

# The Day I Kissed An Older Man Chapter 91 - 100

## Chapter 91

“Whoa, really?”

“Thanks, Corinne!”

“Yeah, thanks! You’re too generous!”

Corinne’s eyes widened, and she looked at Jeremy in equal parts surprise and anger. ‘D\*mn him! What in the world is wrong with him? He expects me to treat everyone here today? It’s common practice to go Dutch when it comes to gatherings between students, and there are more than a hundred students here today. Does he have any idea how much this will cost?’

A little smirk appeared on Jeremy’s lips when he saw Corinne’s face scrunching in shock. He retracted his hand from her head,

put it in his trouser pocket, and turned around gracefully to head out.

After he left, all the other students were in awe of Corinne’s grand gesture. The girls surrounded her and asked who her

handsome family member was, and Corinne brushed them off with a simple response.

By contrast, none of the male students dared to approach her. After all, a family member of their university’s most beautiful

woman was in the private room just opposite, and as much as they wanted to talk to her, they were nonetheless a little afraid of doing so.

After finally dealing with her inquisitive female students, Corinne sat down angrily, took out her cell phone, and sent Jeremy a

message to complain. [Don’t you think you’re an evil person, mister?]

Half a minute later, the man answered curtly, [Me? Evil?]

Corinne gritted her teeth. [What did you come here for no reason earlier? Don’t you have anything better to do?]

After a while, Jeremy replied, [I’m leaving my mark on you to avoid a certain little kid from getting too close to you.]

Corinne snorted, and replied sarcastically. [Oh! I’m surprised you’re aware of how repulsive you are to people!]

In the opposite room, Jeremy lowered his gaze and read the scathing message sent by Corinne. His handsome eyebrows sank

slightly, and he typed a reply before hitting send. [Do you find me repulsive though?]

Corinne immediately responded with an animated gif, which depicted a chubby little girl puffing herself up, putting her hands on

her hips, and stomping her feet with her eyes wide open. The accompanying text in the picture was ‘I hate you’.

The gif was rather similar to Corinne when she was unhappy.

“Why are you smiling at your phone? You’re always serious, so I can’t help but be curious about what it is that could make you

smile,” Zeke joked and leaned over to take a peek.

Jeremy calmly locked his phone screen and looked coldly at him. “Did I smile?”

Zeke nodded. “You bet! Ask Gerald if you don’t believe me!”

Jeremy’s expression sank a little and he turned to look at Gerald, who merely sipped his wine and stayed out of the

conversation. Instead, he gestured to the front with his chin and said, “There’s a poker table over there. How about we give it one round?”

Zeke smiled and said, “Sure! It’s been ages since I last played poker! There are only three of us, though. We still need another player!”

“Rosie and Sunny will be here in a while.”

“Perfect!”

When Ivanka noticed that the students were all focusing on Corinne, she was upset because felt that she had been robbed of the spotlight as one of the most beautiful girls from the university.

She stared at Corinne in envy, and a sudden idea elicited a sinister smile from her. She picked up her guitar case and walked

over. With a bright friendly smile, she said to Corinne, “I heard that you know how to play the guitar. I’m planning on performing

an original song to celebrate our graduation and bid farewell to our fellow graduates, and I’d like you to accompany me.”

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Corinne, who was sipping juice from a glass with a straw, cocked her eyebrow and stared at Ivanka. "Can't you play and sing your composition?"

The charming Ivanka smiled gracefully in response and said, "I can, of course, but it's a little dull to be singing all by myself.

Everyone's hoping to see me sing and dance at the same time!" After saying that, she turned around and asked the students around her, "Isn't that right, everyone?"

A few of the male students around her nodded eagerly at the idea of a beautiful young lady singing and dancing.

"Yeah! We haven't seen Ivanka dance yet!"

"I heard that she studied ballet before, so she must be super graceful when she dances!"

"It'll be difficult for us to meet again in the future once today's graduation party is over. Watching Ivanka's performance would be

the best closing to complete our four-year journey here at university!"

"Yeah! I'm looking forward to her performance too!"

Ivanka knew that she would receive support from all the guys. She looked at Corinne with a smile." Can't you see how

enthusiastic they are about the idea? How about we collaborate on a performance?"

Corinne sipped her juice absent-mindedly. "They're enthusiastic about watching your performance, not me playing music. Must I be the one who plays the accompaniment?"

Ivanka had an aggrieved expression when she was rejected. "Hmm... Are you that reluctant to help me? By right, you shouldn't

be fussing over something as trivial as being my accompaniment when you've already made such a grand gesture of treating everyone today!"

