

Claiming My Possessive CEO Husband by Qiaoqiao Novel Chapter 41

41 Chapter 41: Losing the Vest

When Xaviera found out that today was also Caleb's birthday, her first reaction was, "What does this have to do with me?" Her second reaction was, "Should I also get him a birthday gift? After all, she still relied on Caleb to taste food."@

With that thought, she took a taxi to the nearest internet cafe.

Meanwhile, Caleb sat on the sofa in his apartment, frowning as he examined the gift Black Tide had sent him.

A silver cuff and a greeting card.

On the card was written: "Happy Birthday." The signature appeared to be from Black Tide, the handwriting erratic and flamboyant.

Caleb put the card aside and picked up the silver cuff. Intricate patterns covered its surface, which upon closer inspection, resembled a coiled five-clawed golden dragon. At the dragon's eye was embedded a secretive and radiant obsidian.

The more he looked at it, the more alive the dragon seemed, evoking a sense of soaring through the clouds and mist.

Caleb rubbed his brows.

While the cuff was beautiful, it was too ostentatious, more suitable for someone in their twenties.

In the past, Black Tide had always sent him a stickman waving a glow stick in rhythm to music for his

birthday. Why had it changed to sending a gift this year? Perhaps it was because he had asked too many questions recently?

Thinking about this, he couldn't help but think of Xaviera. Black Tide would only ask a few questions and knew how to express gratitude through a gift, but what about Xaviera? She clearly still needed his help to treat her bitter taste disorder, but there was no sign of appreciation, and she expected him to cooperate with her treatment? Let her taste bitterness for the rest of

her life!

“Ding.”

The new email notification pulled Caleb out of his negative thoughts. He clicked it open and saw the enormous words: “Happy Birthday!”

216

Following that was a line of smaller text: “Wishing you happiness every day, and may all your wishes come

true!”

Caleb scoffed, about to ridicule the clichéd birthday message when he noticed the signature at the bottom:

“Xaviera.”

Caleb: “...”

Actually, this birthday message was quite nice, simple, and sincere.

However, did Xaviera think an email would suffice?

Was he that easily placated? Caleb tried to ignore his rising smile and continued scrolling down the email, finally finding a link at the bottom.

Clicking it opened a familiar “Happy Birthday” song, with a colorful stickman in the center waving a glow stick in rhythm to the music.

Looking at the familiar stickman, Caleb froze.

This... wasn't that the exclusive stickman that Black Tide sent to him every year? Various emotions crossed Caleb's eyes as he grabbed his car keys and returned to the Lowen Clubhouse without hesitation.

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At the Lowen Clubhouse, Caleb headed straight to the third floor upon entering. Xaviera's tools were still in the corner, and after searching through each item, he finally found a stack of design drafts that had been heavily revised at the bottom, matching the cuff design he had received.

“Heh.”

Caleb chuckled, his laughter ambiguous.

Black Tide... Xaviera... So Black Tide was Xaviera and

Xaviera was Black Tide.

their

Who would have thought that Miss Evans, who had been raised in the countryside, would turn out to be a hacker magnate? Despite seemingly unrelated, paths had somehow converged in a bizarre twist of

fate.

However, soon after, the smile at the corner of Caleb's mouth disappeared as he thought about Xaviera asking him what it was like to like someone. How had he responded back then? By warning her not to like anyone?!

If there was a time machine, he would definitely go back to that moment and slap himself! What a foolish

thing to say!

Upon realizing that Black Tide was Xaviera, Caleb felt surprised, yet that sense of surprise was accompanied by an indescribable ambiguity, like the settling of dust.

In Caleb's heart, Xaviera was like a fleeting cloud, as though one day she would suddenly drift away without a trace. Their lives were only connected by a marriage certificate, with no other form of intersection.

But now that Xaviera was Black Tide, the Black Tide he had known for so many years, their relationship felt grounded in Caleb's heart, like a kite with a string, a tree with deep roots, both stable and reliable.

When Steve received the call from Caleb, his heart was uneasy. Knowing that Xaviera hadn't used the tools to make a gift for Caleb, he always felt as if there was a sword hanging over his head, ready to fall at any moment.

Without even distinguishing Caleb's tone of voice, Steve promptly apologized, "President, I'm sorry. I misunderstood Miss Evans. Feel free to punish me as you

see fit, just please don't deduct my annual bonus."

Caleb knew he was apologizing for the birthday gift matter, but without Steve, he may not have had the chance to discover Xaviera's secret.

"Find Miss Evans in five minutes, and your past mistakes will be forgiven."

Steve hadn't expected the punishment to be so simple, readily agreeing, "Alright, I'll get it done right away!"

After hanging up the phone, Steve only then realized the tone of Caleb's voice had sounded off... It hadn't seemed angry but rather quite cheerful. Could this be the fabled stupidity brought about by anger?

42 Chapter 42: Helping with

Collecting Corpses?

After sending Caleb Mamet the birthday gift, Xaviera Evans prepared to leave the Internet cafe.

Perhaps to save trouble, she sent Caleb the same glow stick figure she had sent to Mortimer earlier,

subconsciously thinking that Caleb might like such

weird stuff.

However, after sending it, Caleb didn't respond at all, making her a bit uncertain.

Xaviera glanced at her silent phone with no email reply notifications and pursed her lips. What an impolite man.

She put her phone in her pocket and headed toward the cafe's entrance, but before she reached the center of the cafe, someone stopped her. A lecherous man with a mouthful of yellow teeth grinned, "Hey, beautiful, are you alone? Wanna have some fun together? Big brother here can take care of you."

As he spoke, the man tried to touch her face.

Xaviera stepped back to avoid the man's large hand, and the crowd around them, enjoying the spectacle, yelled, "Just go with Big Brother Dragon! He's pretty powerful around here. You won't lose out following

him."

Hearing the praise, Dragon seemed quite pleased with himself, "Hear that? Stick with me, and I'll make sure you can walk sideways around here. Come on, let Big Brother Dragon get close and feel good."

