

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 236

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Chapter 236 The Cat Went Missing

As soon as I stepped into the villa, I saw Becky sitting on the sofa, cross-legged. Her hair was disheveled, and she didn't move. However, the moment she saw me, her eyes widened. It was as if a hedgehog had gone on alert mode and reflexively pricked its spikes after seeing its enemy. I didn't bother looking at her. "I didn't sleep last night. I'm tired. I'm going to bed." I neither had to practice driving nor did I have to ask for leave. I went back to my room and slumped on the bed. Moments later, I heard the sound of the door opening and approaching footsteps. I opened my eyes and saw Derek sitting on the edge of the bed. He took the ointment that Aaron had given him and unscrewed the lid. I understood that he had come to apply the ointment on my bruise. "Don't worry. It's not a big deal. I'm not that fragile." I was about to turn away from him, but he pressed my shoulders, arresting me in place. "Don't move." The hoarseness of his voice made me feel bad. I obeyed him and sat still. He gently applied the ointment with slow, gentle strokes as I stared at him. His handsome face would make women weak in their knees. Any woman would fall in love with him at first sight. But I was not one to fall for looks or judge people by their appearance. I wasn't drawn to his handsome face, but the warmth and affection he gave me when I was at my worst made me fall head over heels in love with him. I knew my place well and didn't expect too much because I knew what I deserved. Even a little bit of kindness and care from him would make me happy. However, I realized I had become possessive. I wanted him to love and care for me alone. What was wrong with me? Had I become too greedy? Why did his every move affect me? "Does it hurt?" He raised his head and stared into my eyes. "It doesn't hurt here. It hurts here." I placed my palm on my heart and looked at him sadly. "Is there any medicine that can cure it?" Derek put down the ointment and tucked a loose strand of hair behind my ear. He leaned forward, cupped my cheeks, and kissed me gently. His soft lips and tender kisses were addictive. My head was spinning with desire, and my body screamed for more. However, I didn't want to respond to him. I controlled my desire and didn't move.

He licked my lips, trying to deepen the kiss. However, since I refused to respond, he stepped back and looked at me helplessly. "Rest well." He stood up and left. I looked at the door as a pang of regret settled on my heart. God knew how much I loved his warmth and embrace. But Aaron taught me how to get along with a spouse. Even after marrying twice, my understanding of love and intimacy was limited, and Aaron, a single man, seemed more experienced than me. I believed he was right. Since I had stayed up all night, I drifted off to sleep soon. I slept until it was at dusk. However, something unexpected happened when I woke up. Ugly went missing. I looked for it all over the house, but I couldn't spot the cat anywhere. Ugly was a timid cat. It had never misbehaved or gone missing ever since I bought it. Becky sat on the sofa and watched me running around anxiously. I had a vague suspicion in my heart, so I suppressed my anger and looked at her. "Becky, have you seen Ugly?" The smug look on Becky's face vanished as soon as Derek opened the door. "I didn't see Ugly either. Eveline, I didn't see it. I swear." She looked at me, feigning fear. Her acting infuriated me, so I turned around and stormed out. Derek probably understood what was going on, so he stopped me.

"I'll come with you." He drove the car as I continued to look for Ugly on the way. I felt both annoyed and upset. We had done nothing other than searching for someone or something for the past few days. We were looking for Becky the past two days, and now we were looking for my cat. However, the cat wasn't like a human. It couldn't call for help or look for me. Ugly was a tiny cat. It was difficult to look for it in the dark.

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Chapter 237 Let Her Move Out

Even after searching far and wide, we still didn't find Ugly. "Have you found the cat?" Becky asked knowingly as she sat in the living room. We didn't say anything. Not a second later, she began her theatrics again, "I'm so sorry. This is all my fault! I forgot to close the door!" To me, Ugly wasn't just a cat, it was family. One by one, my emotional dependences were disappearing. I knew that it would've been impossible for Ugly to leave on its own. I stared at Becky and saw her pretending to be innocent, but I couldn't blame her. All I could do was rush upstairs to my room and I slammed the door as hard as I could.

