

Claiming My Possessive CEO Husband by Qiaoqiao Novel

Chapter 20

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Waist

“However, the fact is that your thoughts are wrong, after all, the person standing here is me.”

Xaviera Evans raised her hand and pointed at herself: “Take a good look, this face, is y our real hostess, the one who can decide whether or not you can work here.”

The maid laughed: “Decide if we can work here? You really think highly of yourself? We’ ve been working here for two or three years, and you think you can just kick us out with a word? What a joke!”

“A joke?”

A deep and indifferent male voice sounded at the door.

Caleb Mamet didn’t expect to witness such a scene when he turned back. His cold gaze swept across everyone present.

The maids shuddered, and the one who had just spoken turned pale, her legs trembling as she stammered an explanation; “Mr., Mr. Mamet, it’s not

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what you heard... I was just angry at the moment...”

“Angry at the moment?”

Caleb

Mamet repeated the maid’s words unhurriedly: “So you can say that my wife has no righ

t to kick you out just because you were angry? You can point fingers at the hostess of this villa? Who gave you the guts? Huh?"

He had been put off by Xaviera Evans so many times, but he had never shown any anger to her and had always sulked in private. Who were these maids to talk to her so rudely just because they were angry?

The hostess he had appointed, the woman who entered the Evans family's birth certification would be bullied by the maids in his villa?

Caleb Mamet's eyes became even more deep and serene, his gaze falling on Xaviera, "You usually seem so strong against me, why are you backing down now?"

Allowing the maids to bully you and step on your head.

Xaviera: ""

Didn't Caleb Mamet just come back before she even

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had a chance to say anything!

Upon seeing Caleb's attitude, the maid immediately panicked: "Mr. Mamet, I..."

Caleb Mamet came to Xaviera's side, gently grasped her hand with his distinct jointed fingers, and said, "Take a look and see if there's anyone you like. If not, let them all go, and we'll replace them with a new batch that you personally select."

From beginning to end, he didn't even give the maids a glance, just lowering his eyes to look gently at Xaviera, as he placed their fates into her hands.

Xaviera knew Caleb Mamet was helping her establish her authority.

She had experienced such a scene before. When she first returned to the Evans family, the servants had looked down on her and made all kinds of nasty comments. How had her father and Rose Campbell dealt with it back then?

They had said that these servants had been working in the Evans family for a long time, and they should be understanding of their occasional mistakes and she should be magnanimous and not lower herself to the

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level of the servants.

Xaviera lowered her head and looked at her hand that Caleb Mamet was holding onto, the veins in his palm and fingers clearly defined, and the fingertips carrying traces of calluses, gently rubbing the back of her hand in a soothing manner.

Xaviera exhaled softly, leaning her forehead on Caleb Mamet's arm like she was tired, her voice weak: "Let's just let them all go. I don't like having so many people around me."

Caleb Mamet looked down at the woman's head and suddenly patted her on the head with his other hand, responding softly: "Okay."

After saying this, he directly called the security to escort all the maids out.

Ignoring the maids' crying and shouting, Caleb Mamet looked at Xaviera Evans, who was leaning her entire weight on him, a bit perplexed. Had the woman really been hit that hard? Why did she change so suddenly?

In reality, Xaviera just didn't know how to deal with the surging emotions in her heart.

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Caleb Mamet's unabashed support was something she hadn't expected nor experienced before.

It seemed like she had always been alone. When she was young and weak, she could only hide in a corner and cry quietly when she was bullied. After growing up, she became stronger and learned to hit back hard

at those who bullied her.

Just like those maids, she had a hundred ways to deal with them. She had even thought about what she would do if Caleb Mamet disagreed with her handling of the maids.

But she never expected him to return so suddenly and support her without any hesitation.

Her reaction was so abnormal that Caleb Mamet couldn't help holding her shoulders, concern in his voice, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

Xaviera stared at the tip of her shoes and shook her head: "No, I just suddenly realized ... it feels kind of nice to be fragile..."

At least, the feeling of being protected felt good.

Caleb Mamet: "..."

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He was somewhat speechless, but the tone of Xaviera's voice when she said those words tugged at his heartstrings. When he thought about everything that had happened to her, he instinctively embraced her: "If you want to be fragile, then be fragile. Your man is here to protect you when the sky falls."

"Mmm."

Xaviera clung to Caleb's shirt, rubbing it against his chest, allowing her emotions to surge freely in this embrace full of safety and security.

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