

The Day I Kissed An Older Man Chapter 121 - 130

Chapter 121

“You got lucky, Sunny!” Yash stood up, took out the betting contract from his pocket, and crumpled it into a ball before throwing it at him.

Sunny caught the ball of paper, uncrumpled it to see if it was correct, and immediately tore it up.

“You would’ve lost even if you didn’t cheat. Why is it so hard for you to accept that? How about another game if you can’t accept

it? If you lose, you’re going to call me ‘daddy’! Are you brave enough to take up that offer?”

“I don’t have that much time to play with you!” Yash obviously did not dare to play anymore. His expression turned sullen, and he

turned around to bring his companions away in defeat.

Sunny could finally hold his head high.

On one side, Corinne leaned lazily against the sofa, exited the game, opened her chat group [Old Driver’s Club], and moved her

finger to send a big reward to the group. [Good game. This is for you!]

Aaron’s avatar then popped up. [You asked us to join you in a game, but now that it’s over, you’re just going to give us some

rewards to shoo us away?]

Corinne replied, [What do you want?]

[You!] Aaron sent a coquettish emoticon.

Another profile picture of a landscape shot popped up with the accompanying username

Caesar. [It’s been a while since you last came to the company, boss.]

[Yeah!] Aaron agreed.

Corinne answered, [I’ll find a time to go there in the next few days. Be good boys. okay?]

After persuading her subordinates, Corinne put away her phone, got up, and left.

“Corinne, wait!” Sunny called her to stop.

Corinne stood there and said, “Anything else, Mister Sunny?”

Sunny got up, walked over, and looked at her with an awkward yet somewhat unfriendly gaze.”

Ahem! Why did you help me

when I treated you badly in the past?”

Corinne said, “Consider it a reward for helping me out earlier.”

Sunny did not take her answer seriously. “Tch! You’re a sly girl, so I doubt they’d be able to do anything to you even if I didn’t

help you at the time. In fact, I think you’d be the one who’ll teach them a lesson!”

“You flatter me.” Corinne pursed her lips slightly. She glanced at the bruises on the corners of his eyes and mouth, then cocked

her eyebrow and said, “I’m curious, Mister Sunny. Why didn’t you call your bodyguards to help you when you were beaten up on

your own turf?”

Sunny had a stubborn expression. "If I did, they'd tell my dad and brother. I don't want either of them to know about it."

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Corinne raised her hand and patted him on the shoulder. "Put your ego aside when it comes to your family. Your safety is more important than anything in times of danger, and there's no need to let yourself suffer just for the sake of your ego."

Sunny's eyes flickered and he frowned uncomfortably. "You don't need to teach me how to live!" Corinne withdrew her hand and shrugged indifferently. "Well, just pretend I didn't say anything."

Seeing that Corinne was about to leave, Sunny quickly chased after her and said arrogantly, "Hey, Corinne! I'm willing to be

friends with you since you've helped me out today, and you're also a good gamer!"

Corinne halted in her footsteps and looked at him. "You want to be friends with me? Did you forget that I snatched your sister's man from her?"

Sunny raised his chin. "I'll never forget that, of course, but I know that you and Jeremy aren't truly husband and wife."

Corinne cocked her eyebrow. "Did you see that?"

Sunny said earnestly, "I don't need to. I'm confident that Jeremy will neither betray my sister nor sleep with you."

Corinne narrowed her eyes. "Is that so? Then why didn't your sister marry him? I would have nothing to do with either of them if that had been the case."

Sunny frowned worriedly and said, "The two of them face a stumbling block in the form of conflict. between the older generations

of both our families, but everything will be fine for them in the future. Now that you and I are friends, I'm going to just remind you

that you're just a tool. Jeremy was forced to marry you because of his grandfather, so please don't develop any feelings for him.

unless you want to get hurt. The only person that Jeremy will marry is my sister."

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Corinne could not help but recall Jeremy's attitude toward her. He made it abundantly clear that he could give her everything

except his feelings during the three months of their agreement. That alone was proof that he only had feelings for Sunny's sister.

Her expression turned dark, and she chuckled. "Thank you for your reminder, but I'm not interested in making friends with a kid."

She then walked away at a leisurely pace.

Sunny was unhappy that his offer to make friends with her had been ruthlessly rejected, so he followed Corinne resentfully and

lashed out, "Who are you calling a kid, Corinne? I'm not a kid! I'm not!"