"Let her move out," I said sternly. My patience for that woman was wearing thin. "Stop making a big deal out of it!" Derek walked up to me and tried to hug me. However, I pushed him away with all my strength, and all the bottled up rage in my heart was about to erupt. "I mean it, Derek. Rent an apartment for her or buy her a house, I don't care. You can even hire a maid to serve her. I just don't want to live under the same roof as her anymore!" The room was eerily quiet and all we could hear was each other's breathing. Derek stared at me, frowning deeply. "You shouldn't push her. She can get radical sometimes. I'm worried that she might do something stupid," he said. His words only made me sadder. In a trembling voice, I said, "Aren't you afraid that I'll do something stupid?" Derek lowered his head and sighed. "I know you won't," he said. A bitter smile appeared on my lips. "Why do you think I won't? Is it because I'm not crazy or fragile enough?" Derek rested his hands on his hips and bit his lower lip. A moment later, he said, "It's just a cat, isn't it? I'll buy you another one tomorrow." I scoffed at him with disdain. "Ugly is my family! The cat has been accompanying me for as long as I can remember. I'm not someone who is only interested in new things. Do you think it'll be easy for me to just get a new cat and forget about Ugly?" "Derek, Eveline, are you good?" A timid voice came from the door. Derek didn't close the door when he came in, so Becky must've overheard our conversation. However, she still pretended like she didn't hear anything and asked what happened. But I could tell that she was happy to see us fighting. All of a sudden, Derek pulled a long face and raised his voice. "Eveline, do you have something to say? Don't beat around the bush!" He didn't even try to save my face in front of Becky, so I decided not to care anymore. "What made you think so? Are you the type of person who's in with the new and out with the old easily?" Derek frowned at me. When he spoke again, his voice softened. "I'm tired of this, Eveline. Why do you have to do this? Don't you remember what I told you before? The reason you and I are together is because you're simple, and that you don't have so many complicated thoughts like other women. That's why I'm so relieved to be with

you. Why are you making things difficult for me now?" Naturally, I remembered that the night before we applied for a marriage license, I asked him why he chose me of all people to be his wife, and that was what he told me. With sadness in my eyes, I looked at him. "Do you regret being with me now?" Derek bit his lower lip for a moment, seemingly in thought. "Let's take a break and calm down." Having said that, he turned around and strode away. Upon hearing the sound of his footsteps going downstairs, I soon heard the living room door being opened and closed, followed by the sound of the car engine starting. While all of that was happening, I just stood in place, motionless. Meanwhile, Becky was still at the door. Now that Derek had left, she cast aside her phony act and showed her true colors. This time, she was looking at me as if she had won the battle, and she had her arms crossed. I walked over and slammed the door at her face because I didn't want to look at her ugly mug anymore. Not a minute later, I heard Becky walk away from my room. At long last, it was quiet. I took several deep breaths to calm myself down before going to the bathroom to take a shower. Once I was done washing up, I snuggled under the quilt on the bed, nearly drifting to sleep. However, my phone suddenly rang. Derek had sent me a short text message. After a moment of pondering, I replied a brief message.

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Chapter 238 Just To Irritate Me

After replying to the text, I went back to bed and slept more comfortably than the days before this one. According to a physiological theory, negative emotions were usually abreacted after every fight, so I had a good sleep. All of a sudden, I woke up to a faint sound. When I opened my eyes, I realized that it was already dawn.

There was a song playing in the background. It was faint, but I could hear it. As I got up to open the door, the song became clearer. Upon reaching the stairway, I saw Becky sitting on the sofa, playing the guitar and singing. When I went downstairs to approach her, it seemed like she didn't even notice me and just continued singing. If I wasn't mistaken, the guitar she was playing was the same one hanging in Derek's room. This same guitar was the reason I saw Derek frown at me for the first time, "I'd advise you not to touch that guitar," I said. Suddenly, Becky stopped playing the guitar and singing, and she gently stroked the guitar in her hands. A bright smile appeared on her face, making her look complacent. "I already know about that. For my sister's sake, Derek hasn't played this guitar in a long time. Have you ever seen him play it? I've seen him play a guitar before, and he looked so dashing." I tried to stay calm and reminded myself not to give into her provocations. Seeing that I didn't respond, Becky continued to hurt me with her words. "I've heard that this is your second marriage. Derek is a softhearted man. He probably just married you out of sympathy," she said. She was so mean and sharp-tongued. I wondered if this was her true color. Because of Derek's absence, Becky didn't hesitate to show me her real personality, just to infuriate me.

I took a few deep breaths, smiling at her as if she were some contemptible scoundrel.

Based on her reaction and how stupefied she was, I could tell that she didn't expect my

reaction.

Not wanting to waste time on this hypocrite anymore, I decided to go to the kitchen to make breakfast.

I noticed that there was a bag of takeout on the coffee table, so I gathered that she must've ordered it this morning. While I was having breakfast at the dining table, she sat across me just to bother me again.

