

## The Day I Kissed An Older Man Chapter 61 - 70

### Chapter 61

Jason rushed over with a middle-aged man who was carrying a first-aid kit. "My doctor has just arrived, Jeremy. How about you

let him check on dear Corinne's condition?"

'Did he just call her 'dear'? I'm her husband, but I've never even called her that before."

"I won't trouble you." Jeremy lifted Corinne into his arms and walked right past Jason.

Jason knew that going to the hospital was the last thing that Corinne wanted, so he rushed up to them and intended to persuade

Jeremy.

However, Tommy turned around and stopped him. "Mister Jason, I hope you won't worry too much about Mister Jeremy's wife.

Mister Jeremy instructed me to call an ambulance, and it's already waiting outside."

'Ambulance?' Jason narrowed his charming eyes and looked at Jeremy's rear figure as the man left with Corinne in his arms.

Jason remained in pensive thought and said nothing.

Corinne's expression became even uglier as she lay on a stretcher in the ambulance.

Her sour expression stemmed not from her worsening physical discomfort but because she felt a wave of mixed feelings.

"Gee, thanks, mister! I think I have the distinction of being the only woman in New Capital City sent to the hospital by ambulance

just because I'm having my period!"

Jeremy sat beside her stretcher inside the ambulance and had to bend his legs while sitting because he was too tall. He even

knocked his head against the roof of the vehicle from time to time.

Jeremy, who was allowed in the ambulance as her family member, glanced contemptuously at Corinne. "You can't seriously be

unhappy about this. How old are you that you can't even remember your cycle?" He had a displeased tone that sounded like that

of an adult scolding his child for being careless.

Corinne frowned. There was an aggrieved expression on her pale face as she said annoyedly, "Of- course I do! I just don't know

why it's much earlier this month and hurts so much all of a sudden. I've never had period pains before this..."

Jeremy narrowed his eyes. Grown men like him neither knew much about nor understood anything about a woman's period.

Corinne's face was as pale as a piece of paper, and one could see that she was in severe pain. Jeremy raised his hand to

caress Corinne's sweaty forehead before going further upward to pat the top of her head. "I guess you're not that big of a dummy

since you did send me a message when you weren't feeling well. That alone deserves praise."

The man's condescending actions were akin to stroking a wounded tiger that was irritated yet unable to fight back.

Corinne was startled when a big, warm, and rough palm was placed on her head. Somehow, she

felt a little awkward.

'Pfft, who cares about your praise! I'm only doing my job and being professional when I'm playing the role of your wife for three months!'

Had it not been for the matter of her mother's paintings, she would not have attended Jason's art exhibition in the first place.

Besides, as soon as she decided on going there with Jason, the first thing she did was send a text to Jeremy just to report her

itinerary to him. Her reason for doing so was because Jeremy told her that he would not allow her to do anything that would give

other people the wrong impression.

Jason was a man, and since he clearly expressed his interest in her, it was even more necessary for her to report it to him to

avoid any unnecessary misunderstandings. As for Sunny, Corinne noticed that he had been following her from the very

beginning, but she simply did not care about

1.

To her surprise, she did not expect that she would experience such pains in her body, nor did she expect that Sunny would go

out of his way to get Francine and Pamela to try and catch her' cheating'.

Two young nurses were secretly watching Jeremy inside the ambulance.

"Look at how handsome he is! And he treats his girlfriend super well too! He's such a perfect, hot boyfriend!"

"Her boyfriend called an ambulance for her as soon as he saw her having period pains! Mine just tells me to drink some warm water!"

"Mine can't even bother to tell me to drink warm water! Sigh!"

Corinne had a puzzled expression as she looked at Jeremy. 'Hot boyfriend? More like a hot potato! I wish one of those two

women could just take him away from me!'

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Inside the emergency room, the doctor on duty applied a bit of pressure on Corinne's lower abdomen, asked her if she felt

anything locally, and told the nurse to fetch another doctor to feel her pulse.

The elderly doctor frowned after being called over to check on Corinne. He turned to Jeremy, who was standing at one side, and

asked, "Has she been taking a lot of supplements recently?"

The hours Jeremy spent at home could be counted on one hand, so he did not know much about Corinne's diet. Tommy stepped

forward and said, "Sir, I was told by the housekeeper that the old lady has recently been cooking all sorts of soup for Miss

Corinne, and she's been eating that for all her meals too. Miss Corinne was even given some of the special millennia-old herbs

that the old lady collected. Might this be the cause, perhaps?"

