

## Claiming My Possessive CEO Husband by Qiaoqiao Novel

### 211 Chapter 211: Another Scheming Bitch Comes

At first glance, there seemed to be nothing wrong with the dresses, but having grown up in Lohill, she could easily see through all the curves and twists on the hem.

Zara Woods appeared to be friendly on the surface but was actually filled with hostility in her heart. High-end dresses should use exquisite materials, which are not only beautiful but also comfortable. However, the fabrics of these dresses were flashy but insubstantial, definitely uncomfortable to wear. One dress had a heavy skirt, but its waist was only made of one layer of poor-quality fabric, which could easily tear apart. Another dress, on the contrary, had multiple layers of fabric at the waist, while the skirt was as light as a gossamer, making it look extremely uncoordinated and making the wearer appear twenty pounds heavier.

As a dress designer herself, Xaviera Evans had of course heard of Zara Woods, who had won multiple awards. Her designs shouldn't be at this level.

So the reason behind this was that Zara Woods wanted her to embarrass herself at the banquet and perhaps even make Caleb Mamet loathe her.

Seeing Xaviera remain silent, Zara's face showed disappointment.

She forced a smile, "Xaviera, do you dislike these dresses?"

Perhaps others would think that Zara Woods had already gone to great lengths designing sixteen unique dresses in such a short period of time.

Even more, she personally delivered the finished dresses to Lowen Clubhouse, which could be seen as showing full sincerity.

If Xaviera didn't appreciate the effort, it would seem ungrateful.

Zara smiled awkwardly, "If you don't like them, that's fine. I can make changes or even start over. Please feel free to share your ideas and preferences with me."

She sneered in her heart, how could a bumpkin like her understand design?

Xaviera didn't utter a word.

Zara sighed, "It seems that Xaviera doesn't like my designs. Well, I'll design a few more..."

At this point, her assistant interjected, "Zara, you've been working overtime every day to create these sixteen dresses. If you have to design more, it would take its toll on your health. Even Mrs. Mamet shouldn't be so demanding."

"Xia An, don't speak out of turn. Designers work hard, and clients are our gods."

Zara Woods smiled and turned to Xaviera, "Xaviera, Xia An is blunt, don't take it to heart. If you have any ideas or requirements, please let me know, and I'll create new dresses for you as soon as possible."

Xaviera's expression was subtle, and she tugged at the corners of her mouth.

Zara Woods took out a notebook and said with a smile, "Xaviera, Caleb has asked me to put all my other work on hold to focus on making your dresses. I'm so envious of your luxurious life as a wealthy

family wife!"

Later, she and her assistant spoke in fluent English, talking like a successful businesswoman.

Zara shook her head with feigned helplessness, "My life is not the same. I'm busy designing all day and have to manage all sorts of things at the studio. Business is tough. My dream is to find a man to support me like you have with Caleb, and preferably a rich man like him."

"Xaviera, since you married Caleb, you haven't been working, right? You must have quite a relaxing life, enjoying beauty treatments, drinking coffee, and shopping. Why don't you leave me your contact information? If you ever need anything, just let me know."

Xaviera: ". "

Although others might not understand the professional terms Zara Woods used, to Xaviera, it was like showing off her skills in front of an expert.

Zara sarcastically said that Xaviera had a leisurely life after marrying Caleb—eating, drinking, and having fun every day.

But she wasn't one of those women who depended on men to live!

Steve Price, noticing the subtle tension between them, realized that Zara Woods was criticizing

Xaviera.

Sean

Price: "Miss Woods, our Mrs. is very busy, so she probably won't have time to contact you. If you have any questions, you can call me, and I'll pass on the message."

Zara's assistant, pouting, said, "What would she be busy with... playing cards, drinking coffee, or at most going shopping, unlike Zara who designs clothes every day..."

Zara hurriedly interrupted, "Xia An, stop talking. Xaviera, if you..."

"Our Mrs. is needed to judge the International Translation Competition, and she's also creating questions for the competition, and designing clothing for leaders of various nations..."

212 Chapter 212: The Prodigal Sons Go Online

Sean Price continued to add: "Mrs. Price, there's also a fashion show in Fenlon inviting you to attend, and the design draft worth one hundred million dollars from last week is still being urged. Please spare some time to work on it."

"Although you are indeed too busy and don't have enough rest every day, after all, it's the wedding dress for the richest person in Imperial City. Please do it as soon as possible."

The smile on Zara Woods's face disappeared in an instant.

Steve Price was baffled. When did his brother become so eloquent?

Since his brother had spoken up, Steve Price didn't want to be outdone: "Brother, what are you talking about? Even if Mrs. Price doesn't design, what's the big deal? So many people ask her to design dresses

every day, she can't promise all of them. Besides, with our president here, who can say anything even if Mrs. Price doesn't do anything?"

Zara Woods's mouth twitched, and she felt extremely awkward.

Did the Price brothers realize she was insinuating about Xaviera Evans?

Steve Price said with dissatisfaction: "Our Mrs. Price is from Lohill, not everyone can afford her. People who want her to design dresses for them can line up from here to Imperial City. Brother, you better stop urging Mrs. Price to work on the design draft."

