedented scene!

Pamela was happy that she enjoyed the food. "Have some more then!"

to apologize to her? She's the one who bullied me!"

need to be somewhere, Grandma, so please excuse me."

putting your head into the toilet."

any more disappointed in you!"

Pamela nodded. "Take care."

Corinne instead of me?"

their daughter ever again!"

Peakrise Auction House.

'Why is that old man here too?'

Unbeknown to anyone, an obscene amount of pregnancy supplements had been added to the food because Pamela was already excited to hold a great-grandson.

At that moment, Francine went downstairs and said with a yawn, "Good morning,

Corinne was in a hurry to leave, but she nonetheless sat and started eating. It would be

Pamela's expression suddenly turned serious. "Perfect timing, Francine. I'd like you to come here and apologize to your sister-in-law!"

Francine was taken aback, and she looked at the old lady in shock. "What? You...want me...

The old lady had a sullen expression as she replied, "The maids don't answer to you alone, Francine. The older ones, particularly, are more observant! I just found out you started the whole thing by splashing some dirty water on Corinne. That was why she retaliated by

Corinne ate her breakfast in silence and looked up to see the guilt-stricken Francine.

Francine could not accept what was happening, but she did not dare to disobey her grandmother either. "I'm sorry..." "Don't worry about it." Corinne smiled slightly, put down her cutlery, then got up and said, "I

Pamela had already ushered Francine to Corinne. "Apologize right away! Don't make me get

Pamela answered sternly, "I'll side with whoever treats me well. She's your sister-in-law too, so you need to show her some more respect!" Francine protested, "But Jeremy doesn't like her. He likes the daughter of the Riv—"

After Corinne left, Francine cried in desperation, sobbing, "Grandma! Why did you side with

Francine had rarely seen her grandma that angry before, so she had no choice but to sulk and shut her mouth.

Pamela's complexion darkened. "Shut your mouth! Don't you ever mention that family or

"Boss, it's Nellie Nymphaea's original painting 'Geese in Late Autumn'! It was auctioned here by a foreign businessman, and the price is starting at seven hundred and fifty thousand!"

Nellie Nymphaea was the pen name of Corinne's biological mother. For years, everyone had

been telling her that her mother was dead, yet she never found her mother's death certificate.

whereabouts was to start finding her mother's works that were scattered all over the world...

Since there were no other clues available, the only way for her to locate her mother's

Aaron, Newmoon Group's president, walked with Corinne and reported the situation to her.

Corinne asked, "How much money do we have in our account, Aaron?" Aaron replied, "We have about 7.5 million. The rest have been put into several projects." "That'll do."

Corinne was about to enter the auction house when she saw Jeremy's car driving toward her.