

## Claiming My Possessive CEO Husband by Qiaoqiao Novel Chapter 141

141 Chapter 141: As Long As They Are Pretty And Obedient

s Long As They

Are Pretty And Obedient

Without waiting for Yvette Flack's response, one question after another was asked: "Have you ever participated in the International Translation Competition? What was your result? How about your university graduation grades? Has your graduation

work ever been nominated for any awards?" a

Yvette Flack shuddered slightly.

Caleb Mamet: "What was the initial fashion design philosophy proposed by the Mamet Corporation? Did you participate in the last Paris Design Competition? Do you think you have the ability to win the championship at the Paris Design Competition?"

With each question Caleb asked, Yvette trembled more, her face pale.

Many of the things he mentioned, she had never even heard before. Her college diploma was bought as

well... Besides falling in love, she did nothing in

college!

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The noblewoman became anxious: "Oh, Caleb, why are you asking all these questions? Are you really considering using Yvette as an assistant? That would be a waste of her talent. She is just your personal assistant, handling some private matters. It doesn't matter if she doesn't understand your jargon; as long as she is good-looking and obedient, it's fine."

It's almost like she's telling Caleb outright that she sent this woman to his side to sleep with him.

As Caleb's bedmate, she doesn't need a lot of talent or ability, just good looks, beautiful appearance, and being gentle and attentive on demand.

Caleb looked at her with a half-smile: "Handle some private matters? I have my hands and feet; do I need her help for them? Just look at her and see if she's even worthy!"

"Forget about being an assistant. I don't see her fitting that role. Any assistant from the Mamet Corporation is a top graduate with numerous awards. Someone like Miss Yvette Flack, who knows nothing? Better not to send her to disgust me."

Xaviera Evans: "..."

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This man either doesn't speak at all, or when he does, he's infuriating. However, listening to Caleb scold people is so thrilling!

Caleb leisurely concluded: "Miss Yvette Flack, you should focus more on improving your abilities. Without good looks or capabilities, you'll be eliminated by society eventually. All right, we've said our piece; let's go."

The last sentence was directed at Xaviera Evans, who immediately put away her beaming expression, obediently allowing Caleb to lead her away.

However-

These people had been waiting for such a long time for this opportunity – how could they let it go so easily? If Yvette didn't end up in Caleb's bed today, all their efforts would have been wasted!

The noblewoman disregarded all propriety and rushed forward, dignity be damned: "Caleb, wait! Perhaps my words were unclear. Yvette may not be quite qualified as an assistant, but she's exceptional in other ways. She can serve you well, ensuring a unique experience. Just give a nod, and I'll have Yvette attend to you at

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your house or even at the old mansion if you're in a hurry."

"Please consider – Yvette is not like some people. She's a thousand times better than the one you married. She'll be submissive to you and won't defy any of your

orders..."

The living room suddenly went quiet.

Xaviera

narrowed her eyes – it's one thing to offer Caleb a woman, but to belittle her is out of line, isn't

it?

Caleb stopped: "Mrs. Whitman, are you insulting my wife?" Glancing at Yvette, his voice was dripping with derision: "Comparing this woman to my wife – is she even worthy?"

—

Mrs. Whitman was Caleb's father's younger sister, who had married into the Whitman family years before and became the head mistress. The Whitmans were quite influential, even though they couldn't compete with the Mamet family. The Mamet family had always shown her respect, and whenever she visited, they would call her Mrs. Mamet, acknowledging her connection to the Mamet family.

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However, Caleb's use of Mrs. Whitman instantly distanced her from the Mamet family. The problem was that she had grown used to being fawned over and never noticed the anger in Caleb's tone.

Still full

of herself, she replied, "Caleb, that's not what I meant. I didn't intentionally insult Miss Evans. But Yvette was raised to be a noble lady, unlike some who grew up in the countryside and lack sophistication. Caleb, although you're the head of the Mamet family now, I still want to say this – you can't be

casual about your marriage. It's not only irresponsible to you but also to the Mamet family."

"Your wife, the mistress of the Mamet family, should be a well-bred lady like Yvette, gentle and virtuous, not a bumpkin from the countryside."

Comment

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Vote

142 Chapter 142: The Promise Made

During Childhood

Yvette Flack feigned surprise, covering her mouth: "So, Miss Evans is not from Libanan, but from the

countryside..."

Without finishing her sentence, she pretended to suddenly realize her mistake and apologized shyly to Caleb: "Sorry, family head, I didn't mean to say anything bad about Miss Evans; I'm just surprised to learn about her background."

Caleb suddenly turned to look at her. This was the first time he had looked straight at Yvette since entering the room. She blushed, thinking that her words caught Caleb's attention and finally made him fed up with

Xaviera.

After all, how could someone like Caleb marry a lowly woman like Xaviera? She had heard that they got married because Xaviera took advantage of a vulnerable situation and forced Caleb to marry her at

the Civil Affairs Bureau. Now that Caleb knew about

the unsavory past and background of the person by

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his side, he must be disgusted with her, right?

“You’re right. My wife indeed grew up in the countryside when she was young,  
” Caleb nodded slightly, agreeing with Yvette’s words.

Xaviera glanced at him unconsciously.

Yvette struggled to contain her excitement, her eyes glistening with tenderness. She glanced apologetically at Xaviera and said softly, “Really? So the rumors out

there are true...”