Corinne ignored his pestering and allowed him to follow her out. She strolled slowly and began looking for Sherlyn in the banquet

hall. After searching for some time, Sherlyn was still nowhere to be found, so she walked over to a swing chair made of rattan by

the floor-to-ceiling window and sat there for a moment. Since the chair was facing the windows, she had the luxury of admiring

Lunar Century Manor's most beautiful scenery when she looked out.

The lush roses planted in the gardens and the beautiful fountain erected looked breathtakingly stunning under the moonlight.

When she looked up, she saw the full moon bestowing its faint glow on the sea of flowers in the garden. The place was not just

luxurious and high-end in terms of the money being poured into it, but it also was also tastefully designed through the conception

of romantic artistry. Those qualities explained why famous families in the city were so eager to hold important banquets such as

weddings there.

Corinne never liked attending banquets, but she somehow liked it there and felt an indescribable sensation in her heart.

"Corinne! I'm talking to you! Are you listening?" Sunny was prattling on and on beside her, saying things like 'I'm being courteous

by my willingness to make friends with you', 'Don't be ungrateful', or 'You need to make friends with me, or you're implying that

you look down on me. The list went

1.

Corinne turned a deaf ear to his words and looked up at the round moon in the sky. She suddenly remembered something and

asked, "Sunny, you said that Lunar Century Manor has a special meaning to your family. What's that special meaning?"

Although his request to be friends with her had not yet been approved, Sunny had unilaterally and proudly regarded Corinne as

his friend. Since she was his friend, she did not hesitate to answer her questions..

“This is the manor my father built for my sister. She likes lively places, but there aren’t many people around here usually, and it’s pretty deserted. My father therefore decided to make an exception and allow people to hold

banquets here just to keep the place lively. Luna. That’s my sister’s name.”

Corinne narrowed her eyes lazily. “Luna. That’s a nice name. Is she the apple of Jeremy’s eye?”

Sunny answered, “No! I have two older sisters. The one who has a relationship with Jeremy is my second sister, Crescentia. My

eldest sister is Luna, but she’s not around anymore, unfortunately.

Lunar Century Manor was built in her honor.”

Corinne raised an eyebrow. “Not around? Do you mean...she passed away?”

Sunny shook his head and had a slightly lonely expression. “I don’t know. I had never met her before. I heard from other family

members that she was lost when she was very young, so yeah... She’s probably gone now.”

Corinne frowned slightly upon realizing her question touched on a sensitive topic. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have asked.”

Sunny’s emotions changed rapidly, and his loneliness disappeared as he remarked sprightly, “It’s fine. You’re my friend, after all!”

Corinne was speechless. She did not recall agreeing to be friends with him just yet.

At that moment, Felix-the Riveras’ servant-hurried over and had a look of relief. “Sir! You’re here We found you at last!”

Sunny turned around and looked petulantly at Felix. Why are you looking for me?”

Just as Felix was about to explain the situation, he looked up and saw the injury on Sunny’s face He therefore put that aside for

the moment and said in horror, “Sir! What happened to you? How did you get injured?”

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Sunny nonchalantly rubbed the wound on the corner of his mouth. "I'm fine. I just knocked into something by accident! So, what

is it that you wanted to tell me again?"

Felix said worriedly, "Umm... I was asked by Ma'am to bring you home so you can do your homework. She said that the

university entrance examination is coming soon, and if you don't study hard enough, you'll be sent to a military camp to be

disciplined."

Sunny frowned when he heard that.

Corinne smirked and said, "Hurry up and go home. You need to do your homework, or your momma's gonna spank your little

bottom!"

Sunny's face turned red after he had been thoroughly embarrassed in front of the friend he just made. He said arrogantly,

"Hmph, stop teasing me! I'm not a child, and my momma stopped spanking me long ago!"

Felix looked at Corinne a little strangely and wondered why Sunny was in the company of a certain 'Missus Holden' whom Sunny

used to loathe. He was also surprised that Corinne was dressed so sharply that day!

Nevertheless, he did not think too much

about that because Sunny was injured. Even if Sunny refused to go to the hospital, it was important to bring him to see the family

doctor at once. If something happened to Sunny, the entire family would pin the blame on Felix!

Felix dragged Sunny away right that instant. "Let's go, sir! If we go back too late, your dad will spank you even if your mom

won't!"