'Me? Fussy just because I'm not helping her with the accompaniment?' Corinne's lips twitched slightly. "Ivanka, if I remember

correctly, you're from the music department. There's a bunch of people from the same department who are at the gathering

today. How difficult is it for you to find someone who can play the guitar? Why does it have to be me? You and I don't know each.

other well, now do we?"

Ivanka was at a loss for words. "Well... Umm...because..." At that moment, several gorgeous girls walked to the front row and

said in a genuine tone, "Because the two of you are the most beautiful girls on campus! It'll be more wonderful than anything if

the two of you perform together!"

"Yeah, Corinne. You should perform with Ivanka! Just treat it as fulfilling the wishes of the graduates!"

“Our time at university has come to an end, and witnessing two of our most beautiful students performing together at the final moments will make our time here a story worth remembering !”

Those girls were all in Ivanka’s clique, and as soon as they came to urge lend their support, the other students also followed suit.

Corinne suddenly became the center of attention as all the students looked eagerly at her.

She was too lazy to get up from her seat, and she was not interested in performing in front of so many people. However, she

played the guitar once on stage during her sophomore year, and it would not be convincing if she somehow said she did not

know how to play.

Everyone’s enthusiasm was making it difficult for her to avoid!

“Fine.” Corinne got up, took the guitar case from Ivanka, and said bluntly, “I’m not a professional, and I can’t play well, so I hope

none of you take offense.”

“Why would we be!”

“Yup! We won’t!”

“You’re just being modest!”

Ivanka smirked smugly after achieving her goal.

The private rooms in that party ground were very large, as they were specially designed for large group gatherings. Each room

was divided into upper and lower floors.

The first floor was mainly some entertainment facilities, such as karaoke boxes, billiard tables, poker tables, board games, game

consoles, and the like. The one above was a more relaxed area that housed a study, a film room, and other places where one

could chat quietly. There was also a beautifully furnished terrace that had a wonderful atmosphere.

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There were two artificial cherry trees and some green plants on the terrace, and in the middle of the cherry trees was a small stage for guests to play and sing.

The sound insulation on the floor where all the students were was not that good, and the environment was noisy. Even if they turned off any music, the noise from the room next door could still penetrate through the walls.

The students therefore suggested that Ivanka and Corinne's performance be held on the terrace upstairs.

As soon as they went upstairs, Ivanka handed the score to Corinne with a bright smile and said, "Here, Corinne. This is my original piece. I trust you'll be able to play it!"

Corinne took it and looked at the score. It was undoubtedly a well-written piece, but it was hardly a simple one. Those who lacked the basic skills would never be able to play it smoothly.

When Ivanka saw Corinne staring at the score, she smiled smugly and pretended to show concern for her. "What's wrong, Corinne? Is it too difficult for you?"

Corinne looked up at her, then lowered her gaze to look at the score. Finally, she sighed and said, "It's a bit difficult, but I'll give it a try and try my best to help you out."

Ivanka smiled on the surface but snorted in secret. As far as Corinne's amateur skills are concerned, I wonder where she got the confidence to say that she'll try her best. She's overestimating herself!"

Ivanka had devoted a year to writing that piece, which had been incorporated with all the skills she had learned throughout her life. If she had difficulty playing it well, then an amateur like Corinne would certainly be terrible at it!

In any case, that had been Ivanka's plan all along-she wanted to see Corinne make a fool of herself in public! Corinne had availed herself of her 'top student' character to outshine Ivanka for four full years, so Ivanka wanted to reclaim that glory by destroying everyone's good impression of Corinne on her last day!

That would let all the students know that Corinne's title of a 'top student' was nothing but a mere gimmick, and in truth, she had always been inferior to Ivanka in terms of charm!

10 minutes later, Ivanka led Corinne to the small stage on the terrace as they prepared for their performance in front of the students.

Corinne found a comfortable place to sit down, placed the score on the sheet music stand, and took out the instrument to play the accompaniment.

As soon as she opened the guitar case that Ivanka gave her, however, her expression froze and she had a frown.

When Ivanka saw that Corinne was not ready, she turned around and asked concernedly, "What's the matter? Need more time to get ready?"

Corinne looked up at her and said regretfully, "Come and see for yourself."

Ivanka walked over, glanced at the situation, and feigned surprise. "Oh! My bad! I seem to have placed the ukulele in the guitar case by mistake!"

At this time, the students are a little impatient.