Dragon thought Xaviera wouldn't refuse him again, but she stepped back once more to avoid his hand. His face instantly darkened, "You stinking bitch! Don't get too full of yourself!"

Xaviera felt her pocket, but in her rush to leave the house that day, she had forgotten to bring a mint. With a cocky tilt of her chin, she said, "I don't feel like fighting today, so... get away from me!"

There were hisses from the crowd.

"Haha, it's over! The beauty isn't giving face; Dragon's going to take a hit."

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"Too much fun, this girl isn't just good-looking, she's got a fiery temper too!"

"Only such a woman would be fun to play with, go on, Dragon, get her!"

Xaviera's refusal had left Dragon with no face, and with the urging of the crowd, he lowered his voice and warned, "Woman, don't push your luck. It's your good fortune that Big Brother Dragon likes you. Don't throw away the face I'm giving."

With that, he tried to forcefully grab her arm.

"Bang!"

—

Xaviera couldn't help herself anymore – her wrist flipped, and she threw a punch right to Dragon's nose bridge.

Slowly, two streams of blood flowed down.

Everything went quiet.

Dragon flew into a rage, "Bitch, how dare you hit me?! You must be asking for death... Ah!"

Before he could finish, Xaviera kicked him in the

stomach, "Hitting you? What's wrong with that?" If he dared to harass her, he'd better be prepared to be

beaten!

Showing no mercy, Xaviera's kick left Dragon feeling

as if his internal organs had shifted. The pain bent him over like a shrimp with a broken back. Dragon's

underlings saw their boss being beaten up and stepped forward.

"Hit her, hit her!" Dragon clutched his stomach, ordered sinisterly, "Don't hit the face, just take her to my room. I'm going to play her to death tonight!"

Xaviera was instantly surrounded by several men.

She flexed her wrists, ready for a fight. Today was Caleb's and Mortimer's birthday, and it would be best not to shed any blood at a birthday event. But she wouldn't let anyone off the hook who deserved a beating! Neither Caleb nor Mortimer could see her anyway, so after she finished beating them up, she'd just run away and pretend nothing had happened!

When Caleb Mamet and Steve Price arrived, this was the scene they saw.

Seven or eight men lying on the ground, moaning and groaning, with Xaviera Evans standing in the center, looking unsatisfied, "This is all you got? Pathetic."

With these skills, they still came out to be thugs? Better go home and train for a few more years!

Steve Price adjusted his glasses, which were about to slide off his nose, and stammered to Caleb, "Mr... Mr. Mamet, should we go help Mrs. Mamet?"

Caleb: "Help? What for? Are we helping the ones on the ground with their funeral arrangements?" ®

Steve Price fell silent.

The thugs gave in, lying on the ground playing dead, not daring to respond to Xaviera's taunts.

Xaviera pursed her lips in disappointment. She hadn't had her fill of fighting yet, but these men were already down for the count. She straightened her clothes and walked away amidst the admiring and frightened gazes

of the crowd..

Just as she took a step, she suddenly locked eyes with Caleb's teasing gaze.

Xaviera: "?!"

Why was he here?!

Seeing that Xaviera had noticed him, Caleb casually

5/7

clapped his hands, "Mrs. Mamet, your skills are pretty good."

Xaviera: "...

She suddenly understood how it felt to have a heart attack.

Awkwardness lasted only for a moment as Xaviera

quickly recomposed herself and pointed to the men on the ground wailing, "They coveted my beauty and tried to take advantage of me."

She turned her finger to point at Dragon, who was attempting to escape, "Especially this one. He wanted to catch me and play me to death."

Xaviera's intention was clear. She wasn't the one who provoked the fight; she was merely defending herself.

Caleb's face darkened instantly, "Deal with them."

Steve Price understood what Caleb meant – the men who had tried to lay their hands on their lady were finished for the rest of their lives.

Xaviera didn't bother to find out what happened to the men. Thinking that on Caleb's birthday, he had to help her clean up the mess, she felt somewhat

6/7

embarrassed, "Sorry for causing you trouble."

Caleb glanced at her enigmatically, "No trouble, I should."

43 Chapter 43: The Strangely Cute

After Steve Price dealt with the thugs, he saw the two people standing at the door, staring at each other and asked tentatively, "Mr. Evans, where are we going

now? Shall we go to a restaurant to celebrate the birthday?" The last sentence was addressed to Xaviera Evans.

He couldn't believe that she could still be indifferent even after being reminded like this.

As it turned out, Xaviera Evans was not only indifferent but also yawned rudely. She was in a hurry to make Mortimer's birthday present last night and almost didn't sleep. Now the drowsiness was surging, and she wanted nothing more than to dive into bed and sleep him through what seemed like forever.

"I'm not going to eat. You guys can go by yourselves. I need to go back and sleep."

Xaviera yawned as she walked out, passing Caleb

Mamet, who grabbed her by the arm, “No eating, there’s nothing good to eat, let’s go home together.”

Thinking of the messy drafts and all sorts of

equipment that had not been cleaned up in the master bedroom on the third floor, Caleb could guess that Xaviera had hardly closed her eyes last night.

Without saying a word, he pulled Xaviera out and left Steve Price standing there dumbfounded.

In the car.

Xaviera Evans leaned on the back seat with her eyes closed, and Caleb Mamet sat on the other side, staring out the window, not knowing what to think. There was a considerable distance between the two of them.

Steve Price drove while secretly glancing at the rear-view mirror. He watched as Caleb slowly moved closer to Xaviera until there was only a fist’s distance between them before stopping.

Xaviera hadn’t really fallen asleep in the first place, and now with the invasion of Caleb’s breath inch by inch, she lost what little sleep she had instantly. Rubbing her brow, she turned to Caleb and asked, “What’s up?”

Caleb turned on his mobile phone screen, “Did you make this?”

217

Xaviera nodded, “Yes, I thought it was cute, so I sent it to you as a birthday present. Don’t you like it?”

Caleb rested his index finger on his knee, tapping lightly and hesitating to reply.

Like it? Not really. He wasn’t a fool; it was both their birthdays. Mortimer was given a personally designed and crafted cufflink, while he received a random stick figure waving glow sticks. It looked very perfunctory.