The old doctor shook his head as soon as he heard that. "You're young and healthy. Why are you taking all these supplements?

You'll get heaty if you eat too much of them, and it'll only lead to endocrine disorders and early periods. Her nosebleeds and

period pains are a sign that her body has been overloaded with the supplements!"

Jeremy's expression turned sullen. "And how shall we treat her condition?"

The old doctor lowered his head and wrote down a prescription. "Easy! Just stop taking the supplements, and eat some of the

painkillers I've just prescribed. Remember to drink plenty of water when you get home, and eat as you normally would."

Tommy took the prescription and went to the dispensary to get the medicine.

Corinne sat up from the hospital bed, stretched her feet, and reached out weakly for her shoes on the ground. When she finally

slipped her feet in them, she bent down and stretched out her hands to put them on.

Unfortunately, however, she was still unable

to complete that action successfully even after trying a few times.

Jeremy narrowed his eyes at her condescendingly and asked with a half-smile, "Do you need my help, buddy?"

Corinne did not raise her head. "No need. I can do it myself..."

Despite her stubbornness, her hands were unable to execute even the slightest movement, and it was as if both hands had gone

limp.

Amid her struggle, a muscular yet slender hand stretched out, swatted her clumsy little hand away in disgust, then supported her

foot and adjusted the shoe opening slightly before gently lifting the shoe heel so her foot could slip in fully. Then, he picked up

another shoe and put it on for her.

Corinne looked up in astonishment and saw the hair crown on Jeremy's head.

'Did he somehow realize he had a conscience? Why is he bending to help me put my shoes on all of a sudden?'

Tommy came back with the medicine and was stunned when he saw Jeremy helping someone else wear shoes. It was truly an astonishing sight!

Jeremy's hands were firm, yet gentle and careful. He held Corinne's cold feet and put on her shoes for her. Her feet were palm-sized, and he wondered if it was her feet that were too small or if his hands were too big.

His gaze turned sullen and he began to lecture her, "Did you eat all those supplements just because Grandma told you to? What are you, a 'yes-woman'?"

Corinne frowned. "But she's doing it out of the goodness of her heart! How am I supposed to refuse when she put in so much effort to cook all that soup for me? It's not like you ever come back home for dinner. If you did, we could share the soup so I don't have to finish it all by myself!"

Jeremy looked up at her and narrowed his eyes slightly. "Were you hoping that I'd go home for dinner every day?"

Corinne thought for a moment and then shook her head earnestly. "Nah, I don't think you should come home. It'll be easier for me to deal with Grandma on my own. If you're at home, I'd have to show affection to an old man like you, and just thinking about that makes me feel nauseous!" Jeremy's face sank, and he let go of her feet heavily. "Get up and walk on your own!"

Corinne was taken aback. 'Why is he so fierce all of a sudden? I'm a sick woman right now!' After returning to the Holden family home, the old woman looked at Corinne with a guilty face. "It was all my fault. I thought it'd be good for you to eat more supplements, but I didn't know how bad of an effect it would have on your periods!"

Corinne leaned against the bed head, smiled, and shook her head to reassure the old lady. "I'm fine, Grandma."

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“Her face is pale, but she’s still saying that she’s fine!” Pamela felt distressed and nudged her eldest grandson. “Go and massage her belly, Jeremy. Men have higher body temperatures, so massaging her abdomen will help her relieve her period pains!”

Jeremy frowned.

Corinne’s pale face turned stiff. She waved her hands dismissively and said, “Umm... That’s not necessary! I’ve already taken painkillers, Grandma. I feel much better now.”

The old lady did not seem to think that was enough. “It’s precisely because you’re feeling much better now that you have to let him rub your belly more. Maybe it’ll stop hurting completely.”

“Grandma...” Corinne did not know how to refuse, so she glanced at Jeremy in a silent cry for help, hoping that he would say something.

Jeremy looked at her awkward appearance and curled his lips slightly into a smile, saying, “Don’t worry, Grandma. I’ll get someone to bring her a hot water bottle so she can warm her stomach up.”

The old lady, however, was still not happy. “How can a hot water bottle compare with a massage by one’s husband?” She was determined to make the two of them do what they could not bring themselves to, and the two of them were finding it a little difficult to keep up their charade.

Jeremy and Corinne both exchanged glances at each other, and they both seemed very reluctant.