"Why aren't they starting their performance?"

"Yeah! We've been waiting a long time already!"

"String instruments are pretty much the same, right? Well, whatever it is, just start playing!" came a nonsensical statement from one of the students.

Ivanka, however, used it to her advantage and said, "He's right. A score meant for guitars can also be played with a ukulele Why don't you give it a try?"

Corinne cocked her eyebrow, and she was sure that Ivanka gave her the wrong instrument on purpose after seeing her goading expression

Ivanka then deliberately asked, "Could it be that you don't know how to play the ukulele?"

Corinne did not answer.

Ivanka hurriedly expressed her apology with a shocked face and said. "Oh no This is my fault! I thought that an all-round top

student like you should at least know how to play a few instruments. Guess I was wrong!"

Ivanka's clique started to chime in from below as they folded their arms one after another and began to taunt them

"You should just leave the stage if you don't know how to play the ukulele, Corinne! It'd be better for you to let Ivanka play and

sing all by herself. At least you won't ruin the score that the music department's best student went to such great lengths to write"

"Yeah! Come down and stop wasting our time! We want to see Ivanka perform!"

"Really now, I thought the legendary all-round top student knows everything! Guess it's all fake?"



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“Get off the stage if you can’t play, Corinne. Let Ivanka handle the performance alone!”

“Yeah, get off! Everyone’s been waiting long, so don’t waste your time anymore!”

Ivanka finally felt that she had successfully reclaimed the spotlight from Corinne and was very proud as a result. However, she

made sure to show her empathetic side and sympathized with Corinne.

“Well, if that’s the case, then I won’t pressure you anymore. Why don’t you go down for now? I’ll handle the performance myself.”

“Sure.” Corinne nodded and agreed readily. She could not be bothered to play for Ivanka anyway. As soon as she put down the

ukulele and stepped off the stage, she heard Ivanka’s group making comments again from the front row.

“Tch! What’s so great about her when she can’t even play the ukulele?”

“If she’s from that good a family, I wonder if her academic performance is as stellar as the rumors say? Being rich makes it so

much easier for them to hype her up as an all-round top student!”

“Her? From a good family? When one of our teachers sent me to clean the file room, I happened to come across Corinne’s

student file! She’s from the countryside, and she used to be very poor before she went to university! In fact, she had to rely on

scholarships just to attend school!”

“What? A poor student? Why would her family have so much money to donate a building to the school today?”

“Do you honestly think that’s her family? I’m guessing that she relied on her good looks to get herself adopted by a rich man from

the city! Isn’t it normal for poor girls to lower themselves just for money?”

“Raised? Are you saying that the handsome man from earlier took Corinne in and raised her?”

“Well, duh! Did you expect someone so young to be her biological father? Pfft! He might seem to have taken her in out of the

kindness of his heart, but God knows what sort of shady relationship he has with her!”

“By the way! I also heard rumors in school that Corinne was called to the dean’s office pretty often, and she tends to stay there

for an hour at least! I’m starting to suspect that she might be having an affair with the dean! Why else would he treat her so

n nicely and even allow her to make her appearance at the graduation ceremony?”

“No way! Our dean is old enough to be her grandfather!”

“Why wouldn’t it be possible? He’s a man, after all...”

The more they talked, the more exaggerated their remarks were. Corinne’s expression turned dark as she walked toward those

gossiping girls.

“What did you just say about the dean?”

As soon as they saw Corinne coming to meet them, the girls felt a little guilty and began

panicking. "Tch. Why are you asking us when you heard us loud and clear?"

Corinne stared at them coldly and remarked, "The dean is someone who has spent his life teaching and educating generations

and generations of students. Who are you to make such uncultured remarks about a respected man like him?"

One of the girls folded her arms, raised her chin, and said disapprovingly, "Hmph. We can say whatever we want to say. This is a land of free speech!"

"Yeah! That's right!"

"Why were you so riled up when we talked about the dean? We were right, weren't we?"

Corinne frowned, grabbed the shirt collar of one of the girls, and said, "How about you say that again if you have the guts?"

The girl was taken aback. She tried and failed to break away from Corinne's grip, but she made sure not to show any weakness.

"Are you going to hit me, Corinne? You'll only give everyone the impression that you're angry because we were right!"

Corinne narrowed her eyes slightly and let go of the girl. "I won't hit you, but I want you to apologize in front of all the students for what you said about the dean!"

The girl adjusted her collar while rolling her eyes and saying, "You want us to apologize? Sure! But prove to us that you're an allround student and not just someone that the dean boasts about!"

