

Claiming My Possessive CEO Husband by Qiaoqiao

Novel Chapter 31

31 Chapter 31: I Don't Have This Sinful Disciple

Xaviera Evans

glanced at Gaby Rome's expression and knew that his train of thought had gone astray again.

She retracted her leg, stepped forward slowly, and stared into Mag Evans' eyes, "And where did you get the wrong idea that I would plead for someone who intends to harm me? Most importantly, wasn't it you who bewitched Jessi Whitman to attack me? If anyone

needs to apologize, it's you to me."

Xaviera raised Mag's chin with one hand, carefully appreciating every subtle change in her expression.

"You were insinuating to Jessi that I had plastic surgery. But don't you know if I really did or not? We just met a few days ago at the music store."

No plastic surgery clinic could restore someone's appearance in just two or three days.

Gaby blinked, plastic surgery?

Did his brother Evans even need plastic surgery with that face?

1/6

Upon noticing people's gazes, Mag almost couldn't stand still. Why had it turned out this way? It was supposed to be Xaviera who ended up in disgrace, but why had it backfired on her?

Mag bit her lip, her pale face filled with grievance, "I'm sorry, sister. I was just too shocked by your change, really. I had no other intentions, and I certainly didn't intentionally imply that you had plastic surgery..."

At this moment, Moore Mamet hurried over. He immediately opened Xaviera's hand and protected Mag firmly behind him, "Xaviera! Are you bullying Mag again? Why are you so vicious?"

Gaby couldn't stand it anymore. He stepped forward to confront Moore, "Moore Mamet, are you a moron? You claim Xaviera is wrong without knowing the situation?"

"Gaby? Why are you here?"

"Nonsense, if I wasn't here, Xaviera would have been bullied to death by you."

Gaby responded irritably, "And don't call me Gaby; we're not familiar!"

One after another, it wasn't for the sake of Caleb Mamet's face (relationship) that he was willing to deal with this brainless and stupid man like Moore Mamet.

"Gaby, do you know Xaviera? Let me tell you, this woman is full of cunning tricks; don't be deceived by her." Moore saw Gaby protecting Xaviera, and he earnestly persuaded him.

Gaby rolled up his sleeves, "Are you deaf? Didn't I just tell you not to call me Gaby? And what do you mean 'full of cunning tricks'? Your whole family is full of cunning tricks!"

"Gaby Rome." Xaviera called out to him indifferently.

"Uh..."

Gaby silently lowered his sleeve and stepped back behind Xaviera.

Okay, brother Evans did tell him not to fight earlier.

Moore Mamet looked doubtful. Gaby Rome had a special status and swaggered around school, lawless, proud, and dismissive of everyone. Moore was only able to be closer to him because of his uncle Caleb

12-1

3/6

Mamet's relationship, but what was going on with
Xaviera?

How could she suppress Gaby with just one sentence?

Xaviera's eyes were faint, "Mr. Mamet, casually insulting someone might get you a lawyer's letter."

That one sentence instantly made Moore remember
the scene in the music store.

His face stiffened for a moment.

Mag's face also looked unwell, as she tugged on Moore's clothes, "Moore, my sister is also participating in the Clothing Design Competition. Can you go and check if she has signed up? It's her first time

participating
in this kind of competition, and I'm afraid she might make a mistake..."

"Ha, her? Participating in the Clothing Design Competition?"

Moore laughed, turned around, and affectionately pinched Mag's nose, "I just received news that Miss Lohill will be attending as a judge for this competition. How about that? As the only disciple of Miss Lohill, you must be excited to finally meet her, right?"

4/6

He had come here to tell Mag this news, **not** expecting to see Xaviera holding Mag's chin as soon as he walked

1. in.

"Really? Will Miss Lohill really come?!" Though Mag had also heard the news, it was still uncertain. Now that Moore had said it, it was almost 100% confirmed.

The other students were also excited. Miss Lohill was coming?!

They must perform well this time and try to get guidance from Miss Lohill!

At the same time, they cast envious glances at Mag. When they were working hard to be noticed by Miss Lohill, some people had already become her disciple, which was enough to make one jealous.

Gaby Rome listened to their conversation, looking confused at Xaviera.

Wait, when did his brother Evans take Mag as his disciple?

“Brother Evans?” He quietly poked Xaviera’s arm.

Seeming to know what he wanted to ask, Xaviera replied without looking back, “Don’t worry, I don’t

5/6

have this evil disciple.”

32 Chapter 32: The Biggest and

Most Awesome One

Xaviera Evans followed Gaby Rome to the principal’s office.

1

Gaby poured her a cup of coffee and placed it beside her: “Why didn’t you tell me you were coming, Evans? I could’ve picked you up at the front gate.”

“No need, it’s not my first time here.” Xaviera took a sip of coffee, listening to Gaby murmuring: “You’re attending the Clothing Design Competition as Lohill this time, so you want to come out into the open? If Master hears this news, he’d be over the moon.”

Gaby Rome and Xaviera Evans share the same master.

However, Gaby was forced upon the master through his father's connections, while Xaviera was pursued for a whole year before becoming the last disciple of

her master.

Their social status was clear at a glance.

So, even though Gaby was technically Xaviera's mentor, he actually respected her as the big sister!

However, Xaviera kept a low profile, with only her mentor Lohill being publicly known. Her master complained more than once about how frustrating it was to have a genius disciple who was too low-key to show off.

Speaking of the master, a hint of warmth flashed through Xaviera's cold eyes, "How's the master doing?"

"He's doing great, eating and living well."

Gaby dragged a chair next to Xaviera and looked hopeful: "Xaviera, haven't you confirmed this quarter's business partner yet? Do you have any ideas?"

Xaviera glanced at him: "Just say it."

