

# The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 963

“Find the best tutor you can in the country to get Josephine up to speed on every subject,” Phoebe answered after thinking it over.

Anya frowned. “Mom, we only have three days. Even if Josephine studies twenty-four hours every day, she’ll still lose to the straight-A Corinne.”

Phoebe narrowed her eyes slyly. “Corinne asked your grandfather to arrange the test paper, right? Well, I’ll figure out a way to get those test papers within these two days. That’ll give Josephine an advantage over Corinne.”

Anya’s eyes lit up when she heard Phoebe’s brilliant idea. “Okay! We’ll do just that. I’m sure we’ll get Corinne this time! Her life will definitely be ruined forever! Hahaha!”

Phoebe nodded. “Now go find that tutor for Josephine. It’s best if she equips herself with some basic knowledge so that she’d be less likely to get exposed as a fraud.”

“I’ll get on to it now!”

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Phoebe went back to her room after that, only to see Maxwell—who had just finished showering—walking out of the bathroom dressed only in his boxers. Though his face was lined with age, his physique maintained its youthful tautness.

Phoebe’s eyes burned with passion when she saw Maxwell’s six-pack abs. She lusted for him, so much so that she started to drool a little.

Seeing this, Maxwell quickly wrapped a towel around himself as though Phoebe was a pervert. “Why didn’t you knock?” he asked with an annoyed frown.

Phoebe frowned. “Maxwell, I’m your wife. We even have two kids together! Why would I need to knock before coming into our room?”

That room might be theirs, but Maxwell never shared the same bed with her ever since she moved in. Instead, he slept in a separate cubicle inside the room. The cubicle was so small that there was only room for a foldable single bed. There was no place for Maxwell to put his stuff, so his clothes remained in the main bedroom. He would usually change in the bathroom if Phoebe was in the room.

Maxwell ignored Phoebe. He picked up his clothes to finish changing in his little cubicle.

Phoebe could not stand it anymore. She ran up and hugged Maxwell from behind, making sure to rub herself against his body. “Maxwell, when are you going to stop ignoring me? It’s been so long since we’ve done it, so I’m sure you must be itching for it too. Or have you been getting some from outside? But god knows what diseases they have... Maxwell, I’m so lonely. Can you please stop punishing me like this?”

Any guy would have surrendered to her seduction then and there. Any guy, except for Maxwell.

Unmoved, he simply uttered coldly, “Let me go.”

Phoebe did not want to. Her hands started moving down his body. “Maxwell...”

Maxwell was finally at the end of his patience. He grabbed her hand and flung her away from him. “You got the life you wanted! You’re already a Missus Rivera! What more do you want from me?”

Phoebe fell to the ground, but she had not given up just yet. She looked lustily and Maxwell as she quickly unbuttoned her clothes. “What I wanted was your love! Not the status that comes with being a Missus Rivera! Look at me, Maxwell! All these years, I’ve kept my body beautiful for you!”