

The Day I Kissed An Older Man Chapter 131 - 140

Chapter 131

If Corinne shared a drink with another man, it would be equivalent to walking blindfolded into Jeremy's minefield. The consequences would be disastrous, so the plan could not be executed.

After giving it some thought, Corinne tried to bargain with Jason. "How about another time? I'll drink as many cups with you as you want."

Jason was unmoved. "No can do. It's either now or never. Time waits for no man...or woman." 'D*mn him!' Corinne felt a little embarrassed and turned to look at Jeremy. He was still drinking tea while facing the other side and was not paying attention to her at all.

She looked back at Jason and eventually confirmed with him. "Let me get this straight. You'll give me Nellie Nymphaea's works for free as long as I drink with you, correct?"

Jason smiled and nodded without hesitation. "I'll have them sent with you immediately if you can do it."

Corinne turned around and looked at the tea table again. Jeremy was still as languid as ever as he faced the other side. He seemed to show no interest in looking at her.

She might not be discovered if she could get it over with it quickly.

Corinne pulled out all the stops to get her mother's three paintings and picked up the glass of orange juice on the coffee table.

"Alright. I'll drink with you."

Jason froze for a moment and was surprised she agreed to his request. 'Does she want those three paintings that much, even at the expense of agreeing to my unreasonable request? Who is Nellie Nymphaea to her?'

When Jason saw the determination in Corinne's dainty face to go all out for the painting, his eyes flickered slightly as a half-smile

appeared on his face. His interest was piqued, and he took the teacup in his hand and slowly moved toward the cup of juice in her hand.

Their cups touched lightly, and their bodies leaned forward too as they got closer and closer to each other. With their gazes

locked on each other, they were about to toast when all of a sudden-

"I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid... To take a stand, to take a stand... It's been a ride...

Everybody....

Her cell phone rang, and the ringtone startled everyone.

Corinne instinctively withdrew the hand that held the orange juice and looked down at the phone. The caller ID that was displayed turned out to be Jeremy.

'Did he see me?'

Corinne's blood ran cold, and when she turned around to look, she saw none other than the man's sullen gaze. Her ringtone had been too loud, and everyone in the tea room looked at her too, including Sherlyn. However, Sherlyn did not know who it was that called her, so she shot her a glare. She probably did not like Corinne's ugly ringtone and felt that it was embarrassing. Jeremy's face was cold and stern, and he put his phone to his ear while staring threateningly at her. Her only option was to answer it. Corinne frowned and answered it bravely. "Come here." His voice on the other end of the line was calm-terrifyingly so. If she replied or went there, Sherlyn would surely know that Jeremy was calling her. Sherlyn would then know that they knew each other, thus revealing their relationship. The entire Carew family would find out too if Sherlyn found out, and Corinne's days would no longer be peaceful if that were to happen. She calmed down, turned around, and said to Jason, "Please excuse me. I need to answer the phone." Then, Corinne put down the orange juice in her hand and got up to walk out of the room. After leaving, she walked a little further before replying, "I'm not going there! If there's anything you want to say, please come out of the tea room!"

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The atmosphere in the tea room returned to normal once Corinne went out, but Goran was a little unhappy because he was interrupted in the middle of his speech. He ignored what happened with that churlish assistant and turned to continue introducing his movie script to Jeremy, Zeke, and Gerald.

Sherlyn dutifully leaned over to pour tea for the three presidents, and she took the opportunity to get closer when she poured a cup for Jeremy.

All of a sudden, he stood up coldly and said, "Excuse me."

When Jeremy went out of the tea room and looked around, his face soured when he saw no trace of Corinne.

There was a separate toilet for VIPS at the entrance of the tea room that catered to all genders, and the restroom door opened suddenly with Corinne poking her head out from inside.

"I'm here, Mister," she said, then ducked her head back in and left the door open for him.

Jeremy narrowed his eyes, strode over, and walked into the restroom. He then closed the restroom door shut with a snap.

Jeremy was much taller than Corinne was, and she had to raise her head slightly to look at him.