Corinne cocked her eyebrows. "And how do you want me to prove it?"

The girl smiled. "If you can play the ukulele well, then we'll believe that you don't have any improper relationship with the dean and are an all-round top student!"

She was sure that Corinne would not be able to play the ukulele since Corinne had stepped off the stage and given up the opportunity to perform!

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Before Corinne could say anything, the girls next to her got all excited.

“What’s wrong? You can’t play?”

“If you can’t, then stop pretending to be an all-round student!”

“Since you can’t even play the ukulele, it’s obvious that your reputation as an all-round top student was hyped up by the dean.

Who’s going to believe you if you say that you don’t have any special relationship with the dean?”

Corinne has never claimed to be a so-called ‘all-round top student’. It was only because the dean was fond of her and praised

her achievements constantly that such a reputation came to stick. Furthermore, she was often called to the office by the dean for

about an hour, and the reason was that the dean enjoyed math, and she happened to be the top student in the math department.

Whenever the dean had any mathematical problem, he would seek her out to discuss mathematical formulas and humbly ask

her for advice regardless of his status as her elder.

It was a simple routine borne of a healthy relationship, yet it warped into something so ghastly when mentioned by all of those

people! The dean appreciated her academic ability, and he was one of the rare people whom she could feel comfortable with

during her time as a student. She thus respected him very much, and she would never tolerate becoming the reason that her

name was tarnished.

When Corinne thought of all that, she agreed to the girls’ request. “Fine. I’ll play the ukulele, then!” As soon as she made that

remark, the people around immediately laughed.

“Don’t push yourself if you can’t!”

“Didn’t you just walk off the stage because you didn’t know how to play? None of us will believe you now that you say you’ll go

up there and perform. Hahaha!”

“When I say ‘play a piece’, I mean playing a piece of music! Everyone has to acknowledge that it sounds good! Don’t expect to

get away with just making random noise!”

At that moment, on the balcony opposite the private room, Sunny sat on the terrace out of boredom because he was too young

to be allowed to drink and play poker with Jeremy and Zeke.

He did not expect to have run into Corinne there, much less in a situation where she was surrounded by her peers while they all

tried to find fault with her.

“Hey, isn’t that the annoying girl, Corinne?” Sunny held a bottle of sparkling water in his hand and looked intently at the other

side.

His little lackey, Felix, leaned over and stretched out his head a little. "Oh, yeah! That does seem like Mister Jeremy's wife!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Sunny smacked him on the head! "Mister Jeremy's wife, my foot! She's not his wife! She's not

worthy at all! The only person who can be his wife is my sister!" Sunny corrected angrily.

"Yes, sir! My mistake..." Felix rubbed his head aggrievedly and sighed helplessly.

Sunny stared at Corinne and curled his lips into a smile. "Those people are all her friends! Heh, guess a lot of people hate her

apart from me! This just proves that there's something wrong with Corinne's character!"

Felix did not quite agree with his statement. "I don't think she's the one who has a problem.

Those girls are deliberately making

things difficult for h-ahh!" Before he could finish, Sunny kicked his rear.

Sunny snorted. "Which side are you on? If I say she's got a problem, then she's got a problem!"

Felix nearly cried from the unfair treatment that Sunny gave him. "Okay, okay! Whatever you say, sir!"

"That's more like it!" Sunny said arrogantly. "Now hurry and get Jeremy to come up here with the others. I want everyone to see

that woman make a fool of herself! I don't believe that this woman from God-knows-where can play the ukulele!"

Felix felt that it was a bad idea to do something like that, but he was afraid to give his opinion. again out of fear that Sunny would

hit him a third time. There was nothing else he could do except nod and head downstairs.

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Ivanka's close friends continue to attack Corinne.

"Sure! If you can play a song today and win applause from all the students present here, consider it your victory! We won't just apologize... We'll even do whatever you ask us to do!"

Corinne had a calm look as she replied, "Deal."

The girl who seemed to be the leader added, "But if you can't play the piece well and you don't get the unanimous approval of

our classmates, you'll have to crawl out of this place while we take a video and post it on the school forum! Still game for it?"

Corinne frowned slightly then remained silent for a brief moment as if to think about it. At long last, she said, "Deal!"

The girl smiled in contempt and said, "What are you waiting for, then? Remember not to be a sore loser!"

Corinne turned around, went on stage, and took the ukulele from Ivanka.

Ivanka faked a kind expression and pretended to show concern for her. "You should back out of the challenge. Girls like us value

our reputation a lot, and it won't look good on you if you have to crawl out of here!"