Zara Woods shuddered, her face full of astonishment.

Is Xaviera Evans from Lohill?

Is she really the internationally renowned designer Lohill?

Zara Woods had always been abroad and didn't pay attention to domestic news, so she didn't know Xaviera Evans was Lohill.

She bit her lip. Lohill's identity had always been very mysterious. Whether Xaviera Evans was the real Lohill was uncertain. Maybe she just made up a lie to match Mrs. Mamet's identity.

Zara Woods pretended to be surprised: "Xaviera is Lohill? I've always admired Lohill, and I've always said that the person Caleb likes must be outstanding."

Xaviera Evans spoke indifferently: "Miss Woods is also right."

"I'm very leisurely. When I design a dress, it is worth a fortune. I have so much money that I can't spend it all, so I don't need to work so hard and design clothes every day. Money is just a number for

me."

Zara Woods almost spat out a mouthful of old blood.

Was Xaviera Evans sarcastically saying that the clothes she designed by working so hard are not as valuable as one dress designed by Xaviera?

Zara Woods' **face** turned pale, forcing a smile, "That's right, no wonder you don't like the clothes I designed. You're also a designer, so you must have higher standards. Don't worry, I'll design new

dressses soon..."

"Caleb, are you just going to watch Zara get bullied? She's been working overtime to make the sixteen dresses, and Xaviera still doesn't like them?"

At this moment, a young boy's voice came from the entrance, and when Xaviera turned around, she saw Caleb and a young boy walking slowly towards them.

The boy was dressed casually, wearing designer brands from head to toe, looking about eighteen or nineteen years old.

Xaviera knew who he was at first glance.

This was Caleb's biological younger brother, Mrs. Mamet's favorite son who she pampered from the heart, Yigol Mamet.

If it weren't for Caleb taking complete control of the Mamet family after he became an adult, the current head of the family would be Mr. Yigol Mamet.

Yigol held his head up high in arrogance, with a cigarette dangling from his mouth, looking very

outrageous.

"Is this woman even fit to be the hostess of the Mamet family? Zara, who is more gentle, is much more suitable!"

Zara Woods hurriedly spoke up: "Yigol, don't say

that!"

Then she looked at Caleb with a gentle expression, "Caleb, he's just a child and has always been willful. Please don't take it to heart."

"Is there anything wrong with what I said, Zara? You work so hard to design sixteen dresses, and she doesn't even say thank you, but gives you a hard time instead! Xaviera, why are you so petty?"

Xaviera laughed lightly.

Didn't Zara Woods design dresses for a reward? Since she took the money, wasn't this what she is supposed to do?

How could designing a few dresses make her feel wronged?

Besides, if Zara Woods sincerely designed dresses for her, she would accept them no matter how they looked. However, these dresses all had ulterior motives.

Zara Woods lowered her eyes, bowed her head in aggrivement, "Yigol, don't speak up for me. Xaviera is your sister-in-law, and you can't speak to her like that. I'll just design a few more dresses, and I don't want to affect your relationship because of me

213 Chapter 213: Inferior Quality Formal Dress

Yigol Mamet **was** furious, "Xaviera Evans is just being difficult. Your designs are very popular abroad, **so** why aren't they good enough for her? You worked overtime to get them done, but she still wants you to redo them? I'm going to teach her a lesson today!" (

Zara Woods verbally tried to stop him, but didn't actually hold him back. "Yigol... Caleb, this...

"Miss Woods, Mr. Mamet."

Xaviera suddenly spoke up, "When did I say she should redo them?"

Yigol scoffed, "You didn't? Then why not accept them? The dresses Zara designed are expensive, if you refuse them you're ignorant!"

Xaviera let out a snort of laughter.

She raised her eyes to Zara, then asked, "Caleb, how much did these dresses cost?"

Zara's face suddenly changed.

Caleb answered nonchalantly, "Over eight million dollars."

Xaviera mused, "One dress costs over 500,000 dollars, which is the price of high-end custom-made dresses. Both the material and craftsmanship must be top-notch, but..."

She paused and then continued, "These materials are of poor quality. I wouldn't even want them if they were fifty dollars!"

Yigol was enraged, "Xaviera, are you saying Zara's dresses are worthless? Her studio only uses high-quality materials, and you're accusing her of using inferior ones?"

"Many prestigious young ladies have requested her designs, and even delicate misses haven't complained about the materials. What kind of person are you to be so picky?"

Zara's eyes filled with tears, her lips tightly pursed, "Xaviera, our studio only uses expensive materials, and we absolutely wouldn't use inferior ones."

"You don't have to like me, but you can't slander my work!"

Xaviera raised an eyebrow, "Miss Woods' designs indeed used high-quality materials on their surface, and I can see that a lot of effort was put into the craftsmanship, making the entire dress appear very luxurious."

Yigol scolded loudly, "You admit that the dress is very good, but still find faults? You're just jealous of Zara! You should move out of Lowen Cluhouse right now, I would never agree to have you as my sister-in-law!"