A sour expression appeared on

her face as she asked, "If you have anything to say, do it here."

He gazed down at her, and a hint of sarcasm flashed across his narrow eyes. "You were pretending not to know me earlier?"

Corinne's lips twitched. "I think our social status is miles apart from each other, and there's no need to let the public know that we know each other."

Jeremy frowned. "No...need?"

Corinne nodded. "Mister, I know that you only married me to make your elders happy, so you can rest assured that I'll sync with

you and act like a couple in front of your family. But this isn't the Holden home, and none of the Holdens are present, so I don't

see a need to act it out. That means we don't need to recognize each other."

Jeremy stared at her coldly and chuckled sullenly. "Are you embarrassed by my identity? Or do you think that I'm not worthy of

you and you feel disgusted if other people know about my connection to you?"

Corinne frowned and said calmly, "Your identity won't embarrass anyone. On the contrary, it'll elevate the status of whoever that's

associated with you. I don't need that, though, and I don't want too many people to know that I'm in a relationship with you. I

hope you'll take into account my cooperation in dealing with your family members to do me this favor and hide our short-lived

relationship from people who don't need to know."

There was no obvious emotion on Jeremy's face, and he was silent for two seconds. He then replied in a deep voice, "I'll do as you say then since you're so insistent."

Corinne breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you for your understanding."

She could feel much more at ease in the future as long as there was a consensus on that point.

The man suddenly raised her chin abruptly and asked aggressively, "Now, explain to me what you

did in the tea room earlier?"

Corinne was taken aback for a moment and was forced to look into his abyss-like eyes. "What are you talking about?"

Jeremy's eyes narrowed dangerously. "What did you do in the tea room before you came out?"

Corinne felt a little guilty as she replied, "I was drinking orange juice!"

Jeremy cocked his eyebrows sarcastically. "Drinking orange juice? Did you have to drink with a man?"

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'Sigh. He saw me after all...'

Without waiting for Corinne to give a reason to explain, the man leaned over and approached her for a while with a stern, oppressive tone. "Didn't I forbid you from drinking anything other people offer you? Did you forget what I said?"

There was such a disparity in height that Corinne was forced to tilt her neck upward uncomfortably. "I didn't. I remember..."

Jeremy lifted her small face forcibly again, with his fingers pinching her cheeks gently and the web between his index finger and

thumb propping her chin up. He held her condescendingly and said, "And you still did it?"

Corinne explained uncomfortably. "Mister, it's not what you think..."

The man's face was calm as usual, but there was a bit of sullen annoyance in his expression.

"How do you think I should feel

when my wife is drinking with another man in front of me?"

Corinne was helpless. She knew she had been wrong and could only say concisely to him,

"That's because he has something I want!"

Jeremy's hands relaxed slightly. "And what's that?"

Despite her reluctance to let him in on more details about herself, she was unable to explain her situation clearly unless she told

him everything. Corinne could only tell the truth and say, "Mister Jason has three paintings in his gallery that I want. He refused

to sell them to me, but he said that he'd give them to me if I drink with him."

Jeremy frowned and let go of her. "You can let me know which paintings you want. There's no need for you to drink under

duress."

Corinne lowered her eyes and said plainly, "We're not a real couple, so I don't think it's appropriate to bother you, let alone owe

you."

Jeremy looked at her indifferently. "It's not a debt. As I said, I can give you everything except my feelings as long as you become

Missus Holden for three months."

Corinne raised her head, and she looked at him with clear eyes as she said, "A relationship between two people essentially

starts with owing something to each other. Whether it's favors or money, what's given must be returned, and what's owed must

be repaid. It's a two-way street, and that's how relationships start to become complicated and muddy. Once that happens, it'll be

difficult to sever ties amiably, so I just try to avoid it."

Jeremy frowned slightly. "You seem to be eagerly looking forward to the day that you can finally leave."

Other women were eager to have a relationship with him, but she seemed to want nothing to do with him.