Corinne smirked. "How do you know I'll have to crawl out when I haven't played it yet?"

Ivanka made a veiled comment, "The ukulele isn't as easy to learn as the guitar, and the fingering is super difficult! I'm just

worried that you'll make a fool of yourself."

"I appreciate your advice." Corinne went straight to business without much ado. She lowered her head calmly and tuned the

ukulele before looking up and raising her head at Ivanka. "You were going to sing and dance, right? Aren't you ready to begin?"

Ivanka let out an almost inaudible snort. She was never sincere in persuading Corinne to back out of the challenge, so she was

very much eager to see how that overconfident country girl could make a fool of herself.

After advising Corinne insincerely again, Ivanka stood nonchalantly in the center of the small stage and adjusted the

microphone. She then pretended to get ready for her performance. However, she was never serious about performing a song-and-dance, because she expected Corinne not to be able to play anything at all. Since Corinne was unable to accompany her, she would have to play the ukulele and sing by herself again!

With everyone looking eagerly and anticipantly at everyone, Corinne finally plucked the strings. The sound that was produced

was not so much a piece of music as it was a jarring mishmash of noise! Corinne fiddled with the ukulele strings at random, and

the sound produced was anything but music! The students in the audience had disgusted expressions as a result.

"Goodness! I thought Corinne knew how to play!"

“Where did she get the confidence to perform when she’s playing like that?”

“She’s just randomly plucking the strings! It sounds horrible!”

“Ivanka’s ukulele will be ruined!”

“I think so, too!”

Ivanka and her friends laughed to themselves. Seeing Corinne make a fool of herself was their goal. That way, everyone’s impression of her would sour, and no one would think of her as the legendary all-round top student anymore.

To make things worse, they would take a video of her crawling on the ground in a bit!

At that moment, several people were standing on the terrace opposite them, all of whom were handsome or beautiful in their own way.

“Hahaha!” Sunny laughed out loud. “Did you see that, Jeremy? Corinne’s butchering her performance! How embarrassing!”

Rosie, too, had a smile on her face and contempt in her eyes. She reveled in the misery Corinne must have felt as she watched her bungle the piece.

‘It shouldn’t come as a surprise at all. A country bumpkin like her will never know the meaning of elegance, music, or art!’

While it was not surprising for those who came out of poverty to put in the necessary effort in cultural subjects and become top students, they would certainly struggle to hone true artistic cultivation.

Gerald looked on nonchalantly with no particular emotion showing on his face.

Zeke shook his head and sighed, then raised his arm to hook it over Jeremy’s shoulder. “Looks like your new wife ain’t got rhythm!”

Jeremy had a pensive stare as he narrowed his eyes while the corners of his thin lips twitched.

“Is that so?”

Zeke raised an eyebrow. ‘What do you mean, is that so? What’s there to doubt when she’s playing like that?’

In an instant, the jarring noise coming from the opposite suddenly morphed into a pleasant melody.

Zeke was taken aback and turned his head to look over. He initially expected a different person to have taken over from Corinne, but it turned out that it was still Corinne playing the ukulele!

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Corinne had been stringing everyone along, so to speak!

An insipid expression appeared on her face. and the chaotic plucking had since become orderly.

The tune she played was none

other than that of the guitar score Ivanka gave her at the beginning.

In the audience, the disgusted expressions of the students changed from disgust to doubt, then to admiration and intoxication.

Ivanka and her group of friends were stunned.

They never expected that Corinne would be able to play so well. The situation had changed drastically, and it was on such

occasions that one must not lose one's momentum. Several of the girls from Ivanka's group began to cheer her on.

"Don't just stand there, Ivanka! You can sing, too!"

"Yeah! Use your voice to drown out Corinne!"

"Remember to dance!"

After being reminded by the girls, Ivanka snapped out of her daze and followed the beat as she sang the lyrics and danced along.

She sang to the best of her ability as she tried to draw the attention of the students away from Corinne and to herself, which she

succeeded in doing as some of her classmates were already looking at her.

Ivanka began to dance even more animatedly as a result.

Unexpectedly, Corinne's tempo gradually picked up, and her fingering skills were unlike someone who had just touched the

ukulele for the first time. It might even be on par with professional ukulele players! The tempo continued to increase without

going out of tune or missing a beat, which could only be achieved with top-notch skills.

Ivanka's singing and dancing evidently could not keep up with the tune, but she refused to admit defeat and tried to speed up her

song and dance. However, the quickened singing made it difficult for her to control her breathing, especially since she was

dancing too.