Gaby immediately straightened up: "It's like this, I have a friend, and his company wants to cooperate with you. His company's design department has sent countless emails to you, which you didn't even bother to acknowledge. I accidentally mentioned my

relationship with you over drinks, and he brought the

matter to me..."

Xaviera lazily held her chin: "Which friend? What's the company's name?"

She had too many emails in her inbox and didn't have time to go through them all.

"You've probably heard of it- the Mamet Corporation, the biggest and coolest one in Libanan!"

“Cough!”

Xaviera choked and almost suffocated. Gaby hurriedly poured her water and patted her back. When she

calmed down, he cautiously asked: “What do you think? Is it acceptable?”

Xaviera, feeling tired, waved her hand: “Let’s talk about it later.”

Gaby was on the verge of tears.

He had sworn to Caleb Mamet that he would get Lohill on board!

Meanwhile, at the entrance of Libanan University.

A group of school leaders of varying heights and body types, all dressed in suits, stood neatly in line, waiting for the arrival of the big shot.

The silent black Maybach stopped, Steve Price got out of the passenger seat, scanned the school leaders,

12:11

3/6

adjusted his glasses, and walked towards the backseat of the car to open the door, slightly bowed, “Mr. Caleb

Mamet.”

Black leather shoes appeared first, followed by long legs wrapped in suit pants.

The moment Caleb Mamet got out of the car, there was a collective gasp for breath in the surrounding

area.

With a high bridged nose, deep eyes, and an emotionless expression on his chiseled face, he exuded a cold aura.

“Mr. Caleb Mamet,” said the school leaders as they quickly regained their composure and accompanied him into the school.

Gaby Rome received the news and glanced at Xaviera, trying to persuade her again: “Evans, are you sure you don’t want to meet my friend? The Mamet

Corporation has the top reputation in Libanan. It’s definitely worthwhile for you to collaborate with them.”

Xaviera waved her hand: “The Clothing Design Competition is about to start, let’s talk about your

friend afterwards.”

Gaby Rome sighed helplessly.

At the school principal’s office.

When Gaby arrived, Caleb Mamet had already had an in-depth conversation with the school authorities.

“I heard that Lohill will also attend the competition as a judge. Have you met her?”

Gaby was still settling in his seat when he heard Caleb Mamet’s inquiry, and he felt uneasy as he shifted his body, “I did meet her, but...”

Well, Caleb Mamet knew what Gaby meant without further explanation.

“Done for.” Caleb Mamet scoffed lightly.

Gaby Rome: “!”

You go and handle that person yourself!

The school leaders glanced at the two of them,

cautiously asking, “Mr. Caleb Mamet, are you trying to secure a collaboration with Miss Lohill this quarter?”

12:11

5/6

Caleb Mamet just gave them a sidelong glance without saying anything.

The school leader smiled awkwardly, alright, he got it wrong. Every group wanted to secure a collaboration with Miss Lohill, right?

“Miss Lohill has always had unique tastes. If Mr. Caleb Mamet can’t get her collaboration, even Collaborating

with Lohill won’t be a loss.

Comment 0

33 Chapter 33: It’s Not Yet Time for My Debut

Gaby Rome raised her hand without hesitation, “Principal Lee, the meal can be messed up, but words cannot be messed up. When did Miss Lohill admit Mag Evans as her student?”

1

Principal Lee: “But before...”

“Before is before, now is now.”

Gaby Rome looked serious and intimidating when she put on a straight face: “Miss Lohill was introduced to Libanan University by me for a temporary teaching position. As a teacher, it’s her responsibility to guide students. If all the students she has guided claim to be her disciples, how could Miss Lohill accept them all? ”

Only a few people knew that Miss Lohill had come to be a substitute teacher, and she had never shown her

face in front of the students as she taught online.

Caleb Mamet frowned when he heard Mag Evans’

name. As far as he could recall, wasn't Mag Evans Xaviera Evans' younger sister?

Principal Lee couldn't find anything to refute Gaby Rome's point, so he laughed embarrassingly and said, "Yes, yes, it's my fault. I shouldn't have talked nonsense."

As the Clothing Design Competition was about to begin, Principal Lee got up and excused himself to

Caleb Mamet.

Although Caleb Mamet, as a judge, could attend the final stage of the competition, he, as the school leader, had to go and cheer for the students first.

After the school leaders left the office, Gaby Rome sprawled in her chair like a big letter.

"Caleb, would you like me to covertly arrange a meeting with Miss Lohill? You can talk to her about the cooperation personally."

"No need, I have other things to do."

Caleb Mamet straightened his suit and got up, "See you at the competition later."

"Wait, where are you going?"

"To see my wife."

"To see your wife... "

It took Gaby Rome a moment to realize what Caleb

had just said. He jumped up, "What did you just say, Caleb?!"

Wife?!

When did he get a wife?!

Steve Price kindly explained to him, “The CEO and his wife just got their marriage certificate not long ago.”

“Nonsense, don’t lie to me!”

Gaby Rome pointed at him, “I heard that Miss Coriell, who was supposed to marry Caleb, ran away on the day of their marriage registration. Who did Caleb get a marriage certificate with, since the bride ran away?”

Steve Price pushed his glasses up, “Someone you don’t know.”

Gaby Rome: “...

Ignoring Gaby Rome’s crumbling expression, Steve Price quickly caught up with Caleb Mamet and gave him an order without looking back, “Tell that woman to come to the car and find me.”

Steve Price exclaimed and hesitated, “But isn’t it inconvenient for your wife?”

After all, his wife was also a student of the College of Fashion Design, so she should be participating in the competition now, right?

Caleb Mamet didn’t answer, and Steve Price rubbed

the tip of his nose, automatically went silent, and prepared to take out his phone and call Xaviera Evans. But just as he took out his phone, Xaviera Evans called

first.