Keen-eyed as ever, Pamela noticed that something was amiss and asked, “Jeremy, Corinne, why are you two so reserved with each other? You don’t even look intimate at all! It is possible that the two of you haven’t done it yet?”

Corinne was taken aback for a moment, but she smiled right away and said emphatically, “We have! We did it loads of times already, Grandma!”

Jeremy narrowed his eyes, but his lips curled up slightly when he saw her saying such nonsense.” She’s right. Loads of times.”

The old lady frowned. “Since you’re already a married couple, there’s nothing to be ashamed about rubbing her belly. Why are you staring blankly, Jeremy? Hurry up and rub her belly!”

Under her intense gaze, Jeremy walked over, sat beside Corinne, and leaned closer to her while whispering into her ear, “Sorry about this.” As he said that, his warm hand rubbed her painful lower abdomen.

The abdomen was the softest and most vulnerable part of an animal. As an example, it was only in front of their closest and trusted companions that cats and dogs would lie belly-up to show their acceptance of said companion. That was the sole moment that they did not mind showing their weaknesses.

Since the relationship between her and Jeremy was at most only a step above acquaintances, Corinne's body tensed up instinctively in discomfort. The strong sense of shame quickly stained her pale face with a blush, but she still brought herself to smile at the old lady.

She watched as her grandson rubbed her granddaughter-in-law's stomach for some time, and finally, she asked, "How does it feel, Corinne? Much better?"

Corinne blushed and nodded. "Yes! Definitely! Much better!"

Pamela smiled with satisfaction. "I can see that your little face is a little rosier than before. Looks like it was very useful! Rub her stomach a little more, and don't go anywhere tonight! Stay with her at home tonight."

"Don't worry, Grandma. I will," Jeremy said with a half-smile.

Pamela gave a few more instructions and went out.

As soon as the old lady went out, Corinne's tense nerves relaxed, and the warm touch on her abdomen made her face turn red.

"Ahem! You don't need to rub my belly anymore. She's gone now."

Jeremy, however, continued to rub his palm on her lower abdomen and cocked an eyebrow at her. "I don't mind continuing if it helps."

Corinne was embarrassed. "No thanks."

Jeremy narrowed his eyes. "Why not? Are you shy?"

Corinne frowned, stared at his handsome face, and said angrily, "Ahem. I'm not!"

Jeremy looked at her mockingly, and nodded, "I see. I guess you weren't shy either when declared so loudly to Grandma that we did it several times."

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Corinne nearly died of embarrassment. "Mister!"

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Jeremy's smile grew wider when he saw Corinne flustered with embarrassment. "My friend, the key to playing the role of a good wife is to learn to call your husband by his first name. Do you think it makes sense for a wife to call her husband 'mister' all the time?"

"Call you by your name?" Corinne thought about his suggestion and had a look of disgust on her face. "Ugh, forget about it! I'll probably get goosebumps if I do that!"

There were only a handful of people in this world who were allowed to call him by his first name only, yet she was reluctant to do so.

Jeremy's face darkened, and he pressed her abdomen a little harder.

The extra pressure made her feel uncomfortable, so she frowned and said, "Ah, not so hard! It hurts!"

Her voice was weak due to her period pains, and the phrase 'not so hard' sounded very ambiguous and seductive in a big bedroom where only the two of them were there.

They were both taken aback for a moment, and their gazes froze for a moment as they looked at – each other.

After two seconds of silence, Jeremy smiled. "How much gentler do you want your belly to be massaged, huh?" He reduced his strength at once and began to caress her stomach with a feather-like touch.

Corinne felt ticklish and was very sure that he was teasing her on purpose. Her face soured and she said petulantly, "Tch. I want your gentleness to be like the air, and the best way you can do that is to take your filthy paws off me and stay as far away from me as possible!"

'Filthy paws?' Jeremy cocked an eyebrow and leaned closer. "What's making you so nervous? You're blushing really hard, you know."

Corinne put her hand on the man's chest and pushed him away defensively. "I'm not nervous! I just feel hot..."

'Hot...' That word added another layer of meaning to the already ambiguous atmosphere. She had been feeling uncomfortable to

begin with, and her face only turned red because he was teasing her. She pursed her small plump lips uneasily and lowered her

gaze. Her reddened eyes even seemed a little watery, almost like she was about to cry.

It was one of those rare moments of pitifulness from that brash and headstrong Corinne. Jeremy narrowed his handsome eyes,

and his throat suddenly felt a little dry as his Adam's apple bobbed.