Caleb swept his eyes across the room and said, "You're not my brother, so of course she's not your sister-in-law."

Yigol awkwardly glanced at Caleb, his face red with embarrassment.

Zara complained, "Xaviera, I don't know what I did to offend you. Since our first meeting you've been targeting me. I won't blame **you**, just apologize, and let's not let our conflict affect the brothers' relationship."

“Did you give me a chance to explain? Besides, Mr. Mamet just assumed I was trying to make things difficult for you. I’m Caleb’s wife, and you haven’t given me the basic respect I deserve!”

Xaviera spoke coldly, “Even if the dresses don’t show any problems on the surface, there are issues on the inside. High-end custom-made dresses are not only beautiful but also comfortable, hence the need for high-quality materials.”

“A 500,000-dollar dress should definitely achieve this, yet Miss Woods used the roughest materials on the inside of the dress. Furthermore, the waist area is not only rough but also extremely fragile.” Xaviera lifted the dress revealing the coarse fabric inside, with loose threads escaping and a part already torn.

Zara’s face turned pale, and she quickly bowed her head.

Xaviera looked at her coldly, “Miss Woods designs for wealthy families’ daughters and wives, their skin is delicate and sensitive, requiring fine materials. They wouldn’t wear rough fabrics, which would wear down the skin.”

“Since Caleb has already paid for these dresses, you don’t need to redo them, but I won’t wear such shoddy work. After all, if this gets out, it’s not my reputation that will be tarnished.”

Yigol felt the rough fabric, his face filled with disbelief. “Zara, what happened? The dress you made for my mother used giant silkworm silk!”

Zara’s mind went blank, at a loss for an explanation.

Her face pale, lips trembling, she stuttered, “I... I didn’t.”

Caleb coldly glanced at Zara, causing her to shiver.

214 Chapter 214: Yvonne the Designer

Zara Woods hadn’t given much thought to the dress, just wanting to embarrass Xaviera Evans in public. She hadn’t expected Xaviera to spot the dress’s problem right away. D



Now that the issue had been exposed, 'she absolutely could not admit to it! Otherwise, it would affect her own studio.

"Caleb... I didn't know. I used top-quality fabric, and I don't know how the lining turned into coarse cloth. I..."

Xaviera said with a meaningful smile, "I heard Miss Woods is a famous designer, even well-known abroad. Surely you can tell the difference between silk and coarse cloth? If this level of skill can become a designer, it's really laughable!"

Yigol Mamet was momentarily at a loss for words and didn't know how to defend Zara Woods.

Caleb cleared his throat: "Throw them all away."

The butler immediately sent people to take the dresses out.

Zara had tears in her eyes, "Caleb, I've been working overtime these days to design the dresses.

I entrusted some parts to others. They must have changed the fabric to save money

without my

knowledge. It's not my...'

||

Caleb still wore a cold expression. Zara was so anxious she started stamping her feet. "Caleb, we've been friends since we were children. You should know what kind of person I am. Why would I harm

someone?"

"Miss Woods, have you ever thought about the consequences if I'd really worn these dresses?"

Xaviera spoke coldly.

This was definitely more than just a fabric swap issue. It was the design drafts that were

ill-intentioned from the beginning.

And Zara personally delivering the dresses was her way of showing everyone how kind and generous she was, making it impossible for her to commit such an act.

Yigol

lifted his eyes to look at Xaviera and still felt like he had to help Zara. So he yelled, "Xaviera, what's your point? It's just a few dresses, right? It's not Zara's fault!"

With tears filling her eyes, Zara choked up, "Caleb, I really wanted to finish the dresses as soon as possible, so I asked other people for help. I didn't expect this."

At this moment, the sound of car engines could be heard outside.

The butler rushed in, "Madam, someone is looking for you outside."

Xaviera nodded, "Let them in."

Before long, an elegantly dressed woman entered, followed by a group of staff members. Holding a sparkling golden box, she asked respectfully, "Which one of you is Miss Evans? These are the jewels designed by Mrs. Yvonne for you. There are twelve sets. I hope you'll like them."

After she spoke, the staff opened the box, and everyone's eyes lit **up**.

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These jewels were so dazzling that they made Zara's dresses seem dull in comparison.\*

Zara's **face** turned red with embarrassment as if she had just been hit in the head.

Yvonne was a famous jewelry designer both domestically and internationally. Her works were considered artistic treasures and were recognized by everyone. It was an honor to own jewelry designed by Yvonne.

No one had expected Yvonne to gift Xaviera twelve sets of jewelry at once!

With a puzzled look on his **face**, Yigol asked, “Zara, isn’t Xaviera really poor? Caleb had to help her buy clothes. Why would Yvonne design jewelry for her?”

Zara’s **face** was gloomy, full of embarrassment.

Her nails dug deep into her palm, “My designed dresses... indeed can’t match Yvonne’s jewelry design. I’ll go back and redesign them. I... must go now.”

With tears in her eyes and her face covered, Zara spoke softly, “Caleb, I know you may still be angry at but we haven’t seen each other for such a long time. Can’t you forgive me? I can come back to the me, we country for you...”