Caleb: “I heard that Miss Flack grew up in Libanon and received a noble lady’s education since childhood?”

Yvette was taken aback, thinking Caleb was interested in her past and quickly nodded: “Yes, the Flack family values our children’s education, so I’ve always held myself to very strict standards.”

Just in terms of background, she was miles above

Xaviera!

“Oh? Really?”

Caleb chuckled, his voice devoid of any warmth, but rather filled with a faint sarcasm: “Having received such an education since childhood, yet unable to meet.

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the assistant standards of the Mamet Corporation, I can’t help but question whether Miss Flack’s brain works properly. Of course, there are smart and stupid people in this world. My wife, for example, grew up in the countryside but made sure to strive for excellence, becoming an internationally renowned designer and setting domestic records, making countless people proud.”

“My wife belongs to the smart category, while Miss Flack, who received an education since childhood but

couldn’t even meet the assistant standards, is just dumb. Dumb enough to be fixated on sleeping with men, offering herself to them for favors, gaining without laboring.”

Though harsh, Caleb's words were satisfying to

Xaviera!

As a woman herself, she despised women who relied on their looks to sleep their way to the top!

What she hadn't expected was that Caleb, an uncommunicative man with an explosive temper and little patience, would say such things to Yvette... She had prepared herself to counterattack.

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Regardless, she was determined not to be taken advantage of nor let anyone point fingers at her and

scold her.

Yvette's tears slid down her cheeks, overwhelmed by Caleb's words. She was on the verge of collapse:

"Caleb..."

"From

now on, speak less with people whose brains don't work properly. It's a waste of time, and stupidity is contagious. Let's stay away from her," Caleb held Xaviera's hand: "Let's go, we'll see grandma first."

Xaviera nodded, and before leaving, she didn't forget to twist the knife in Yvette's heart: "Sorry, Miss Flack, my husband said not to interact too much with idiots. We'll be leaving first."

Yvette clutched her chest, tears streaming down like a waterfall. She gasped for breath: "Caleb... I... I'm not..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she collapsed weakly to the ground.

Mrs. Whitman rushed forward in a panic: "Yvette, Yvette, don't scare me!" Seeing Yvette's tear-

filled eyes, full of sadness even as she fainted, she couldn't help but scream: "Caleb! Are you really that heartless?!"

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Yvette has been so heartbroken for you; have you forgotten the promise you made when you were young?!”

Xaviera raised her eyebrows with interest. A childhood promise?

Mrs. Whitman sobbed loudly: “Caleb, you promised to look after Yvette for a lifetime when you were young. Now that you have a new love, you don’t want the old love anymore? Yvette has been longing to be with you, and for your sake, she refused countless outstanding men... When she heard the news of your marriage, she was heartbroken and passed out from crying. Later, she didn’t ask for anything, only wanting to stay by your side, but you spoke such cruel words. Caleb, are you even human?!”

Unfortunately, Caleb left without a backward glance.

No matter how much Mrs. Whitman cried and wailed behind them, he seemed not to hear her at all.

## 143 Chapter 143: You’ve Suffered

Xaviera Evans looked at him curiously. Caleb Mamet pursed his lips and gave a barely explanatory response, “No.”.

Xaviera was confused, “What?”

Caleb turned to look at her and said word by word, “I never promised Yvette Flack that I would take care of her.”

Xaviera nodded. It didn’t matter to her whether or not

Caleb had promised Yvette, as long as they didn’t come to disgust her.

Seeing her perfunctory manner, Caleb frowned and asked, “Don’t you trust me?”

Xaviera didn’t know why he suddenly became obsessed with this question, but she still shook her head to show no distrust. A person like Caleb wouldn’t say such things to Yvette deliberately because his wife was around if he truly ha

d feelings for her. He said it because he didn't care and was annoyed by Yvette's

nagging.

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Caleb raised his eyebrows in satisfaction, but found

Xaviera's reaction a little off. Since she believed him,

why did she still look like she didn't care? It was as if it had nothing to do with her whether he and Yvette had something going on or not.

Was this how a wife should behave?

"Mr. Mamet, you're back."

Just as Caleb was about to say something, a middle-aged servant suddenly appeared around the corner. The corners of her eyes were filled with the lines of time, and her smile looked kind and amiable, "Madam Mamet has been awake for a while and is waiting for you to come over."

Madam Mamet? That must be the grandmother Caleb mentioned, right?

Caleb nodded, "Something held me up in the front hall,

so I'm a bit late."

The servant seemed to know about the people in the Mamet family and shook her head, leading the way. Caleb held Xaviera's hand, lowered his voice, and reminded, "Mrs. Mamet, you don't need to worry about those people in the front hall, but I hope you

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can do your best here with grandma and display all your acting skills."

Xaviera understood and nodded, meaning that it

wasn't important whether the outsiders believed in their marital harmony, but as long as they convinced Grandma that they were a happy couple, everything would be fine.



The two walked through a small garden, then a long corridor before arriving at an independent courtyard. A strong scent of traditional Chinese medicine wafted through the breeze. Xaviera couldn't help sniffing, but Caleb showed no reaction, presumably because he was

used to it.

"Madam Mamet is waiting for you in the warm room."

After the servant said this, she voluntarily left.

In the warm room, sunlight spilled in, and under the golden glow, an old woman with white hair laid under a blanket in a rocking chair, waving at them with a smile as they entered.