Corinne could not hold in her laugh, and Sunny could no longer maintain his calm expression. In his anger, he kicked Felix and

said, "You idiot! What nonsense are you talking about? When did I ever get spanked?!"

Felix said aggrievedly, "Oh, yes, yes! I guess my memory is failing me! You've never been spanked!"

Sunny was extremely annoyed. "And stop pulling me! I can walk on my own!"

Corinne enjoyed reveling in Sunny's misfortune of being dragged away begrudgingly by Felix.

"Corinne!" Sherlyn's shrill voice called out.

Corinne turned her head when she heard her name being called and saw Sherlyn storming forward aggressively as if she was

there to collect a debt. "So you were here all this time?! I searched for you everywhere, but I didn't think you'd be so lazy as to

come all the way here just to sit on the swing!"

-Corinne remained calm and said, "I searched for you everywhere but couldn't find you either, so I

got tired and decided to just sit here and rest for a while."

Sherlyn stared at her unhappily. "Stand up right this instant!"

Corinne got up without making a fuss.

Sherlyn sat on the swing chair in a haughty manner and said arrogantly, "I'll have you know that my godfather is going to

introduce a very important person to me soon. You'll have to be at my beck and call at all times!"

'Godfather?' Corinne cocked an eyebrow. 'That middle-aged man who had a gleeful conversation with her earlier?'

The godfather Sherlyn mentioned was Goran Sheffield, a leading film director. He attended the banquet to use that as an

opportunity to secure investments in his new movie, and it was he who gave Sherlyn the invitation letter. Goran also mentioned

that he would introduce Sherlyn to several big-shot investors while they were there. If any of those people happened to fall in

love with her, the opportunities she would get in the future would improve to a much higher level!

Sherlyn felt a little nervous at the thought of possibly meeting one of those big shots. She thus decided to bring her assistant so it

would make her look as if she had status.

Fortunately for her, she did not need to worry about Corinne stealing her limelight because of those hideous clothes that Corinne

was wearing.

"Did you hear what I said? Make sure you're alert when the time comes. I'm not the only one you'll need to serve. You also have

to pour tea and water for that VIP. He happens to be a top figure in an upper-class circle!"

Corinne nodded. "Okay, I get it. Who are you going to meet, though? Knowing the person's identity will help me prepare myself better."

Sherlyn answered rather proudly, "Someone from a first-tier upper-class family. It's Jeremy Holden, the Holdens' eldest son!"

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Corinne frowned when she heard that name. "Do I have to go there with you? Can't I choose to skip this?"

Sherlyn saw Corinne's displeased expression and lashed out sharply, "Know where you stand, Corinne! You're my assistant now, so you have to do whatever I ask you to! You can't just take a one-thousand-and-five-hundreddollar salary and assume that you can pick and choose what I assign you to do!"

Corinne massaged the top of her nose bridge. "Fine." The thought of meeting Jeremy again gave her a headache, but Sherlyn showed no intention of letting her off work just yet. 'I'll go. Jeremy might not necessarily notice me with this kind of clothes I'm wearing today.'

"Sherlyn." The middle-aged man from earlier walked over slowly and called out to her. He was none other than Sherlyn's so-called 'godfather'.

"Sherlyn, Mister Jeremy and the others are upstairs. Let me bring you over to introduce you." Sherlyn got up happily from the swing chair. "Coming! Thanks, Goran!"

Goran looked at his 'goddaughter' with a smile, but that smile disappeared when he noticed Corinne following her. "Who's this, Sherlyn? And why is she dressed like that?"

Sherlyn glanced at Corinne in disdain, then turned to explain obediently, "She's my assistant!" The elegant and gentlemanly Goran glanced at Corinne with a disgusted, disparaging gaze. "Why did

you hire an assistant like that? It's unsightly for someone with her fashion sense to hang around you all the time. I'll help you hire a more decent one next time!"

Sherlyn shook her head. "She grew up in the countryside, and I hired her when I saw that she had difficulty finding a job. It's really sad."

Goran was touched and immediately lavished praise on her. "You're such a kind soul."

Sherlyn smiled coquettishly and took Goran's arm. "Don't worry about my assistant anymore, okay? Hurry up and bring me to meet Mister Jeremy!"

"Okay, I'll bring you there now."

A mocking expression appeared in Corinne's eyes as she watched Sherlyn's contrived performance and followed them.