“I must have been overly sentiment\*I...”

Zara gave a bitter smile.

Caleb glanced at her indifferently.

Just when Zara thought that he was touched and was about to take a step furt her-

“I didn’t ask you to come back.”

Caleb said coldly, “Jayden Woods gave the entire Woods family to me in orde r to help you establish yourself abroad. You’ve been living such a happy life o verseas all because your brother traded his entire fortune for it. So, you shoul dn’t have come back.”

Zara’s face instantly turned ashen.

“Butler, see the guests out.” Caleb said coldly.

Yigol immediately voiced his disapproval, “Zara just came back, and you’re driving her away already?”

215 Chapter 215: Brothers Born of the Same Mother, But Dissimilar

“Yigol, stop talking, I shouldn’t have come back to the country... Now that Cal eb is married, I indeed shouldn’t come looking for him.” Zara Woods lets out a

tear and leaves, filled with shame and anger. Yigol Mamet watches Zara's retreating figure and hurriedly chases after her.

"Zara! Zara!"

Zara is crying inconsolably, and Yigol can't help but feel heartbroken. "Zara, don't cry anymore. It's been so long since things happened; I guess my brother has already forgotten about it. Besides, he's

married now."

Zara's eyes are filled with tears, "I know Caleb, he doesn't truly love Xaviera, he just casually found a woman to marry. If he met his true love, I wouldn't disturb him."

Yigol tries to persuade her earnestly, "I think Caleb cares a lot about that woman, and it wasn't good for you to come looking for him after you left him on purpose."

life Zara wears a pained expression, "Yigol, you don't understand... I love him, and without him, my life has no meaning. I've always maintained the identity of a friend, but he's still angry with me. I really don't know what to do for him to forgive me."

Yigol's face is full of helplessness, his voice hoarse, "Zara, do you love Caleb? Did you not come back to the country to see him?"

Zara looks puzzled, not understanding Yigol's meaning.

Yigol is shocked, "Although I don't like Xaviera Evans and even told her to get out of Lowen Clubhouse, she is my brother's wife after all. I don't have the qualification or authority to make her leave, and you have even less reason. Zara, get it straight!"

Zara's expression darkens, and she can't argue. All she can do is silently shed tears.

"Yigol, I have no ulterior motives. If Caleb truly likes Xaviera, I will bless them, but their marriage is just a formality. Sooner or later, they'll end it. Instead of waiting for them to hit rock bottom, I'm just doing what's best for Caleb!"

"I won't be a mistress. I just genuinely hope Caleb can be happy."

Yigol finally lets out a sigh of relief, “Zara, as long as you understand.”

Mrs. Mamet came to power as a mistress, and both Yigol and Caleb were born out of wedlock. They had been ridiculed and looked down upon from a young age.

That’s why he hated women who became mistresses and destroyed others’ relationships the most. He indeed despises Xaviera, thinking that she is not qualified to be the hostess of the Mamet family. However, Xaviera and Caleb are legally married, and she is legitimately Caleb’s wife.

Zara wipes her tears, “Yigol, I just want him to be happy. If Xaviera is the right person for him, I will bless them. Xaviera is your sister-in-law, so you should still show her some respect in the future.” Yigol nods. Zara is still so kind, even asking him to respect Xaviera, so she would never become a

mistress.

Zara’s eyes slightly lower, a glint of determination flashing through them. She must get Caleb back!

**In** the hall.

Xaviera casually asks, “Is that kid your brother?”

Caleb takes a sip of coffee, “Yeah.”

“You two don’t look much like brothers. Yigol looks quite like Mrs. Mamet, but you don’t resemble

anyone.”

Xaviera stands up and looks at Caleb, “You don’t look like anyone in the Mamet family. You’re quite

unique.”

Caleb tugs at the corner of his mouth but remains silent.

Xaviera approaches him, smiles slightly, “Could it be that you’re not a child of the

Mamet family? Otherwise, why do they treat you poorly while treating Yigol so

well? You're both born from the same mother, so they can't be that partial, can they?"

"Moreover, Yigol looks like a playboy, a foolish son of a rich family. If both of you were born from the same mother, how come your characters and intelligence differ so much?"

Yigol can't even see through Zara's intentions. His IQ is really touching.

Caleb leans lazily on the sofa, "Are you done talking?"

Xaviera pouts, "I just don't understand. You and Yigol are both Mrs. Mamet's children, why does she favor that foolish son so much?"

"Outsiders think that you represent the unbearable past of Mrs. Mamet, the evidence of her being a mistress, while Yigol, on the other hand, is the child she had within her marriage. You two have different meanings to her."

As Steve Price waves his hand trying to interrupt, Xaviera ignores him and continues, "But it's abnormal for Mrs. Mamet to abuse you. Perhaps you're really not her child."

## 216 Chapter 216: Caleb Mamet's Background

The hall was so quiet that it was terrifying.

Steve Price's heart was pounding. Someone had asked the president before, but that person was left out in the cold afterwards.

He never expected that his wife would be so direct and straightforward in her questions!

Caleb Mamet sneered and slowly lifted his eyes, looking at her.