By accident, she became dizzy, and her entire person collapsed uncontrollably on the stage, making for an embarrassing and humorous spectacle.

There was an uproar in the audience when Ivanka fell.

"How can a misstep happen when it's her own song? It's almost like she's not familiar with it."

"Ivanka sounds a bit out of breath too, but Corinne plays the ukulele really well!"

"That's right! Corinne lives up to her name as an all-round top student. She's not from the music department, but she can play

the ukulele amazingly well!"

Corinne did not continue playing once Ivanka fell,

She glanced at Ivanka, who was struggling very hard to get up, and said to the audience, "Ivanka's music is written in a more modern style. It can be played on a ukulele, but it doesn't sound that nice. Why don't I play another piece that sounds better on the ukulele?"

"Sure!"

"We can't wait!"

"Go ahead! We're all ears."

Corinne nodded and smiled. "I'll be playing the instrumental version of 'Somewhere Over the Rainbow' as a farewell of sorts to my fellow graduates. I hope you'll forgive me if I make any mistakes."

She plucked the strings softly to produce a delicate and poignant tune that revealed her young spirit and strength of character.

The melody tugged on one's heartstrings, and the combination of firmness and gentleness allowed every single note to fall into place.

At the end of the piece, everyone there was silent. None of them recovered from the undulations of the piece's heart-rendering conceptualization.

The first sounds of applause came from the opposite terrace.

Corinne turned her head to look and her mind immediately went blank. 'Is that... Jeremy?' Jeremy's slender figure stood there as he clapped his hands with intrigue. He neither clapped too slowly nor too quickly, but it was very crisp and powerful.

There was a faint smile on the man's ridiculously handsome face, and the expression on his face, seemed to contain just as much admiration as ridicule.

'When did he start standing there? How long had he been watching me? Even his friends are also there! Were they all watching me, too?'

Notable among them was Sunny, who had an inexplicably dazed look moments before he snapped out of his senses and glared at her viciously.

"Not bad! You played well!" Zeke smiled enthusiastically and began to lead the applause. His clapping jolted those students who were still mesmerized by the performance, and within seconds, the thunderous sound of applause resonated throughout the terrace.



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Chapter 98

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“Corinne has proven that she’s an all-round top student! She can even play the ukulele better than some of the music department’s students!”

“I’m fully convinced in her ability now, and I’ll never question her again!”

“Me, too! I now understand why she’s known as an all-round top student! It’s no surprise that the dean appreciates her that much!”

At the end of the performance, all the students there praised her repeatedly, and not a single one of them was not applauding enthusiastically.

Ivanka and her friends, however, had ugly expressions on their faces.

Corinne gently put down the ukulele, walked up to the stage, and looked at them. “Now go up on stage and apologize in front of everyone for what you said to the dean.”

The girl who took the lead in provoking her had a face full of disbelief. “H-How can you play the ukulele so well when you’re not from the music department?”

Corinne said curtly, “It’s no big deal. I happen to have picked it up before.”

The girl gritted her teeth angrily when she heard that flippant remark. “That’s what you call ‘no big deal’? You just played it better than-

“Better than who?” Corinne cocked her eyebrow.

The girl immediately stopped talking and felt frustrated because she did not want to say anything to praise Corinne.

Seeing that the other party did not speak, Corinne said again, “I played the ukulele, and you saw the students acknowledge my playing. It’s time for you girls to keep your word and apologize to the dean in front of everyone!”

The girls exchanged glances, complained to each other, and hesitated as if they were unwilling to stick to the agreement.

“Why are you just standing there? Hurry up and apologize to Corinne and the dean!”

“Yeah! You were the ones who made a challenge, and now you’re becoming a sore loser?”

“Get up there and apologize!”

The girls were ashamed to hear all that slander from the students and reluctantly got on to the stage.

“We’re sorry. We apologize to Corinne and the dean for making such irresponsible remarks. What we said was pure nonsense, and we’re in the wrong. Please forgive us.”

A discussion soon ensued, and all the students began talking about the girls’ despicable behavior.

Corinne had achieved her goal, so she turned around and left the place. She even dug her ears a little because she felt that it

was too noisy there.

It had never been her intention to go to the gathering because she had plans to go to the company to discuss something with her subordinate, Aaron. However, Jeremy somehow insisted on sending her, which made it

inconvenient for her to go to the company. In the end, Jeremy had her sent there.