They left the lively banquet area and went up to a quiet and graceful tea room. Four distinguished men were chatting lazily around an antique tea table, while a professional tea brewer was brewing some tea for them on the table.

Goran led Sherlyn in and walked up to the men. He bowed at them and greeted them warmly, "Mister Jeremy, Mister Zeke,

Mister Gerald, and Mister Jason! I didn't expect to get the honor of seeing all four of the four great families' eldest sons sitting here together!"

Zeke sipped his tea leisurely from an antique porcelain cup and raised his head to glance at them.

He responded with a smile, "Ah, it's you, Goran! What masterpieces will you be releasing this time?"

Goran waved his hands modestly and said, "None so far! I have plans to make a new movie, but I haven't chosen the cast yet! I

hope you don't me being a little shameless in asking whether any of you are interested in investing in the new movie!"

Though he was acclaimed as a leading veteran artist in the industry, Goran still bowed in front of true capitalist blue-bloods. After

all, he needed to show that he was humble enough if he wanted to attract investment for his films.

Zeke said politely, "You're too modest! Your past movies have raked in a box office revenue of more than ten million. I can't think

of why you'd have difficulty getting investors. The way I see it, you're just deliberately saving that investment opportunity for us

so we can make money!"

True, many people wanted to invest in his films, but many of those rich people wanted to interfere with his creations with the

excuse of having invested some money into them. They would try to meddle with his decisions and cause needless trouble for

him. By contrast, the richest young men in the business world were more generous, and most of them had a very carefree

character. They generally did not interfere with the contents of his film and would not mind as much even if they lost money.

Goran hurriedly shook his head and humbled himself, saying, "I can never compare to folks like you! What little money I earn

from filming is just a drop in the bucket when it comes to the four of you!"

Zeke saw the woman next to Goran and narrowed his eyes. "Is this your new lead girl, Goran?"

Goran took advantage of the opportunity to bring Sherlyn to the front and introduce her. "This is my goddaughter, Sherlyn. She's

a well-known celebrity and also the lead actress in my next movie."

Zeke smiled and praised him. "You have a good eye, Mister Goran! The beauties you choose to be your lead actresses all have

a unique aura and are exceptionally gorgeous!"

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Sherlyn was incredibly happy to receive such praise, but because she had not raised her head since coming in, she had no idea

what the man who praised her looked like. Earlier, Goran advised her before they went in that she would be more likable to those young men if she showed an innocent and youthful attitude.

Goran patted her on the shoulder and said to her, "Sherlyn, this is Mister Zeke Callen. Say hi to him!

"Hello, Mister Zeke." Sherlyn then raised her head slightly and smiled coquettishly. She was greeted by the sight of an

extraordinarily -handsome young man. He seemed to be a somewhat frivolous character with dashing facial features and a debonair aura to him.

He was so much more handsome than any actor she has ever worked with before!

Goran continued to introduce her to the next person. "Sherlyn, this is Mister Gerald Lemington, president of Lemington Group."

"Hi there, Mister Gerald."

Gerald nodded and sipped his tea.

"This man over here is the host of today's banquet, Mister Jason Talbot."

"Hello, Mister Jason."

Jason smiled in return.

As Goran introduced the men to Sherlyn, she looked at each one of them with ever-growing amazement in her eyes. 'Oh, God!

These men aren't just rich and powerful-each person is even more handsome than the last!"

Finally, Goran led Sherlyn to Jeremy, who was sitting in the middle. He spoke a little more formally than before as he introduced,

"This is Mister Jeremy, president of Holden Group. Holden Group is in charge of the company you just signed for, which makes him your immediate superior."

"Hi, Mister Jeremy." She finally reached the man she wanted to meet the most. When Sherlyn looked up excitedly, her pupils

trembled, and she was in awe of what she saw.

'Is this the same Jeremy whom I nearly married? He's...divine!

He had a cold and arrogant aura, a charismatic character, and features as delicate as a sculpture. set in stone. Had he not

blinked, she would never have believed that he was a real human being.

Jeremy did not even look at them and had an indifferent look on his face as he turned and chatted with Gerald.

Goran and Sherlyn were a little embarrassed when they were given the cold treatment.

Zeke smiled and said, "Please have a seat and tell us all about the theme of your new movie."

"Oh, uh...thank you very much, Mister Zeke."

Goran beckoned Sherlyn to sit with him, and Sherlyn's little assistant obediently followed them as they went over.