But if he said he didn't like it? If it wasn't for this familiar stick figure, he wouldn't have been able to discover Xaviera's true identity, let alone know about their connection in many years past.

"It's okay."

In the end, Caleb gave an ambiguous answer.

Xaviera nodded and didn't pry any further.

Steve Price muttered in his heart, no wonder Mr. Evans is in such a good mood. It turned out he had already received his wife's birthday present!

Caleb put away his phone and didn't care for the heartbroken assistant in front who leaned lazily on the back of his chair as if bored, chatting with Xaviera.

317

It wasn't until the car stopped in front of the villa that Xaviera let out a heavy sigh. She didn't know why, but she felt that Caleb was strange today. He spoke more than usual, and his mood was better than usual...

Could it be that celebrating a birthday added some special BUFF?

Xaviera changed her shoes, lost in thought, and didn't

remember until she returned to the third floor that

she had forgotten to ask Mortimer if he had received his present! With that in mind, she quickly opened her phone to send Mortimer a message.

Caleb saw the WhatsApp content and chuckled. He looked up at the direction of the third floor. This woman still hadn't discovered his identity. What should he do? He didn't want to tell her either.

"Received it, thank you. I like the gift very much."

go

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Xaviera saw Mortimer's reply and completely let her worries. She picked up a cup of coffee from the table and took a sip, but after taking a sip, she realized that the taste was odd... it tasted like alcohol!

Xaviera looked at the cup in confusion. Why was there alcohol in her room? Before she could think about it

further, she collapsed to the floor, unconscious.

Caleb, who was walking to the second-floor study,

paused. The sound he had just heard seemed to come from the third floor.

"Xaviera?!"

Caleb knocked on the door, but there was no response.

"If you don't say anything, I'm coming in."

Caleb pressed down, and the doorknob turned.

Xaviera could hear Caleb's voice in her daze, but she couldn't respond because she was completely drunk!

Who would have thought that the top hacker, Black Tide, who owned the cyber world, would be defeated by a glass of alcohol?

Her consciousness grew increasingly unclear, and the world seemed to spin. She vaguely saw Caleb rushing towards her with a flustered expression. She wanted to reassure him that it was nothing, just that she was drunk, but her mouth seemed to be sewn shut and couldn't open. All she could do was allow Caleb to hold her with trembling hands, shouting for the

517

201

housekeeper and doctor.

Caleb couldn't recall the moment he pushed open the door and saw the scene. Xaviera had passed out on the floor, with a broken cup nearby, and an unknown liquid soaked the carpet, leaving a small stain.

His first reaction was that Xaviera had been poisoned. At that moment, a huge panic engulfed his heart as he stumbled to pick her up, not thinking, and rushed out the door.

The family doctor, who was urgently called in, fumbled to examine Xaviera. The moment she received the

examination results, she hesitated a bit... Drunk? Just drunk? No other problems? She glanced at Caleb, then at the medical report in her hand, her eyebrows knotted in confusion.

44 Chapter 44: Inescapable

Caleb Mamet saw that the doctor was not speaking, and suddenly took a step forward: "Speak up! What happened to Xaviera Evans?" N

The family doctor was startled and handed over the diagnosis report with a tremble: "Madam's body has no problems, it's just... she got drunk. Madam has alcohol intolerance, and even a small amount of alcoholic beverages can make her pass out."

Drunk?

Caleb blinked, not quite grasping the situation.

Just then, the test results of the unknown liquid sent for testing came out, confirming it was alcohol.

Caleb let out a sigh of relief and began looking for the culprit: "Why was there alcohol in Madam's room?"

The servants looked at each other, and finally pushed out a timid young girl who answered: "I'm sorry, Mr. Mamet. It was our mistake. We accidentally sent the alcohol intended for you to Madam's room."

This was a mistake made due to staff changes. Caleb

1/6

rubbed his forehead and signaled the housekeeper to handle it, then stepped into the master bedroom on

the third floor.

The housekeeper sent the family doctor away and quickly arranged for the servants to make

hangover–cure soup.

Although it was a false alarm, the incident made the housekeeper realize the importance of Xaviera Evans in Caleb's heart. He recalled Caleb's panicked expression when he brought her out, and sighed.

He had just been promoted and originally thought that Mr. and Mrs. Mamet living in separate rooms meant they had a strained relationship. But now it was clear that his young master cared about his wife very much!

Caleb pulled up a chair and sat down, carefully observing Xaviera. He rarely saw her so peaceful, and her spirited brows and eyes showed a hint of softness. Perhaps it was due to the alcohol, her red lips were crystal clear and looked like delicious jelly, making people want to take a bite involuntarily.

He used his powerful self–control to divert his eyes, and then looked at the bruise on her forehead. It was

not serious, just a small area, probably from hitting the edge of the coffee table when she fell from being drunk. However, her skin was too white, making the small bruise very prominent.

Caleb frowned and opened the ointment left by the doctor at the bedside. He took a small piece of the milky–white ointment, rubbed it in his palm, and carefully applied it to her forehead. He gently massaged it in circles, helping the ointment to be

better absorbed.

While massaging, Caleb felt unbalanced in his heart. When had he ever done these tasks of serving people? Most importantly, Xaviera was currently unconscious, and she might forget everything he had done when she woke up the next morning!

It was too much of a loss!

Thinking of this, Caleb snorted and poked Xaviera with his ointment-covered finger: “Stupid woman, do you know who I am? I’m your husband, your legally-married husband, remember that, okay?”

Xaviera was drunk, not unconscious. The moment the

cold ointment touched her forehead, her

consciousness gradually returned. However, the after-effects of the alcohol were still wreaking havoc in her mind, making it difficult for her to open her heavy eyelids.

Not until Caleb spoke did she suddenly struggle to open her eyes and grabbed his hand that was causing chaos on her forehead.

Caleb was startled: “You... You’re awake?”

Xaviera stared straight at him without answering.

Caleb shifted his gaze away guiltily, and the next second, he looked back confidently: “What’s the matter? Am I wrong? I’m your legally-married husband, you can’t escape that!”