Since she was already there, she decided to just attend the gathering and avoid being under Jeremy's suspicion. However, she

was not prepared for the ruckus that would occur at what was supposed to be a boring reunion!

Just as Corinne walked out of the private room, she heard someone calling her from behind again.

"Corinne! Stop!"

Corinne stopped walking and looked back.

Ivanka chased her aggressively with her ukulele in her arms and said, "Are you just going to leave after damaging my ukulele?"

You need to compensate me before you leave!"

"Damaged? It was fine when I played it earlier." Corinne's expression remained unchanged, and she lowered her eyes to glance

at the ukulele Ivanka was holding. Nothing seemed damaged, though.

Ivanka shoved the ukulele in her face and said, "Look carefully! You must've intentionally left these scratches on the ukulele

when you played it! Are you aware that my ukulele is an antique, and it's very expensive?"

At that moment, Ivanka no longer had the hypocritical and smug face she displayed in front of her classmates. She ditched that

charade and stopped pretending, and in place of it was a jealous and unhappy expression.

Corinne looked down and saw that there were indeed a lot of scratches on the ukulele, so she frowned and asked, "How much

do you want me to pay?"

Ivanka feigned courteousness again and said, "Since we're both fellow graduates, I won't ask for more than fifteen thousand from you."

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Corinne snickered. "Fifteen thousand? As your fellow graduate, do you think I'm that easy to get taken advantage of?"

Ivanka snorted sarcastically. "But I thought your family was rich, Corinne. If you can donate a building to the school, why can't you pay for a ukulele?"

Corinne narrowed her eyes. "What if I don't pay?"

"If you don't..." Ivanka glared at her and threatened harshly, "Then don't blame me for involving the police! This ukulele has your

fingerprints on it, and everyone saw you playing it earlier! You won't be able to escape!"

Corinne shrugged her shoulders indifferently. Ivanka was obviously upset after failing to get the limelight earlier and was merely

there to cause more trouble.

It was a very unclassy act.

"Go ahead and call the police, then! Once they're here, they can check if your ukulele is an antique, determine if it's worth that

much, and decide whether your behavior falls under extortion."

Ivanka was stunned for a moment, and she had a flustered expression on her face. She did not expect her threats to have no

effect at all, so she scolded her angrily, "Corinne, you cunning b\*tch!"

Corinne smiled. "Am I the cunning one? Or are you just trying to frame me for no good reason?"

"It doesn't matter! You need to compensate me for the scratches on my ukulele, and you need to do it by today! Don't even think

about leaving if you don't pay me!" Ivanka failed to win an argument against Corinne, so she started to block Corinne from

leaving.

'Since I've failed to let Corinne make a fool of herself, I might as well have her pay me some money right now! My goal is to

make sure she doesn't leave this place so smugly!' Ivanka was determined to give Corinne a hard time.

Indeed, she was the one who scratched the ukulele just to frame Corinne, and although her ukulele was not an antique

instrument, it was still very expensive!

She could not let Corinne get away just like that. Otherwise, the damage she inflicted on her ukulele would be for naught!

As a result, she refused to rest until Corinne gave her the money.

Corinne had a good temper, but there were limits to how far she could endure such unreasonable behavior. Unable to bear it any

longer, she clenched her fists and was about to strike Ivanka.

"Why are you so angry?" All of a sudden, a man's sonorous and elegant voice interrupted the dispute between the two girls.

Thinking that it was some busybody passerby who wanted to meddle in someone else's business, Ivanka turned her head angrily and was about to scold the person when she was stunned by what she saw.

The person who walked over was an extraordinarily handsome man. He was tall and slender, and

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his facial features were nothing short of attractive. The suit he wore was a luxury brand, which lent a suave yet playful air to him.

Ivanka blushed when she saw the handsome guy and immediately got rid of the arrogance she earlier had. She lowered her

gaze in a delicate yet submissive manner and explained to him, "Sir, I'm sorry that we disturbed you, but I'm only this anxious

because she broke my antique ukulele. and wanted to leave without compensating me..."

"Really? Destroying other people's property and wanting to leave without compensating them? How terrible!"

Corinne calmly watched as Zeke walked toward them. She recognized him as Jeremy's friend, but she could not understand the motives behind his actions.

'Why is he butting in?"

Zeke walked up to Ivanka and asked pitifully, "What's wrong with it? Let me see."

"Sir, look! These scratches you see are all her doing!" Ivanka blushed, handed her ukulele to the handsome guy to see, and

accused Corinne while she was at it.