“Where are you? I have time to take you around the school now.”

“Wife, aren’t you in the competition?” Steve Price was surprised.

2

Xaviera Evans paused for a moment, “It’s not my turn yet.”

Although Steve Price didn’t understand the meaning behind her words, he quickly reported their location without asking further.

About ten minutes later, Xaviera Evans approached leisurely with her hands in her pockets.

Steve Price looked around hesitantly and asked, “Is that... my wife?” @

Facing the direction Steve Price was looking at, Caleb Mamet’s deep eyes also froze.

The woman was wearing a work uniform, her waist tightened by a belt, revealing a slender waist; her legs were long and powerful, her stride relaxed, her eyes spirited yet filled with a trace of laziness. The warm sun shone on her, rendering her fair skin almost

translucent.

As she came closer the clarity of her face grew. The tip-tilted nose, rosy lips, and slightly raised eyebrows all exuded a strong sense of oppression.

With a shiver, Steve Price quickly opened the car door,

“Wife...”

His attitude was extremely respectful.

Xaviera Evans’ eyes glanced over him, and just as she began to step into the car, she hesitated and pulled her foot back. She asked Steve Price in a low voice, “Is Caleb... in a good mood?”

Steve Price hesitated and nodded, “It should be alright?”

Xaviera Evans rolled her eyes, “What’s the difference between that answer and no answer at all?” However, she decided that if the man was still upset, she could always coax him some more.

She quickly bent down and got into the car.

From inside the car, Caleb Mamet clearly captured her momentary hesitation. Seeing Xaviera Evans sitting next to him, he couldn’t help but snort.

Xaviera Evans’ eyelids twitched, and she looked up at him sharply. The car door hadn’t closed yet, and she thought she could still make a run for it! However, before she could act on her thought, she heard the door close with a bang, as Steve Price closed it from the outside.

Xaviera Evans: “...”

Caleb Mamet sneered, “What are you afraid of? Can I eat you up?”

Xaviera Evans smartly refrained from speaking.

“Click.”

Caleb Mamet raised the small tray on the back seat and, under Xaviera Evans’ puzzled gaze, took out a beautifully packaged lunch box. As the lunch box opened, the fragrant aroma of the food filled the car.

Xaviera Evans sniffed, “So you’re not going to have a tour?”

Caleb Mamet didn’t look up, “Look at the time. Do you expect me to starve while touring the school with you?”

Xaviera Evans silently checked the time on her phone screen.

34 Chapter 34: Going Blind

Caleb Mamet leaned back in his chair, pushing the lunchbox towards Xaviera Evans.

Xaviera: "..."

Her gaze lingered on Caleb's lips.

Okay, she admitted she had developed a picky appetite. Her food used to always taste bitter, she'd grown accustomed to it. But since kissing Caleb, she could taste the flavor of her meals. Xaviera felt like eating those bitter dishes again would be the world's

worst torture!

But lately, Caleb had been grumpy she didn't dare to touch him...

"Eat, don't want to eat?" Caleb tapped impatiently on the table.

Xaviera thought for three seconds and then suddenly raised her head to show a smile: "Do you want a kiss?"

The delicious food right in front of her, she can't resist the temptation of food, she outstretched her evil little hand to Caleb.

Caleb looked cold, a light hum escaping from his throat: "Say that again?"

Xaviera swallowed. Her chopsticks randomly poking at the rice in her bowl, dealing with Caleb had become difficult lately. She hesitated whether to go on.

But...

She glanced at the glutinous rice balls on the small desk, remembering the soft and sweet taste, she

closed her eyes, opened her mouth, and announced: "I said, do you want a kiss!"

1

Caleb laughed softly: "Sorry, no kiss."

Xaviera: "!"

Are you kidding me?!

You say no kiss, so no kiss?!

Angered to the extreme, Xaviera charged across the table, pressing one hand on Caleb's shoulder. She lowered her head and without hesitation, her red lips

moved towards the man's thin lips!

Her movements were fierce, but the lips that pressed on his were incredibly soft.

During every breath was a hint of mint.

Caleb didn't move an inch, leaning back against the leather chair while Xaviera took liberties with his lips. His long eyelashes dropped, concealing the flash of light in his dark eyes.

Xaviera knew nothing about kissing and merely gnawed on Caleb's lips, accidentally biting too hard at one point, causing him to grunt softly.

His voice was low and hoarse. Startled, Xaviera carelessly released him.

A trickle of blood slowly seeped from the corner of

Caleb's mouth.

Xaviera: "...

Caleb touched the corner of his lips. The faint sting made him furrow his brows unintentionally. The look he gave Xaviera held a bit of reproach and dissatisfaction.

Xaviera awkwardly toyed with her hair: "That, accident... accident."

Caleb's smile was inscrutable: "Accident?"

217

Steve Price who had witnessed the entire scene: "!"

Shit, his eyes were going to go blind!

Luckily, after Caleb said those words, he fell silent, and Xaviera quietly returned to her seat and began eating her meal in silence.

Caleb sat opposite her, watching as she stuffs her cheeks like a hamster. Her chopsticks continuously reached into the lunchbox. She ate quickly, but it was not sloppy.

As Xaviera took care of herself, she did not forget to serve food to Caleb.

Caleb looked at the bowl in front of him, piled with food, and unbuttoned his shirt sleeve. His well-defined fingers picked up the neglected chopsticks and started to calmly eat the meal in front of him.

For a while, only the sound of food being chewed remained in the quiet back seat.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Xaviera, filled and satisfied, returned to the backstage of the contest.

At this time, the participating students backstage were discussing the topic of the competition.

"I've heard that this time the theme was set by Miss Lohill!"