At this moment, Caleb seemed very much like a cat

Xaviera had raised in the countryside when she was a child, just as proud and awkward.

“Meow.”

With alcohol eroding her rationality, Xaviera carelessly hugged Caleb’s head and rubbed it. His hair was short and hard, not very pleasant to touch, but it was enough for her to enjoy and narrow her eyes with

pleasure.

“Meow?”

Caleb gritted his teeth and pulled Xaviera’s hand away from his head. “I treat you as my wife, and you treat me as a cat? Xaviera Evans, are you asking for death?!”

Xaviera grew bolder in her mischief, raising her hand and slapping Caleb’s head: “Stinky cat, how are you talking to your master?”

Caleb: “”

Damn it, he wanted to kill this woman!

The housekeeper came in with the hangover–cure soup and heard this sentence. Did he accidentally stumble upon something he shouldn’t have? Did Mr. and Mrs. Mamet actually like this kind of play...?

“Mr... Mr. Mamet, this hangover–cure soup...” The housekeeper hesitated at the doorway, unsure

whether to enter

Caleb smoothed out his hair messed up by Xaviera and casually said to the housekeeper: “Just put it here.”

The housekeeper quickly complied, quickly left the room after putting down the soup, and thoughtfully closed the bedroom door tightly.

Caleb tested the temperature of the hangover–cure soup with the back of his hand and said unhappily to Xaviera: “Drink it.”

“Not drinking”

Xaviera grabbed a pillow and hugged it, shaking her head like a rattle drum: “Bitter.”

Caleb wanted to say it wasn’t bitter since the servants had added sugar, but he quickly remembered Xaviera’s special condition and pursed his lips.

45 Chapter Forty-five: Green Tea

Arrives

He stared at Xaviera Evans's red lips for a long while, leaned in slightly, and s poke coaxingly in a deliberately low voice, "I can make the hangover– cure soup taste less bitter. Would you like to try it?" @

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Xaviera, her mind numbed by the alcohol, processed his words slowly: "Really...?"

"Of course it's real." Caleb

Mamet betrayed no hint of guilt for beguiling a drunk person, he pointed to his lips

and solemnly said, "Kiss me, and you'll be able to taste the sweet hangover s oup."

Xaviera snorted, "Liar."

Xaviera, after drinking, was softer and cuter than usual. Caleb swallowed, took a sip of the hangover soup, and without a word, brought his lips to hers.

The lingering scent of alcohol and the sweetness of the soup immediately mixed together.

The bowl of hangover soup was fed, sip by sip, from Caleb into Xaviera's mouth. At the end, he rested his

forehead against hers and asked in a husky voice, "Is it

bitter?"

Xaviera's eyes shone moistly, the corners of her eyes were a deep red. Hearing Caleb's words, she unconsciously shook her head:

"Not bitter, sweet." As she angled her pink tongue to lick the corner of her mouth, Caleb's breath hitched.

Apparently sensing some sort of danger signal, Xaviera's blurred eyes slowly cleared. Caleb, having regained his strength, saw her gazing at him in suspi

on and couldn't help but chuckle,
"So, now you are on guard? Don't you think it's a bit late?"

The next day, Xaviera jumped out of bed. Did she remember drinking alcohol last night?!

"It's still early, sleep a little longer."

A hoarse male voice came from beside her, followed by an arm with fluid muscle lines stretching out from the duvet to circle Xaviera's slender waist. The world spun and she found herself lying against a man's hard chest.

Xaviera was dazed.

She turned her neck, it was indeed her master bedroom, but why was Caleb here?! Swallowing, Xaviera felt the body underneath the duvet, her face turned pale, "Caleb, where are my clothes!"

"Why would you wear clothes to sleep?"

Caleb, who was half asleep, tried to pull Xaviera into his arms. The next moment, Xaviera ruthlessly twisted

his arm.

"...F***!"

Caleb was instantly awake.

He looked at Xaviera, her eyes fixed on him, his handsome face bore a helpless expression,

"Ungrateful, is this how you repay your benefactor?"

Benefactor?

Xaviera was confused.

Caleb reminded her: "You were drunk yesterday, one drop and you were out." More accurately, it was in one gulp.

"If it hadn't been for me discovering it in time, you

would have slept on the floor all night, and by the time

the servants found you

the next day, you would have been feverish and unconscious. Certainly not as lively

as you are now.”

As Caleb spoke, Xaviera’s memory slowly returned. During her hazy consciousness yesterday, she did see Caleb rushing towards her, his expression very

frantic... But none of these were reasons for Caleb to

undress her!

She lifted her leg, delivered a kick, and with a crash, Caleb was kicked off the bed.

Caleb was furious: “Xaviera! Evans!”

Xaviera lifted her chin defiantly: “What?”

Squashing the urge to strangle her, Caleb took a deep breath to calm himself. Hearing the commotion in the room, a servant hesitantly knocked on the door, “Mr. Mamet, Madam, are you awake? Miss Coriell is here.”

Miss Coriell? Who?

Xaviera instinctively looked

at Caleb, only to see him frowning and getting up from the floor. He glared at her before turning and entering the bathroom.

Three minutes later, Caleb emerged from the

bathroom appearing completely untouched. He saw Xaviera still lying motionless on the bed. His anger surged once more. This woman always seemed to have a knack for irritating him.

“We have guests downstairs, tidy yourself up and come down with me.”

Xaviera had also recovered by now. She looked at Caleb and asked, “Is this Coriell, the one you ran away from at your wedding?”

Adjusting his cuffs without raising his head, Caleb

responded with one word, "Hmm."

Strange. The one who ran away from the wedding, and now has the audacity to come looking for Caleb?

Xaviera squinted her eyes, her gaze full of insinuation.

Xaviera and Caleb descended the stairs, with Xaviera

in front and Caleb behind her.

"Caleb, why did it take you so long to come down? And these servants, all of them were stopping me from coming up to find you, so annoying. Where's Lynne and housekeeper Bronte? Why haven't I seen her?"

Before they reached downstairs, a girlish voice was

heard.