Corinne smiled slightly and blinked her bright eyes. She was unhappy because her chin was a little sore from being pinched by

him, but a vengeful idea came to mind. She tiptoed and hooked the

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man's neck provocatively, asking, "What would you prefer, then? Do you want me to depend on you? Aren't you more afraid that I'd rely on you?"

Jeremy did not avoid her and merely lowered his handsome gaze and watched quietly as she pretended.

Her appearance at this moment was hardly good-looking, and she was dressed in a rather laughable manner. The makeup on

her face made her skin a little yellow, and there were dense freckles all over too. The cherry on the cake was her twin braids.

Yet, her eyes are pure and as breathtaking as ever despite her hideous makeup. Her curved eyelashes were also somewhat reminiscent of the moon in the sky.

Though her words were irritating, the lips that spoke them looked tantalizingly delicious.

His eyes darkened, and his Adam's apple bobbed.

When Corinne realized that her retaliatory act of hooking her arms over his neck did not seem to have the intended effect of

making him feel disgusted, she felt that something was amiss and frowned in surprise.

"...Mister?"

As she looked into his eyes, she saw embers of passion burning within those pupils. Corinne was startled and felt inexplicably

awkward, which led her to instinctively withdraw herself and move away. However, the man's big hands grabbed her waist and

pulled her closer to him, with her body nearly striking his chest and getting even closer to him than before.

The man stared intently at her stunned, then bashful, expression. His gaze subsequently became more abstruse.

Their breathing was getting erratic after they were too close to each other. Meanwhile, their gazes somehow seemed to be linked

by a chain, as if there was a magnet between them that pulled them closer, drawing them nearer to each other

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"I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid... To take a stand, to take a stand... It's been a ride...
Everybody..."

Corinne snapped back to her senses when her phone suddenly rang, and the suggestive atmosphere between her and Jeremy disappeared in a second.

As she faced the man's long dark eyes, she backed away uncomfortably and took out her cell phone to look at the caller ID. It turned out to be Sherlyn. Before she could answer the phone, Sherlyn's voice sounded outside the restroom, and there was a knock on the restroom door.

"I know you're in there, Corinne. I heard your horrendous ringtone coming from inside! Come out of here right now! Stop slacking off, hiding in the restroom!"

Corinne frowned, looked up at the man, and shrugged her shoulders while saying, "Did you hear that? Sherlyn's looking for me. I need to go out."

Jeremy looked down at her and did not react.

Corinne moved off him, thought for a moment, and then said, "Wait here, and don't go out after me. If she sees us inside the same restroom, explaining things will be impossible." As soon as she said that, she turned around and prepared to go out when his hand that was still on her waist pulled her closer instead. She slammed back into the man's arms, and her back hit his chest.

Jeremy lowered his body, leaned close to her ear, and warned in a stern voice, "Don't drink with other men."

Corinne's mind was blank for a moment as she replied, "Understood."

Even if she did not see the man's expression at that moment, she could still feel the strong possessive desire coming from him.

However, that possessiveness stemmed out of his pet peeve and not because he desired her in other ways.

She understood that point well, but she still felt an inexplicable irritation in her heart.

The situation could be likened to the surface of a lake that reverted to calmness after someone casually threw a stone into it and caused ripples to form on the water's surface. Though there were no longer any disturbances in the water, the stone that fell into the water sank to the bottom. of the lake and would stay there forever.

Corinne walked out of the restroom.

Sherlyn folded her arms proudly and scolded impatiently, "You're such a slacker, Corinne! I can't believe you hid in the restroom under the pretext of making a phone call! I don't pay you to laze around, you know!"

Corinne yawned tiredly. "It's already half past ten. No matter how high you're paying me, I think it's about time I get off work."

Sherlyn snorted in disdain and shot back angrily, "Where did you get the decency to tell me you're signing off work? I haven't even taken you to apologize for scalding Mister Jeremy's hand with the hot tea you spilled! Don't you have any idea how serious the consequences will be if you offend him? It'll be your fault if he refuses to invest in my new movie today!"