She believed that such a handsome man must have shown concern for her because he took a fancy to her. In her mind, it

proved that she was more beautiful than Corinne and was also more attractive to men!

Zeke looked at the ukulele and clicked his tongue regretfully. "The scratches are quite bad. Such a shame that had to happen to a good ukulele."

When a handsome man with a unique character stood beside Ivanka, she regained her confidence right away.

After a moment's thought, she acted like a pitiful little girl and began to cry again. "Sir! You have to help me! My ukulele is an

antique, but she broke it on purpose and refuses to compensate..."

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Chapter 100

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“Don’t cry. You won’t look pretty anymore if your tears smudge your makeup.”

Zeke gracefully took out a handkerchief from the inner breast pocket of his jacket and wiped Ivanka’s tears skillfully and gently.

Ivanka’s heart throbbed like mad when a handsome, noble man showed such concern for her. She felt even more convinced of her attractiveness.

‘He must be the Prince Charming who came to save me!’ she gushed inwardly.

She moved a little closer to Zeke’s arms and said in a coquettish manner, “Thank you. I’m fine now.

“I’m very happy to hear that.” Zeke pursed his lips and gently placed the handkerchief in her hand.” I heard someone playing the

ukulele from the next room. It was such a marvelous tune. Was it you who played it?”

Ivanka’s expression froze, and she did not know how to answer that. By telling the truth, she would only give that d\*mn Corinne

another chance to shine in front of her Prince Charming. After thinking about it, Ivanka deliberately gave him a vague reply, “Sir,

the tune you just heard was played on this ukulele, but it’s a pity that it’s now damaged.”

“Tsk! The person who broke this ukulele is such a despicable person.” Zeke frowned slightly and finally raised his gaze to look at

Corinne. “Why’d you break her ukulele, sis?”

‘Sis? I’m not your sis!’ Corinne cocked an eyebrow and looked at Zeke with disgust. As if Jeremy was not weird enough, his

friend was just as weird, too! Perhaps birds of a feather do flock together after all.

Ivanka was stunned at that moment, and her eyes widened in surprise. “Sir, what did you just...call her?”

“Sis, I called her ‘sis’. Is something the matter?” Zeke smiled. His handsome eyes narrowed into a crescent shape, and there were hints of playfulness in them.

Ivanka’s expression turned ugly in disbelief. “She... How is she your sis?”

Zeke smiled and said matter-of-factly, “She’s the woman of one of my sworn brothers, so of course she’s my sis.”

“A sworn brother’s woman?!” Ivanka was shocked. She looked at Zeke, then at Corinne, and was unwilling to accept reality.

‘Why does this wretch Corinne have anything to do with my Prince Charming? It’s so annoying!’

With a smile on his face, Zeke turned to look at the man standing at the door of the room not far away. “Stop watching and get

over here. Your little cutie damaged this other girl’s ukulele!”

Upon hearing what Zeke said, Corinne turned her head and saw Jeremy walking calmly over with his hands in his trouser

pockets.

Corinne frowned and felt a little more annoyed when she saw Jeremy.

Zeke took the ukulele from Ivanka's arms, handed it to Jeremy, and said with a smile, "See those scratches? Your little cutie did this, apparently."

Jeremy's downcast eyes glanced calmly at the instrument as he reached out to take it. Then, out of the blue, he slammed it forcefully against the wall. A loud shatter was heard, and the ukulele's pieces fell on the floor as only the instrument's neck remained in his hand. He then tossed the neck in the distance like a piece of trash.

Ivanka came back to her senses and yelled in shock, "My ukulele!"

Jeremy's expression remained unchanged, and he ordered in a cold voice, "Compensate her, Tommy."

Tommy nodded and answered, "Yes, sir."

Jeremy could not care less about everything else that was happening and turned to look at Corinne. He narrowed his cold eyes slightly and asked, "Is the gathering over?"

Corinne was speechless after seeing Jeremy obliterate throwing the ukulele. Her lips twitched, and she could only answer drily,

"Yeah... We can go home now."

"Let's go then." The man raised his arms and gently hooked them over Corinne's shoulders before leading her to turn around and leave.

They had not walked far yet when Corinne thought of something and stopped suddenly. She turned around and said, "Mister

Tommy, please compensate her for the ukulele at its original price. Your boss won't reimburse you if you pay her anything more than that."

"Uh..." Tommy's lips twitched, and he could only nod. "Understood, Miss Corinne."

After leaving Tommy with those instructions, Corinne walked out of the party ground with Jeremy.