

# Claiming My Possessive CEO Husband by Qiaoqiao Novel

## Chapter 7

Claiming My Possessive CEO Husband by Qiaoqiao Novel Chapter 7

## Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Veiled Confession

Caleb Mamet had a handsome face.

Under his thick black eyebrows were a pair of alluring, upturned cherry blossom eyes. When he squinted at someone, it was easy to feel a sense of depth in his gaze.

It was a pity that with such good looks, he just had to open his mouth; the words he spoke always made people unhappy.

Xaviera Evans rolled her eyes, ignoring Caleb's discussion about whether it was easy to support her or not, and went straight to the dining room.

Ten minutes later, the delicate dishes were served one by one.

Xaviera tasted a bite, and it was the familiar bitterness.

In front of her, Caleb held his chopsticks, his fingers with distinct knuckles were like works of art.

Noticing that Xaviera's gaze remained on his hand, Caleb spoke without lifting his head, "Can you eat just by looking at my hand?"

Xaviera confidently replied, "Just looking isn't enough, I must kiss it to be satisfied."

Caleb: "..."

He underestimated this woman's thick skin.

Grabbing a napkin, Caleb slowly wiped his mouth, "I'm curious, Miss Evans, are you this bold with everyone?"

Even if they already had a marriage certificate, legally making them the closest of kin, this fact couldn't cover up the fact that they were meeting for the first time.

"Not at all."

After all, it had been years since Xaviera had met someone like Caleb who could let her taste sweetness.

"You're unique." This was Xaviera's evaluation of Caleb.

"Unique?"

Caleb's raised eyebrows and eyes were filled with laughter, his handsome face as pleasing as a spring breeze, "Miss Evans, is this a hidden confession?"

A confession?

With all she had learned in her twenty-three years of life, Xaviera couldn't fathom how Caleb could link the word 'unique' with a confession.

She shook her head, "I didn't confess; I just like your hands."

She hid none of her desire.

People who had grown accustomed to bitterness were incredibly tempted by sweetness.

Xaviera even had the wicked thought of cutting off Caleb's fingers and taking them away.

Love his fingers? Was it some kind of hand fetish? Caleb contemplated.

After dinner, Xaviera went straight upstairs first. Because she didn't look back, she didn't see Caleb's speechless expression on his face.

Was this woman really going to share a room with him?

In the third-floor bedroom, her phone, previously tossed on the coffee table, rang incessantly. Xaviera picked it up and glanced at the caller ID before walking towards the balcony.

As soon as the call connected, Moore Mamet's anxious and malicious voice came through.

"Are you dead, Xaviera? You didn't answer the phone!"

Not waiting for Xaviera to respond, he continued self-righteously, "Even though I want you to die quickly and accompany my unborn son, I don't want to make it so easy for you to die. I want to torture you, make you unable to live or die, and make you know the consequences of messing with the Mamet family and killing Mamet's child!"

"What consequences? Tell me about them."

Xaviera's tone was flat, but it sounded provocative to Moore's ears. He threatened darkly, "You want the Evans family's shares, don't you? You believe that I can make it so you don't get a penny? Isn't life in the countryside difficult? Especially for someone like you who has enjoyed the life of the rich. If I throw you back there, will you still be able to adapt? Will you beg for mercy like a dog, asking me to give you a chance to survive?"

After some thought, Xaviera confidently answered, "No."

Her life in the countryside was far better than it was here.

She was too unyielding, and Moore was momentarily at a loss for words.

Xaviera asked indifferently, "So you called me just to say this nonsense?"

"Of course not!"

Moore regained his composure, took a deep breath, and returned to the main point, "This morning, when you were causing a scene outside the villa with Mag, someone recorded it and uploaded it to the internet. Now everyone is saying that Mag is a phony girl, and the stock prices of both the Mamet and Evans families have declined quite a

bit. You need to come forward and explain that it was you who didn't understand and wanted to force a marriage with me. Mag is the victim, and everything she did was to protect you from getting hurt."

Protect her? Xaviera couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"How did Mag protect me? Did she know in advance that you were a scum man and selflessly seduce you to let me see your true colors? Moore, there's twisting the truth and then there's blatantly lying. Are you treating me like an idiot?"

"What do you mean by treating you like an idiot? Xaviera, don't speak so harshly."

Moore frowned, "You're part of the Evans family, isn't it natural for you to help when there's trouble? All you have to do is come forward and say a few words, and it's not like you will lose a piece of flesh. What are you dissatisfied with?"

"I am indeed part of the Evans family, but not your Evans family."

Xaviera leaned against the balcony railing, her gaze fixed on the lawn lamp in the courtyard, her fair face expressionless, "From beginning to end, I never owed Mag anything. Her mom killed my mom, and she has been occupying the position of Miss Evans that belongs to me. I will repay all these grievances bit by bit. Whatever they have taken that doesn't belong to them, they will have to vomit it out."

"Have you lost your mind, Xaviera? Wasn't what Mag did for you enough? She even wanted to give me to you!"