Caleb's cold expression gradually softened. He walked over and squatted next to the old woman, holding her hand and gently calling, "Grandma."

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Xaviera had never seen this side of Caleb before. He

was always cold and reticent, often saying harsh words when annoyed, and constantly wearing a mocking

smile at the corner of his mouth, looking down on the world. But now, he was like a wild beast that had shed its edges, exposing its soft belly without any aggressiveness.

Madam Mamet patted Caleb's hand, "Good boy, you've been through a lot."

With cloudy eyes and a hoarse voice, Madam Mamet radiated wisdom and an inherent clarity that comes from years of experience. She looked up at Xaviera with a warm smile, "Is this your wife? She's beautiful."

She beckoned Xaviera over, and after hesitating for a second, Xaviera mimicked Caleb's actions and squatted beside her, gently calling, "Grandma."

"Ah, good girl," Madam Mamet held Xaviera's hand, "It must have been hard for you, marrying such a blockhead."

Xaviera: “..

“To be honest, I never thought Caleb would get married. I thought I wouldn’t **live to see** the day he did.

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“I’m glad you came along,” Madam Mamet said with emotion.

Xaviera remained silent.

She felt that Madam Mamet was worrying too much, given Caleb’s circumstances, all he had to say was that he wanted to get married, and countless women

would flock to him.

Madam

Mamet laughed happily, “When I heard about your wedding, I asked someone to make a pair of jade carvings as a gift for you when we met. But who would have thought that we’d meet before the carvings were

done?”

Xaviera: “...

It seemed she now knew where Caleb inherited his

knack for making people choke with his words.

However, Xaviera always remembered her mission to pretend to be a happy couple with Caleb and make Grandma happy. So she whispered, “Thank you, Grandma, it doesn’t matter about the gifts, I’m already happy just to meet you.”

“Ah, a good child indeed. What a waste you are with

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Caleb. If he ever bullies you, tell me, and I’ll back you

up.”

Caleb helplessly: “Grandma...”

Xaviera chuckled at the side.

Comment

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now Madam Mamet had given  
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of the Gift

in her a black one... Indeed, they were family, with very unique tastes.

“Alright, you have received the gift, so it’s time to go,” Madam Mamet suddenly urged them to leave.

Caleb’s lips were tight, his voice hoarse,

“Grandmother, I want to stay with you a bit longer.”

Madam Mamet smiled and refused, “It’s enough to see you once. I’m tired and need to rest now.”

Upon hearing the conversation inside, a servant rushed over, “Mr. Mamet, it’s time for the family head to sleep as she wakes up less and less each day.”

Xaviera frowned instinctively, what did it mean that her waking moments were fewer and fewer?

Caleb, with a cold face, led Xaviera out. It was clear that he was not in a good mood, and Xaviera didn’t dare to poke at it. After the servant helped Madam Mamet to sleep, she hurriedly caught up with Xaviera to explain, “Madam, please don’t take offense. She’s sick and can only see people for a short while each day.”

Of course, Xaviera wouldn’t take offense. The less time

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she spent with Madam Mamet, the smaller the risk of exposing the fact that her marriage with Caleb was a sham. She glanced at the door, and although her next question might not be very polite, she asked out of professional habit, "How long has the grandmother been like this?"

The servant was stunned, seemingly not expecting Xaviera to ask about that, but answered, "Over thirty years."

Xaviera nodded, as that explained it. From what she observed, Madam Mamet was very fond of Caleb, and with her status in the Mamet family, she would never have allowed Caleb to be abused by his mother. It seemed that Madam Mamet was willing but unable to help, and her long periods of unconsciousness left her with no energy to care for Caleb.

"You don't need to worry, Madam. The family head has endured for so long, and now that she sees you and Mr. Mamet living a happy life, the weight on her heart has been lifted. When people feel better, their illnesses can improve as well. I heard that Mr. Mamet has been searching for the miracle doctor, Saint Hand, for years. If they find Saint Hand, maybe Madam

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Mamet's illness can be cured... But I also heard that

Saint Hand disappeared years ago, and some say he's already dead... Sigh."

Xaviera's head shot up, Saint Hand?!

If it's the person she was thinking of, she might be able to help!

On the way back, Xaviera kept thinking about it. However, it had also been a long time since she last communicated with the old man. Two years ago, he sent her to Libanan, and since then, there had been no

news.

Xaviera looked down at the gun in her arms. She didn't consider herself a warm-hearted person, and she had seen her fair share of life and death over the years. Some emotional fluctuations had gradually faded. So why did she want to find the old man to save Madam

Mamet's life as soon as she met her?

Was it...because of Caleb?

She remembered the way Caleb looked when he reluctantly left, and her heart tightened. She didn't want to see this man frown for some inexplicable reason. She chalked it up to immersing herself too

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deeply into her character. In order to play a loving husband and wife, a normal wife must be worried when her husband is upset, right?

But she knew all this was a pretense, and there was no need to take it seriously or to search for the old man to treat Madam Mamet in the name of their staged relationship.

Xaviera kept finding excuses for herself but suddenly heard someone talking outside the door, seemingly discussing Yvette Flack.

"Miss Flack and Mr. Mamet were childhood friends. I

always thought Miss Flack would definitely become the mistress of our Mamet family."

"Ah, but now there's a new person on top. If it weren't

for the current Mrs. Mamet, Mr. Mamet would

definitely have been moved by Miss Flack. Which man can resist a woman who loves him so wholeheartedly?"

