

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

Chapter 989

Corinne raised her eyebrow. "Is that so? Well, I can't wait to see what you cook up."

The servants had finished packing Anya and Phoebe's bags into the car.

"Miss Phoebe, Miss Anya, please get into the car now. Don't make Mister Cedric any angrier than he is. I'm sure he'll let both of you come home once he's cooled down."

Phoebe and Anya gave Corinne one last death stare before grudgingly getting into the car.

...

The mansion became quieter once Phoebe and Anya were sent away.

Cedric turned to his useless son. "You should be ashamed of yourself. You're a grown man, yet you can't even keep your wife and daughter under control! Look at what they've become!"

Maxwell looked up from his phone. "Surprise, surprise. Are you not happy with this daughter-in-law, too?"

Cedric's blood pressure immediately shot up. "I'm talking about you! Why are you asking me whether I'm happy or not?"

"Weren't you the one who insisted I should divorce Emily and marry Phoebe?" Maxwell asked calmly. "And now you're not happy with Phoebe, too? That's fine. Why don't you choose someone you're happy with for me to marry again?"

Cedric was so furious that the veins on his temple popped out. He pointed a trembling finger at his only son. "Why, you..."

Fearing her husband would have a heart attack, Beatrice immediately said, "Let it go, Maxwell."

Maxwell nodded and went upstairs.

Cedric inhaled sharply. Pointing at Maxwell's back, he boomed, "Even till now, you're still blaming me for forcing you to divorce Emily?! Don't you know I did it for your good? She cheated on you! Why would you still want to keep her around? She'll only tarnish our family name if we don't kick her out."

Maxwell stopped walking. After a few seconds of silence, he finally turned around. "That's right, she cheated on me, not you! But you know what? I don't give a sh\*t! So why should you? You didn't do it for my good; you did it to save your face!"

Cedric's blood pressure went up dangerously high, and his asthma kicked in. "You... You... Ack... Good-for-nothing useless son... Cough, cough, cough!"

Beatrice went up to support him. "Stop fighting, you two!" she said sternly. "You two will fight like cats and dogs every time Emily's name is mentioned. Maxwell, I'm not taking sides here, but you're a grown man now. Why do you insist on acting so stubbornly with your father?"

Maxwell looked at Cedric, whose face was bright red with anger, and said nothing. He could not help but feel the person standing in front of him was not his father but a stranger. A few seconds later, he simply turned around and walked up the stairs.

At that moment, a servant came to report, "Mister Cedric, Miss Corinne is here."

Both Cedric and Beatrice were shocked. They looked outside the door and saw Corinne standing there with a servant. She was smiling, but it was the kind that did not reach her eyes.

Maxwell, who was nearing the top of the stairs, immediately stopped walking when he heard Corinne had arrived. The look in his eyes softened when he turned to look at her.

Beatrice was the first to snap out of her shock. Not knowing whether Corinne had heard them arguing, she smiled awkwardly and asked, "Corinne, what a surprise to see you. What brings you here at this time?"