"What do you think?"

Xaviera Evans was speechless. This bastard was avoiding her question.

She couldn't help but recall their past. At that time, he was Mortimer, and she was Black Tide. Before they met, she sorrowfully confided in him that her stepmother had bullied her, driven her out of the house, and left her homeless.

Mortimer replied: I am the same as you.

Xaviera: Not only am I homeless, but my mother is also dead.

Mortimer: I am the same.

Xaviera was not sure whether Mortimer meant he was homeless, his mother was also deceased, or

both?

When Xaviera was homeless and couldn't even afford a meal, it was Mortimer who helped her, sending her money and arranging a place for her to stay.

Throughout the years, they had supported each other, and she was extremely grateful to Mortimer. Now that she knew Caleb was Mortimer, her feelings towards him hadn't changed.

Since young, Caleb had been regarded as an illegitimate child by everyone, despised and cursed by countless people. But she didn't think Caleb was one.

Their eyes met, both silent.

Steve Price stood aside, anxious and rolling his eyes, unable to help but speak, "Madam, President ..." Before he could finish, the cup in Caleb's hand suddenly fell to the floor. A painful memory surged in his mind, and a fierce pain attacked him.

Steve Price startled and rushed over, "President, president? Brother! Help the president upstairs quickly!"

Xaviera hurried over but was blocked by Sean Price, "Madam, are you so curious if the president is Mrs. Mamet's own child?"

Next, Sean Price's face became serious, and he slowly spoke, "Is there any significance if the president is or isn't Mrs. Mamet's own child?"

Xaviera asked puzzledly, "Why is there no significance? If Caleb isn't Mrs. Mamet's own child, he's not illegitimate. Mrs. Mamet..."

"If the president isn't Mrs. Mamet's child, whose child could he be?"

Sean Price helplessly said, “Madam, you are very smart, and you should know how difficult it is for the president to prove all this, and how many people’s interests he will offend.”

Xaviera furrowed her **brows**.

Actually, she had long thought that Caleb was not Mrs. Mamet’s own child, and he might be Winni Drew’s child

If Caleb was not a Mamet family child, Mrs. Mamet only needed to announce his true identity to kick him out. But Mrs. Mamet was so afraid of Caleb, which indicated that it **was** very likely that Caleb was the child of Winni Drew and Mr. Mamet.

But **why** didn’t Caleb look for the Drew family? If the Drew family knew...

“I know you want to ask, why doesn’t the president look for the Drew family? Of course, he tried when he was young

Sean Price

narrated. “The president wanted to save himself and took the paternity test result of himself and Mrs. Mamet to the Drew family. But at that time, the Drew family patriarch was critically ill, Miss Drew had passed away, and who in the Drew family would care about him?”

‘Later, they adopted Boyd Drew.’”

Boyd Drew? The heir of the Drew family, rumored to be Winni Drew’s child.

Xaviera’s nose tingled. “Why didn’t the Drew family do a paternity test? Boyd Drew is not a member of the Drew family, they...”

Sean Price helplessly replied, “The Drew family has checked, they are clear about who the president’s parents are, but the feud between the two families started the moment Miss Drew died. It won’t change because of one member of the Mamet family, and it won’t affect the Drew family’s reputation

because of the president.”

Xaviera gasped.

She finally understood.



Although the Drew family now knew Caleb's identity, he appeared in public as Mrs. Mamet's child and had been in the Mamet family for so long.

If they were to tell everyone now that Caleb was Winni Drew's biological son, it would be earth-shattering

First of all, people would doubt how Winni Drew's child ended up in the hands of a mistress. Was the Drew family **too** incompetent?

A wealthy family like the Drew family would never allow such negative news. So they would rather not acknowledge Caleb and completely sever their relationship with him.

## 217 Chapter 217: Detoxification Using Blood

Even though everyone knew the truth, they all chose to remain silent, leaving Caleb Mamet to bear the disgrace of being an illegitimate son.

The Drew family should have saved Caleb from the fire, but they became the ones pushing him into it.

Sean Price sighed, "Madam, now the President no longer hopes to clear his name, he just wants to know who killed Miss Drew."

To Caleb, both the Drew and Mamet families were the same; they would do whatever it takes for their

own interests.

Xaviera Evans sniffled, "I understand."

In the bedroom.

Steve Price's face was full of anxiety, "President, does your head still hurt?"

Caleb Mamet remained silent, eyebrows furrowed.

Xaviera cautiously entered and saw him tightly closing his eyes, looking very painful.

Steve Price whispered, "Madam, do you know everything now?"

Xaviera saw Caleb's forehead seeping with delicate beads of sweat and his tightly clenched fist, and suddenly realized, "Is he having a toxin attack?"

Steve Price nodded, "Yeah, all he can do during a toxin attack is to endure. He'll be fine once he gets through it, but we can only watch him suffer with no way to help."

Xaviera bent down and gently stroked his cheek, feeling his pain and uneasiness.

"Was it Mrs. Mamet who poisoned him?"