Corinne had a nonchalant expression. "I've already apologized to him, and if I need to take further responsibility, I can bear the cost of buying him an ointment to treat his burns. Whatever happens after that has nothing to do with me. I told you that I didn't want to go with you, but you insisted. and even ordered me to pour tea for them." "You..." Sherlyn was momentarily at a loss for words.

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Corinne stretched her arms and waist. "If that's all, I'm getting off work today! See ya!" She walked away leisurely and went downstairs, not planning on returning to the tea room either because it was absolutely pointless. "Did I say you could leave work? Come back here, Corinne! Stop right there, you hear me?!" Sherlyn glared at her and stomped.

Corinne merely ignored her and went downstairs without looking back.

Sherlyn gritted her teeth angrily. Had she not been prevented from leaving because she had to wait for Goran, she would have caught up with that little wench and given her an earful. Corinne was just an unruly girl who grew up in the countryside without a mother's love and care!

As Sherlyn stared fiercely at Corinne's back and muttered a few profanities, she turned around and wanted to head back to the tea room when she happened to see Jeremy striding out gracefully from the restroom.

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Sherlyn was startled by the sight of Jeremy. 'What in the world is going on? Why did Jeremy come out as soon as that b*tch

Corinne left? Were they both in there earlier?!"

As soon as she realized that possibility, Sherlyn had an incredulous look and immediately became wary soon after. Jeremy had

been looking at Corinne rather strangely when she was pouring tea for them earlier, and

Corinne was a little vixen good at

seducing men. Perhaps Corinne had spilled that tea on purpose just to attract his attention and hook up with him.

Having come to that conclusion, Sherlyn felt an unbearable pain in her heart and she wanted to get to the bottom of what

happened. A charming smile appeared across her face as she walked toward Jeremy. She asked innocuously and curiously,

"Mister Jeremy, my assistant just came out of that restroom. Why did you come out right after her? Did the two of you share the same restroom earlier?"

"Your assistant?" Jeremy glanced at Sherlyn coldly and gave her an icy three-word answer.

"Didn't see her."

'Didn't see her?' The man's attitude was very indifferent, which scared Sherlyn a little but red her too. He probably went in to use the restroom when she was talking to Corinne earlier, and it was normal for men to use the restroom quicker than women.

In hindsight, a person of Jeremy's identity could not possibly share a restroom with that country bumpkin Corinne. At this point,

Sherlyn was sure she was overthinking it.

She immediately showed a charming smile again and shyly tucked a lock of hair behind her ear as she said, "I'm really sorry my

assistant scalded you earlier. I feel really bad about that, so I was wondering if you could leave your phone number with me. I'd

be happy to treat you to a meal some other day as a token of apology."

"That won't be necessary," Jeremy replied. He walked past her coldly and strode away without turning back.

"But Mister Jeremy..." Sherlyn looked disappointed and reluctant to let him leave, so she chased after him and said, "Wait, Mister

Jeremy! I insist..." Despite her best efforts in trying to persuade him to wait up, he did not stop at all. He did not even bother to turn around and look at her.

When Sherlyn sensed that he was averse to having anyone approach him, Sherlyn did not dare to follow anymore and decided

to give the matter a rest for now. In the future, she would try and seek other opportunities to get closer to him.

She stood rooted to the ground as she admired the man's tall, handsome, mature, and elegant rear figure, and the expression on her face was that of obsessive yearning.

Jeremy lived up to his name as the progeny of a first-tier family in terms of imposingness and charm. Moreover, handsomeness, wealth, and power were not the only qualities he had. Above all, he was magnanimous in that he did not hold a grudge against her even though his hands had been scalded.

He was just a little indifferent to outsiders though, but that was further proof that he was not a playboy. Women who were lucky enough to become the apple of his eye would definitely be treated with extreme gentleness and spoiled like a princess.

It was such a pity that a perfect man like him was married. When Sherlyn thought of how Jeremy had married someone else, her heart seemed to bleed for him, and the regret that she felt was practically strong enough to kill her.

After all, Sherlyn had been so close to becoming Jeremy's wife

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Jeremy went back to the tea room and sat for a while longer.