Hearing the name 'Lynne', it took Xaviera half a minute to remember who Lynne was. The housekeeper who provoked her, had an abnormal possessive urge and a desire to show off, and was eventually thrown out of

the villa.

She remembered the housekeeper always saying to her, "You are not half as good as Miss Coriell," so the one speaking now was the infamous Miss Coriell, the runaway bride.

"Xaviera didn't like her, so she was fired."

Caleb turned around to take Xaviera's hand and

walked down the stairs with her.

Vita Coriell's eyes blinked. Her face a mix of naive and sweet innocence looked at them in surprise and

confusion: “Caleb, is this Miss Evans who married you in my place? She’s really pretty.”

46 Chapter 46: Green Tea and

Coffee

As she spoke, she seemingly inadvertently separated Caleb and Xaviera’s hands and squeezed in between

them, looking at Xaviera with an innocent face, “Wow, how did you manage to have no pores on your face at all, Evans? Is it makeup? Unfortunately, I’m too clumsy for it, and I can’t put on makeup well, so I can only go out with a bare face. Can you teach me how to put on makeup when you have time?” o

Xaviera: “...”

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Green tea? Compliments mixed with mockery? This move is high-level.

Xaviera was about to speak with a smile when she noticed Caleb beside her move slightly, “Did you put on makeup? How come I didn’t notice?” From the servant knocking on the door to them getting ready to go out, it took less than ten minutes. How could Xaviera have put on makeup in that time? Didn’t she just wash her face in the bathroom and then come

out?

12:20

Xaviera: “...”

Alright, no need for her to speak now. With one sentence, Caleb made Vita’s eyes turn red, she stepped back, and looked at Caleb incredulously, “Caleb, have you been living with Evans?”

Caleb looked at her strangely, “Isn’t it normal for me to live with her?” Since Xaviera had arrived, he spent his first night in

the master bedroom last night, and it was an unexpected stay, but there was no need to

share such private matters with Vita.

Vita's eyes reddened, and big tears fell down, "Caleb, do

you blame me for not marrying you back then? But at that time..." She quickly glanced at Xaviera, her voice low, "I know that you have a new wife now, and I shouldn't come and disturb, but I can't control myself. I thought even if we didn't end up together, we could still be friends."

Neither Caleb nor Xaviera spoke, making the atmosphere awkward for a moment."

This was the first time Xaviera had seen anyone other than Mag exhibit their acting skills in front of her. If the timing weren't so off, she would really want to give

10.00

Mag a round of applause—

this acting, this demeanor, these affectations, they were absolutely on par with

Mag's!

Caleb, without pity or sentiment, called the butler directly, "Escort the guest."

The butler responded, Vita's eyes reddened even more, dropping down like rain, "Caleb, are you going to drive me away? How can you treat me like this, just because you married her? But she's clearly my substitute, what qualifications does she have..."

Xaviera didn't agree with the term "substitute." She and Caleb's marriage was a mutual agreement.

Just as she was about to open her mouth to argue,

suddenly-

"Vita, stop it."

A well-maintained, gentle-faced noblewoman entered the door with a smile, sighed, and looked at Xaviera with a hint of apology, "I'm sorry, Miss Evans, Vita was originally going to marry Caleb, and now they've become like this... Vita's emotions are inevitably a bit agitated, please bear with her."

Xaviera raised her eyebrow.

No wonder Vita was so affected, she had a similarly affected mother! Didn't this family know how to speak properly?

Did they have to make oblique remarks,

sarcastic questions and statements about her, Mrs. Mamet's, identity being picked up by chance?

Mrs. Coriell's gaze was gentle, "Caleb, I'm sorry, originally, Janes and I wanted to come by ourselves, but we didn't expect Vita to insist on coming when she heard the news..."

Caleb seemed disinterested, "Is that so?"

Although his tone was cold, Mrs. Coriell seemed not to notice. Either that, or perhaps Caleb's naturally

arrogant and superior demeanor made them feel nothing out of the ordinary.

On the other hand, Xaviera looked at Caleb with surprise, as if she found him very interesting. This expression, when it caught Mrs. Coriell's eye, couldn't help but elicit disdain. However, the words that came out were still gentle and harmless, "Miss Evans is so beautiful, no wonder she has Caleb smitten. Back then, we parents were guessing what kind of woman

19.30

Caleb would marry, and whether she would resemble Vita in any way"

"Now that we've finally met, Miss Evans doesn't look like Vita at all. I suppose Caleb has had enough of Vita's temper and fears that it would evoke memories, so he chose Miss Evans instead, But that's fine... That's fine." Mrs. Coriell pretended to wipe away a tear.

Xaviera leaned against the railing, lazily watching Mrs. Coriell's performance.

As the saying goes, old ginger is hotter. With a few simple words, Mrs. Coriell conveyed several facts to

Xaviera.

-She, Xaviera, had no skills and could only enchant with her looks.

-Caleb's feelings for Vita ran deep; even if the two couldn't get married, he would still find a woman who

looked like Vita to console himself.

-

Although Xaviera didn't look like Vita, it was only because Caleb didn't want to be reminded of her and suffer quietly, so he chose a completely different woman to be his wife.

Xaviera propped her chin with one hand, her smile enigmatic.

Caleb's gaze swept over Xaviera and then spoke lightly, "Mrs. Coriell, in front of me, you are trying to

sow discord and speak nonsense with my wife. Do you think I'm dead and can't hear?"

Mrs. Coriell and Vita's faces changed almost simultaneously.

47 Chapter 47: Take Back Your

Words

Thankfully, Mrs. Coriell reacted quickly and explained with a smile, "Far from it, I was just remembering some of the things that happened when you and Vita were children. I was foolish to speak about the past in front of Miss Evans. I hope you don't mind?" "

Xaviera Evans quipped, "And what if I say I do mind?"

Can you take back what you've already said?"

Caleb: "... This woman would never let herself suffer a loss.

Mrs. Coriell's expression stiffened a bit, she probably didn't expect such a blunt response from Xaviera. But

she quickly recovered, "Exactly, Miss Evans. It's only natural for you to mind. As the older one, it was foolish of me to bring up the past and make you uncomfortable. May I apologize to you?"

