

Claiming My Possessive CEO Husband by Qiaoqiao

Novel Chapter 81

81 Chapter 81: I Don't Want to Cooperate With You Anymore

Derek Evans was just about to nod when Albert Sullivan waved his hand: "Impossible, impossible. Xaviera Evans is the legitimate daughter of the Evans family. How could she not be able to afford a two-hundred-thousand-dollar car? Besides, letting Miss Mag Evans ride a limited-edition luxury car is a

curse."

Albert Sullivan's laughter was meaningful: "If I

remember correctly, that luxury car is a legacy from

Miss Evans' mother. When Miss Evans' mother ordered

this car, she also said it was a gift for her daughter. I believe Mr. Evans will not be so confused as to give the belongings of the original wife to a mistress and let her squander it. If this gets out, people will criticize him for being inhuman."

What Albert Sullivan said was indeed hard to hear, but he had a more powerful position. No matter how hard it was for Derek Evans to bear, he had no choice but to

lick his wounds and smile. This car was meant for Mag,

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and he planned for her to show it off at the Coriell family's banquet. He hadn't expected these twists and turns before the car was even delivered.

When Rose Campbell and Mag Evans heard Albert Sullivan's words, their faces turned ugly, and Mag's eyes were filled with tears. Why? Wasn't Albert here for her? Why would he speak up for that little bitch,

Xaviera!?

They didn't speak for a long time, standing there like pillars. Albert Sullivan licked his lips impatiently: "Hmm, why aren't you speaking? Is it because I'm right... and this car was really prepared for Miss Mag Evans? And as Miss Evans, you couldn't even protect your mother's legacy, and let a mistress take it away?"

His last sentence was directed at Xaviera Evans.

Before Xaviera could speak, Derek rose to the occasion and explained: "Mr. Sullivan, there might be some misunderstanding in this matter. Although this car is indeed a legacy from Xaviera's mother, like I mentioned before, the belongings of the Evans family belong to those who are capable. Mag is kind-hearted and talented, so she deserves to ride this car..."

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Albert Sullivan didn't want to listen to his excuses, so he raised his hand to interrupt: "If that's the case, there's no need to continue my cooperation with the Evans family. Mr. Evans is a man who cannot differentiate between right and wrong, giving a legitimate daughter's assets to a mistress, allowing a mistress to step on the head of the legitimate daughter. Such actions are truly disheartening. I can't believe Mr. Evans will have any outstanding performance in our future cooperation."

He flicked dust off his shoulder, "Mr. Evans, I'm leaving."

Derek Evans was shocked. The cooperation between Albert Sullivan and the Evans Group is worth 200 million dollars! For the Evans Group, Sullivan is a lifeline that could revive the company. If Albert left, where would he find such a large sum of funds?

It was just that Albert could only see Xaviera's identity as a legitimate daughter. He failed to notice how vicious her heart was. Although he favored Mag, it was only because Mag was outstanding!

Mag was intelligent and understanding, while Xaviera

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only brought him trouble. He had to choose to give up Xaviera out of desperation....

Albert Sullivan walked further away. This investment was a stake in the Evans Group's entire fortune. If Albert really left, the whole Evans family would be ruined!

At this point, Derek glanced at Mag. Mag couldn't believe her eyes as Derrick rushed to Albert's side and flattered him: "Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Sullivan, you've misunderstood. How could I be such a father? This car

belongs to Xaviera. Mag was just curious and wanted to take a look. If you think it's inappropriate, I'll have her leave right now."

Mag's face paled in an instant, "Dad, how could you...?"

That car was hers. It was her capital for showing off. How come it became Xaviera's in the blink of an eye?!

But Derrick had no time to deal with Mag now. If he didn't appease Albert, Mag wouldn't be able to continue as Miss Mag Evans and wouldn't have a driver to pick her up. Derek was now extremely sober. "Mr. Sullivan, what you see isn't what you think. Whether

it's this luxury car or that

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two-hundred-thousand-dollar junk, they both belong

to Xaviera. It's just that Xaviera dislikes the limited-edition car because it's too expensive and

doesn't like to ride in it."

Albert Sullivan hooked the corner of his mouth:

"Really? Is it true?"

As Derek Evans looked at Xaviera with cold eyes, indicating her to cooperate in playing out this drama, he didn't forget to answer Albert Sullivan's question: "Yes, that's it. No matter how outstanding Mag is, she's still a mistress. Her mom is a mistress and doesn't belong to the public. In the future, the company a

nd the Evans family will still be handed over to Xaviera. Perhaps it's precisely because of this that I have stricter demands on Xaviera, while there's not much for Mag to do. She accompanies me longer than Xaviera, so I can't help but pamper her a little more."

Comment

82 Chapter Eighty-Two: Is This

Your Marriage Partner?

Hearing Derek Evans's words, Mag Evans's chest

heaved as tears flooded down her cheeks, ruining her carefully applied makeup.

Only then did Albert Sullivan laugh: "Mr. Evans is indeed wise, not being bewitched by the mistress and her illegitimate daughter. Our cooperation can continue as expected. I happen to be going to the

Coriell family, I can give Miss Evans a ride. I like

playing with people of proper status, as for Miss Mag Evans..."

He paused, and continued: "As Mr. Evans just said, these two cars belong to Xaviera, meaning that Mag has no car... Since she has no car, she can walk to the Coriell family's house. It's not too far from here, right, Mr. Evans?"

Derek Evans could not fail to hear the threat in Albert Sullivan's words. Since he had decided to appease Mr. Sullivan, he could only temporarily inconvenience Mag. He nodded reluctantly, "Mr. Sullivan's words

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make a lot of sense, Mag, you'll have to walk to the

Coriell family."