Goran was still going on with the script of his new movies. All the while, he had been talking to himself because the rest of the four people were talking to each other. Until the very end, none of them actually paid attention to Goran.

I guess I'm not getting any investment funds from these four people today... Goran thought. He looked at the time helplessly. It was getting late if he continued to hold on to them he might irritate them even more. Without a choice, he got up, used a glorified excuse to bid goodbye to them together with Sherlyn, and left the room.

When there were no outsiders in the room, Zeke joked amusingly, "Hey, Jeremy. Where's your wife?"

Jason was also curious. "Yeah, Jeremy. Where is Corinne?"

'Corinne? When is Jason so close with Corinne?' Jeremy thought.

He raised his brow and looked at the man. "Do you have something to do with her?"

With an appealing face, Zeke asked, "Nothing. I'm just curious why she wants to work as a celebrity assistant. Come on, Jeremy.

She's your wife. Why are you letting her work?"

Jeremy took a sip of his tea nonchalantly. "She likes to experience a different life, and she's free to do anything she wants to. I won't interfere with it."

Zeke pretended to sound surprised. "Geez, Jeremy, I only know now that you're such a caring and considerate guy!"

Jeremy gave him a cold glare. "F*ck you."

Jason smiled. "Jeremy, I was just joking with Corinne just now. I didn't know she'd take it so seriously and drink with me. You won't mind, don't you?"

Jeremy looked at Jason for a few seconds and gave him a one-sided smile. "I won't. She's still young and has no sense of propriety. I can understand that."

Jason's smile froze. 'Is he implying that I'm like a child who has no sense of propriety?'

The ambiance took a sudden turn. Zeke and Gerald exchanged looks with each other while wondering why there seemed to be

tension between Jeremy and Jason. The four of them have known each other since their childhood, and it would be a shame if

Jeremy and Jason fall out because of a woman.

Zeke decided to interfere and said nonchalantly, "Hey, Jason. Today is the first day you officially took over your family business. I

think the part is about to end. What about you take us out for a drink?"

Jason chuckled. "Sure. You guys pick the place and I'll have it arranged."

Zeke smiled and nudged Jeremy's arm. "Jeremy, where should we go?"

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Jeremy looked indifferent. After another sip of tea, he answered, "You guys go ahead. I have something on my plate."

Zeke frowned. "Hey, Jason just got back. It's been a long time since all four of us could gather like this, Jeremy. Don't be a buzzkill."

"I really have something to do. I'm treating next time, but I can't join today," Jeremy said. He softly put down the porcelain teacup with his fingers and stood up to grab his blazer from the mahogany coat rack to place it on his arm.

After turning his back on the others elegantly, he waved at them with his back facing them and left the room. "Bye."

Zeke sighed helplessly and complained, "Tsk! There he goes. He has no time for his friends after he got himself a wife!"

Jason looked at Jeremy leaving and smiled helplessly. "It's alright. Maybe he does have something to do."

Gerald got up and said, "Let's go. I still have some good booze left in Twilight. You guys are in luck."

Jason hurriedly said, "Yo, Gerald. I said I'm treating today!"

Zeke cackled. "I don't care who's paying; I'm only responsible for drinking!"

In the car.

"I asked you to arrange a job for her. Is that how you do it?" His tone sounded flat, but his irritation still peaked through.

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A chill ran up Tommy's spine. He looked to the back of the car and explained innocently, "Sir, I had to deal with an urgent matter at the company, so I didn't accompany Miss Corinne to the subsidiary company. I did call Mister Feldman before I left, and he said Miss Corinne was the one who insisted on becoming an assistant."

Jeremy's eyebrows furrowed as he said nothing. Tommy could not tell what Jeremy was feeling, as his expression looked dead calm.

Tommy carefully continued, "I'll arrange a much lighter job for Miss Corinne tomorrow."

Still, Jeremy remained indifferent. He said, "Ignore her. If this is the job she chose, then let her be."

Yes," Tommy replied.