She lowered her stance and invoked her status as an elder. If Xaviera continued to argue, it would make her appear unreasonably insistent.

Xaviera smirked. It was different when dealing with someone of a higher stature. They could retract and attack all at once.

Seeing her mother bowing down to Xaviera, Vita exploded, "Mom, how can you apologize to Xaviera! Why should you apologize to her? She stole my fiancé. She's the one who should apologize to me." As she said this, she started crying, "Caleb, how could you marry someone else? I didn't plan on running away from the wedding forever. I just wanted to test your feelings for me, but you actually got married..."

"Do you know how heartbroken I am? You were supposed to marry me. If this woman had shown up just a little later, I would already have been at the registrar's office. But you married her... You married a woman who pales in comparison to me..." Vita cried, practically gasping for breath.

The look on Caleb's face grew ever dark.

Mrs. Coriell sighed and said helplessly while holding Vita, "Miss Evans, I'm sorry. Vita is just too sensitive and speaks

nonsense when she gets emotional. She doesn't mean any harm; she's just having a hard time

accepting the truth and feels wronged. I'll make sure to have a serious talk with her when we go home."

"Because Caleb used to indulge her, Vita would throw capricious tantrums. That's why on the day we were supposed to register our marriage, she ran away just to make Caleb prove his love for her..."

I believe that Caleb originally wanted to find Vita, but then he met you... There are too many coincidences in this world. Perhaps Vita and Caleb were not meant to be; two people who love each other just missed each other." Regret was evident in Mrs. Coriell's tone.

Xaviera subtly kicked Caleb and signaled him to keep his cool. Caleb got Xaviera's message and reluctantly stifled his anger, standing silently at one side with a stern face.

Xaviera curled her lip, "So, Mrs. Coriell, were you suggesting that Caleb has deep feelings for Vita, and even though Miss Vita ran away on the day we were supposed to register our marriage, he would've just patiently waited for her to come back? And it's just that he happened to meet me on the day of

registration, and Caleb decided to register with me, instead of waiting for Miss Vita... Seems like I'm pretty

12:20

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charming."

Just an encounter was enough for Caleb to abandon his childhood friend.

Mrs. Coriell was almost choked. She clearly wanted to insinuate that Xaviera shamelessly took advantage of the situation, but somehow, this all seemed like a compliment in Xaviera's ears!

Xaviera tapped her fingers on the railing unconsciously. No matter if it was Mrs. Coriell or Vita, they were both indirectly telling her that Caleb had an unusual relationship with them and that she was nothing but an opportunistic predator, who would be abandoned by Caleb sooner or later.

Vita continued to cry pitifully on one side. The whimpering was so irritating that Xaviera considered kicking all these people out. She was getting rather

bored of this drama.

Just then, a stern male voice came from outside the doorway.

“Why are you crying? You brought this upon yourself by running away. You lost Caleb because of your own actions, you have no one else to blame.”

12:20

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The butler

brought in a man with a stern face, “Vita, you’re not a child anymore. Shouldn’t be crying over the mistakes you’ve made.”

“Boo hoo... Dad,

I realize my mistake now, I won’t be capricious anymore. I just want Caleb to come back to me. Caleb would never treat me like this before, it’s all

because of that woman...”

This man was Vita’s father, Boris Coriell. He appeared to be around forty-five, a man

of aristocratic demeanor. He sighed, “Caleb, as for what happened, Mr. Coriell admits that our Coriell family owes you an apology. However, I hope that you’ll give me a moment to say a few things.”

Caleb’s patience was clearly on edge.

A bunch of people had been rambling on about this and that first thing in the morning. Even if Caleb’s temper were not short, this family of three would’ve tested anyone’s patience.

Seeing Caleb's annoyance, Xaviera held his hand and gently stroked it, pacifying him like a kitten. Caleb took her hand and led her toward the living room, "Mr. Coriell, let's sit down and talk."

After hesitating for a few seconds, Boris Coriell, his wife and daughter finally sat down on the sofa, his sharp and steady eyes occasionally scanning the intertwined hands of Caleb and Xaviera.

Comment 1 The Golden Ticket ranking report for Claiming My Possessive CEO Husband has been updated: Stil...

48 Chapter 48: Let's Divorce

"Caleb, you know the truth about what happened. It was just Vita being a bit willful, she didn't really want to run away from the marriage. This marriage was proposed by Sir Mamet, so calling it off now is really unreasonable."

1

Xaviera Evans leaned lazily on the sofa. The Coriell family was really interesting.

She and Caleb were already married, and now they showed up with Caleb's "ex-fiancée", a family of three, one saying Xaviera was not good enough for Caleb, one saying Caleb was crazy in love with Vita, and one saying the marriage was arranged by Sir Mamet. Saying all of this in front of Xaviera, the new wife of Caleb, she was sure that the Coriell family did it on purpose; they didn't take her seriously at all.

1

Caleb took a sip of coffee and spoke slowly, "Mr. Coriell, bigamy is a crime."

He was already married, so discussing calling off the marriage was not appropriate.

"What's in the past is in the past. I'm living a good life

now, and we should always look forward.”

The meaning of this sentence was: you brought it upon yourselves, the marriage has been settled, don't bother him anymore.

Vita's tears

fell again, “Wuu, wuu, wuu, I really made a mistake, I was too willful, I didn't expect Caleb to let go of my hand so easily... wuu, wuu, wuu, how can you say that you don't like me anymore, Caleb? I can't be as easygoing as you, I still like you so much, I want to marry you, have your children, and be with you...”

Mrs. Coriell saw her daughter crying so miserably and her eyes turned red as well, “Alright Vita, don't cry. Caleb will surely give you an answer. You two grew up together since childhood, how can he not understand your temperament? Mom knows that you love Caleb more than your own life, but Caleb is already married to Miss Evans, you should let go.”

Xaviera propped her chin up and watched these two drama queens from the Coriell family, their words were full of innuendo; she felt that even after this short interaction with them, she was already influenced by their thick, green tea-scented speech.

