

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 251

Only Annie would speak a few words with Tommy from time to time to ease the awkward, cold atmosphere.

The car arrived at the Levine family mansion, and because Annie was sitting in the middle, Corinne consciously got out of the car to make way for her.

Annie got out of the car and asked Corinne and Jeremy if they wanted to head inside for a moment and sit. Both of them declined the invitation unanimously.

The difference was only that Jeremy refused directly, and Corinne was a little more hesitant.

Annie had no choice but to reluctantly say goodbye to Corinne before she obediently walked back into her home.

Corinne got into the car again, still seated near the window as she put on her earphones and continued to close her eyes and rest.

The man finally spoke and asked her in a calm tone, "What are you listening to?"

Corinne closed her eyes and simply answered, "A song.

"What song is it?"

"A pop song."

"..." Jeremy's eyes darkened, his jaw tightened, and he stopped talking.

Corinne did not open his eyes to look at him either,

At the Holdens' estate.

After arriving home, Corinne went straight back to the room, went into the bathroom to take a shower, changed into home clothes, and prepared to take a good night's sleep.

The past two days have been very unpleasant, and she was very tired.

When she came out of the bathroom after taking a shower, Jeremy was sitting on the rattan chair outside the balcony of the room smoking a cigarette.

The smoke lingered and drifted with the wind, adding a bit of soft beauty to the man's cold and handsome side face.

Hearing the opening of the bathroom door, Jeremy turned his head and glanced over. Seeing that Corinne was about to go to bed, the man frowned with dignity and said in a deep voice, "Dry your hair before going to bed."

"Oh." Corinne stopped herself from climbing onto the bed and obediently responded as she got up and went back to the bathroom.

Soon, the sound of a hair dryer was heard coming from the bathroom.

Jeremy's expression darkened. The little rascal obediently obeyed his words, but why did that make him feel even more unhappy?

Half an hour later, Corinne dried her hair and came out, ready to go to bed again-

"Come here. Pour me a glass of water," rang the man's voice again. This time, it sounded rather commanding.

Corinne frowned irritably, took a deep breath, then got up and poured a glass of water for him.

She placed the glass on the table in front of him before she silently turned away.

Before she could leave, however, the man's rough hand pulled her back by the wrist.

Due to inertia and the man's strength, Corinne was forced to sit on the man's muscular thigh, his arms wrapped around her waist—preventing her from leaving.

She looked at the man, dissatisfied. "Mister, what can I do for you?"

Jeremy narrowed his narrow, long handsome eyes, and he slowly exhaled a thin puff of smoke toward the girl's small face aloofly. "Corinne, what's up with your attitude?"

Corinne frowned. "Mister, I'm just being obedient to you. Isn't my attitude good enough? Are you expecting me, even after I gave you a glass of water, to kneel and give you another glass?"