Corinne kept her head down throughout like a servant in front of a king. She seemed to keep to herself out of apparent fear that she would be overstepping her place by looking around, but in truth, she was simply afraid of being noticed by those men. After all, it was not just Jeremy who knew her-all the other men there have seen her before too. She did not want any of them to recognize her!

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Goran sat down and began to introduce his new movie concept in an attempt to attract the four distinguished company presidents to invest in him.

Meanwhile, Sherlyn sat meekly beside him and stared absent-mindedly at Jeremy. She became overwhelmed with emotions the more she looked at that handsome man, and that surge of emotions inevitably made her feel even more regretful.

It was not too long ago that she nearly got married to Jeremy. The entourage that the Holdens sent to pick up the bride had stepped into the door of their home, but for some reason, she missed out on the opportunity and everything failed.

The exorbitant dowry that the Holdens gave to her family was still kept safe in her home. She imagined how she could have been Missus Holden if she was married off to the Holdens by mistake. Then, she could rightfully sit beside Jeremy while being looked up to and envied by all women.

As she fantasized about what could have been, she knocked over the cup of tea that the tea brewer had poured for her, and the tea dripped onto her dress.

"Crap!" Sherlyn stood up in shock and hurriedly cleaned up the tea on the high-end evening dress she borrowed from a luxury brand.

"Are you alright, Sherlyn? Did you scald yourself?" Goran asked with concern.

"I'm fine..." Sherlyn felt embarrassed due to her gaffe and immediately ordered her assistant, Corinne! Take some tissues out of my bag and give them to me!"

"Okay." Corinne, who was in the room by virtue of her position as Sherlyn's assistant, had been holding Sherlyn's bag dutifully the entire time. She replied to Sherlyn in an extremely soft tone and then lowered her head to rummage through the bag for a tissue. When she finally found it, she handed it over to Sherlyn.

Though she seemed to be doing her duties diligently, she was, in fact, cursing at Sherlyn mentally. 'I can't believe Sherlyn called me by my name right in front of them! I hope Mister didn't hear it!"

Corinne was glad that her name was not particularly unique as there were many spelling variations to her name, as well as several other names that sounded similar. She hoped that it would not necessarily attract their attention.

Meanwhile, Sherlyn was so worried about her luxury dress that she did not notice the four men looking up simultaneously as

soon as she called out Corinne's name. They all zoned their attention on her assistant who had kept her head down since she entered the room.

"Doesn't the name Corinne sound familiar, Jeremy?" Zeke teased with a smile.

The girl sported twin braids and wore a calico dress. The stern gaze that Jeremy directed at her was so strong that it could

almost burn a hole through her body. Though Corinne could sense his chilling gaze, she lowered her head silently, not wanting to

acknowledge Jeremy's existence there even though he already noticed her presence. After all, she did not want more people to

know about her relationship with Jeremy, especially not the Carews. She would never hear the end of it

if any one of them knew.

Sherlyn finally cleaned up her dress and raised her head. Just as she was about to apologize for her carelessness earlier, she

found that the four men at the table were all staring at Corinne.

'What's going on?' Sherlyn was a little displeased. She dressed Corinne up like a country bumpkin, but the girl somehow still

turned heads!

'Being a vixen runs in her veins! How annoying!'

Sherlyn forced a smile and interrupted, "May I ask why all four of you are looking at my assistant like that? Is her fashion sense

laughable?"

Jeremy shifted his cold gaze to Sherlyn and narrowed his eyes slightly. "She's your assistant?"

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“Of course not!” answered Corinne before Jeremy could. “Why would I know someone as important as Mister Jeremy? I’m not fit to know him at all!” At the same time, she withdrew her hand with all her strength.

Unfortunately, she tilted the teacup by accident and spilled half the cup because she pulled her hand back too forcefully. The

back of the man’s hand turned red after being scalded.

“Gah! Corinne! What are you doing? How hard is it to serve tea?!” Sherlyn screamed, pushed Corinne away, and ran over to show concern for Jeremy’s burn.

“Does it hurt, Mister Jeremy? I’m sorry that my assistant is such an idiot. I’ll teach her a lesson. later!”

Jeremy withdrew his hand coldly and did not let Sherlyn touch him. He shook off the remaining tea on his hand gently, took the

tissue handed over by the waiter, and wiped his hands slowly. As he did all that, his gloomy gaze was fixed on Corinne the entire

time, and he did not even frown. when he got scalded. He remained silent for two seconds before saying pensively, “She does need to be taught a lesson.”