'Forget it. I won't bully her anymore.' He gazed down, retracted his hand, and handed her the cup of warm water that he placed on the bedside table. "Drink it while it's hot."  
Corinne took it from him and said, "Thank you."  
Jeremy got up and went to the bathroom.  
Corinne heaved a sigh of relief. 'He sure is acting a little weird today...'

...

Back at the Holdens' estate, Francine sat in her small pink car and got angrier as she recalled the events of that day. She slammed her hands angrily on the steering wheel.  
Her failure to catch Corinne cheating led to her being severely scolded by her grandmother. She was in a foul mood and decided to get some air by going for a ride.  
At that moment, she did not dare to go home anymore after seeing her elder brother's car in the yard. She was afraid that he would end up reprimanding her.  
In her eyes, that accursed Corinne was the bane of her existence.  
Nothing good ever happened to her since Corinne married Jeremy. It reached a point where her grandmother-who usually doted on her all the time-slowly began to dislike her. She was told to learn from Corinne's example! 'What's there to learn from her? Does Grandma expect me to emulate how poor Corinne is?'  
Francine was irritable when she suddenly spotted a short and portly man sneaking around at their door. 'Who could that be?'  
She got out of the car, observed the man for a while, and finally walked over to ask, "Who are you? What are you doing in front of our house?"



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The startled Richard began explaining himself in an awkward and flustered manner, "Umm...

This is Mister Jeremy's home, right? I'm here to look for his wife."

'His wife? Does he mean Corinne?'

The mere mention of Corinne made Francine annoyed. She looked at Richard with disgust and asked, "What do you want from her?"

Richard looked at Francine and noticed that she was covered with limited-edition luxury brands from head to toe.

He took a guess and asked, "Miss, did you just say that this is your house? Could you be... Mister Jeremy's wife?"

Francine frowned and realized he had no idea who her brother's wife was or what she even looked like. She did not correct the

misunderstanding and asked, "What if I am? Why are you looking for the missus?"

Richard thought that he had found the person he was looking for and immediately flashed an ingratiating smile. "Missus Holden, I

believe you'd be very interested in learning about Mister Jeremy's affairs. I wonder if you have time for a chat?"

'My brother's affair?' Francine was puzzled and curious. She thought for a while and finally nodded in agreement. "Let's chat

someplace else. I'll drive there and you can just follow me from behind."

Richard got into his car and followed Francine's pink sports car to a dessert shop. Once they were inside, Richard placed a few

photos on the table and pushed them to Francine. The photos were nothing more than those of Jeremy and Corinne in the same

shot. Francine was not remotely interested in that at all. "Why are you showing me these photos?"

Francine's calm reaction came as a surprise for Richard. "Missus Holden, her name is Corinne Carew, and she's your husband's lover!"

His remark left Francine in a daze. "Lover?"

She thought to herself, 'That's one big misunderstanding!'

Richard said again, "This woman seduced Mister Jeremy with her youth and beauty. There's no guarantee that it won't affect the

relationship between you and your husband. I can help you get rid of this little minx, but I hope that you can do me a favor once

it's done."

Francine had just been fretting over how she should take revenge on Corinne, so her interest was understandably piqued. "What

do you need me to help you with?"

Richard smiled. "Nothing too serious, Missus Holden!"

After hearing Richard explain his purpose, Francine felt that the problem would be quite easy to solve. "Sure. "If you can get rid of this Corinne b\*tch and make sure that my broth-I mean, my husband, loathes her to death, I promise I'll get him to invest in Alpha Enterprises' new project that you mentioned."

When they were done negotiating the conditions, Richard blossomed with joy and said, "You're very easy to get along with, Missus Holden! You'll hear my good news very soon! It'll only take a week for me to make Mister Jeremy hate Corinne!"

After Richard left, Francine sat in the dessert shop for a while as she sipped her drink with a look of anticipation on her face.

'Oh, Corinne. Let's see if you can run away this time!'

The next morning, Jeremy stayed at home for breakfast-something he did not usually do. Corinne received much care and concern at the dining table. Pamela was afraid that Corinne's body had not recovered enough and that she could not use much of her strength, so she asked. Jeremy to feed her. She declined, of course, but the old lady insisted.

Just as she was thinking about how someone as cold as him would never agree to lower himself to feed her, he smiled

unpredictably and sliced her omelet into bite-sized pieces before feeding each piece to her.

