

Claiming My Possessive CEO Husband by Qiaoqiao Novel

Chapter 8

Claiming My Possessive CEO Husband by Qiaoqiao Novel Chapter 8

Chapter 8: Chapter Eight: Yearn for His Body

Moore Mamet didn't understand why Xaviera Evans had changed overnight, his tone full of disappointment. "That's just how country bumpkins behave. No matter what Mag and the others do, you're just an unfamiliar wolf in sheep's clothing. People like you don't deserve to marry into the Mamet family!"

He was now extremely grateful that he hadn't agreed to marry Xaviera just for those sixty-five percent of shares.

Having a wife like her would not only provide no help but would also be a constant drag.

Unworthy of marrying into the Mamets?

Xaviera made a sound of surprise, suddenly remembering that she had indeed already married into the Mamet family, and her husband was even the head of the family, Caleb Mamet, Moore's uncle.

"Whether I'm worthy or not, isn't for you to decide..."

With a meaningful smile, Xaviera was looking forward to Moore's face when he would see her at the Mamets'.

After speaking, she hung up the phone, not giving Moore a chance to continue nagging.

...

The next morning, Xaviera looked at the unfamiliar ceiling when she opened her eyes, finally remembering that she had gotten married.

But where was Caleb?

Did he not come back to the master bedroom last night?

After she finished washing up and went downstairs, she saw the door of the guest room on the second floor open, and Caleb walked out in his gray home clothes.

Broad-shouldered and tall, with his cherry blossom shaped eyes almost closed, exuding a sense of lazy indifference.

Xaviera's gaze traveled from his head to toe, taking in every detail of Caleb, "Did you sleep here? Why?"

Why else? Of course, because the master bedroom was occupied by her – Caleb thought inwardly with an eye roll.

"Are you shy?"

Reading his mind, Xaviera advised him, "Actually, there is no need to be shy, we already got our marriage certificate, sooner or later we need to share a bed."

Caleb stopped in his tracks, "You're eager to share a bed with me?"

He remembered the fervent gaze with which Xaviera watched his fingers and the way she was prone to spout roguish words about kissing him. So, given her behavior, was she lusting for him?

"Actually, we don't need to sleep together, but you should let me kiss your fingers from time to time."

Imagining herself sharing a bed with Caleb, Xaviera stayed silent for a while before changing her goal to his fingers.

Her words affirmed Caleb's suspicions: this woman was indeed lusting after him!

"If I'm not mistaken, didn't you say yesterday you wanted a divorce? After the shares are transferred to me, we can get a divorce. Wasn't that what you were trying to tell me?"

Two heads taller than Xaviera, Caleb put his hands in his pockets, his towering figure looming over her, exuding a strong sense of oppression.

He had agreed to her marriage proposal at the entrance of the Civil Affairs Bureau to please his father, and because he had seen that Xaviera didn't seem to truly want to marry him, she was more interested in a mutually beneficial marital arrangement.

That happened to meet Caleb's conditions as well.

But now, Xaviera had changed her attitude and dared to lust after him. This was something he absolutely couldn't tolerate!

Usually, Xaviera was the one in control of their interactions. Now that Caleb was suddenly stepping up, she felt a bit uncomfortable. However, she quickly adjusted herself.

"I admit that I initially planned to divorce you, but then there was an unexpected twist, so let's discuss the divorce later."

Xaviera took out her phone and opened the share transfer contract she had hurriedly drawn up yesterday: "To compensate you, I can give you the shares of the Evans Group in advance."

She paused for a moment, then added, "In addition to that, I can also promise you three other things, which I normally don't commit to."

Caleb: "...Do I need those three things?"

With his status and position, what could he possibly need from a country girl like her? Was he supposed to ask her to help him with farming?

Xaviera shrugged, "Anything is possible."

Caleb raised an eyebrow, just about to deliver another blow, when Xaviera's phone rang.

"Wait a moment, let me take this call first."

Only after taking a step back from Caleb did Xaviera take out her phone to answer the call.

Caleb noted her small movement and couldn't help but chuckle softly under his breath.

His laughter reached the ears of the person on the other end of the phone, and Mr. Evans, in a fit of rage, began to shout, "Xaviera, where are you?! The servants said you didn't come home last night. Did you go out with some man? Have you no shame? You have completely disgraced our family's reputation!"

Xaviera held the phone a little further away. When the voice on the other end became quieter, she reminded him indifferently, "Our family's reputation was disgraced twenty years ago, by you. Additionally, I told you yesterday, I got married."

Caleb looked at her with unreadable eyes.

Right now, Xaviera didn't have the energy to analyze Caleb's minute facial expression. She continued speaking into her phone, "If you called just to spout this meaningless nonsense, I might as well hang up."

Mr. Evans ground his teeth and said, "Xaviera, do not think you can escape from my grasp just because you are married. Be at the hospital before three o'clock this afternoon, we need to talk! Bring your husband too!"