"Only she would do such a cruel thing. When the President was young, he was always locked up in a small dark room by that poisonous woman, and she also poisoned him to make him die from the attack, so her own son could inherit the family business. Fortunately, the President clenched his teeth and got through it, or any other person would have..."

Steve Price said through gritted teeth.

Xaviera's heart trembled, feeling both angry and heartache.

Caleb was Winni Drew's child, yet the Drew family did nothing to protect him from the abuses of a mistress?

Steve Price frowned, "Back then when Sir Drew was gravely ill, and the Drew family had no leader, no one stood up for the President. Later, the head of the Drew family became Miss Drew's father, but he didn't like his daughter, so of course he didn't care about the President's life."

"The Drew family **is** even more complicated than we thought, and it's possible they caused **Miss** Drew's death as well!"

Xaviera's pupils shrank suddenly.

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Could the Drew family really be the masterminds behind all these tragedies?

If so, they were even more frightening than the Mamet family!

Xaviera sat quietly by the bed. After Steve Price left, she began flipping through her grandfather's journal.

The journal was quite old but well preserved. Xaviera was always careful when reading it.

It mentioned that over forty years ago, Sir Drew had asked him to treat seven-year-old Winni Drew. Winni Drew's condition was similar to Caleb's. Her grandfather wrote in his journal, "It's too late. Maybe a year earlier, there would have been hope, but now there's no cure."

Xaviera was taken aback.

She originally thought Winni Drew was poisoned after marrying into the Mament family, but it turned out she was poisoned as a child, almost at the same time as Caleb.

Was there a special reason for the poisoning during their childhood?

Xaviera reached out to wipe the sweat off Caleb's forehead and sighed softly.

If the poison in Caleb's body really couldn't be removed, she still had a last resort.

As the descendant of the miracle doctor Saint Hand, she had a unique ability—her blood could detoxify any poison.

Of course, this kind of thing couldn't be made public, or she would become the target of everyone's pursuit.

However...

Xaviera closed the journal, took out a sharp small knife, quickly cut her skin, and poured the fresh blood into his mouth.

After drinking the blood, Caleb's face eased up a lot. Xaviera breathed a sigh of relief, but somehow fell into a deep sleep.

At that moment, a breeze blew past, and the last page of the journal was flipped open: "The blood remedy may produce incalculable side effects."

The next morning.

Xaviera opened her sleepy eyes, feeling exhausted, and found herself lying on the bed.

Where is this? Right, this was Caleb's bedroom.

Last night, she fed Caleb her blood and maybe felt a little weak afterward, so she passed out here.

But she remembered she was sleeping on the couch, so how did she end up on the bed when she woke up?

218 Chapter 218: The sudden ment\*I induction

Xaviera **Evans** got up in a daze and saw **Caleb** Mamet sitting at the dining table eating his breakfast as soon **as** she descended the stairs.

He seemed refreshed, which annoyed her because she had sacrificed her **sleep** to save him last night. Without acknowledging her efforts, he had started eating his breakfast. He was a true jerk!

After she finished cursing him in her mind, Caleb suddenly turned to look at her.

Xaviera felt as **if** she had been struck by lightning.

It scared the hell out of me! She had just finished cursing him in her mind, and then he suddenly

looked at her.

That was horrifying!

Caleb raised his eyebrows.

When Xaviera came down, he clearly heard, 'He looked very energetic, and it was all because of her. She worked tirelessly to save him last night. He didn't say a word of thanks and had started eating his breakfast. He truly was a jerk!'

There was a bit of confusion in Caleb's eyes as he looked at Xaviera again.

At that moment, Xaviera was smiling at him with a face full of flattery, her cheeks trembling with an enchanting laugh.

Caleb smiled ambiguously. He thought that she was trying to help him recover his sense of taste and wouldn't have cursed him so early in the morning.

Then, he heard another sentence.

—  
'Caleb looks so weird. Is it because I'm looking drained! It's all because of your behavior, jerk. I'm almost exhausted!'

It was Xaviera's voice.

Caleb put down his cutlery, a flash of doubt in his eyes, "Steve Price, did you hear Mrs. Mamet speaking?"

Steve Price quickly shook his head, "I didn't hear anything! You must be hearing things. Your eyes haven't even recovered and now you're saying your ears are playing tricks on you? My poor boss..."

"Shut up!"

Caleb spoke coldly, then turned to Xaviera, "Mrs. Mamet looks unwell."

Xaviera couldn't help but laugh.

-  
'Is the jerk displeased with me? I didn't even get to sleep well because I was busy trying to detoxify him. My whole body aches and he doesn't even care!'

- 'It **wasn't** easy saving you. Today, I deserve a break and a great meal!'

This time, Caleb was sure that he could hear Xaviera's **inner** thoughts.

Unbelievable... Mrs. Mamet's **inner** thoughts were as fascinating as she was.

Did she want a great meal?

Caleb said leisurely, “Steve Price, get Mrs. Mamet’s personal chef.”

After the personal chef arrived and learned that Mrs. Mamet was injured last night, he cooked some mild and nourishing dishes. He kindly suggested, “Mrs. Mamet’s body is weak and her inflammation is high. It’s better to eat less spicy and fatty food and to stick to a light diet.”