Boris Coriell looked at his crying wife and daughter, and could only say with a pained heart, “Caleb, I really have no choice. Vita is crying every day, and Sir Mamet loved our Vita so much. Is this marriage agreement really going to be ruined? I know bigamy is against the law, and we have no intention of forcing you to

divorce Miss Evans. But you haven't told Sir Mamet about your marriage with Miss Evans, have you? Once Sir Mamet finds out that you got married so impulsively, he will surely be very angry. Caleb, Mr. Coriell says this for your own good.”

1

Now Xaviera truly witnessed the art of conversation. They said Vita was crying every day, and that the marriage was proposed by Sir Mamet; if Caleb didn't marry Vita, Sir Mamet might not agree. Then they said they weren't forcing a divorce, but every sentence they said was actually reminding Caleb to divorce.

Indeed, the next sentence Boris Coriell said was, "Caleb, think about it carefully, marriage is not a child's play. Miss Evans, you should think about it too, whether you want to spend your prime years with someone who doesn't love you. If Miss Evans agrees to a divorce, all the compensation after the marriage will

be borne by the Coriell family, you won't be wronged."

The living room fell completely silent.

The butler stood trembling at the side. If it weren't for last night's event, he would have thought Boris

Coriell's family spoke quite reasonably, but after last night's incident, he thought that the Coriell family might be in trouble.

He knew very clearly just how protective his young master was of his wife.

As expected...

Bang!

Caleb put the coffee cup heavily on the table and spoke slowly, "Mr. Coriell." The man's eyes were indifferent, his face almost expressionless, "Mr. Coriell, have you forgotten who is in charge of the Mamet family now?"

They thought they could suppress him by mentioning his grandfather? What a dream!

The butler also stepped forward. He was an old servant transferred from the old mansion, and some things were more clear to him than to any outsider

10.01

like Boris

Coriell, "Mr. Coriell, our Sir Mamet has never arranged a marriage for the young master. Where did this fiancée story about Miss Vita come from? It was originally Miss Vita who insisted on marrying the young master. Sir Mamet thought that the Mamet and Coriell families were old acquaintances, and that the young master and Miss Vita grew up together. Furthermore, there were no women around the young master, so he thought about matchmaking."

“But on their scheduled wedding day, Miss Vita left the young master waiting at the entrance of the civil affairs bureau. You said she was being willful and testing the young master’s affections for her, but what you’ve actually done is trample down the Mamet family’s and our young master’s dignity. Instead of apologizing for this insult, you’ve come here with arrogance, mentioning all kinds of irrelevant things in front of the young master and his wife.”

The butler’s words didn’t spare their feelings at all. It was indeed the Coriell family who did wrong; they didn’t apologize and even belittled the wife in front of the young master, thinking they could bully the Mamet family?

It was the first time that Xaviera knew the usually low-key butler had such a good eloquence. She even wanted to applaud him.

49 Chapter 49: Outsiders

At the same time, her gaze towards the Coriell family became more playful. She thought their incessant argument was because Caleb and Vita had something going on, but according to what the butler had said, this whole family was clearly narcissistic! They weren’t even boyfriend and girlfriend, but called themselves fiancées? Where’s the shame in that?

Boris Coriell’s face turned extremely ugly.

He reluctantly admitted what the butler had said but didn’t say a word, only saying, “Caleb, you are a smart man. It would be justified for you to marry Vita, but marrying Miss Evans would only bring you a bunch of troubles. Vita might have been a bit headstrong and reckless, but Caleb, you are a man, and a man should be tolerant of women, right? So, Caleb, think carefully, do you want the good-for-nothing Miss Evans or our

Vita?” @

This meant that reasoning failed, so they started to tempt him.

But why did they have to step on her while glorifying

Vita?

Xaviera chuckled.

Did this family have any self-awareness? With their daughter's personality, what level of blindness would Caleb's eyes have reached to be attracted to her?

She crossed her legs and gave a faint smile to Boris: "Mr. Coriell, I have a doubt that needs your explanation."

Boris frowned in disgust. In his heart, Xaviera was not qualified to talk to him. But before he could respond, Xaviera had already started talking on her own: "I want

to know, in Mr. Coriell's heart what does Caleb count

as? The prestigious Libanan's young master, turned into a love-crazed person in your mouth, who would wait for your daughter's marriage and disregard the Mamet family's honor."

"It was clearly you who escaped from the marriage first, and now you're forcing Caleb to marry your daughter. Do you think Caleb is easy to bully, or do you have some unknown reliance? You always use Sir Mamet as an excuse, but are you sure Sir Mamet

would accept your daughter..." Xaviera pointed her

C

chin in Vita's direction, her tone ambiguous: "accept your daughter being so headstrong in causing trouble, and bringing nothing but problems to Caleb as a

granddaughter-in-law?"

The Mamet family might not need a marriage alliance to solidify their status, but they wouldn't want a mistress who could only cause trouble, right?

Marrying Caleb wouldn't just be about marrying him alone, but also marrying into the entire Mamet family,

who needed to uphold the family's dignity. Obviously, judging from Vita's performance, she couldn't do that at all.

After she said this, there was a moment of silence.

Xaviera almost directly pointed out that Vita was not qualified to be the Mamet family's Matron or even enter the Mamet family.

It's called assassination of character, and this was exactly that!

Vita pointed at Xaviera, angrily shouting, "Who's not qualified?! I am, I'm the most qualified in the world!"

Xaviera: ".."

12-22

3/6

You're st* pid; you're the st* pidest in the world.

Boris's face also didn't look good, but he was much more scheming than Vita. He suppressed his anger and said, "Miss Evans, this is a matter between the Coriell and Mamet families. It's not your place as an outsider to interfere."

Boris's words were like tearing off the veil covering their dispute. Seeing that he was no longer pretending, Xaviera nodded in satisfaction. This was

much better to look at. A real man should be

straightforward and not act like a woman, saying those odd, roundabout, and indecisive words.

With the faces of both sides torn apart, the servants all lowered their heads, trying their best to minimize their presence.