"Dad!" Mag Evans called out in disbelief.

Albert Sullivan paid the family no attention and directly extended his hand to Xaviera with a welcoming gesture, "Miss Evans, after you."

Xaviera

Evans, with a smile on her face, said goodbye to her sister and others: “Sorry, Little sister, you’ll have to walk to the Coriell family. It breaks my heart to think of you walking there, but dad has spoken, and I can’t plead your case. I hope you’ll have better luck in your next life – I told you being the illegitimate daughter isn’t easy.”

The car drew away, and Mag, unable to control herself, fell to the ground, crying bitterly.

Derek Evans, heartbroken, comforted her “Mag, you have to be strong. Dad is just trying to act for the greater good. A temporary inconvenience will do you no harm. Once Mr. Sullivan’s funds are in place, we can kick Xaviera out of the house and avenge you. Then all of the Evans family, including Miss Evans’ position, will be yours. The car, too, will be yours.

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Don’t cry now.”

On the way to the Coriell family, Albert Sullivan’s car was suddenly stopped.

He frowned, “Who’s brave enough to stop my car, wanting to risk his life?”

At this point, Xaviera, who was texting on her phone in the passenger seat, looked up as if she had felt something. Her face went rigid.

Caleb Mamet, wearing a black windbreaker, was leaning against the railing not far away. He lazily waved at her, “Mrs. Mamet, what a coincidence.”

Xaviera almost suffocated.

Caleb Mamet adjusted his cuffs, then took a pair of gloves out of his pocket and put them on leisurely. He bent down and knocked on the passenger window, “Mrs. Mamet, you are very whimsical. You said you’d go to the Coriell family with me but ended up getting on another man’s car halfway through?”

Albert Sullivan recognized who this was at first sight. His expression shifted from surprise to doubt, then

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shock before calming down. He patted Xaviera's shoulder, "Xaviera, is this gentleman your betrothed?"

Xaviera: "...

Caleb Mamet glanced at his hand on Xaviera's shoulder and greeted him casually, "Mr. Sullivan."

Perhaps it was because similar people attract each other. Albert Sullivan's first impression of Caleb Mamet was positive. Most importantly, Xaviera had

chosen this man herself, and he liked whoever Xaviera

liked.

Albert Sullivan showed a rather friendly smile, "Mr. Mamet," Then he turned his head to Xaviera and said, "Xaviera, you have good taste. This Mr. Mamet is much better than your fiancé who disappears and reappears like a ghost."

The smile on Caleb's face got bigger.

Yes, it's very pleasing to be referred to as a dead fiancé.

Albert Sullivan didn't understand why Caleb was hostile towards him, even though he had already expressed friendly intentions. After considering for a

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while, he thought Caleb might be jealous of his relationship with Xaviera. But it's not his fault for knowing her first. It's fate.

Even so, he didn't show any sense of superiority in front of Caleb. Instead, he tactfully suggested, "Xaviera, you should go with Mr. Mamet. I don't have an invitation letter. I will come over at the critical

moment."

Caleb Mamet sneered and directly pulled the car door open, dragging Xaviera away from the car.

Albert Sullivan: "..."

Now he could confirm that Caleb Mamet was greatly hostile to him. But why?! Just because of his good

relationship with Xaviera?! This man is seriously jealous?!

Xaviera followed Caleb into the car, feeling a little uneasy.

Caleb Mamet's fingers laid idle on the steering wheel, not yet starting the car. Xaviera sat quietly in the co-pilot seat without hurrying him. Until Caleb couldn't help looking at her: "Is Mrs. Mamet very close

83 Chapter 83: I'm Not Familiar

with Albert Sullivan At All

But why would Caleb ask such a question? Was he jealous? That wouldn't make sense, he didn't even like her... Could it be male possessiveness and pride acting up? Regardless, she was Caleb's legitimate wife now. Her being all smiles with another man... didn't seem quite right. Thinking like this, it felt normal that Caleb could be upset.

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Now understanding Caleb's motives, Xaviera hastily displays a tender and amiable smile, "How could that be? I am not at all close to Mr. Sullivan."

"Not close?"

Caleb chuckles lightly, his attitude somewhat nonchalant, "A few years ago, the Mamet Corporation wanted to collaborate with Lohill, but we were flatly rejected. Do you know why?"

Xaviera didn't understand how swiftly Caleb changed the subject. Back then, she had refused to cooperate with the Mamet Corporation because she disliked

83 Chapter 83: I'm Not Familiar with Albert Sullivan At All

getting involved with major financial groups. Lohill had always had its independence, not to be confined by anything or anyone else. However, precisely due to her refusal, she heard that the Mamet Corporation had suffered considerable losses, marking the first failure of Caleb's tenure as the family head of the Mamet family.

Of course, this was not to say that Lohill was powerful; if it came down to it, Caleb could obliterate Lohill with just a flick of his fingers.

Xaviera felt rather sheepish, swallowing her saliva, "Would you believe if I said I had no choice back then?" Additionally, hadn't she compensated Caleb already? She had given this quarter's collaboration to the Mamet Corporation.

"Albert Sullivan is the third brother of Lohill. Now that

your true identity with Lohill is revealed, are you still trying to convince me that you're not familiar with Albert? Do you think I'm easy to fool or you can't be bothered even to fool me?"

Xaviera: "..."

She felt a chill run down her spine, a cold breeze

83 Chapter 83: I'm Not Familiar with Albert Sullivan At All

seemed to circulate – Damn! How could she forget.