"Ah, no wonder it's so hard, I feel like I'm going to be last!"

“So sad, the moment I saw the topic, I began to doubt if I really belonged to the fashion design major.”

“But Mag Evans must be under no pressure, right? After all, she’s Miss Lohill’s disciple. I’m so jealous of her, I also want Miss Lohill’s guidance!”

Mag Evans smiled shyly: “Actually, like everyone else, the moment I saw the topic, I was also confused.”

“Oh come on, don’t be modest. As Miss Lohill’s

disciple, you must be accustomed to her way of setting tasks. Even if you’re confused, you’ll perform better

than us.”

The girl spoke with both envy and resignation.

Seeing everyone’s low spirits, Mag skillfully changed the subject: “Where’s my sister? Why haven’t I seen

her?”

Everyone went quiet, then sneered dismissively.

“Who knows?”

“Did not see her in the arena just now, probably made a run for it.”

“Haha, it’s forgivable if she ran, after all, she came from a different background than us.”

Their gloom lifted, reviving the chat, due to the prospect of Xaviera ranking last.

Meg spoke gently: “Don’t say that. My sister is very hardworking and she loves design... Everyone has the right to pursue their dreams. We shouldn’t mock those

who dare to dream.”

“Hahaha, Mag, you should know there’s a difference

between dreams and delusions.” Someone didn’t reserve their mockery.

35 Chapter 35: Let’s Swap Seats

“Delusional? Me?”

Xaviera Evans didn’t expect to hear a drama unfold right after she returned backstage. She crossed her arms and looked at the girl who had just spoken, with a half-smile on her face.

The girl’s expression froze, seemingly remembering the events that had occurred backstage that morning. She silently retreated a step and hid herself within the crowd, not daring to make a sound.

Mag Evans squeezed through the crowd and worriedly took her sister’s hand. “Sis, where did you go? Some people said you didn’t join the competition... Sis, can you hurry up and tell everyone that you did? You love designing so much...”

“I didn’t participate in this competition.”

Xaviera pulled her hand back.

Mag’s expression froze, “Sis, you...”

She sounded a mix of indignation and sadness, “Why, Sister, why...”

12-12

Why?

Xaviera raised an eyebrow. It was, of course, because she was a judge.

“Relax, you’ll find out why in a moment.”

Xaviera gazed deeply into Mag’s eyes.

That look made Mag feel an uneasy dread spread in

her heart.

At this moment, the presenter cleared his throat and spoke into the microphone, “Ladies and gentlemen, please be quiet. We are now announcing the winner of the Libanan University Clothing Design Competition! As we all know, this competition is the most

prestigious in our school’s history. We not only have the president of the Mamet Corporation, Caleb Mamet, as a guest but also the mysterious Miss Lohill!”

As the presenter spoke, the lighting technician adjusted the light beams to focus on the judges’ seats.

Caleb Mamet’s handsome face appeared on the big screen.

“Damn, he’s so handsome!”

“The CEO of the Mamet Corporation is so young! If I’d known, I would have signed up for the competition!”

“Bullshit, don’t think I don’t know you. You’re from the business department next door!”

“But where is Miss Lohill? Didn’t the presenter say she was here, too?”

Compared to Caleb Mamet, who occasionally appeared in financial newspapers, the students were more interested in the mysterious Miss Lohill.

However...

The seat meant for Miss Lohill was empty at the moment.

The principal kept giving Gaby Rome signals, asking where the person was.

Gaby Rome was anxious too as he had been trying to call Xaviera the whole time, but no one was

answering!

In a corner of the hall, Xaviera emotionlessly hung up the call. She waited until the spotlight moved away from the judges' seats before slowly walking toward

the front.

3/7

The presenter's reaction was quite good, he covered the awkwardness smoothly and then announced the winner of the competition solemnly.

The contestants backstage, feeling disappointed that they couldn't see Miss Lohill, quickly adjusted their emotions and excitedly waited for the presenter to finish his announcement.

"Hurry, hurry, where's Mag Evans? Get ready to go up and accept the award!" Some contestants called out Mag's name.

In their enthusiasm, Mag was pushed to the front from the back. She spoke modestly, but her triumphant expression was barely concealed as it flashed through her eyes.

She straightened her skirt, preparing for her final appearance.

"Students, now I announce, the winner of this competition is...Xav-"

As the word "Xav" left his mouth, there was cheering backstage, and the smile at the corner of Mag's mouth

could not be concealed.

She basked in the envious and jealous looks from everyone, enjoying the adulation, as Moore Mamet appeared before her with a bouquet of roses. He smiled at her and said, "Congratulations."

"Thank you."

Mag tiptoed and gently kissed him on the cheek.

Moore Mamet put his arm around her shoulders, waiting for the presenter to call Mag's name at last.

"Mag Evans!"

"Now I announce, Mag Evans is the winner! Let us welcome her on stage with warm applause!"

Amidst the enthusiastic applause, Mag floated to the stage in her white dress, looking like a celestial being.

Meanwhile, Xaviera finally found a seat in the front row.

Sensing movement beside him, Caleb Mamet casually glanced over and met Xaviera's soft shushing gesture.

Caleb Mamet's eyes lingered for a moment.

Steve Price caught the movement from the corner of his eye and looked over in surprise, exclaiming, "Wife?!"

How did you end up here?!"

Fortunately, everyone was looking at the stage, so no one noticed the commotion here. Steve Price quickly bent over, gesturing Xaviera to come over. "Wife, come over and sit with me. Your seat is taken."

The school had arranged seats for Miss Lohill and the Mamet Group together, knowing the Mamet

Corporation was interested in collaborating with Miss Lohill.

Xaviera shook her head, "No need, I'm fine here."