Hearing this, Xaviera felt inexplicably uncomfortable.

Yvette Flack's room,

Mrs. Mamet's face was gloomy. Although Yvette was

not her child, she had watched her grow up. Now,

seeing Yvette humiliated by Xaviera, how could she

bear it?

## Comment

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Yvette Flack's hand still had an IV drip connected to it as she weakly opened her eyes, "It's okay, I'm fine."

Mrs. Whitman was Mrs. Mamet's younger sister, and Yvette Flack was Mrs. Whitman's husband's niece. Yvette grew up with Caleb Mamet, as childhood friends. Both families dreamed of their children growing up and getting married together, deepening

their familial ties.

Mrs. Whitman had no children of her own, so she treated Yvette like her own daughter and spoiled her. Consequently, Mrs. Mamet also loved and cared for Yvette. Now, seeing Yvette forcing herself to comfort them, their hearts ached like they were being stabbed

with knives.

Yvette bit her lip, tears unconsciously falling: "Auntie, Mrs. Mamet, I understand my body. It has nothing to do with Miss Evans. I am just a little heartbroken for Caleb..."

145 Chapter 145: Why should we apologize?

Pausing for a moment, she gathered her courage and spoke softly, "Caleb is such an outstanding person, yet he married such a rude wife who is also very arrogant. In the future, I wonder how much trouble she will cause for Caleb. Caleb is already exhausted from work, and now he has to deal with her issues... Just thinking about it makes my heart ache ..."

Mrs. Mamet felt her pain and saw her anger rising, "You are right! How could someone like Xaviera Evans, a country bumpkin who only knows how to cause trouble, be worthy of our Caleb?"

Yvette coughed a few times, weakly saying, "Mrs. Mamet, all I hope for is Caleb's happiness. No matter how Miss Evans targets me, I will not care."

Mrs. Whitman cried out loud in distress, “My silly child! Why are you so foolish?”

Mrs. Mamet abruptly stood up from her chair,

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Mrs. Mamet abruptly stood up from her chair,

sneering, “We can’t just let it go that Xaviera bullied

you like this! I'll make her come and apologize to you now!"

As Mrs. Mamet stormed away, Yvette let out a sigh, "Auntie, you know I don't want to confront Miss Evans.

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I can't compete with her in this state."

Mrs. Whitman patted her back with sympathy, "How can you say that? You are the most deserving one in our family!"

On the other side, Mrs. Mamet directly ordered the servants to kick open Xaviera's door.

At this time, Xaviera had just finished a call with Albert, asking if he knew Old Man's whereabouts and

discussing Master Uland's silver needles. Just as she put away the silver needle, her door was suddenly kicked open, and she looked up to find Mrs. Mamet's angry gaze upon her.

"Xaviera, do you even care that you are sitting here? Yvette's heart is weak, and you almost killed her! Did you know that? Or did you deliberately provoke her, knowing how weak she was? You wicked little Bitch!"

Mrs. Mamet was truly distressed for Yvette, but more than that, she was angry at Caleb for being disobedient, which made her lose face in front of so

many people. That was why she was so furious.

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Now that Caleb had grown up and become

strong-willed, she could no longer torment him as she had done during his childhood, so she took all her rage out on Xaviera, who seemed easy to bully.

"You better go and apologize to Yvette now. Otherwise, don't blame the Mamet family for



disowning you for being unreasonable and hurting others!”

Xaviera replied calmly, “I did nothing wrong, why should I apologize?”

Mrs. Mamet yelled furiously, “You made her faint! Do you think an apology is unnecessary? Is this how the Evans family educated you?”

Xaviera slowly and leisurely explained, “Mrs. Mamet, if you haven’t gone senile, you should know that the person who made Yvette faint was Caleb, not me. If an apology is needed, Caleb should be the one to

apologize... But it seems like, with your attitude, you don’t dare to trouble Caleb, so you came to me instead, right?”

Mrs. Mamet’s expression stiffened, and she started to wail, “What kind of sin have I committed! I’ve finally

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been looking forward to Caleb getting married, but he’s married to someone like you. You don’t admit your wrongdoing and blame it all on Caleb. You’ve brought the bad habits of your countryside background to our family. How can someone like you be worthy to stay in the Mamet family? You have sullied our doorway!”

“Countryside? In our countryside, we would never make such a fuss. We would consider it embarrassing. More importantly, we know how to reason in the countryside, unlike here, where you can accuse someone of a crime with just a few words.”

Xaviera’s words were calm, light, and airy, but they made Mrs. Mamet furious. She commanded the servants, “Go, grab her. If she doesn’t want to apologize, drag her to do so!”

Xaviera stepped back to dodge the incoming servant, scoffing, “So, Mrs. Mamet, you want to use force on me now? Is this how the upper class handles things?”

“You—

!” Mrs. Mamet was seething with anger, shouting at the servants, “You useless bunch! Can’t you even handle one woman with so many of you?!”

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The servants instantly swarmed around her, grabbing Xaviera Evans’s wrists, pinching her delicate and fair wrists until they turned red.

Seeing Xaviera under control, Mrs. Mamet could not help but feel delight, “Drag her to Yvette’s room. Make her apologize!”

Despite being restrained, Xaviera maintained her upright posture and glanced indifferently at Mrs. Mamet. Unnoticed by everyone, a silver needle as thin as hair gently pierced Mrs. Mamet’s wrist.