"Go take a look in Jason's art gallery if there are three paintings by Nellie Nymphaea. Buy them. She wants them," Jeremy instructed.

Tommy nodded and made a mental note of this. "Understood. I'll get to it.

"Oh, right... Sir, Miss Anya's treatment is about to end. I estimate she's going to come back next month."

Jeremy's eyes darkened. He closed his eyes and pinched his glabella. "Okay."

Tommy was relieved that Jeremy did not scold him. After a while, he only dared to look to the front when Jeremy had nothing else to say to him. Right then, he noticed something.

"Sir, look over there. Isn't that Miss Corinne?" Tommy pointed out.

Jeremy opened his eyes and looked out the window.

It was the woman herself, Corinne-eating a kebab by the roadside alone.

'What time is it? Is she only having her dinner now?' Jeremy thought.

Tommy gave the driver a signal to stop the car by the roadside. With some assumptions popping into his head, he said, "Sir. The

name of the celebrity Miss Corinne is working for is Sherlyn Carew. She's known for how demanding she could be with her

requests and using her privilege to get her way. I think Miss Corinne must've suffered badly being Sherlyn's assistant. Miss

Corinne probably didn't have the time to eat at all."

Jeremy furrowed his eyebrows and said coldly, "Have her come to the car."

"Yes, Sir." Tommy nodded and opened the door to get out.

He went over to speak with Corinne, but he returned empty-handed seconds later. He bent slightly to the window and said, "Sir,

Miss Corinne said she's not finished and that you should 'go do whatever you want'. You don't have to care about her..."

Jeremy's expression darkened, and he gritted his teeth. After a moment of silence, he decided to go get Corinne himself.

The woman was drinking a can of orange carbonated drink when Jeremy walked toward her.

Finally, he stopped and stood there to look at her from a condescending angle.

If he was not a handsome man, he would have looked like a debt collector instead.

Corinne raised her hand and shouted, "Hey, I'd like to order two more kebabs, please!"

"I don't want to eat," Jeremy said coldly.

Corinne was surprised and lifted her head as if she heard a joke. She smiled. "Mister, you think too much. That's for me. I'm not

full yet!"

Jeremy was speechless.

His presence was too strong to go unnoticed. He managed to turn the ambiance around the street cart into an awkward pause

just by standing silently.

The other patrons stared at him in shock.

It was a rare, weird scene to see a man with a supreme temperament, fully suited in branded outfits, in such a local and down-to-earth street cart.

Corinne's appetite was affected by this, and she said with disgust, "Mister, if you're not going to eat, you can go back to the car.

Otherwise, sit and eat with me. Don't stand there like a statue and disrupt everyone's appetite!"

Jeremy's expression soured even more at this point.

Meanwhile, Tommy looked at Corinne with admiration. He had worked for Jeremy for over 10 years, yet this was the first time

anyone dared to speak to Jeremy in that tone.

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Gloomily, Jeremy kicked over a chair to sit and gave Corinne a cold glare.

Corinne merely carried on with her meal as though nothing out of the ordinary was happening.

As she ate, however, an idea

occurred to her. She brought the kebab near Jeremy's lips and, raising her eyebrows, giggled.

"Try it."

Her sudden attention toward him caught Jeremy off-guard, yet he could not deny he felt slightly intrigued. He opened his mouth

slowly. Corinne pulled back her hand and stuffed the kebab into her mouth.

She chuckled, her mouth full. "Hey, didn't you say you don't want to eat?"

The shade of Jeremy's expression got darker. He narrowed his eyes sharply. "You tricked me?"

Corinne pursed her lips and took out one potato fry for him from the plate. "Alright. I'm not going

to tease you anymore. Males

and females shouldn't drink using the same glass. It's inappropriate for us to eat the same

kebab, and it's unhygienic too. I'll give

you a new one. Try it. It's very nice."

After the last experience, Jeremy did not trust her easily. He looked at her with guard up and

finally took it from her hand once he

knew she was really giving the food to her.

This time, Corinne made no attempt at trickery, genuinely wanting Jeremy to try.