Steve Price: "!"

Inside, he screamed. He wasn't being polite – he wanted her to hurry up and leave that spot!

By now, Mag on stage had started her acceptance speech.

Ignoring the flustered Steve Price, in the midst of silence, Xaviera lazily raised her hand. "I'm sorry to interrupt, but I must object to the first-place winner of this competition."

36 Chapter 36: She Plagiarized

The venue instantly fell silent.

They stared blankly at Xaviera Evans, unsure how to react.

Many people who didn't know Xaviera whispered among themselves.

"Who is she?"

"I don't know, never seen her before, but she's really beautiful."

"Stupid, look at the occasion before you start drooling. No matter how beautiful, being brainless is a big defect!"

Daring to openly question the judges' decision, this woman must have lost her mind.

They may not know Xaviera, but that doesn't mean they don't know Mag Evans. In the eyes of many students, Mag deserved the first prize.

Caleb Mamet was also startled by Xaviera's sudden action. He turned his head to look at her.

Despite causing such a commotion, the woman's expression remained unchanged. She looked lazy as if she had just woken up, her red lips barely curved.

Steve Price swallowed his saliva: "Miss...Miss, she..."

He knew that Xaviera and Mag had conflicts, but Miss should have considered the occasion before trying to humiliate Mag!

The first prize chosen by so many judges was not something an uninvolved student like Xaviera could

question!

Among all the people, only Gaby Rome patted her chest. Thank goodness, her Evans finally showed up.

The unexpected turn of events happened so suddenly that when the host reacted and looked to the

leadership for guidance, he found that school leaders completely ignored him!

The host was dumbfounded.

Mag held the microphone, and after a long silence, her gentle voice echoed through every corner of the

venue.

"Sis, please stop making a scene. I know you really

wanted to win this competition and join the Mamet Corporation to pursue your design dream, but you didn't even have the courage to participate."

Mag bit her lip, as if what she was about to say was quite difficult: "Although you're my sister, I need to tell you this. As a fashion designer, we need to be innovative and dare to face all difficulties. Only by constantly moving forward can we forge a new era for ourselves as designers."

Dreams are for everyone, but what we should have more is the courage to step towards our dreams.

Admittedly, Mag's words were quite powerful, and many students applauded her spontaneously. The applause was thunderous.

Steve Price was as anxious as an ant on a hot pot, his brain working quickly to find a solution to the awkward situation.

In contrast, Xaviera, as the person involved, appeared extremely calm.

At this moment, the school leaders who had been forcefully enlightened by Gaby Rome finally came to their senses. They looked at Xaviera with suspicion and then discreetly gestured to the host.

In no time, the host went back on stage and cleared his throat: "I'm sorry for the unexpected situation."

As soon as he spoke, the spotlight shifted to him.

"Excuse me, why do you think Mag Evans doesn't deserve the first prize?" The host directed the microphone to Xaviera.

He had been ordered to find out the reason for Xaviera's questioning of Mag's title.

"Why? Of course, because...she plagiarized," Xaviera said leisurely, her posture casual and relaxed.

"What? Plagiarism? Holy crap!"

As designers, the thing they hated the most was plagiarism!

Every design blueprint carried the designer's hard work. To present other people's painstaking creations as one's own was simply shameless!

The venue immediately became noisy.

Mag's face showed a moment of panic. It's impossible; she couldn't have been discovered!

Moreover, she didn't plagiarize; she merely borrowed inspiration from Miss Lohill's ideas!

With that thought, she quickly composed herself: “Sis, how could you make up things like this? Do you know how such a statement could ruin me? A designer’s reputation is extremely important; with one sentence, you’re trying to nail me to the pillar of shame...”

Mag choked up.

The host regained his senses and continued questioning without bias: “Mag has a point. Reputation is a designer’s vital asset, so Xaviera Evans, you claim Mag plagiarized—do you have any proof?”

After a pause, he continued: “Although I’m not a student of the College of Fashion Design, I can see that Mag’s design is very innovative and lively, with never-before-seen design elements.”

The moment the host finished speaking, a figure dashed out from backstage: “Of course it’s innovative! That’s because Mag didn’t plagiarize at all!”

Snatching the microphone

from Mag, the girl pointed at Xaviera and shouted: “Don’t be fooled by her! She’s Xaviera Evans, the Miss brought back from the

countryside by the Evans

family! She doesn’t even know fashion design and was forcibly enrolled in the Libanan University Design College by the Evans family! What does she know about design and plagiarism? She just doesn’t like Mag and wants to embarrass her!”

37 Chapter 37: I am Xaviera Evans,

also known as Lohill.

As soon as she spoke, there was an uproar in the room.

All kinds of strange gazes fell on Xaviera Evans.

Steve Price quietly approached Caleb Mamet and asked, “Does the Evans family have such influence that they can send their wife to Libanan University?”

Caleb Mamet looked at him as if he was an idiot, “Do you think university is high school?”

High school can have transfer students, but how can one transfer to a university?

How can someone who has never been to college be directly admitted to senior year?

What kind of joke is this?

Steve Price: "...Then how did Mrs. Evans actually get into Libanan University?"

Caleb Mamet turned his head, not asking him, as he didn't know either!

"What the hell is this woman talking about?!"

Gaby Rome slapped the table. Xaviera Evans was invited to Libanan University by him after much begging, what does it have to do with the Evans family?!

There was no spotlight on the stage, so Mag Evans' expression couldn't be seen.

But her silence was equivalent to agreeing with the girl's words.

If this gets out, Libanan University's century-old reputation will be ruined!

The host quickly intervened, "Please be careful with your words, fellow student. Besides some special recruits, every student in our school has passed the entrance examination through normal channels- there's no such thing as 'hard-plugging' as you

mentioned."