Xaviera felt less excited as soon as she heard this.

Before she went to bed last night, she was thinking that as soon as Caleb woke up, she would tell him how she saved his life last night. She hoped he would be grateful and would give her a few kisses, at least. He would then take her out for barbeque!

However, not only was she unable to kiss him, she could no longer have barbeque and had to stick to a light diet. Xaviera was cursing internally.

—

‘I want to eat barbeque! This jerk is too annoying! Not only won’t he take me for barbeque, he

won’t even kiss me!’

—“Caleb! Damn you! I want barbeque!”

Caleb got up briskly, wrapped his arms around her waist and leaned in close, his hot breath spraying onto her face, “Want to go out and eat?”

Xaviera nodded furiously, her mouth watering, “Yes, I want to eat...’

“1

The man curled his lips into a smile, tenderly pressing his forehead against hers, but he didn’t kiss her, “Barbeque is not allowed, Mrs. Mamet. Your body is weak and can’t endure oily food.”

Xaviera was gazing at his lips, gleaming in her eyes. She smiled mischievously, “If we can’t eat, we can’t eat. Whatever Caleb says, I’ll listen. I want a kiss~”

With a subtle smile, Caleb leaned down and kissed her.

While he was kissing Xaviera, she snuggled up in his arms, being particularly obedient.

However, her mind was still racing.

—

‘I want to eat barbeque! Caleb, you jerk! I yearn for barbeque! Extra spicy! Bo o hoo! I’ve forgotten what barbeque tastes like! Jerk! Do you think a kiss can make me forget about it?’

Caleb looked into her eyes with deep emotions, his voice hoarse, “Are you upset because I won’t let Mrs. Mamet **eat** barbeque?”

Xaviera quickly squeezed out a smile, her whole face looking sycophantic, “How could I be? I love Caleb the most. I’ll listen to you.”

Then Caleb heard another wild burst of inner monologue

219 Chapter 219: The Plague Looks Over Mr. Yigol Mamet

“I’m not happy! Traitor! It doesn’t matter if I curse you **in** my heart, you can’t hear it anyway! I’ll curse you out no matter what!”

Caleb **Mamet** laughed, his eyes full of mirth as he calmly said, “Did Mrs. Mamet save me with her

blood?”

The smile on Xaviera’s face froze.

Actually, a little blood loss was not a big deal. If it could help Caleb alleviate his toxicity, it would be

worth it.

Moreover, when he was Mortimer, he took good care of her, so no matter what, she would save Caleb.

‘It’s just a bit of blood, it’s not a big deal. Anyway, it can regenerate!’

‘I better not tell Caleb the truth. Otherwise, he would definitely hesitate to make me bleed when his toxins act up. Better not to say anything!’

Xaviera cleared her throat, 'Caleb, you're overthinking. I'm such a delicate woman, how could I bleed to save you?'

'I just accidentally cut myself, and my blood certainly cannot detoxify! It's absolutely impossible!'

Caleb's eyes were warm, a surge of warmth rushed into his heart.

The man violently pulled her into his arms, his heart beating incessantly.

She didn't want to speak the truth, only to save him from remorse and worry.

At this moment, even if Xaviera wanted his life, Caleb would probably agree without hesitation.

Caleb nodded, "Hmm."

Xaviera hesitated for a moment, wanting to ask Caleb how he would deal with the Drew family's affairs, but in the end, she couldn't bring herself to ask.

Caleb was the legitimate son of the Mamet family, the legitimate wife's son, yet he had always been regarded as an illegitimate child, despised by everyone.

Even Boyd Drew, the adopted child, was able to live peacefully, but Caleb had to endure inhuman

abuse.

He was the most innocent person, yet he bore the malice of both families.

At this moment, Xaviera felt that compared to Caleb, what she had experienced was not worth mentioning.

Suddenly she remembered, it seems like she hadn't seen Mag Evans for a while?

In the afternoon, Xaviera received a call from Albert, "Xaviera, hurry over to Fragrant House, I want to introduce **you** to Master Uland!"

Xaviera immediately got ready to leave, heading straight to the Fragrant House Hotel as Albert



instructed.

Who knew that before she entered, she would run into a jinx – Mr. Yigol Mamet.

In Xaviera's eyes, Yigol was a stupid son of a rich landlord, deceived by the scheming Zara Woods and still unaware of it, a complete playboy.

Besides, Yigol was the biological son of Mrs. Mamet, so she disliked Yigol even more.

But after all, she was here to meet Albert, so she had no time to bother with Yigol.

But just as she was about to leave, Yigol rushed over.

Xaviera: "...” What does this kid want to do?

Yigol was flaunting his arrogance, dressed in lavish name brands, the image of a nouveau riche.

Xaviera twitched the corners of her mouth. Everyone in the Fragrant House were people of prestige. It's important to maintain image so she moved past Yigol and continued walking forward.

But this kid was like a sticky plaster, always getting in her way.

Xaviera raised her eyebrows, "Mr. Mamet?"

Yigol was still arrogant, "Xaviera."