Caleb knew Albert, calling him by name!

Xaviera's expression changed over and over. A few years ago, she and Caleb had briefly met. Back then, she only saw his back, and since she had already refused to cooperate with the Mamet Corporation, she did not approach him.

So many years had elapsed, the Mamet Corporation had since become a unique presence in the fashion world. Xaviera thought Caleb would have long forgotten about it. Surprisingly, because of her refusal to cooperate back then, he held a grudge for this long!

Caleb casually toyed with her hand in his palm, "Great designer, after so many years, your temper hasn't changed a bit. Didn't you visit the Coriell family purely out of goodwill? Were you seeking revenge?"

Despite his question—like sentence, the affirmative tone indicated he was pretty confident about Xaviera's purpose of visiting the Coriell family.

Xaviera was instantly on guard, "That's nonsense, I didn't, I only went to the Coriell's because I was

invited, and besides, when I attended the Coriell

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banquet, it was with your approval."

Caleb watched her wary eyes and chuckled, "Why did I approve? Because your face read, 'I want revenge, I want to restore my reputation.'"

Xaviera: ". ""

She had been wondering why Caleb had stared at her for so long! Could he read minds? He knew everything she was thinking.

She bristled defensively, "So what if I attended the banquet for revenge? It's been way too long since Vita Coriell has ruled over my head. So what if I take a little

revenge? Moreover, they even plagiarized my dress. Isn't it normal for a designer to protect her works?"

Caleb gently massaged her head with a soothing expression, "Crossing the Coriells right now isn't exactly a smart move."

Xaviera swatted his hand away, sneering. Cross? She never/feared to cross anyone! More to the point, the Coriells targeted her because of this dog of a man in front of her. Now he was conveniently pushing all the blame onto her, painting her as the troublemaker.

83 Chapter 83: I'm Not Familiar with Albert Sullivan At All

"I was just defending my design and refusing plagiarism. What's wrong with that?"

“Xaviera, I’m not messing with you, so you don’t have to get mad at me. You can let Albert deal with this Coriell mess. But you can’t personally get involved.”

Her public identity now is Xaviera Evans, the eldest daughter of the Evans family returning from the countryside. If she were to openly admit being designer Lohill or the top hacker Black Tide, or even

openly confirm that she’s Mrs. Mamet, she could easily crush the Coriells.

But she’s not willing to reveal any of these identities. Therefore, in everyone’s eyes, Xaviera is just a forsaken daughter from the Evans family, someone anyone could easily step on. While he could solve these issues, it’s hard to guard against certain individuals; he feared any moment of negligence could lead to Xaviera getting hurt.

84 Chapter 84: Auntie, I’m not serving you anymore!

She didn’t understand Caleb Mamet’s thoughts and felt that his words were weird. What did he mean by saying she cannot do it? The Coriell family had already bullied her, and Caleb didn’t even allow her to retaliate? What kind of logic was that?

1

After all of that, doesn’t he want her to make trouble for the Coriell family? In the end, he still cared about his childhood friendship with Vita Coriell and the collaboration between the Mamet and Coriell families, so he didn’t want her to provoke the Coriell family!

Xaviera Evans was furious at her own thoughts: “What gives you the right to tell me that? What’s your relationship with me?! Stop the car, stop right now! You won’t let me go to the Coriell family? I’ll do it anyway!”

Caleb slowly started the car, his eyes calm: “I’ll take you home now, and someone will take care of you before I come back.”

84 Chapter 84: Auntie, I’m not serving you anymore!

Xaviera widened her disbelieving eyes: “What do you mean? Do you want to confine me? You bastard, Caleb

Mamet!”

She thought he was on her side and that her plan today would help Caleb regain face. But this scum man was actually siding with the Coriell family, knowingly condoning their fake ‘Fleeting Time’, and even confining her, the designer, to prevent her from causing trouble!

Caleb glanced at her: “Don’t overthink, I’ll explain when I come back.”

“Explain my ass, I don’t need your explanation!”

Xaviera glanced at the car’s structure, then at the road outside, gritting her teeth: “If you want to protect the Coriell family, go ahead, but if you want to stop me from getting back at them, I’m telling you, there’s no way!”

Caleb furrowed his brows, couldn’t she understand

human language? He just wanted her not to go to the Coriell family and make enemies, as for what she wanted to do, he would help her finish it!

Caleb was about to explain, but then he heard the

84 Chapter 84: Auntie, I’m not serving you anymore!

sound of something shattering. The next moment, his pupils widened: “Xaviera Evans!”

Xaviera agilely crawled out the car window, one hand holding on to the car door, the fast-moving car making her look like a kite, fluttering in the air.

Caleb felt his heart jump to his throat, a nameless fear spreading from the bottom of his heart to his whole body, stiffening, unsure of what to do. He was afraid that Xaviera wouldn’t be able to hold onto the car door, afraid that she would lose strength and let go, afraid that her body would float like fallen leaves, even more afraid that she would disappear from his life in such a tragic way.

He was scared, he was too scared for Evans!

However, Xaviera didn't know it, she coldly snorted, she didn't need to ask Caleb anything anymore. After all, he had made his choice between her and the Coriell family. Thinking this, she bluntly said: "Go

protect the Coriell family if you want, I won't serve you any longer!"

After that, she let go of her hand.

Caleb slammed on the brakes: "Xaviera, do you have a

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death wish?!" He rushed out of the car to check, but found no one behind the car.