The girl sneered, "No hard-plugging? Then what about Xaviera Evans? Didn't she suddenly appear at our

school?"

The host: "Well..."

Mag Evans kindly stepped forward to mediate, "Let me explain on behalf of my sister. She is not a formal student at our school, but just an auditing student. My father understands that my sister grew up in the countryside and never attended college, so he wants her to experience the atmosphere of a university. This is a father's earnest wish, and I hope you can understand..."

Mag Evans knew Xaviera Evans went to Libanan University, but didn't know the details. She assumed it was arranged by Mr. Evans.

So, her words were quite justified at this moment.

"Haha, what bullshit are you spouting?! Auditing student? Auditing my ass!"

Gaby Rome couldn't stand it any longer. He pointed at Xaviera Evans and said loudly, "This person was

personally invited by me! It has nothing to do with your father!"

Being scolded like this in front of everyone, Mag Evans turned pale, "Mr. Rome, you..."

After a pause, she said unwillingly through clenched teeth, "I know you have a special relationship with

3/7

Xaviera Evans, and that you defended her backstage... But no matter how good your relationship is, that's no reason to twist the facts."

From her words, she was practically accusing Xaviera Evans of having an affair with Gaby Rome!

Caleb Mamet narrowed his eyes, his gaze moving between Gaby Rome and Xaviera Evans, his eyes dark and deep.

Steve Price continued to be dumbfounded, "Why

would Gaby Rome speak up for Mrs. Evans? Do they know each other? What does Gaby Rome mean by 'inviting her back'?"

“Who knows.” Caleb Mamet tapped his fingers on his knee, turning his head to meaningfully glance at

Xaviera Evans.

Noticing his gaze, Xaviera Evans touched the tip of her nose, guessing that Caleb Mamet had figured out her identity.

But it didn't matter: she didn't intend to hide it

anyway.

“Tap tap tap.”

Xaviera Evans tapped her fingertips on the microphone, attracting everyone's attention.

“Seriously, haven't you guys noticed anything? I've been sitting here for quite a while.” She hinted.

“Hahaha, a bunch of blind people!” Gaby Rome laughed without any restraint.

It was then that the others realized that Xaviera Evans was actually sitting where Miss Lohill was supposed to be!

What the hell, how dare she?!

“Mom, she's so shameless, she actually dared to sit there.”

“If she hadn't mentioned it, I wouldn't have noticed. Is she trying to hook up with Mr. Caleb Mamet by sitting there?”

“Damn, she'd better stay away from Miss Lohill's seat! Don't dirty Miss Lohill's seat!”

Xaviera Evans: “???”

Things seemed to be developing unexpectedly.

A hint of smugness flashed in Mag Evans’ eyes as she

spoke innocently, “Sister, how could you sit in the teacher’s seat? That position...”

“Shut up, I don’t need a wicked disciple like you!”

Xaviera Evans shouted in frustration.

The room fell silent again.

Xaviera tapped her fingers on the table, furrowing her heroic brows, clearly in a bad mood.

Her cold, clear voice spread to every corner of the room through the microphone, “Let me introduce myself. I am Xaviera Evans, also known as Lohill, and I

am an invited substitute teacher at Libanan

University’s College of Fashion Design.”

As her words fell, the crowd hadn’t reacted yet.

Xaviera Evans didn’t need their reactions, and

continued on her own, “The theme of this design competition is ‘Five Grains’. Most of the designs submitted by the contestants contain elements of the Five Grains, with Mag Evans’ design being the most outstanding.”

Layers of skirt adorned with golden wheat ears, a

golden waistband separating the top and bottom, bold

drooping sleeves design with a deep V-neckline- golden wheat ears basking in the sun were growing wildly.

38 Chapter 38 Growth

It was precisely due to Mag Evans' stunning design that she conquered the judges and took first place.

Caleb Mamet also saw Mag Evans' design sketch. It was great to look at, but he had a strange feeling that such a design style didn't quite suit her.

So, he did not vote for her.

The evaluation given by Xaviera Evans to this design was, "The path of design is full of hardships. All designers need to forge ahead and insist on originality."

A good sword comes from extensive sharpening; a plum blossom's fragrance comes from the bitter cold.

As long as one persists, one can eventually carve out a path of their own.

Unfortunately...

Too many people like to take shortcuts on this path. Mag Evans was stunned when Xaviera Evans admitted that she was Miss Lohill. No, that couldn't be. How

could she possibly be Miss Lohill!

"Although I don't know why everyone is saying Mag Evans is my disciple, as a substitute teacher at Libanan University, it's true that I have given guidance to her. I can't deny her excellent talent in clothing design."

Xaviera Evans tilted her jaw slightly, speaking at a relaxed pace, "Perhaps out of a desire to cultivate talent and also as requested by others, I hope our country can produce more and more outstanding designers. Thus, I provided greater guidance to Mag Evans. I also guided her via video in areas she didn't understand."

"At that time, I was working on the design sketches for this season. Mag Evans saw them and asked a few questions, including about the one she participated in the competition with.... named Growth."

Xaviera Evans pulled out the original work from her phone, and the smart photographer pointed the lens at the phone screen.

The series was centered on the theme of Five Grains, with a wheat skirt as the main focus.

Many people were amazed when they saw Mag Evans'

2/7

design sketch. However, only when they saw Xaviera Evans' original drawing did they realize what it means to portray the skin of a tiger is to fail at portraying its

bones!

Growth! Growth!

The layered skirt had a strong sense of hang, and the scattered golden wheat swayed like a golden rice field fluttering in the wind.

The golden waist seal engraved with wheat veins held up the whole upper part of the skirt and the

substantial wheat ears. There was no S**y deep V neck, but instead, a small V neck that was just right. The collar was adorned with a thin veil that swayed under the wind creating a gorgeous effect.