Sherlyn froze after her gesture was rebuffed, so to make herself less embarrassed, she turned her head and scolded, “Why are

you just standing there, Corinne? Hurry up and kneel! You need to apologize to Mister Jeremy!” Corinne merely bowed and said, “I’m sorry, Mister Jeremy. I didn’t mean it!”

Jeremy ignored her, and there was a distinct lack of emotion on his cold and handsome face. Nevertheless, he sent chills down her spine.

The other three men on the tea table simply sat still and enjoyed the show. They watched quietly while drinking their tea and immersed themselves in their thoughts.

The atmosphere became stifling, and Goran felt a little at a loss. Jeremy was someone that should never be offended at all

costs, yet the situation had turned gravely sour! He frowned and gave Sherlyn a wink.

Sherlyn immediately understood what he meant, and after thinking about it, she waved at Corinne in disgust. “That’ll be enough.

Mister Jeremy won’t hold it against a country girl like you! Seeing as you’ve been so clumsy, I’d rather you not stand here

anymore and stay away from the table instead. Get out, and don’t ruin Mister Jeremy’s mood with your presence!”

It went without saying that she had no desire to protect Corinne. In fact, she wished that Corinne would offend Jeremy and get

taught a stern lesson by him! Unfortunately, Corinne was her assistant, so whatever actions Corinne did would reflect on her as

the employer, and it would leave a lasting bad impression on Jeremy. If he wanted to hold a grudge, Corinne's mistakes would implicate her, too.

Keeping things calm and peaceful was undoubtedly the best way forward.

Besides, Sherlyn also hated Corinne's eyesore of a presence in the room. She was wearing such ugly and unclassy clothes, yet she still managed to attract more attention and steal Sherlyn's limelight!

Corinne could not be happier when Sherlyn told her to leave. She nodded, turned around, and walked away at once.

She finally got her wish to stay away from all those people!

The tea room for VIPs was very large, and except for Jeremy and a few waiters who were in charge of serving the guests, there was no one else in the room.

Corinne spotted a mahogany sofa in the distance. There was no one there, and it appeared to be a nice and quiet place. She

walked over, sat on the sofa, and lowered her head to her phone to kill time with some games.

As she was busy playing, a slender, handsome hand handed her a glass of orange juice all of a sudden.

Corinne froze slightly and looked up to see Jason glancing at her with a smile on his handsomely sexy face.

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"It's been a while, Corinne," greeted the man.

Corinne's first thought was to turn and look at Jeremy. That was when she realized that he was sipping tea leisurely without looking in her direction. Meanwhile, Sherlyn and Goran were still chatting away happily and flattering Jeremy. The two of them synchronized with each other and were practically finishing each other's sentences as if she was not within earshot of them. In truth, she could hear them very clearly from where she was.

Corinne turned around and nodded earnestly at Jason but did not accept the glass of orange juice he offered. "Thanks, but I don't feel like drinking that right now."

Jason smiled without feeling a hint of awkwardness and bent over gracefully to put the orange juice on the coffee table in front of Corinne. He then took his seat right beside her.

When Corinne realized that Jason had sat down, she glanced sideways at him and frowned slightly. "May I ask why you're here?"

Jason smiled and said, "No reason in particular. I'm just not that interested in film investments, so I thought I'd find a nice quiet place here."

"Oh, make yourself comfortable." Corinne lowered her eyes and continued to play her game as if no one else was around.

Jason was speechless.

Although he had experienced her arrogance first-hand, he still felt a little uncomfortable when he treated her that coldly.

He was a desirable man, and no woman ever ignored him since he was young. It was therefore a rather refreshing experience when Corinne was cold toward him. He narrowed his sexy eyes at Corinne with intrigue thoughtfully for a moment before asking,

"Am I overthinking it, or are you and Jeremy unlike normal couples?"

Corinne froze as she was playing her game and looked up at him. "What are the standards by which you measure how 'normal' a couple is?"

The glee in Jason's eyes grew stronger, and he answered carefully, "At the very least, I don't think it's supposed to be like how you two are acting right now. It's like you're both strangers with no sense of intimacy at all." Corinne curled her lips in a smirk. "That's just how we are as a couple. Single people like you will never understand."

