

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 964

Phoebe was hoping her alluring body would elicit Maxwell's desire for her.

Maxwell merely stared at her face. "Feel free to get another man to satisfy you if you're desperate for some action. I promise I won't get jealous or anything."

He walked past her to get into his cubicle.

Phoebe was humiliated! She used to be the belle of the school, with men lining up to ask her to be their girlfriend. In all her life so far, Maxwell was the only one who treated her as if she was invisible!

God must be playing a joke on her because not only was Maxwell her best friend's husband, but also because she fell hopelessly in love with him at first sight. She must have him no matter what!

"Tell me, Maxwell. Just what makes Emily better than me? Why won't you even touch me? I'm much hotter than that skinny-ass Emily!"

Maxwell paused in his tracks when he heard Emily's name. "Stop bringing her up," he ordered gruffly.

Phoebe did not listen to him. "You know she's a sl*t, right? She cheated on you with another man and even had a daughter with him! So tell me, Maxwell. How can that sl*t be better than me?"

"I'll kick you out of the house if you don't shut up this instant!" roared Maxwell angrily.

Phoebe jumped up in fright. Maxwell might be cold toward her, but he rarely ever blew up like this.

"Why is he reacting like this? Don't tell me he still hasn't forgotten that sl*t after so many years!" grunted Phoebe.

Maxwell was unwilling to waste his breath on Phoebe anymore nor was he willing to listen to her talking nonsense. Thus, he went into his cubicle and locked the door.

Embarrassed, Phoebe put her clothes back on. After collecting her thoughts, she decided to put her relationship on the back burner since it was more important to find a way to steal the test paper for Anya.

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Meanwhile, Corinne decided to take the subway since it was difficult to get a taxi in the high-end residential area, and there was no bus stop either. While walking to the nearest subway station, a black sedan suddenly appeared beside her.

After rolling down the window, Lucas poked his head from the back passenger seat. "Corinne, where are you heading?" he asked gently. "Let me give you a ride."

Corinne glanced at him and kept walking. "No thanks. We're not that close."

Lucas looked hurt. He sighed helplessly. "If you're not willing to accept me as your brother, can you at least accept me as your friend?"

Corinne never broke her stride. She would not even spare him a glance. "I'd rather not."

Lucas was speechless. Then again, he found it understandable why Corinne would hate him so much. After all, he had said and done a lot of mean things to her to protect Anya. He felt himself undeserving of Corinne's forgiveness.

Thus, after thinking it over, he asked the driver to stop the car.

He then got out of the car and walked with Corinne, who frowned when she realized what was happening. "Mister Lucas, can you please walk somewhere else? You're blocking my sunlight."

"Sorry..." said Lucas sheepishly. He slowed down and walked around to the other side of Corinne.

Corinne looked at him from the corner of her eyes and said nothing. As annoying as it was, there was nothing she could do since it was a public area. She had no right to stop him from walking there, too.

The two of them were silent all the way. After 10 minutes, they came upon a crosswalk, and after that was the subway station.