Mrs. Mamet felt an itch on her wrist but didn’t care

much, looking smugly around the room and said, “Whoever dares to tell Caleb about what happened today, you are all doomed.”

Xaviera sneered, being pushed by the servants towards Yvette Flack’s room.

The first time using the hidden weapon given by

Master Uland was on Mrs. Mamet, which was such a

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bargain for her.

In Yvette’s room.

Mrs. Whitman sneered when she saw Xaviera, “I thought you were so stubborn, but here you are, meekly coming to apologize?”

Xaviera looked at her smilingly and nodded, “Yes, I’m here.”

How else would I drug you?

Mrs. Whitman felt something was wrong. She rubbed her wrist, feeling as if it hurt just now. She suspected

Xaviera was up to no good, but with more than a meter distance between them, she dismissed the thought as paranoia.

Yvette had heard the commotion outside and asked weakly, "Aunt, what's going on?"

Mrs. Whitman replied triumphantly, "Xaviera is here to apologize to you."

"What? Miss Evans is here? I said she didn't need to apologize, though."

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Xaviera: "..."

Caleb is not here, let's not fake innocence anymore, shall we?

Mrs. Whitman handed Xaviera over to Yvette, telling her to deal with her as she wished before leaving the room.

Yvette's demeanor changed instantly, "Miss Evans, I never thought you would actually come to apologize to me. I thought having someone backing you up means you wouldn't bow down to anyone."

Xaviera leaned back leisurely in her chair, "So, you're not playing the innocent victim anymore?"

Yvette's eyes were filled with resentment, "Look at you! No manners in sitting or standing. It's not surprising since you grew up in the countryside; you have no upbringing at all. Only an elegant young lady like myself from a prestigious family is worthy of being Caleb's wife. You, a rude woman, don't deserve to stand by his side!"

Yvette

had already investigated Xaviera and knew everything about her, “Look, you’re the young lady of the Evans family, yet they don’t recognize you, and

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they don’t care about your reputation. A woman abandoned by her own family, what right do you have to compete with me for Caleb?”

Xaviera looked at her for a while.

There’s no denying that Yvette was beautiful, but jealousy made her look completely different. What kind of charm does Caleb possess that could make these women become crazy and vicious for him...

Yvette gritted her teeth, “Xaviera, I’m talking to you. Are you deaf?!”

Xaviera spoke calmly, “Miss Flack, do you know what your actions represent?”

Yvette frowned, “What are you trying to say?”

“What you’re doing now, morally speaking, is being the mistress who interferes with someone’s marriage. I don’t know what Mrs. Mamet has told you or why she’s so bent on pushing women onto Caleb. First it was Vita Coriell, and now it’s you... I wonder if it’s because Mrs. Mamet was a mistress herself that she enjoys finding mistresses for her son?”

Yvette trembled with rage, “Xaviera! Mrs. Mamet is just

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looking out for me! Besides, even if you two get married, I have the right to pursue true love. If Caleb truly leaves you for me, it’s because I have the ability to win him over, not because you can’t keep a man!”

Xaviera laughed. She had heard these words so many

times that her ears were almost callous. It seemed that

mistresses worldwide loved to use love to justify their actions. Yet, can true love absolve everything?

“Xaviera, what do you have to compete with me? I am the sole heir of the Flack family. If Caleb marries me, he’ll effectively marry the entire Flack family. And you? Just a country bumpkin. What can Caleb get from being with you, besides being ridiculed by the outside world?”

Yvette’s words completely diminished any desire Xaviera had to continue talking with her. It was impossible to get through to someone with such warped morals.

Her fingertip moved slightly, and the silver needle in an invisible corner pierced Yvette’s body. Xaviera put the needle away, intending to leave. She came to seek revenge, and these people treated her like a

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Yvette Flack looked emotional, “Xaviera Evans, you’re not going anywhere until you give up your position as Mrs. Mamet. You can’t just leave! Do you really think you can win Caleb’s heart? Look at how long you’ve been oppressed, and now Caleb has come to look for you? He doesn’t love you at all!”

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Xaviera paused for a moment, but only for a second before continuing to walk forward.

Yvette sneered, “Xaviera, today I not only called you here to apologize, but also to kick you out of the Mamet family!”

Suddenly, there was a loud noise behind her.

She looked back instinctively and saw Yvette lying on the ground, blood streaming from her forehead, quickly soaking her clothes. Yvette looked at Xaviera with pleading eyes, “Miss Evans, can you spare me... I was wrong. I shouldn’t have fought with you over Caleb, I shouldn’t have talked back to you. If you say

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I’m his mistress, then I am. Please, can you give me a chance to live?”

Upon hearing the commotion, the servants broke into the room.

“Miss Flack, are you alright?” The frantic servants helped Yvette up. This was Mrs. Mamet’s honored guest, and if she were hurt in their home, wouldn’t they be implicated as well?

Mrs. Whitman rushed in, “Yvette, how are you?

Xaviera, you wicked girl, are you jealous of Yvette and want to ruin her? How could there be such a sinister woman in this world!”

Yvette’s face was full of blood, her lips pale to the extreme, “Auntie, I’m fine, don’t blame Miss Evans. It’s all my fault, everything is my fault...”