Jumping from a speeding car was like seeking death. Caleb's heart pounded violently, he could hardly control his own body, his legs weak, but he still insisted on walking towards the edge of the cliff by the roadside.

How could she dare let go of her hand!

How could she give up her life so easily!

Caleb's breath trembled as he took out his phone and

almost roared for Steve Price to come over with his

team as soon as possible.

Ten minutes later, Steve arrived with a big team of bodyguards. After understanding the situation, Steve's face was full of shock when he directed everyone to start the search. The terrain here was steep, and the search progress was greatly affected. Steve looked at the ground, then at the surrounding cliffs, but found no traces of anyone or any traces of blood.

Had Xaviera gone mad and dared to jump from the car? Steve swallowed his saliva, wanting to say something, but seeing Caleb's gloomy face, he

84 Chapter 84: Auntie, I'm not serving you anymore!

swallowed his words.

The search went on for more than an hour with no discoveries. The only thing Steve found was a very fine silver thread under a stone not far away, and a piece of paper.

“Um... Mr. Caleb Mamet, our people didn't find any trace of Xaviera... but we found a note left by her.”

Caleb's heart leaped.

It was a napkin, with a few careless words written with an eyeliner pen: [Meet at the Coriell family, scum man! Jerk!]

Caleb: “..”

Alright, she was fine.

Suddenly relaxing, a wave of exhaustion hit him, accompanied by tremendous anger. Was this woman trying to scare him to death?!

He put the napkin into his pocket, waved to Steve: “Let's go, to the Coriell family.”

He would catch that audacious woman himself and take her back!

85 Chapter 86: Don't Dirty the Coriell Family's

85 Chapter 85: Don't Dirty the Coriell Family's Grounds

Xaviera Evans hummed a little tune as she arrived at Mifo Hotel, where the Coriell family was hosting a banquet. She didn't go in, not because she didn't want

to, but because she couldn't.”

She didn't have an invitation, so she obediently waited by the entrance after contacting Albert Sullivan.

Albert must be stuck in traffic since he hadn't arrived

yet. Xaviera's brow furrowed; if Albert didn't show up soon, that bastard Caleb Mamet would come, and who knows if he'd try to tie her up and take her back. She wasn't afraid to confront Caleb, but her purpose today was to teach the Coriell family a lesson... so it was better to avoid conflict with Caleb.

At that moment, Vita Coriell, who was not far away greeting guests, narrowed her eyes and whispered her complaints to the noble ladies beside her: "How did she get here?"

Many of the people who came today were trying to

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flatter the Coriell family. Hearing Vita's words, someone quickly responded, "Who is Miss Coriell talking about?"

Vita gestured toward Xaviera with her chin, "That

woman over there. I remember we didn't send her an invitation, and I don't know why she's here. She probably wants to sneak in."

"Who's so shameless that they'd come without an

invitation?" a woman in a white dress chimed in. "Miss Coriell, you don't have to bother with her. I'll have security drive her out right now."

"Ah." Vita deliberately sighed. "Forget it... We'd better not provoke her. You don't know, but this woman is very cunning and somehow caught Caleb's eye. Even I have to give her some space..."

Naomi Whitman's eyes widened in surprise, "Vita, are you saying this woman seduced Mr. Mamet? So, she's a mistress trying to break up someone else's relationship?"

Vita bit her lip, "I don't know why she's here. Maybe it's because Caleb brought her... Let's just not pay attention to her, as if we haven't seen her."

85 Chapter 35: Don't Dirty the Coriell Family's Grounds

Naomi, who had been instructed by her family to ingratiate herself with Vita, could not ignore the matter. If she could help Vita drive this woman away, then Vita would definitely remember her favor!

So Naomi grabbed Vita's hand and indignantly said, "Vita, how can you just let it go like this? I can't stand third parties the most! Why should someone like her be allowed to come to the banquet? A mistress

showing her face in front of the real fiancée? She's not ashamed, but I find it disgusting!"

Vita hesitated, "But I'm afraid Caleb will blame me if he finds out..."

Naomi hastily reassured, "It's fine. Today's banquet is for the Coriell family, so you don't need to be afraid of her. Come on, let's drive the mistress away together!"

Instead of waiting for Albert, Xaviera found herself facing a bunch of unwanted guests. Vita stood in front of her with a group of unfamiliar women.

Naomi protected Vita by stepping in front of her and coldly snorted, "I don't know how there can be so many shameless women in the world. You clearly know that he has a fiancée, but you still cling to him

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boldly. It's shameless enough being a mistress, but showing off in front of the legitimate fiancée? Aren't you afraid of disgrace?"

Many people attended the banquet, so the entrance was crowded with people coming and going. Hearing Naomi's words, many people looked over at them.

Xaviera glanced dismissively at Naomi but remained silent. Naomi thought her silence meant guilt, so her arrogance flared, "What's the matter? You're not going to say anything?"

Xaviera sighed helplessly and spoke at a leisurely pace, "If you don't need your brain, you can donate it to

someone in need. You haven't even investigated the situation properly and are already yelling 'mistress' at every turn. I don't know who's more disgraceful here. Isn't that right, Miss Coriell?"

Vita shuddered all over.

Yes, Xaviera was not a mistress, and she was not

Caleb's fiancée either. But what did it matter? In other people's eyes, she was Caleb's fiancée, while

Xaviera, who came from behind and now held a higher

position, was a mistress who broke up other people's

85 Chapter 85: Don't Dirty the Coriell Family's Grounds

relationships!

Naomi quickly recovered, "How dare you scold me? You, a mistress, actually dare to scold me?

Get out! This Coriell family banquet is not a place for people like you! Don't dirty the Coriell family's venue!"

