Chapter 3

Ding dong~ Just As Xavia was at her wits' end, the doorbell suddenly rang, followed by a gentle female voice outside the door.

"Zivon, open the door. I'm carrying something in my hands."

This was her elder sister's voice!

Xavia's body trembled uncontrollably. As she was already nervous beforehand, the emotion intensified. She didn't even know how she gained the strength to push Zivon away.

She was done for!

Her elder sister was here!

What should she do?

Naturally, Zivon also heard the voice outside the door. He frowned as he looked at the woman who looked extremely pale in front of him. He raised his hand to open the doorbell video and his pupils dilated when he then saw a woman who looked identical to Xavia standing outside.

What was going on?

Why was there another Jenna outside when there was already a 'Jenna' in his arms?

The atmosphere suddenly became very stiff.

Xavia was as anxious as a cat on a hot tin roof and she could not be bothered about Zivon as he took her in with his gaze.

Her elder sister did not allow her to appear in front of him back then. What would she think if she were to see Xavia with her red lips and messy clothes at this time?!

She panicked as she said, "Sir, please help me!"

Zivon: "…"

So, she was not Jenna?

The expression on his handsome face sank abruptly as he asked coldly, "Who are you?"

Xavia clenched her fists.

She was Jenna's younger sister. But would she be exposing anything if she were to reveal her identity?

"Ding dong! Ding dong~~"

"Zivon, are you there?" The urging voice sounded again outside before Xavia could even think of how she should answer his question.

Zivon stared at Xavia, who seemed to be in a predicament. His eyes were as dark as a whirlpool as many rational thoughts began surging his mind. For the moment, in order to prevent any unnecessary trouble, Zivon parted his lips coldly.

"Go inside first. You're not allowed to come out without my order."

His voice was as cold as ice and it was completely different compared to the previous warmth in his tone. Moreover, it was also very commanding.

"Okay." Xavia nodded and she hurriedly ran into the living room inside like a wisp of smoke before hiding behind the curtains.

Her speed was even faster compared to a rabbit.

Zivon waited for Xavia to hide before he looked away and raised his hand elegantly to pull the room door open.

Jenna was holding a pile of food outside the door. She quickly smiled when she saw Zivon.

"Zivon, you're here? I thought you weren't home because you didn't open the door after so long."

She was very gentle and she was smiling, just like a virtuous wife.

Zivon looked at the woman who looked exactly like the woman just now. He was extremely cautious and discreet. However, he did not have too much emotion as he asked conceitedly, "Aren't you very busy with work? Why did you come over?"

The expression on Jenna's face changed slightly.

His grandfather suddenly passed away back then and they failed to obtain their marriage certificate. After that, he had never mentioned it again and he had always been very indifferent towards her. Now, she had deliberately applied for a job transfer because of him as she was thinking of spending more time with him. She thought that he would be happy to see her, but...

She tried to keep the smile on her face. "I was worried about you. You would always find it very difficult to get accustomed to a new place and you can't get used to eating different food. So, I've put aside some time to come over and prepare meals for you."

Zivon reached for the takeout and pursed his lips slightly.

"Don't bother doing that in future. Maison and I are used to eating takeout."

His tone was very cold, conceited and not gentle at all.

This man! Her elder sister actually went through the trouble to cook for him but he was actually being so arrogant towards her?

Xavia could not help but criticize in her heart.

Jenna also did not expect that Zivon would reject her enthusiasm directly. She felt a little bitter and dejected.

Just as she was about to say something, Jenna suddenly saw a strand of a woman's hair on Zivon's chest, as shown by the white shirt he was wearing. She exclaimed in surprise, "Ehh? Zivon, why is there a strand of a woman's hair on your body?"

Hair!

Damn it! Her hair must have accidentally fallen on Zivon's shirt when she was struggling earlier!

What should she do? If her elder sister were to find her hiding here, then Xavia wouldn't be able to clear her own name!

Xavia anxiously held her breath.

On the contrary, Zivon simply glanced at the strand of hair before replying in a cold and conceited voice, "The woman who delivered the takeout just now must have dropped it."

This sentence seemed to mean nothing to him at all. It sounded very calm and natural and there was not even a trace of emotion in this sentence at all.

But why would the woman who delivered the takeout enter the premises? Moreover, Zivon did not open the door for a long time just now. Could it be that there was a woman who came here to seduce him?

Jenna was filled with doubt and suspicion but she tried her best to maintain her elegance.

"Oh, in that case you can eat first, Zivon. I'll clean up your room for you."

After saying that, Jenna did not wait for Zivon to refuse before she took the initiative to put the food down and began tidying the place up.

First, she walked to the cabinet, opened and dusted it before she walked toward the sofa. While she bent over to organize the cushions, she looked below the sofa.

Her actions made it seem as though she was tidying up, but in reality, it looked like she was looking for something!

Xavia felt as though she was about to stop breathing when she watched her elder sister's every move from behind the curtains.

Her elder sister was obviously suspicious. What was she looking for?!

And how big was this living room? She would certainly find Xavia very soon!

Sure enough, before two minutes had even passed, Jenna's eyes fell on the curtains over here!

Jenna began approaching the curtains slowly.

Xavia instantly clenched her fists tightly, her palms already coated with sweat.

She was done for...

She was going to be discovered...

Comments (3)