It was utterly disgusting, yet she was forced to bite the bullet and eat with a smile in front of Pamela. All of a sudden, she was saved from that awkward situation by a phone call. She finally had a reason to leave the meeting, so she hurried back to her room to pick up the call.

The caller was none other than the dean of the University of New Capital City.

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It had been a while since they last met, and the dean exchanged a few pleasantries with Corinne before getting to the point. "The graduation ceremony for your batch is next Monday, Corinne. As one of the school's special graduates, you should bring your parents to the graduation ceremony. The school hopes that you and your parents will be able to speak on stage and share your journey' toward achieving success."

Corinne refused politely. "I'm sorry. I don't have parents."

"Nonsense! What do you mean you have no parents? It's written clearly on your file that both your father and stepmother are alive!"

"Sir, I-" Someone on the other end of the phone seemed to have called for the principal. He answered them right away and said hurriedly to Corinne, "Please remember to bring your parents on Monday. And come early, too!" The principal hung up right after.

Corinne was miffed. She had parents, but their absence in her life meant that it was the same as not having them. After all,

Marvin raised her by providing her with the bare minimum. As a father, he never attended any parent-teacher meeting, and it was even more unlikely that her stepmother Lilliana would attend with her.

Nevertheless, the dean had always been proud of her as a student, and she did not want to let the principal down. After thinking

about it some more, Corinne tried to call Marvin. "Do you have time next Monday, Dad?"

Marvin was enjoying a delightful breakfast with Lilliana and Sherlyn when he answered the phone. Next Monday? That's the day

of a ceremony in which your sister will sign a contract with a new company. It'll be broadcasted live! Lilliana and I need to dress

well and show our support to your sister by attending the ceremony!"

Corinne cocked her eyebrows at the peculiar situation. "Sherlyn's going to sign with a new company? It looks like her career

wasn't that much affected by previous negativity!"

Marvin smiled happily. "Yeah! The news from the trending searches the other day was actually a misunderstanding. The girl

drinking wine with the old man in the video wasn't your sister but some small-time celebrity who had plastic surgery in your

sister's likeness! It was nothing but a smear.. campaign! Fortunately, Lilliana had a way to figure out the truth and release the

clarification news to clear your sister's name! And the heat resulting from that news prompted a big agency to persuade your

sister into signing a contract with them!"

Corinne smirked. 'Lilliana sure is a miracle maker! I didn't think she was capable of whitewashing Sherlyn's misdeeds so well!'

Marvin then remembered Corinne's question. "You just asked me if I have time on Monday, right? What's the matter?"

Corinne pondered over the dean's request for a moment and eventually asked, "My graduation ceremony is on Monday. The university wanted me to attend with my parents, so I'd like to ask you if you're—"

Marvin interrupted her before she could even finish asking her question. "Corinne, your studies ]

have been the one thing that has always put me at ease, so there's no need for me to attend.

Your sister's contract-signing

ceremony is much more important! After all, it's related to her future career development!"

She already expected that answer from him and smiled sarcastically. "I understand. Bye, Dad."

As soon as she hung up the phone, Sherlyn sent several messages to her in quick succession.

The first was, [What was that

about? Did you ask Dad to go with you to your graduation ceremony?]

Then came the next message. [It's such a shame for you, though. I'm the more important

daughter to him! It's useless for you to get good academic results because Dad doesn't care at all!

Finally, she said, [By the way, I have some good news for you! I'm about to sign with Holden Media! Holden Media is the largest

film and television media company in the world! Its subsidiaries are all international superstars, and it won't be long before I

become one too! Dad told me he's super proud of me, and he even bought me a bunch of presents to make me happy!]

Then, Sherlyn sent another photo to show off several latest models of designer bags.

Corinne smiled wryly and sent a curt reply, [Congratulations!]

Sherlyn felt as if her words did not have the intended impact after failing to elicit an envious response from Corinne, so she sent

another message and said, [No matter how hard you try, you'll always be an illegitimate child who will always be shunned! Don't

even dream of becoming better than me! You're not worthy!]

Corinne ignored Sherlyn's bragging and smugness. Her bigger concern was how to explain to the dean that her parents would

not be accompanying her on Monday...

At that moment, Jeremy opened the door and walked in. He rummaged through the closet and then took a suit jacket.

"Come here," he ordered.

Corinne frowned when she heard his commanding tone. "And why should I?"

Jeremy answered, "Help me tie my tie."