One of the servants, afraid that the incident might affect them, quickly yelled, “Miss Evans, Mrs. Mamet asked you to come here to apologize to Miss Flack, not to hurt her. Now that Miss Flack is injured because of **you**, just wait, Mrs. Mamet will definitely punish you!”

Xaviera looked at the wound on Yvette’s forehead, knowing that the woman had shown no mercy in

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harming herself in order to frame her.

Was it really worth torturing oneself like this for the sake of a man?

Before she could think further, Mrs. Whitman cried

out, “Capture this bitch, Xaviera, and punish her according to Mamet family law! I will avenge our Yvette!”

Xaviera saw the triumphant look in Yvette’s eyes and

furious Mrs. Whitman, and she had to admit that Yvette's performance and her unconditional supporters, who believed everything she said, were indeed annoying.

She knew that no matter whether she had hurt Yvette today or not, they would do everything to pin the crime on her, and even if she explained that it was not her doing, they wouldn't listen. They only believed what they saw.

So Xaviera simply remained silent, not wanting to waste her breath on them.

More importantly, she didn't understand why Yvette would engage in such self-harming behavior. Like Mag Evans and Yvette... they both desperately fought **for**

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the man they liked, even if it meant hurting themselves and framing others. Was this called love?

But if this behavior represents love, isn't love too terrifying?

Xaviera was taken to the dark cell by the servants; Mrs. Whitman, watching Yvette's wound with almost faint heartache, naturally didn't notice the smug smile

on Yvette's face.

In the dark cell, Xaviera looked around nonchalantly. A

small dark cell wouldn't be able to hold her. In the

pitch-black darkness, she took out her phone and quickly broke through the signal shielding around the

cell.

She hesitated whether to contact Caleb... Actually, it didn't matter if she didn't find Caleb, she could still get out on her own. She was reflecting on why she thought of Caleb when she encountered any problem. This habit was not good

.

At this thought, Xaviera exited the WhatsApp interface and clicked on Albert's icon. She dealt with some

leftover files, needing to calm her mind with work. It must be because she had been idle lately and always

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revolving around Caleb that whatever happened, she thought of him.

Word of Xaviera pushing Yvette and causing her to hit her head quickly spread throughout the Mamet family.

Steve Price's breath trembled, "Mr. Caleb Mamet, the

Mistress is locked in the dark cell! Mrs. Mamet wants

to punish her with family law!"

Caleb quickly raised his hand to pause the video conference and walked out, "Is Xaviera still in the dark

cell?"

"Yes, after receiving the news, I sent someone to take her out of the dark cell, and Mr. Caleb Mamet, you..."

"I'll go get her myself."

Caleb somehow felt that as soon as he heard Xaviera was locked in the dark cell, his heart seemed to be squeezed by a big hand, making it difficult to breathe.

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Steve Price was taken aback, "But your eyes..."

Mr. Caleb

Mamet's eyes would become blind in the dark, such a dark place as a dark cell. I...

"It's alright."



Caleb Mamet closed his eyes: “She would be scared to be there alone.”

Steve Price did not try to persuade him anymore. He believed that Mr. Mamet had already slipped in, and was now willing to go into the dark cell for his wife.

In the dark cell, Xaviera Evans was leisurely talking with Albert, while silently calculating the time of Yvette and her group’s poison onset. At that moment, a ray of light came from the entrance of the cell, accompanied by a man’s deep voice, “Xaviera.”

**It** was Caleb.

Xaviera was surprised. Was she hallucinating? Did she just hear Caleb’s voice? Wasn’t he in a meeting? The

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kind of meeting that would last for several hours.

Yet, from over there came a clear voice again: “Xaviera, are you there?”

Having seemingly received no response for a long time, the person outside lost their patience and directly pushed the door and entered. Xaviera was stunned for a moment, looking at the figure that stumbled into the dark cell, she felt a bit perplexed.

If she remembered correctly, Caleb would become blind in the dark right? Knowing his condition, why would he come in?

Not getting a response from Xaviera for a while, Caleb furrowed his brows. Could it be she’s already left? Was she taken away by Mrs. Mamet to be dealt with by the family law?

Caleb’s breathing suddenly grew ragged, “Xaviera!”

Hearing the strange tone in his voice, Xaviera stopped being stunned and immediately stood up and walked towards him, “Don’t worry, I’m here...”

Before she could finish speaking, she was suddenly embraced by him. His hot breath was on her neck, as

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Caleb inhaled her familiar scent his rapidly beating heart slowly calmed down.

Feeling his large hand tightly around her waist, Xaviera uncomfortably moved her body, but did not struggle to break free, feeling helpless she could only maintain this strange posture and ask, “Why are you here? Did you come here especially to fetch me?”

Caleb originally wanted to say “Why are you so stupid, got trapped in a dark cell by that old woman Mrs. Mamet“, but after hearing what Xaviera had to say, he wisely swallowed down his words.

At this moment, he doesn't want to say much, as long as he confirmed that she was safe, his heart would be at peace. Xaviera felt a bit embarrassed, she could sense that Caleb was actually worried about her, but entering the dark cell was part of her plan to deal with Yvette and the others... what she did not expect was

that Caleb would be this concerned about her.

Not knowing what to say for the moment, Xaviera stammered out, “Didn't you have a meeting? You didn't just leave halfway through did you? Don't worry, I'm fine. Mrs. Mamet doesn't dare to keep me here for too

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long, at most a few hours, she will definitely let me out before you return.”