Xaviera was worried about not being able to enter the banquet, but now it seems she doesn't even need to go in to expose the lies! With that in mind, she dialed a few numbers on her phone and then put it back in her pocket, quietly waiting for the situation to escalate.

Vita sighed, "Forget it, Naomi. I know she won't leave,

so let's not waste our breath on her here."

Naomi clenched her teeth and summoned nearby security, "Come here, Miss Coriell didn't invite this woman. Get her out of here quickly."

The security guard didn't know Naomi or Xaviera, but

he knew Vita. He knew that she was Miss Coriell and

that the Coriell family was holding their banquet at the hotel today. So he obediently stepped forward to drive Xaviera away, just as a steady car parked at the hotel

86 Chapter 86: Shouldn't You Calm

Down Now?

The entire hotel was booked by the Coriell family, so all the cars parked here were definitely for the banquet.

Everyone gaped at the cars outside the entrance:

“Is this person really coming?”

“Damn, I guess only the Coriell family in Libanan has such prestige.”

Xaviera Evans heard these words and thought Albert

Sullivan had arrived. She was about to turn around

and call for Albert while complaining that he was late, but as she turned, she met a pair of icy eyes.

Caleb Mamet, it was actually Caleb Mamet who came

first!

Did this bastard come to lecture her again? Did he want to lock her up? Or did he, like Vita Coriell, want the security guard to throw her out?

The more Xaviera thought about it, the more

86 Chapter 86: Shouldn't You Calm Down Now?

aggrieved she felt. She couldn't take it any longer. In front of Vita and Naomi Whitman's mocking gazes, she pushed past the security guard and walked towards the exit. She could leave on her own, no need for a

guard to drive her away!

She sneered coldly, angrily walking towards the door. But as she passed Caleb, he grabbed her arm.

“You've been upset for a long time, isn't it time to calm

down?”

A moment of silence ensued.

Xaviera was stunned for two seconds. What was Caleb doing? Did he not want to lock her up anymore?

Caleb paused and looked down at her, “Still don’t want to talk to me? Where is all this anger coming from? Come in with me first, and later you can continue your tantrum, okay?”

Xaviera was shocked. Was this man really talking to her? And he was letting her in? Now he should be helping Vita, pointing fingers at her and telling her to get lost, right? But instead, he was gently coaxing her?

Xaviera snorted lightly. Did he think that just by

86 Chapter 86. Shouldn’t You Calm Down Now?

coaxing her a little, she would forgive this bastard?

Just as Caleb was about to say something, seeing Xaviera’s annoyed expression, he heard her complaining coquettishly, “I don’t want to go in with you. Miss Coriell and the lady next to her just said they don’t welcome me. They said I don’t have an invitation card and can’t go in. They even wanted the security guard to drive me out.”

Caleb raised his eyes coldly, “Not allowed in?”

Vita’s breath hitched, quickly explaining, “Brother Caleb, I, I didn’t...”

Trying to please both Vita and Caleb, Naomi Whitman spoke up, “Mr. Mamet, this is not Vita’s fault. Although Miss Evans came with you, she does not have an invitation card. You know the Coriells’ banquet is a grand event, and there are many people trying to sneak in. So even though Vita knows that Miss Evans came with you, she still did not let her in because rules cannot be broken. We hope you can understand, Mr.

Mamet.”

“Moreover...” Naomi glanced at Xaviera, insinuating, “bringing such an inconsistent woman to the Coriell

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family banquet would only upset Sir Coriell, wouldn't it?"

Naomi thought her words were well-reasoned and that Caleb would accept her explanation. Others, knowing Xaviera's identity, would also feel that a mistress with such a background coming to the Coriell family's banquet was a disrespect to the Coriells. A man like Caleb wouldn't fail to understand this reason.

Xaviera smirked, "You heard that, right? They said I don't have an invitation card and won't let someone

like me in."

Only then did Caleb turn his attention to Naomi who was talking. He narrowed his eyes, his tone indifferent, "No invitation card?"

Steve Price had been around Caleb for a long time and knew what Caleb was about to do as soon as he opened his mouth, so he took out two invitations and respectfully handed them over.

Caleb's lips curved in a smirk, "It seems that the personal invitation from Sir Coriell doesn't count. In that case, please tell Sir Coriell that Caleb Mamet has arrived, but someone said my invitation card is fake, so

86 Chapter 88: Shouldn't You Calm Down Now?

I won't be attending this banquet"

Steve then handed the gift to a security guard nearby, "Congratulations to the Coriell family for obtaining the exclusive, limited edition Lohill gown 'Fleeting Time' This is Mr. Caleb Mamet's gift, please pass it on."

After saying that, Caleb turned and walked out with Xaviera obediently following behind him without causing a fuss.

Although she has never reconciled with a man, she knew that Caleb was standing up for her right now, and she shouldn't sabotage his efforts.

Disbelieving, Vita's pupils widened in shock, "Brother Caleb, you're leaving? You're actually leaving this important banquet because of this woman?"

Caleb didn't even bother looking at her. Steve stepped forward to block Vita, smiling, "Miss Coriell, since you said the invitation card from Sir Coriell does not

count, then our Mr. Mamet naturally can't go in. After county

all, we can't break the Coriell family's rules, right?"

"By the way, I want to remind those who haven't entered the banquet hall yet: if you have received an invitation from the Coriell family, remember to check

86 Chapter 88: Shouldn't You Calm Down Now?

its authenticity. If it is fake, don't go inside. After all, being driven out later would be quite embarrassing."