At that moment, Tommy rushed over and stopped Jeremy when he saw him taking what

Corinne gave him. "Sir, you can't eat

this dirty street food!"

Corinne glanced at Tommy faintly in disagreement. "It's not like you'll get sick eating it."

Tommy's mouth twitched. He did not care what sort of things Corinne put into her mouth, but

Jeremy had never eaten food from

the street before. What if he contracted a stomach ache?

"Sir..."

Jeremy merely waved his hand, asking Tommy to stand aside and leave them.

Without a choice, he did what he was told and fell silent, all while worrying to himself.

Jeremy looked at the way Corinne ate and tried to bite the kebab she gave him. His movement

was decent and elegant as he bit

slowly.

Just then, Corinne brought her little face up close and looked at him with widened eyes. "Well?

It's good, isn't it?"

-Jeremy nodded. "Not bad."

"See, I'm not lying to you!" Corinne felt satisfied, having introduced a new food to Jeremy. She

tilted her head and laughed. "But

you look like someone who has just tried street food. Are you aware that the way you ate was

like a well-mannered damsel?

There are different table manners when you eat on the street. You gotta take big bites just like me!"

'Well-mannered damsel? This brat dares to call me that!' he grunted internally. His expression soured after being called that. Staring at how unscrupulous Corinne ate her kebab, however, Jeremy suddenly felt something different. The way Corinne indulged her food unscrupulously gave Jeremy a feeling that she was positive, cheerful, and spirited. He could not possibly be angry at her. Corinne was different from the other pretentious women who acted gentle, delicate, and spiritless.

"Corinne, here are the two kebabs you ordered!" The female street cart owner came over with the kebabs Corinne ordered. When she saw Jeremy, her eyes brightened up. "Gosh! This lad is more handsome than the last one! Corinne, you're a lucky girl. All the guys around you are so handsome!" Corinne smiled brightly. "He's not too bad!"

The owner went back to take a can of carbonated drink over from the refrigerator. "Hey handsome, since it's your first time here, this drink is on me. If you think our kebab is tasty, remember to bring Corinne here more often!" Jeremy looked at the carbonated drink. He was not used to this sort of communication and people giving him something without a reason.

As he was about to tell the owner he did not want it, Corinne smilingly replied on his behalf, "Thank you. We'll come here more often!"

The owner smiled and went back to her cart.

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Jeremy narrowed his eyes and asked, "Are you close with the owner?"

Corinne nodded. "Yes. We always came here for supper in the past."

"We?"

"Yea... My friends and I!" Corinne answered.

Suddenly, he remembered the owner saying he was more handsome than the last guy Corinne brought here before. Did that

mean Corinne always brought guys over too? Who were they?

Jeremy's eyebrows furrowed. "Friends? Your ex?"

Corinne nodded honestly. "Nope. I'm ashamed to tell you this, but I've never had a boyfriend before, so I don't have exes. I came

here with my classmates and some friends I grew up with."

Jeremy's dark eyes sank. "Classmate? The one who gave you his button?"

"No, not him," Corinne answered without thinking about it, but seconds later, realization dawned on her. "Wait! How did you know

someone gave me a button before?"

Jeremy snorted with a stone-cold expression. "Unfortunately, I was around to witness it."

Corinne thought back and remembered Jeremy and her walking together on her graduation day.

They bumped into her junior

classmate in the hallway, and her junior had asked if he could talk to her.

"Yea. He was nearby to see it, alright," she thought.

"He's my junior. We don't really contact each other on normal days. He gave me the button to commemorate our friendship. I

even wondered when button-gifting became a trend, but I accepted it because it wasn't an expensive gift."

Light returned in Jeremy's eyes. He raised his brow. "So you don't know what that means?"

Corinne blinked in confusion. "There's a meaning behind it? I don't know. Wait. Let me check!"

As she said that, she grabbed her phone and was going to search for it on the Internet.

Jeremy stopped her by holding her hand and phone.

"It's not that important; you don't have to look it up. Come on, finish up, and let's go home."