Hearing her say this only made Caleb even more

angry, “What if I return very late? Xaviera, you're now my wife. If you're in danger, as your lawful husband, it's my duty to protect you.”

Xaviera opened her mouth to say that's not how it is, they were only a superficial couple, there is no need to act like a real loving couple with the one giving the other one support, this kind of situation does not need

to occur between them.

But given the circumstances were too special, Xaviera felt that if she was to voice out these thoughts, it would definitely make Caleb angry, and so, she swallowed these words

She curled her fingers, not knowing why, but upon hearing Caleb's voice and knowing he had left the meeting to find her, an emotion named happiness began to permeate deep into her heart.

Xaviera suddenly thought of Yvette's treacherous ways, "Caleb, in order to have you, Yvette wouldn't hesitate to harm herself and push me away, is that

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what love is?"

Caleb let out a light scoff, scoffing, "No."

"Then what is love?"

Caleb slowly closed his eyes, feeling the warmth from Xaviera, his chaotic emotions slowly calming down, "I don't know what love is. But Xaviera, remember, you can't obtain love by hurting yourself. If I love you, I would take better care of myself, not letting myself get hurt, because I know me being hurt will hurt you."

"At the same time, if you love me, you also need to take good care of yourself, because if you get hurt, I will hurt even more. Love acquired by attempts to harm oneself isn't love, but selfishness."

Caleb gently stroked Xaviera's hair, his voice low, "Xaviera, Yvette's actions are not because she loves me, and I certainly do not love her."

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The environment in which she grew up was different. She did not know what love was. Seeing Mag Evans distort facts for the sake of Moore Mamet, seeing Vita Coriell destroy a banquet just to frame her, and seeing Yvette Flack harm herself for the sake of Caleb Mamet,

she felt somewhat confused.

If love is obtained on the basis of hurting oneself, she would rather never have love. But Caleb Mamet told her it wasn't so, to truly love someone is to take good care of oneself.

Caleb Mamet

could not see his surroundings, he could only feel Xaviera Evans' body heat: "So in the future, you must protect yourself and not get hurt."

Xaviera subconsciously replied, "No one can hurt me, I'm super powerful."

The silent dark cell was followed by a soft laugh from Caleb Mamet, and the large hand around Xaviera Evans' waist tightened again: "Right, you are the most powerful."

After Caleb finished speaking, the large hand on her

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waist gently slid down to hold her hand: "It's late, I'll take you out."

Xaviera estimated that Yvette's poison should be kicking in soon, so she nodded and followed Caleb Mamet out. The group of people outside the dark cell was silent, not daring to stop him as Caleb himself was coming to take her.

Even though Mrs. Mamet said she wanted to keep Xaviera locked up for a day, Caleb Mamet was the head of the Mamet family. He was their real master, and between Caleb and Mrs. Mamet, they would naturally listen to Caleb.

Caleb looked down at her, "Want to go with me to find Yvette, or do you want to go back and rest first, and I'll go by myself?"

Xaviera looked up at him.

"Let's get justice for you."

Steve Price, holding a pile of documents, stood aside and spoke up after hearing Caleb's words: "Mr. Caleb Mamet, I have prepared all the evidence you

requested."

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Caleb smirked, "Then let's go."

Yvette's head was wrapped in thick bandages, with a faint glimpse of the blood inside. She had a severe wound on her forehead, hurting so much that she was in tears. Mrs. Mamet frowned at her side, "The doctor says you need to take good care of the wound on your forehead, it will get better as long as you do."

The underlying meaning was that the wound on her forehead might leave a scar! Mrs. Whitman and Yvette's faces changed the moment they heard the news, and Yvette looked at them in disbelief.

What? Disfigured? She only wanted to teach Xaviera Evans a lesson. She hadn't thought she'd end up disfigured!

Yvette was trembling with anger. Xaviera Evans, that bitch! If it wasn't for her trying to steal Caleb, she wouldn't have deliberately hurt herself! Everything was Xaviera's fault!

Mrs. Whitman wept with grief, "Xaviera Evans! Damn Xaviera Evans! She's going to drive Yvette to death! Every girl wants to be beautiful, but Xaviera, out of

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jealousy, wants to ruin her face. How could there be such a wicked woman!"

Yvette quickly composed herself. Now that she was disfigured, she must make Xaviera pay the price she deserves, or she would never be able to swallow this bitter pill!

"Aunt, I'm fine, I don't care about being disfigured. As long as I can still live, that's all that matters, really, that's all..."

Seeing Yvette be so understanding, Mrs. Mamet couldn't help comparing her with the arrogant and imperious Xaviera, which only fueled her anger: "Yvette, don't worry. I will get you a satisfactory answer, Xaviera deliberately disfigured you, I will make her pay a hundred, a thousand times over!"

Mrs. Whitman quickly wiped away her tears and tried to persuade, "Mrs. Mamet, please don't do this. With Caleb protecting Xaviera, if he knew you were

targeting Xaviera because of Yvette, he would be very angry..."

She paused and let out a sigh, "Of course, I'm not saying we're afraid of Caleb. It's just that Caleb is no

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longer the Caleb he used to be, we can't afford to offend him."

Mrs. Mamet squinted her eyes and her anger surged. Even outsiders knew that she couldn't control Caleb

Mamet now, could they? How could the competitive Mrs. Mamet accept anyone defying her authority?