Was this a reminder... well, that was hard to say.

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87 Chapter 87: The Face of the

Mamet Family's Matron

Some perceptive people had already figured it out what Steve Price was implying was that entering the Coriell family's banquet hall meant affiliating oneself with them... Being on good terms with the Coriells meant being against the Mamet family...

Given a choice between the two families, they knew

which side to take.

So, many people halted their steps without continuing into the banquet hall; they also took out their phones to contact those who had already entered, urging them to come out immediately. It was not worth offending the Mamet family for a single banquet!

Vita Coriell gritted her teeth, knowing well Caleb Mamet's capabilities. If he chose not to go in today, more than half of the guests at the Coriell's banquet would leave!

She hurried forward and explained, "Caleb, it's all a misunderstanding. I didn't ... I didn't say that Miss

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Evans's invitation was false. It was all Naomi's mistake.

Miss Evans, you can go in, you can go in whenever you want."

Xaviera Evans grinned at her, "Miss Coriell, are you saying I can go in now?"

Vita's heart bled. If she didn't allow Xaviera to enter, Caleb and many other guests here would leave. No matter how much favor she received within the Coriell

family, she couldn't bear such a burden.

So, she gritted her teeth and forced a smile, "Of course, Miss Evans is our esteemed guest."

With a faint smile, Xaviera was about to walk in when her hand was grabbed once again. Her heart sank, wondering if Caleb might have changed his mind.

Caleb held Xaviera's hand, his gaze coldly fixed on Vita: "Does Miss Coriell think that this settles the matter? Don't you think you should say something to Xaviera?"

Vita's face suddenly turned ashen.

Caleb slowly spat out two words: "Apologize."

Vita's mind raced, furious that Caleb was actually

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demanding her to apologize to Xaviera, this bitch, in front of so many people! Her body shuddered, "Caleb, I've already agreed to let Miss Evans in. You can't just ignore the reputation of our family. Our Coriell family and the Mamet family have been friends for

generations. You're making me apologize to...to Miss Evans..."

"The friendship between our two families? The reputation of the Coriell family? How big do you think the Coriell family's reputation is? Big enough to withstand disrespecting my wife and walking away unscathed?"

Caleb laughed lightly, "Or is it that the Coriell family's power has already surpassed the Mamet family's, that you can trample the Mamet family's Matron's reputation underfoot?"

With that statement, Vita was silenced.

Caleb pointed out Xaviera's identities: one was Miss

Evans, the other was Mrs. Mamet. Two distinct titles

representing two different levels. Vita could scold Miss Evans, but she could not show any

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her.

That was also the reason she had always referred to Xaviera as Miss Evans – she didn’t want to

acknowledge Xaviera’s identity, or admit that Xaviera had so easily gained the status which she had yearned for, for years!

Vita understood the reasoning behind what Caleb said, but she just couldn’t accept it. Why did Xaviera get to be Mrs. Mamet? But with so many people watching, if she refused to apologize, it would be the Coriell family who ultimately suffered,

Vita approached Xaviera stiffly, her apology sounding like it was squeezed from her throat, “Miss Evans, I’m sorry.”

Unfazed, Xaviera nodded, “It’s alright. I just hope that next time, Miss Coriell, you will investigate the truth thoroughly before taking action. Like this time, you were lucky to have met someone like me who is good–tempered and won’t bother with your petty disputes. But what if next time, you offend someone with a terrible temper? I hope you’ll think three times before you act the next time.”

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Caleb: “”

Such rhetorical remarks earned Xaviera a lot of

applause, with many people saying that she was broad-minded. But Caleb couldn't stand listening to it anymore.

Vita clenched her teeth angrily, swearing to herself that she would make Xaviera pay! She would make her regret what she had done today!

Xaviera, arm in arm with Caleb, walked into the banquet hall. Caleb glanced at her, "I thought Mrs.

Mamet said she would never see me again and stop serving me?"

Xaviera feigned ignorance, "What are you talking about? Are you delirious from a fever?"

Knowing this woman's talent for acting dumb, Caleb scoffed and looked away, "Xaviera, today's banquet is held by the Coriell family. It does you no good to offend them." That's why exposing the fake dress and offending the Coriells was a task better suited for him.

Xaviera paused, her eyes narrowing slightly. She had thought Caleb had finally come around, standing by her side, but in the end, he still seemed to be siding

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Imitation is Just That

She immediately let go of the man's arm and spoke coldly, "Don't worry, even if I offend the Coriell family, I will keep you guys out of it, I won't drag the Mamet family down with me, nor will I damage the friendship between the Mamet and Coriell families." Y

Caleb Mamet swallowed hard, feeling annoyed, but not knowing what to do with this woman.

The Coriell family placed 'Fleeting Time' in the most conspicuous position, where guests could see it at a glance. Xaviera Evans stared at the dress for a while,

then sneered.

“Caleb, you should know that the thing that designers hate the most is high-scale imitation. Their actions are no different than stepping on the fruit of a designer’s

hard work.”

As she spoke to Caleb, Mrs. Coriell and a group of noblewomen approached them.

Mrs. Coriell wore an apologetic look on her face and

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spoke gently and generously, “Caleb, Xaviera, you’re both here.” She behaved like a kind elder, as if they had never had any problems before. It was hard not to admire her ability to fake it.

It would be even more impressive if she hadn’t forced herself between the two of them.

After separating Xaviera and Caleb, Mrs. Coriell smiled and said, “Xaviera, I heard about what just happened.

Vita shouldn’t have caused you trouble like that. I’m really sorry.”