This was the real Growth!

After giving them ample time to digest, Xaviera Evans spoke slowly again: "Before accepting the invitation of the judges for this competition, I heard that the

winner of the competition will have the opportunity to join the Mamet Corporation, who has also extended an olive branch to me, inviting me to collaborate in the design for this season."

"So I made Five Grains the theme, hoping to find a series that could match my Five Grains design and cover the high-end and mid-end clothing brand market. Unfortunately..."

Xaviera Evans shook her head.

It was a pity that such a good expectation was shattered by Mag Evans, the plagiarist.

Regardless of whether Mag Evans plagiarized or not, what Steve Price cared about was that their Madam

was Miss Lohill! and their Madam even mentioned collaboration with the Mamet Corporation!

Miss Lohill, whom they had always been unable to crack, was actually right beside them!

Steve Price felt, what use were his eyes!

“It’s impossible. You can’t be Miss Lohill. How can you be Miss Lohill!” Mag Evans went crazy, she broke out in a harsh scream: “You’re lying, you’re not Miss Lohill at all, don’t be fooled by her. She can’t be Miss Lohill!”

“So, you want to say that I’m just a country bumpkin?”

Xaviera Evans looked at her indifferently: “Just because I come from the countryside, I deserve to be

ridiculed? Just because I come from the countryside, I am expected to be ignorant and incapable, groveling at your feet, looking up to your arrogant

self-satisfaction?”

Mag Evans staggered back a step: “No, it’s not like that, it’s not like that...”

How could she accept the contrast where the person she once stepped on now stepped on her!

As the dramatic scene came to a close, Mag Evans was forcibly taken down.

The first-place result was canceled, and the

second-

place ascended the list. No one listened to what she said in her acceptance speech. Everyone was looking at Xaviera Evans!

Of all these gazes, the ones from her side were the most unbearable.

Xaviera Evans couldn't help but shift her body and asked in a low voice, "Why are you always looking at me?"

Caleb Mamet: "Seeing how my wife has transformed into the internationally famous designer, Miss Lohill."

Xaviera Evans: "...You're crazy."

Finally, as the curtain fell at the end, Xaviera Evans stood up and walked out.

Caleb Mamet reached out to grab her, but only caught air.

Looking at his empty hand, Caleb Mamet's eyes were pitch black.

"Mr. President, what are you staring at? Your wife has run away!"

Run?

Can she run away?

Caleb Mamet rose in no hurry, and under the respectful escort of school leaders, he slowly walked out of the building.

Comment

39 Chapter 39: Will We Go Home

Together?

Outside the building, Gaby Rome was excitedly hugging Xaviera Evans' neck: "Evans, why did you suddenly agree to cooperate with the Mamet Corporation? You don't have to force yourself, don't just agree to work with them because of me."

At least wait until after meeting with the people from the Mamet Corporation before agreeing.

Xaviera rolled her eyes.

After shaking off the annoying school officials, Caleb Mamet and Steve Price spotted two figures standing outside the building.

Gaby was hugging Xaviera intimately, talking to her nonstop.

Xaviera mostly listened silently, occasionally nodding in agreement.

One was quiet, the other chatty, and they seemed strangely harmonious.

Steve secretly glanced at Caleb's expression, then casually said: "Well... it seems that Mrs. Price and Gaby Rome get along really well... I remember Gaby saying that Xaviera was his little sister from Lohill, so it's normal for them to have a lot to say after not seeing each other for so long..."

Caleb looked expressionlessly at Gaby's arm around Xaviera's neck.

Gaby suddenly felt a chill on his back, turning around inexplicably, just in time to see Caleb and Steve coming down the stairs. He waved: "Hey Caleb, come here, let me introduce you to my sister..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Caleb stopped three meters in front of them, asking: "Shall we go home together?"

Gaby: "Huh? Are we having a gathering at your place today?"

Xaviera pinched her brow: "Let's go together."

She didn't want to listen to Gaby's chatter anymore!

"Alright."

Caleb nodded indifferently and headed towards the

217

parking lot.

Xaviera threw off Gaby's arm from her shoulder, casually said let's go, and really left.

Gaby looked at their departing figures with a dazed expression...

What was going on?

He grabbed the fleeing

Steve, questioning him: "How does my sister know Caleb? When did they meet? How

come I don't know about this?"

Steve hesitated: "Maybe... they haven't known each other for that long?"

Not knowing each other for long and going home together?

Going home together?!

"Damn it, something's wrong, Steve, be honest with me, what's the deal with them?"

"Well, it's nothing much, probably just a legal husband-and-wife relationship after getting a marriage certificate."

After saying that, he took advantage of Gaby's stunned state, forcefully broke free and ran away.

Meanwhile, Gaby was carefully recalling what he said: got a marriage certificate... a legal... husband and wife relationship?

His sister got married to Caleb?!

No, the one who got a marriage certificate with Caleb was his sister?!

Holy shit!

Xaviera

thought she would be faced with Caleb's endless questions, even preparing excuses in advance, but Caleb didn't ask a single question!

Aside from Steve occasionally glancing at her, their interaction was no different than usual.

Not to mention asking about the Lohill matter, Caleb hadn't even brought up the new product collaboration with the Mamet Corporation!

Xaviera's bottled-up frustration simply vanished along the way.

After returning to the villa, she stomped her way up to the third floor.

At that moment, a birthday email reminder popped up.

Xaviera slowed down.

Mortimer's birthday was coming up...

In the past, she would just perfunctorily send an animated "happy birthday" to him, but this year, after consulting with Mortimer on so many questions, she couldn't just brush him off.