Everyone around recognized Yigol. He was the second son of the Mamet family, the playboy of

Libanan!

Those who offended Yigol died miserably.

Xaviera wasn't scared of him. If it came to a fight, she couldn't beat a man. But this was Albert's territory, even Yigol wouldn't be able to walk out unscathed.

Thinking about this, Xaviera was ready to take on anything. She flexed her fists, “What is it?”

Yigol

glanced at her, took out a bank card, and said dismissively: “Xaviera, here’s 200 million dollars, take the money and get out of the Mamet family right now!”

Xaviera: “..”

Isn’t this the plot from a novel?

The male lead’s mother asked the female lead to meet, then asked the female lead to leave the male lead?

Yigol snorted: “Xaviera, you might be different, but you’re not suited for Caleb, nor are you worthy to be the Mamet family’s hostess. I advise you to do the smart thing, take the money and leave!”

Xaviera: “Erm...”

Yigol: “Aren’t you just here for the money? Now I’ve given it to you.”

Xaviera laughed awkwardly: “Mr. Mamet, your brain...”

Yigol didn’t listen to her and continued: “Do you think 200 million dollars is not enough? You’re not likely to look at this little money since you could marry Caleb. I can add more, as long as you agree to leave with the money, everything is negotiable.”

220 Chapter 220: Can I Beat Him?

Xaviera had lost too much blood yesterday and hadn’t slept well, so she suddenly felt a bit dizzy and nauseous, involuntarily covering her mouth.

Yigol Mamet was shocked: “Are you trying to deceive me? You’re so calculating!”

“Wait! Are you pregnant? Wanting to secure a position through your child? Trying to tie down Caleb’s heart?”

Xaviera: “..”

Position through the child? Bind Caleb’s heart? Mr. Yigol Mamet’s train of thought is too bizarre!

Seeing Xaviera didn't take out her bank card, Yigol sighed with relief.

Caleb's woman is still bearable, not being tempted by money, much better than he initially thought.

But Xaviera was cursing in her heart: Has Yigol gone mad? Seek treatment if you're sick!

Just as Xaviera was about to leave, she suddenly noticed that the clothes on Yigol looked familiar.

She had designed the clothes in her identity as Lohill, and it was one of the few men's clothes.

Mr. Yigol Mamet said awkwardly, "Don't get the wrong idea. I just want to try out the clothes you designed and see how good they are since you represent the entire Mamet family."

After saying this, Yigol's face turned slightly red.

Xaviera suddenly remembered that day at Lowen Clubhouse when Steve Price brothers told her she is Lohill and then Mr. Yigol Mamet secretly bought her clothes.

Actually... the playboy Mr. Yigol Mamet was quite adorable in his own way.

Yigol pouted, "Just because I bought your clothes doesn't mean I approve of you. I just want to see your capabilities and whether you're as talented as everyone says! Are you not willing?"

"No..." Xaviera quickly denied.

At this moment, a gentle voice came from behind, "Xaviera, long time no see."

Xaviera shivered, and the person who had arrived was Moore Mamet.

Moore looked at Yigol with unfriendly eyes and snorted, "Who is this kid? Looks like a fool from a wealthy family!"

Yigol: "..."

Xaviera: “..”

What? How could Moore, who is also from the Mamet family, not recognize the beloved Yigol?

Moore stood **next** to Mag Evans, a talented woman and a playboy, a perfect match in appearance.

Moore's mother stood beside him, her **eyes** filled with bitterness, staring at Xaviera.

Mag glanced at Yigol and Xaviera, a meaningful smile on her lips, “Sister, what a coincidence! I didn't expect to **see** you here. Today is my engagement to Moore. Our families are here to settle the wedding date.”

Xaviera looked up **at** her.

She was clinging tightly to Moore, as if she had no bones.

Xaviera was indifferent and casually said, “Congratulations! May you be of one heart and bear a son

early.”

Mag showed a wronged expression, “Sister, are you still not willing to forgive me? You should be the one who hates me, but Moore loves me. Feelings can't be forced; I hope you can let go of them and

start anew!”

Xaviera was speechless; when did she have feelings for Moore?

She was just congratulating this dog couple on their engagement and hoped they would lock each other down and never harm anyone again.

Moore pressed his lips together, “Xaviera, though we were never together, I still consider you my sister. Don't find men casually outside; you'll regret it.”

Xaviera really didn't want to bother with these two, but they kept approaching her.

“You two, don't talk nonsense. I have nothing to do with either of you. Besides, which eye of yours saw me randomly picking up men?”

Moore glanced at Yigol beside her, saying everything without words.

Moore's mother was not easy to deal with, speaking sarcastically: "You still have the nerve to say that! Once Moore gave up on you, you came here to eat with another man! How shameless!"

She turned to look at Yigol: "Pretty boy, are you Xaviera's lover? You don't mind picking up my son's leftovers?"

Moore frowned, "Xaviera, don't be foolish. Don't find a random man just to spite me."

Yigol looked puzzled, rubbing his hands together and asking, "Xaviera, who is this moron? Can I hit

him?"

Xaviera leisurely said, "Up to you."