She introduced Xaviera to the others, “This is Xaviera Evans, a promising young person whom I admire. I invited her here today on purpose. Xaviera, didn’t you say you wanted to see ‘Fleeting Time’? It’s right there; let me show you.”

Xaviera narrowed her eyes, thinking that there was no such thing as a free lunch. This Mrs. Coriell must be up to something!

She chuckled softly and followed Mrs. Coriell to the display area of ‘Fleeting Time’, which had already attracted quite a crowd. For ordinary people, it’s incredibly difficult to own a simple work by Miss

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Lohill, let alone a masterpiece like ‘Fleeting Time’. Owning such a masterpiece represents not only wealth but also social status.

“Miss Coriell, I heard that ‘Fleeting Time’ was

purchased at the price of eight hundred million dollars by a mysterious person back then. It seems that the mysterious person was, in fact, the Coriell family.”

“Fleeting Time’ indeed stands out as a custom-made masterpiece, and its design is absolutely stunning. It’s such a treat just looking at it...”

Vita Coriell stood in the crowd, listening to their compliments and feeling quite proud of herself. Indeed, the Coriells received so much attention because of a single replica.

Vita adjusted her smile as she saw her mother and Xaviera coming towards her. She greeted them elegantly, “Miss Evans, I was in the wrong earlier. You’re not still angry with me, are you?”

Xaviera thought that these two were really like mother and daughter, saying the exact same thing.

Mrs. Coriell gently chastised Vita, “You really should know better, Vita. Xaviera likes Miss Lohill’s designs, 88 Chapter 88: A High-Quality Imitation is Just That

and since you’re already acquainted, what’s the harm in letting her in? Normally, you’re such a smart girl, but sometimes you start to play by the rules and your brain stops working.”

Vita quickly fawned, “Oh mom, please don’t scold me. I was just too excited. Thankfully, Xaviera isn’t mad at me, or I wouldn’t know what to do.”

The three of them quickly shifted the blame for the incident at the door to Vita’s inexperience and an

ill-advised decision made in a moment of panic, thereby clearing her of any wrongdoing.

How clever of them.

Mrs. Coriell feigned helplessness, "Oh, you child." She turned to Xaviera, "It's also my fault, Xaviera. If I had known you were here, I would have come out to greet

you."

If it weren't for the time and place being

inappropriate, Xaviera would really want to applaud the two of them for their amazing acting skills.

With such powerful enemies, she couldn't afford to fall behind. So she replied softly, "That's alright; I understand. It seems that Miss Coriell really cares

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about 'Fleeting Time' and this party."

Vita's eyes flickered as she grabbed Xaviera's wrist, "Of course. 'Fleeting Time' is Miss Lohill's proudest work. I heard you're a big fan, too. Come on, I'll take you for a

closer look."

Those standing nearby made way as Vita approached. Xaviera had long wanted to take a closer look at the high-scale imitation of 'Fleeting Time'. It had to be said that it was quite a skillful copy. However, a replica is always a replica. The fabric, the embroidery, the pearl embellishments, and even the curve of the neckline

were all wrong.

How could the Coriell family have the nerve to showcase such an inferior product? Did they think this was the level of her design? That's just insulting

89 Chapter 89: Can't Bear to Let

Her Go to Jail

"Alright, the banquet is about to begin, everyone please proceed to the front hall." Mrs. Coriell kindly reminded everyone with a smile, "Xaviera, if you'd like to admire 'Fleeting Time' a bit longer, Vita, you can accompany her. I'll go ahead and lead the others to the

front hall.”

After all, the object in question belonged to the Coriell family. Once Mrs. Coriell had spoken, even those who wanted to look a little longer didn't have the nerve to stay. In an instant, everyone turned their backs to Xaviera and walked toward the front hall.

Only Xaviera and Vita Coriell remained by the dress. From an angle where others couldn't see, Vita smirked triumphantly at Xaviera, who was intently admiring the dress. This foolish girl, so engrossed in a

counterfeit item, had no idea what she was about to face, did she?

In just a moment, Vita would make sure this woman would never show off again!

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Vita's gaze quickly shifted, her face malicious as she suddenly pulled something out of her pocket. Seizing the opportunity while Xaviera was distracted, she forcefully shoved the object into Xaviera's hand and swiftly cried out in fear, “Xaviera, what are you thinking? Are you really trying to destroy ‘Fleeting Time’? No, stop that at once!”

Everyone instinctively turned around, just in time to see Xaviera holding a small knife, its tip pointing towards ‘Fleeting Time’!

With fearful haste, Vita rushed forward, using her body to block Xaviera, pleading, “Xaviera, please stop! That's ‘Fleeting Time, there's only one in the whole world! Even if you don't like it, you can't destroy it!”

Deliberately clutching Xaviera's hand, Vita displayed the glinting knife blade for everyone to see.

The guests' breath caught, they exchanged puzzled glances, “Didn't they say that no one attending the banquet could carry knives? I even got searched when I came in.”

“Well... Mrs. Coriell and Miss Coriell kindly invited

Xaviera to admire the dress, yet she wants to destroy

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it? If she came with that intent, she probably hid the knife quite well, making it difficult to find during the search.”

“Damn, this woman must be so malicious! Is she just unhappy with the dress or jealous that the Coriell family has such a beautiful dress?”

They felt the latter was more likely.

Mrs. Coriell’s expression quickly changed, and she rushed back, “What’s going on? What did you just say, Vita?”

The crowd was no longer in a hurry to go to the front hall but waited for Xavier to explain.