Ever since Caleb married Xaviera, he had been

increasingly disrespectful towards her. They were just newlyweds now, but a little later, with Xaviera's

instigation, would there even be a place for her in the Mamet family?

She must teach Xaviera a lesson, and let her know who was in charge of the Mamet family!

With this thought, she slammed the table, "Rest assured, I will not let Xaviera off this time! Now that Yvette is awake, let's go to the dark room to discipline that bitch Xaviera with the family law!"

Yvette

couldn't help but feel triumphant, but on the surface, she gently persuaded, "Mrs. Mamet, even though Miss Evans pushed me, she surely didn't do it on purpose. Let's not resort to the family law..."

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## 150 Chapter 150: What Did She Say

Wrong?

“Don’t say that, you are kind–hearted and simple, so you can’t see Xaviera Evans’ wild and ambitious nature. You got hurt because of her, yet you’re still trying to defend her. You...”@

Upon finishing, Mrs. Mamet was about to call for a servant to help Yvette Flack get up from the bed. At this moment, the door was suddenly kicked open from the outside. Steve Price elegantly withdrew his leg and, with a faint smile, stood behind Caleb Mamet, looking at the stunned people inside the room.

Caleb Mamet stood in the doorway, his voice like a demon from hell: “Mrs. Mamet just said she wanted to use family law on someone?”

His cold and ruthless eyes, like a venomous snake,

scared Mrs. Mamet into a cold sweat.

“Ca... Caleb...”

It took Mrs. Mamet a while to react, realizing that the guilty person now was Xaviera Evans. She had nothing

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to be afraid of!

So she gritted her teeth and stared at Xaviera, who was standing behind Caleb Mamet: “Caleb, Xaviera disfigured Yvette, you can’t cover for such a vicious person any longer!”

Caleb’s gaze fell lightly on Yvette and he chuckled, “Disfigured?”

Yvette, thinking Caleb was concerned about her, had tears well up in her eyes: “Caleb, don’t blame Miss Evans, it’s my fault. I shouldn’t have resisted Miss Evans and should have just obediently let her...”

Her words were interrupted by Caleb’s cold laugh.

With just a few words, Yvette vaguely told her that it was Xaviera who had hit her for no reason. Yvette tried to resist, but Xaviera only beat her more brutally.

The art of speaking was perfectly displayed by Yvette.

Mrs.

Mamet was indignant: "Caleb, Yvette is disfigured! Why don't you comfort her?! Are you going to protect Xaviera? What kind of love potion has that temptress put on you that you're protecting her like this, disregarding your feelings for Yvette of over twenty

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years?!"

Mrs. Whitman, sobbing: "Forget it, our poor Yvette is just unlucky. Yvette has always remembered Caleb all these years, constantly holding herself to the standard of the head of the Mamet family's wife. She thought she could be with Caleb, but who would have thought that Miss Evans would get involved... Wu u wuu, it's our daughter Yvette's fault, she shouldn't have liked Caleb

and taken root in his heart."

Yvette bit her lip: "Yes, it's my fault. The matter of me adoring Caleb I should have kept hidden in my heart. I

shouldn't have confessed to Caleb in a moment of impulse, making Miss Evans think too much."

Caleb interrupted her coldly: "Making Xaviera think too much? So what did you say to her?"

Yvette paused, could it be that Caleb also thought Xaviera was not worthy of him? Was Caleb disappointed with Xaviera too?

With this thought

in mind, she sobbed softly: "Miss Evans warned me to keep my distance from you, Caleb, but we are childhood friends, and our deep friendship cannot be severed just like that. I was just

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being honest, but Miss Evans suddenly became angry. She called me shameful, saying that I, being a mistress, disregarded morality and meddled in other people's marriages. Caleb, I don't understand why Miss Evans is targeting me like this, even though I think what she said is wrong, but I am not good with words and don't know how to refute it..."

"What she said is wrong? How is it wrong?" Caleb scoffed.

Yvette's expression stiffened.

Caleb looked at her coldly: "Miss Flack said you've liked me for many years and that we are childhood friends?"

Yvette stuttered her response: "Yes...yes."

"How come I don't know about this childhood

friendship between us?" Caleb's tone was calm. "And you said you've liked me for many years, so why didn't you confess before? Why did you wait until after I got married and say it in front of my wife? Is there anything wrong with Xaviera calling you a mistress?"

Yvette stared, disbelieving.

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"Miss Flack, Xaviera and I are not childhood friends. You deliberately lied to create discord between me and my wife. I understand my wife's temperament better than anyone; if she really warned you to stay away from me, I'd be relieved, knowing that she still values me and wants to protect me."

"Unfortunately, my wife isn't like that. Unless someone oppresses her, she doesn't even know how to retort. It's her kindness that allows you to bully her repeatedly. If she really hit you today, I'd be celebrating by setting off firecrackers at the gate of the Mamet family residence."

There was a few seconds of silence in the room, as Caleb's words were truly shocking.

After an unknown amount of time, Yvette's tears and sobs broke the silence. Her tears fell like raindrops: "I— I'm sorry, Caleb, I didn't know it would have such a

big impact on you, wuu wuu wuu... I just love you too much, I can't control myself. It's my fault, I shouldn't have come here, I shouldn't have been a bother to Miss Evans... I did something wrong, I deserve to be punished by Miss Evans...

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Mrs. Whitman saw Yvette crying so miserably and couldn't help but shed tears as well.

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