## Chapter 17

Xavia was very confused.

What kind of tricks did she play? Could he stop talking to her with that attitude every time?

She was so angry.

Zivon ignored her. He just walked around her in a cold manner as he sat down on the seat beside her.

He had worked all day and he already had to make do with his lunch. Maison's leftovers remained on the dining table. It wasn't a fancy meal from a luxurious hotel, but it was very appetizing because of the faint aroma coming from the dishes.

He looked at Xavia and said in a commanding tone, "My food."

Xavia knitted her brows tightly together. She then understood what he meant and laughed before saying, "Sorry, Mr. Burton. I'm here to take care of Maison, not to be your chef. I've only prepared food for Maison."

What she meant was, there was none for him.

Pfft. Didn't he look down on her? She definitely didn't want to prepare anything for him!

Zivon was speechless.

How dare this woman treat him like this.

Good. She was quite courageous.

"In that case, you can go and clean up the entire villa now. Otherwise, you're not allowed to eat or rest."

## What?!

The entire villa was five hundred square metres wide and there were a total of three floors. He wanted her to clean the villa on her own? She'd die from the workload!

Xavia was about to speak up to oppose him.

Zivon raised his brows. "Why? Didn't you say that you are going to take care of Maison?

Maison lives here, which means the hygiene must be up to standard. So shouldn't you clean up then? Do you have any opinions about this?"

His raised voice carried a hint of invisible and oppressive pressure in it.

Xavia couldn't say anything.

That was the textbook definition of digging her own grave.

She wore a deep pout as she picked up the cleaning tools angrily to begin the chore.

Zivon's lips twitched when he looked at Xavia's busy silhouette.

She would have to suffer the consequences for challenging his authority.

Zivon then got up and walked into the kitchen. He opened the refrigerator, took out some frozen croissants and started cooking them.

He had a specialized servant cooking for him back in Darlsbury. However, he didn't have time to hire someone to cook for him ever since he came here. He was bad at cooking, so he would always either order takeout or eat frozen meals.

Now that Maison had already eaten, he would naturally make do with whatever was available.

After the meal, Zivon went into his study room to deal with some work-related matters. Then he popped into Maison's room to send him to bed.

Naturally, Zivon didn't let Maison know that he had punished Xavia.

Maison laid in Zivon's arms and said in a soft voice, "I like her. You won't ask her to leave, right?"

Zivon narrowed his eyes slightly. He laid a broad hand on his son's back as he asked casually, "Why do you like her?"

Maison said, "Because she has a maternal aura around her."

Zivon didn't reply.

Maison definitely directed his emotions at the wrong person.

The breeze at night was very cold.

However, Xavia didn't feel chilly. In fact, she was even sweating.

This was the first time that she was experiencing what was called 'rich people's happiness'.

There was a large open-air swimming pool and fitness room on the third floor, a study room and a home cinema on the second floor, a living room, reception room, kitchen, laundry room and also an outdoor garden on the first floor...

It took Xavia nine full hours to clean the whole place up. She was only done with her work when it was four o'clock in the morning.

What a detestable capitalist!

Xavia cursed inwardly as she went upstairs. When she passed by Maison's room, she walked over and gently pushed the door open.

The door opened with a creak.

Zivon, who had always been a light sleeper and an extremely vigilant person, woke up instantly.

After discerning that it was the sound of a woman's footsteps, his thin lips curled up coldly in the darkness.

She said that she had no other intentions but during the day, she used Maison as an excuse so that she could stay at his villa. Now she was already so impatient and eager to climb into his bed.

Climb into his bed?

If Xavia knew what was going on in his mind, she would have smacked his head on the spot. Who the heck wanted to climb into his bed?!

Xavia simply came in to see if Maison had kicked his quilt off, but what the heck was this man doing on the big bed?

He had an indifferent look on his face as he laid there. His eyes were long and slender, and he still had an inherent look of dignity even when he was fast asleep.

He was actually sleeping with Maison?

It was unexpected that he took responsibility for his son.

Xavia was afraid that he would wake Maison up. So, she approached the bed with gentle and light footsteps. She then covered the quilt for Maison before checking the mosquito repellent. After confirming that there was no problem, Xavia then exited the room quietly before closing the door.

She originally wanted to take advantage of the night to give her son a kiss, but she restrained herself because the man was there.

After the door was closed, Zivon's eyes opened, showing a hint of astonishment.

He had deliberately pretended to be asleep just now because he wanted to see what kind of tricks Xavia was up to. However, it turned out that she had only swung by to take care of Maison. She did not even look at him at all.

Why did it feel like she was somehow different compared to what he had imagined her to be?

What kind of woman was she, exactly?