Corinne was speechless. She would never acquiesce to serving him had she not promised to fulfill her role of acting as his dutiful

wife!

She got up, walked over, and chose an elegantly-patterned tie for him. She could only hook the tie. over his neck by standing on tiptoe because he was too tall, and the height difference made her actions a little clumsy and awkward.

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Corinne was miffed. She had parents, but their absence in her life meant that it was the same as not having them. After all,

Marvin raised her by providing her with the bare minimum. As a father, he never attended any parent-teacher meeting, and it was even more unlikely that her stepmother Lilliana would attend with her.

Nevertheless, the dean had always been proud of her as a student, and she did not want to let the principal down. After thinking

about it some more, Corinne tried to call Marvin. "Do you have time next Monday, Dad?"

Marvin was enjoying a delightful breakfast with Lilliana and Sherlyn when he answered the phone. Next Monday? That's the day

of a ceremony in which your sister will sign a contract with a new company. It'll be broadcasted live! Lilliana and I need to dress

well and show our support to your sister by attending the ceremony!"

Corinne cocked her eyebrows at the peculiar situation. "Sherlyn's going to sign with a new company? It looks like her career

wasn't that much affected by previous negativity!"

Marvin smiled happily. "Yeah! The news from the trending searches the other day was actually a misunderstanding. The girl

drinking wine with the old man in the video wasn't your sister but some small-time celebrity who had plastic surgery in your

sister's likeness! It was nothing but a smear.. campaign! Fortunately, Lilliana had a way to figure out the truth and release the

clarification news to clear your sister's name! And the heat resulting from that news prompted a big agency to persuade your

sister into signing a contract with them!"

Corinne smirked. 'Lilliana sure is a miracle maker! I didn't think she was capable of whitewashing Sherlyn's misdeeds so well!'

Marvin then remembered Corinne's question. "You just asked me if I have time on Monday, right? What's the matter?"

Corinne pondered over the dean's request for a moment and eventually asked, "My graduation ceremony is on Monday. The university wanted me to attend with my parents, so I'd like to ask you if you're—"

Marvin interrupted her before she could even finish asking her question. "Corinne, your studies ]

have been the one thing that has always put me at ease, so there's no need for me to attend.

Your sister's contract-signing

ceremony is much more important! After all, it's related to her future career development!"

She already expected that answer from him and smiled sarcastically. "I understand. Bye, Dad."

As soon as she hung up the phone, Sherlyn sent several messages to her in quick succession.

The first was, [What was that

about? Did you ask Dad to go with you to your graduation ceremony?]

Then came the next message. [It's such a shame for you, though. I'm the more important

daughter to him! It's useless for you to get good academic results because Dad doesn't care at all!

Finally, she said, [By the way, I have some good news for you! I'm about to sign with Holden Media! Holden Media is the largest

film and television media company in the world! Its subsidiaries are all international superstars, and it won't be long before I

become one too! Dad told me he's super proud of me, and he even bought me a bunch of presents to make me happy!]

Then, Sherlyn sent another photo to show off several latest models of designer bags.

Corinne smiled wryly and sent a curt reply, [Congratulations!]

Sherlyn felt as if her words did not have the intended impact after failing to elicit an envious response from Corinne, so she sent

another message and said, [No matter how hard you try, you'll always be an illegitimate child who will always be shunned! Don't

even dream of becoming better than me! You're not worthy!]

Corinne ignored Sherlyn's bragging and smugness. Her bigger concern was how to explain to the dean that her parents would

not be accompanying her on Monday...

At that moment, Jeremy opened the door and walked in. He rummaged through the closet and then took a suit jacket.

"Come here," he ordered.

Corinne frowned when she heard his commanding tone. "And why should I?"

Jeremy answered, "Help me tie my tie."

Corinne was speechless. She would never acquiesce to serving him had she not promised to fulfill her role of acting as his dutiful

wife!

She got up, walked over, and chose an elegantly-patterned tie for him. She could only hook the tie. over his neck by standing on tiptoe because he was too tall, and the height difference made her actions a little clumsy and awkward.

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 66

Chapter 66

It had been a while since they last met, and the dean exchanged a few pleasantries with Corinne before getting to the point. "The graduation ceremony for your batch is next Monday, Corinne. As one of the school's special graduates, you should bring your parents to the graduation ceremony. The school hopes that you and your parents will be able to speak on stage and share your journey' toward achieving success."

Corinne refused politely. "I'm sorry. I don't have parents."

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