"Oh... Alright."

Jeremy's odd behavior confused Corinne. Nevertheless, she did not think too much about it and started to finish her food.

With her food finished, she burped with satisfaction and felt stuffed. She was starving the whole day after having endured

Sherlyn's torment, so it did not dawn on her that she ate too much. Her stomach was so full and round that she could barely

stand.

Just as she grabbed the edge of the table to stand, Jeremy extended his hand to her like a gentleman.

Dumbstruck, Corinne looked up and saw Jeremy looking at her with a helpless expression. She hesitated and knew it was going to be hard standing up by herself.

Thus, she accepted Jeremy's kind gesture and grabbed his hand to stand up.

Corinne thanked him and wanted to withdraw her hand, but Jeremy did not let go and walked toward the car while still holding her hand.

Flustered, Corinne said, "Mister, wait! I haven't paid yet!"

Jeremy gave a signal to Tommy and had him pay for them.

Butterflies fluttered in Corinne's stomach as Jeremy continued to hold her hand. His calloused, strong hand encompassed her

palm but without hurting her. His strength was just enough that she could not pull back.

"Look! That man is so handsome. He came to pick up his girlfriend!"

"Her boyfriend is so handsome, gentle, and caring! I have no idea what to say except I envy her!"

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 140

Chapter 140

Corinne blushed upon hearing what others around them were saying. It was easy to be misunderstood that they were a couple because they were holding hands.

However, they did not walk alongside each other. Instead, Jeremy walked ahead of her while she reluctantly followed.

Rather than being seen as a couple, she thought they looked like a father and a disobedient daughter.

Still, Corinne felt it was not nice to be misunderstood, especially when there was nothing between them and they were just

cooperating to play pretend. Thus, she tried to withdraw her hand to clear the air.

By the time she moved her arm, she noticed they had gotten to the car.

Jeremy let go of her hand and opened the door for her. "Get in," rang his voice, deep in his chest.

Corinne did not stall and bent to get into the car. Jeremy used his hand to cover the top part of the car, protecting Corinne from

knocking her head. It was a very gentlemanly and lofty act.

Corinne was startled. 'He's always so cold at times, but he's actually a gentleman.'

The car drove off.

Corinne laid back on the seat lazily and said, "Thank you, Mister."

Jeremy was sitting upright, looking at his phone. Hearing this, he raised his brow and looked at her. "Thank me? For what?"

With a sincere expression, Corinne said, "For treating me to supper!"

She was going to pay herself, but Jeremy was holding her hand and refused to let go. He even ordered Tommy to pay for the bill.

Jeremy stopped looking at her. He did not think it was a big deal, so he did not say anything.

"Mister, give me your hand! I want to look at it," said Corinne, sounding rather demanding.

She even extended her hand and moved her index finger in a beckoning gesture.

Jeremy looked at her again. "What do you want?"

Corinne took out a burn-aid cream and waved it, sternly saying, "I bought this when I passed back. a chemist. I accidentally burnt

you just now, so I'll take responsibility."

"It's fine," declined Jeremy coldly, his expression flat.

It was not even burnt; his skin merely reddened. He had long forgotten about it and would have forgotten completely had it not

been brought up.

Corinne grabbed his hand despite Jeremy's lack of cooperation. She pulled it for examination and saw the back of his hand was

still reddish. She furrowed her brow.

After she squeezed out a drop of the cream, she applied it to the back of his palm with her finger.

She was being soft and careful. "I didn't mean to spill the tea on your hand. I'm sorry."

Jeremy was startled. He stopped struggling and let her apply the cream to his hand. In the meantime, he watched her carefully.

Somehow, a warm feeling blossomed in his heart, having known Corinne cared so much about the injury he disregarded.

As his lips curled up, he said, "It's a rare moment for you to apologize voluntarily."

"I know I owe you an apology because I hurt you," reasoned Corinne, "and I know it hurts a lot to

have hot water poured on you. You have to apply burn aid cream to soothe it."

Jeremy frowned. "How do you know that? Were you burned before?"