Caleb looked up coldly, his peach blossom eyes full of iciness: "Mr. Coriell, Xaviera is my legal wife. If she's not

qualified to participate in Mamet family affairs, who is? Your foolish daughter?"

Boris shivered all over.

"Caleb, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?"

Caleb put down his coffee cup, his eyes as sharp as a knife: "Don't you understand? I agreed to marry your daughter before because your Coriell family was somewhat obedient. But you shouldn't have pushed your luck."

"Escaping from marriage? Want to prove that I love you? Who gave you the courage? Childhood friends, growing up together since we were little? Wasn't it just that you had a thick face, sticking to me like glue and unable to be driven away? Your Coriell family is eager to attach yourselves to our Mamet family, but you should at least have the attitude of attachment. Don't act like a whore while still claiming you're a good person. It's disgusting."

With these words, he had virtually stripped the Coriell family of all their dignity.

Vita couldn't accept that her Caleb had changed like

this. She screamed like a madwoman: "No, it's not like

this. Caleb, you love me, you love me the most... It must be Xaviera who drugged you. I'll kill her, as long as I kill her, Caleb will be mine, mine..."

As she spoke, she reached out with her sharp fingernails, aiming straight for Xaviera's face. She had long been unhappy with this woman. How could she

be even more beautiful than her? She must have used

her seductive face to hook away her Caleb.

Unfortunately, her hand didn't even touch Xaviera before it was intercepted midway by Caleb. Caleb

pinched her wrist, his voice as cold as ice: "Guards, get them out of here! From now on, every time a Coriell comes, beat them once!"

Boris never expected things to escalate to this point. He clenched his teeth and tried to reason with Caleb:

"Caleb, don't be impulsive..."

50 Chapter 50: Throw it All Away

Caleb: "Butler! Are you deaf? Can't you hear what I'm saying?!"

The butler quickly came to his senses: "Mr. Coriell, Mrs. Coriell, and Miss Coriell, please follow me this way."

The three remained motionless.

The butler maintained his composure and bowed slightly: "Mr. Coriell, you should know our young master's temper. He ordered us to throw you out, and we dare not disobey. I'm afraid that in the end, it will be your own faces that get tarnished."

If Boris Coriell and his family didn't listen, the butler wouldn't mind resorting to some other means.

Boris's face grew uglier as the situation became difficult to handle. Not only had he failed to attain his goal this time, but he had also provoked Caleb. It was a complete loss!

He left in disgrace with Vita and Mrs. Coriell.

From a distance, Vita's protesting voice could be

10.00

heard: "I won't go! Why should I? You clearly said I could marry Caleb, so why can't I now? Liar, a big liar!"

"Shut up!" Boris furiously scolded, "If you hadn't tried to test Caleb by running away from the marriage, would Xaviera Evans be so bold? It's all because you're stupid!"

Had Vita not created trouble and obediently appeared on the day of the marriage registration, none of this would have happened. Vita would have become Caleb's wife, the mistress of the Mamet family, and the Coriell family's status would have risen. But now, Vita had destroyed all that!

Boris whispered in Vita's ear, "The Mamet family won't accept Xaviera as their mistress, my dear. There's still a chance for you. As long as Xaviera disappears or something else happens, the position of Mrs. Mamet will naturally fall to you."@

Vita's tearful expression paused as she looked at Mrs. Coriell, who nodded: "Vita, your father is right. There's

still a chance."

Xaviera was just a bumpkin from the countryside. Killing her might be difficult, but ruining her would be

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effortless.

Vita's eyes flashed, and she lowered her head: "Okay, I'll listen to my father."

Xaviera, be prepared for revenge since you dared to steal my man!

In the villa.

Caleb waved his hand, and all the servants began to work, opening windows and moving furniture.

Xaviera looked confused as the sofa she just sat on was skillfully carried away by the servants: "What's going on?"

Caleb didn't answer and hurried to the third floor.

The butler explained, "Madam, our young master has a cleanliness obsession. The Coriell family used these sofas, cups, and whatnot, so we must dispose of them. The entire living room also needs to be disinfected."

Xaviera: "..."

What a waste!

Although it was satisfying to drive the Coriell family

away, the discarded sofas, cups, utensils, and even the carpet on the stairs were all top-tier items with

sky-

high prices. Compared to letting the Coriells leave so easily, Xaviera couldn't help but feel unwilling. Next time she encountered them, she must settle this score!

After composing herself, Xaviera prepared to go

upstairs to rest when she received a message from her father, Derek Evans.

[Miss Black Tide, the procedures for the share transfer are in progress. Since there are many issues involved, it'll take some time to complete. If you have the time, can you help us handle Xaviera's problems first? She's becoming increasingly outrageous, and Mag can't eat or sleep well. It breaks my heart to see it.]

Xaviera realized she still had a business deal to

finalize.

She had to admit, Derek's timing was perfect. Just as she was regretting the waste of money on sofas and utensils, someone was ready to send her more cash.

With

a proud smile, she replied cryptically, "It depends on Mr. Evans' sincerity."

Meanwhile, at the Evans residence.

The news of Mag falsely

claiming to be Lohill's disciple and being slapped in the face by Lohill himself had spread like wildfire. The very same people who once envied her now looked down on her. Mag hadn't been to school for a long while because she couldn't stand the disdainful gazes from her classmates, nor could she bear hearing how great Xaviera was!

“Derek, what does Xaviera want? Why didn’t she tell us about Lohill? Did she deliberately make Mag a laughingstock? Has she been waiting for this day all along? For Mag to lose face!” Rose Campbell maliciously speculated.

Moore Mamet, standing beside Mag, frowned and asked, “Mag, has Xaviera ever mentioned Lohill to you before?”

Mag tearfully shook her head, “No, Moore, my sister never mentioned that she’s Lohill’s disciple, let alone... I always thought she didn’t know fashion design and planned to take care of her at school. Who would have thought...?”

One offered gentle care, the other deliberately concealed the truth.

With Mag’s words, Derek and Moore Mamet’s impressions of Xaviera worsened.