Scratching her head, Xaviera thought about the impression Mortimer had given her. He had always been steady, but after their recent conversations, Xaviera felt that Mortimer should be quite young...

Let's just make something random then!

In the study on the second floor.

While handling work, Steve asked Caleb, "Mr. President, your birthday is coming up. How do you want to celebrate it? Going back to the Mamet family mansion or having a party with friends?"

In previous years, it was one of these two activities, so Steve asked effortlessly.

But within a second, he realized and added: "You can also spend it with your wife."

Caleb slammed a file on the table, "Do you think she'll celebrate my birthday? She doesn't even know it's my birthday!"

Steve: "..

What was this deep resentment about?

Xaviera's phone call came at this moment. Steve looked at Caleb apprehensively, then quietly stepped aside and whispered, "Mrs. Price, what's up?"

"Help me get some things."

"What things?"

After Xaviera stated her requirements, Steve was silent for a while: "Mrs. Price, are you interested in

handicrafts? The president has a shop under his name specializing in handicrafts, and it's fully equipped."

"No, don't tell him."

Xaviera refused without hesitation.

Steve sensed something was off and hesitantly asked, "Mrs. Price, may I ask, do you have a specific purpose

in mind for these items?"

Why would she keep it a secret from Caleb?

Comment 0

40 Chapter Forty: A Large-Scale Falling-Off-The-Horse Scene

Xaviera Evans frowned, "Recently, a friend of mine is having a birthday, and I don't know what to give him, so I thought I'd just make something."

A friend's birthday?

What friend's birthday needs to be hidden from the president?

No, isn't the president's birthday coming up too?! Could it be that the wife knows about the president's birthday and wants to give him a surprise secretly?!

Steve Price felt that he had discovered the truth. He covered his mouth and whispered, "Okay, ma'am, I'll bring you everything you need tomorrow and make sure the president won't find out."

After hanging up the phone, Xaviera thought about what Steve Price had said last, and it felt more and

more awkward.

She didn't want Caleb Mamet to know because she subconsciously felt that if Caleb knew she was making

something for another man, he would definitely be angry. That's why she wanted to hide it.

But Steve Price's tone made it seem like she was secretly plotting something behind Caleb's back...

Shaking her head, Xaviera took out her paintbrush and started designing the general shape of the gift.

After hanging up the phone, Steve Price patted his chest and let out a huge sigh of relief.

Seeing his expression, Caleb Mamet's brows furrowed,

"Whose call was that?"

"No one, no one."

Steve Price quickly waved his hand.

Time flew, and it was Caleb Mamet's birthday.

Starting from the moment he got up in the morning, Caleb sat motionless on the sofa in the living room, occasionally glancing upstairs.

The main bedroom on the third floor.

Yawning, Xaviera crawled out of bed. She had stayed up late last night and finally finished the gift for

Mortimer.

After a simple wash, she put on a large sweater, stuffed the completed item into her backpack, and took out her phone to text Mortimer.

"Give me your address, I'll send you a gift."

The sound of the cell phone notification and footsteps rang simultaneously.

Caleb looked up without hesitation.

"Morning, aren't you going to work today?"

Xaviera yawned again, looking at Caleb.

He wasn't wearing a suit or styling his hair. His black and gray loungewear paired with his short, smooth hair made him look inexplicably well-behaved.

Xaviera stared at him for a moment.

"I'm off today," Caleb said, his fingers tightening

around his phone as he glanced at Xaviera's backpack. "Are you going out?"

"Yeah, I've got some errands to run. You don't have to bring my lunch."

Xaviera waved her hand nonchalantly and left.

2:16

16 O

17

The moment she stepped out, Caleb's face turned cold.

He remained silent for nearly three minutes before mocking himself with a smirk.

A message from Black Tide appeared on his phone.

Caleb thought for a moment and sent Xaviera the address of their apartment in the city center.

"OK, local express delivery, it should be in your hands by this afternoon. Happy birthday."

When Steve Price received Caleb's call, he was fast asleep in bed.

As he heard Caleb's gloomy voice, he immediately got up, "What's wrong? Was there a problem with the data I sent you yesterday? I'll come to the office right away!"

Caleb sneered, "There's no problem with the data, but you're going to have a problem."

Steve Price silently wiped his face, waiting for Caleb's next words.

"Xaviera left the house, slept until noon, and didn't even eat before she went out."

Steve Price: "???"

His brain raced, trying to follow Caleb's thoughts: "Mr. President, are you saying that on your birthday, the wife left you alone at home and went out by herself?"

Caleb responded coldly.

Steve Price: "...It shouldn't be. I bought all the tools the wife asked for. Could it be that those things weren't for you, Mr. President?"

Caleb: "What things?"

Steve Price: "..."

He accidentally blurted out his inner thoughts.

After hanging up the phone, Caleb went to the master bedroom on the third floor with a stern face.

Since Xaviera had moved into the villa, he had never set foot in the master bedroom. Now, standing in this familiar yet unfamiliar place, he saw a pile of tools in the corner, and his suppressed anger finally erupted.

Three minutes later, a sports car roared out of the villa.

Steve Price knew something was going wrong the moment he hung up the phone. He hurriedly called Xaviera, and without waiting for her to speak, he quickly explained, "Ma'am, today is the president's birthday. It's the first birthday after your marriage and has great commemorative significance."

Xaviera had just sent off the express delivery, and upon hearing Steve Price's words, she exclaimed in surprise, "Is Caleb's birthday today too?!"

Steve Price: "..."

He realized that the gift Xaviera had prepared really wasn't for Caleb.

West Dyke Apartment.

After driving around the outer ring, Caleb thought of the gift Black Tide mentioned and drove to West Dyke Apartment.

There was a delivery box at the entrance of the

apartment, and he casually opened it.