"Is that so..." The smile on Jason's lips froze to reveal the calmness and elegance engraved in him. At the same time, he could

help from being taken aback by the girl in front of him. She had a very sharp tongue, and she could leave one speechless as soon as she opened her mouth.

A sudden thought occurred to Corinne, and she raised her chin to gesture at Goran. "By the way, do you know who that man is?"

Is he amazing?"

Jason looked over and nodded slightly. "Goran's a well-known director here in the country. He's very arrogant when it comes to his abilities, and every movie he makes has to be on a grand scale with an investment of tens of

millions. Then again, he is very talented. The movies he makes are usually all blockbusters."

Corinne then asked, "Then, do you know anything about his personal life?"

"Not really. All I've heard is that his wife and children are living abroad."

"I see. Thanks for letting me know." Corinne then lowered her head once more and continued her game.

As for Sherlyn's 'godfather', even the slightest information on him was enough. She could always let Aaron investigate further. It

was probably not by chance that someone of Sherlyn's subpar professional ability could rub shoulders with a well-known director

like Goran who placed extremely high standards on his work.

It was likely that Lilliana and Sherlyn had done shady deeds for the sake of achieving fame and fortune.

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Jason sipped his tea pensively and remained silent for a while before asking Corinne, "Why would the dignified Missus Holden take up a job as an assistant for a celebrity? Doesn't Jeremy give you any money to spend?" Corinne played her game absent-mindedly and replied casually, "It's a hobby. Money's not the issue here."

Jason's sexy face turned serious. "I asked you this out of concern, Corinne. You can always tell me

face any problems. I might be able to help you."

if you

'Help me?' Jason seemed to enjoy striking up a conversation with her using the excuse of 'I can help you if you face any problems'.

Corinne raised an eyebrow as a sly look flashed across her eyes.

She quit the game, put away her phone, then raised her head and looked earnestly at Jason. As she blinked her bright beautiful eyes, she asked, "Will you really help me if I'm in trouble, Jason the Kind Samaritan? Don't just talk."

'Jason the Kind Samaritan?' Jason was speechless at the unexpected long nickname. "Of course. As long as it's within my ability."

"It's definitely within your ability."

"What is it, then?"

Corinne had a slight smirk and answered him without much ado, "Do you still remember the three paintings of Nellie Nymphaea I

saw in your gallery the other day? How about selling those three paintings to me?"

The smile on Jason's face froze. He had planned on tricking her out of curiosity, but she was the one who turned the tables on him.

'She's an interesting one.' Jason chuckled and said, "Let's not talk about whether or not I'm willing to sell. The question is, are you sure an assistant like you has the money to buy those three paintings from me?"

Corinne had a determined look in her eyes. "I can get the money as long as you're willing to sell it to me."

Jason cocked an eyebrow. "Where are you going to get the money from? Are you going to ask your husband for it? Are you

confident he'll give it to you? And besides, why would he be willing to you be someone else's assistant if he does give you money?"

let

Corinne could tell that he was trying to test her relationship with Jeremy. He seemed to be a little too curious for his good.

“You don’t need to worry about where my money comes from,” replied Corinne. “You just need to tell me if you’re willing to sell the painting.”

“They’re not for sale.”

Jason’s unhesitant reply made her expression darken, and she could not hide her disappointment.

Those works were painted when her mother was still young, and Corinne desperately wanted them for her collection. However, there was nothing she could do about it if he did not want to sell. It was not like she could rob them from him.

“I can give it to you for free, though, ” Jason suddenly added nonchalantly.

Corinne was happy for a brief moment before wariness settled in her system. “What’s your condition?”

Jason had a look of admiration and could not help but laugh out loud. Corinne might look naive, but she was in fact smart and quick-witted. She was hardly the kind of woman who could be coaxed with just a couple of words.

Jason lifted the teacup in his hand and shook it lightly before saying with a smile, “It’s easy. Just have a drink with me, and I’ll give you those three paintings. Does that sound good?”

He was a troublemaker at heart under his smiling guise.

Corinne frowned. “Not now. Another day.”

Jason smiled and asked knowingly, “Why not? Is it because your husband is here?”

‘Duh! It’s precisely because Jeremy is here!’ Although Corinne and Jeremy were not a real couple, Jeremy remained very

concerned about the way she carried herself in front of others and would not allow her to do anything that even remotely

suggested she was cheating on him within the three months.