Tearfully, Vita said, “Earlier, I kindly let Xaviera get closer to the dress for a better look. Who would have expected that she’d suddenly pull out a knife and slash the dress! I heard the sound of tearing fabric and immediately turned my head to stop Xaviera from damaging the dress further. Mom, what should we do? What’s going to happen to the dress...?”

Mrs. Coriell examined the dress and, upon seeing the cut, lamented, “Xaviera, we, the Coriell family, invited you with nothing but good intentions, and this is how

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you repay us? The banquet rules strictly forbid carrying knives, yet you carried one regardless. Why? Did you plan this from the start, aiming to destroy ‘Fleeing Time’?”

Xaviera toyed with the knife in her hand, her lips curving into an amused smile.

Naomi Whitman was the first to jump out and shout furiously, “I knew you had ill intentions coming to the Coriell family! Do you even know how much this dress is worth? Eight hundred million dollars! You’re deliberately damaging someone else’s property, I’m calling the police! This amount of money is enough to have you rot in jail!”

The others came to their senses and thought about how Mrs. Coriell and Miss Coriell had treated Xaviera. Then, considering the knife in Xaviera's hand, they felt nothing but displeasure.

"The Coriell family treats her as an honored guest, yet she destroys 'Fleeting Time'? How could there be such a person in this world?"

"I think Miss Whitman is right; we should call the police right away. The amount of money involved in

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this incident is enormous; the police won't ignore it."

Mrs. Coriell pondered, seemingly considering the possibility of calling the police.

Vita let out a bitter laugh, "Forget it, mom, let's not call the police. If the police truly get involved, Xaviera's life would be ruined, right? Even though she's wrecked 'Fleeting Time', I can't bear to watch her spend the rest of her life behind bars."

Mrs. Coriell sighed, "Vita, I know you're kind-hearted, but the trouble Xaviera has caused this time is too grave..."

"Mom!" Vita cried out in anguish, "Please, mom, don't you see that Xaviera might have just been acting on impulse? Surely a dress can't be worth more than a life! Let's give Xaviera another chance; I can't bear to see her go to jail."

Mrs. Coriell shook her head helplessly, "Fine, we'll do as you say and let Xaviera off this time. But I don't want to see her at the banquet any longer. Miss Evans, please leave."

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Theater

Upon hearing their conversation, people around them praised Vita Coriell for her kindness.

They knew that Xaviera Evans had destroyed a gown worth eight hundred million dollars!

“Miss Coriell is kind and generous, unlike Xaviera... full of jealousy and hatred, it's no wonder that she comes from such a humble background, her character is just terrible.”

“She must have come to this banquet just to destroy ‘Fleeting Time’, probably expecting that Miss Coriell would be soft-hearted and kind enough to let her off, that's why she dared to act so boldly in the first place.”

With tears still in her eyes, Vita overheard the whispers around her and a cold smile played at the corners of her lips. Great, Xaviera Evans was finally going to be finished. In the eyes of others, she and Xaviera were good friends, but Xaviera ruined their Coriell family's gown out of jealousy.

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Vita squeezed out two more tears and feigned aggrieved sobs: “Xaviera, I never thought you would be this kind of person. I genuinely considered you my friend, but you...”

“Forget it, we were friends, and I don't want to quarrel with you any further. However, you definitely won't be able to attend this banquet. I can let you off, but my grandfather might not do the same if he finds out. So, you'd better leave now.”

Meanwhile, in the banquet hall's foyer.

Caleb Mamet lazily sipped his wine and listened to the conversations around him.

“I heard that someone tried to destroy ‘Fleeting Time’ and was caught red-handed by Miss Coriell. It's said that the culprit is also her friend.”

“Ah, I heard that too. The person's name is Xaviera Evans, right? I heard that Miss Coriell liked her a lot, and even though she is just a young lady from the countryside who recently returned to the Evans family, she was still invited to t

he banquet. Who would have thought she'd turn out to be this kind of person?"

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"Probably jealous of Miss Coriell, I suppose. Both of them are young ladies of their respective families, but one is held high while the other is completely incapable, so jealousy is only natural."

"Natural? She should take a good look at herself in the mirror. How can a bumpkin from the countryside even compare to Miss Coriell, who has been educated by her family since childhood? If you ask me, it's exactly because she comes from such a place that she can't be a good person. Otherwise, why would she dare to destroy 'Fleeting Time'?"

Steve Price listened anxiously from the side, "Mr. Caleb Mamet, please go to the back and see what's going on. Although my wife is from the countryside, she has far more grace than Vita. There's no comparison between the two! Moreover, they're not even friends, so why are people spreading gossip? Miss Coriell always targets and speaks ill of my wife. How could they possibly be friends?"

His wife must be feeling extremely isolated and helpless right now, right? With so many people believing that she is in the wrong. If Mr. Caleb Mamet appears at this moment and open

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That was suvarthing he wasn't sure if he should say He didn't think that was hats wife's doing. His wife massent stogant. Who would destroy Teeting Time in front of everyone? That would be incredibly foolish?

"Mr. Caleb Mamet, there must be some

misunderstandings," Steve tried to reason. "Besides, no matter what, we can't just stand by and watch my wife

dening to the Theater

Unable to hold back, Naomi Whitman taunted, "Some people just can't bear to leave, can they? After doing something so disgusting, they still want to shamelessly attend the banquet? The Coriell family has already shown you the greatest tolerance by not calling the police. Get out of here!"

Xaviera raised her eyelids and stared at her coldly, as if looking at a corpse.

Naomi jumped in fright, "What? What did I say wrong? You bitch! If you don't leave right now, I'll call the police!"

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