I just continued eating my breakfast in silence, pretending not to see her. "I threw your hideous cat out," she said out of the blue. Filled with fiery rage, I raised my head and scowled at her. Upon seeing my reaction, she smiled with satisfaction and continued to infuriate me. "That stupid cat scratched my face last time! It's only natural that I teach it a lesson. Oh, do you want to know where I threw that precious cat of yours? It's not that far. I threw the cat in the river ahead. Do you think your cat knows how to swim? Because if it can't swim, I'm sure it resigned itself to its fate." The weather was cold nowadays. Even if Ugly didn't drown in the river, it would've frozen to death. When I thought of how Ugly must've struggled to get out of the river, my heart ached. I tried to compose myself, and held back the urge to slap Becky. Finally, I slammed my fork on the table. With a face distorted by anger, I said, "Listen here, you little bitch. Life is like a drama without a script, and everything depends on how good of an actor you are. You can freestyle with your acting, but you shouldn't overdo it. If the story goes too far, you may end up with an unexpected ending. Look out for yourself." Becky was stunned. I didn't want to talk to her anymore, so I went upstairs, changed my clothes, grabbed my purse, and left the villa. There was a blue car parked across the road. I walked straight to it, opened the door of the passenger seat, and got in. "Eve, what's the matter? Why did you call me this early in the morning? You're acting strangely." Earlier, I noticed Louise was sitting in the driver's seat, bored out of her mind. But when she saw me, she instantly became excited. I was so angry at Becky that I couldn't breathe evenly. I stared at the door of the villa and said, "We have a secret mission to accomplish." "Is it because of that bitch?" Louise asked. Before I could say anything, I noticed Becky coming out of the villa with a purse in hand. There happened to be a taxi passing by. She stopped it and got in. I pointed at the taxi and said, "Lulu, follow that cab!" Louise looked at me with suspicion. But nonetheless, she started the car and followed the taxi around, keeping a safe distance from it. "What exactly are we doing here? Is there something going on between that woman and Derek?" asked Louise. It was then that I told her everything that had happened these past two days. After hearing the story, Louise was furious. "What the fuck? Who would've thought that she'd be a shameless, scheming bitch?" Soon, the taxi pulled over at the entrance of a high-end restaurant. Louise pulled over a few meters away from the cab.

After getting out of the cab, Becky went straight into the restaurant. I rolled down the window and saw a man coming out of the restaurant. "Miss Nash, Mr. Sullivan has been waiting for you for a long time," he said to Becky. Stunned,

Louise exclaimed, "What the hell? Is she really out on a date with Derek here?" I clenched my purse and bit my lower lip. "I think she's here on a date with Derek's father." "What? Is that true?" Louise's jaw dropped. I glanced at her and replied, "We'll know once we go in and see for ourselves."

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Chapter 239 Get Ready To Watch The Show

Louise and I both got out of the car and walked into the restaurant. As soon as I entered the dining hall, I noticed Becky going up the spiral stairs, so I followed her upwards along with Louise. The second floor was mostly VIP rooms, which were luxuriously decorated and very quiet. They were so different from the noisy dining hall on the first floor. "Miss Nash, right this way please."

The waiter who was guiding Becky stopped at the door of one of the private rooms, and gestured her to come in. Once she entered the room, the door was closed at once. Louise crossed her arms. "That's a VIP room. We won't be able to find out what they're talking about. If I had known you'd have a plan like this, I would've borrowed two waitress uniforms and disguised as them so we could walk in." I smiled at her and said, "Don't worry about that. We'll be able to go in, but not right now." I glanced sideways and noticed someone walking upstairs and approaching our direction. Quickly, I pulled Louise to the corner, so we could hide ourselves. Out of curiosity, she craned her head to observe him. When she saw the man enter a private room, she asked, "Who's that guy?"

"Derek's father," I said.

"But they didn't enter the same room," she answered. I didn't explain the entire matter yet, but I mentioned something else. "If I tell you that Derek's dad is using Becky as a pawn to sabotage my relationship with Derek, would you believe it?" Louise's eyes widened with shock. "In that case, his father is an asshole too, isn't he? What happened between you and him? And why does he dislike you so much?" I shrugged. "I want to know, too." "So, what's going to happen today?" Louise was a smart woman. I could tell from the look on her face that she must have a guess already. "I had a fight with Derek yesterday. How much are you willing to bet that Becky is meeting with Derek's dad today to report the situation and ask for a reward?" I said. Surprised by what happened, Louise shouted, "Why on earth did you fight with Derek? You knew it was a trap, and yet you still jumped in? Are you stupid?" I didn't explain my side yet. Still seemingly confused, Louise asked, "They didn't enter the same room. How is Becky supposed to report to him? Are they trying to make sure that nobody will see them?" Once more, she squinted at me. "You seem like you know everything already. Tell me, what happened?" I glanced at the closed door of the private room and said, "Hey, relax! Just wait, will you?" Around ten minutes later, the door of the private room that Becky was in opened up. Afterwards, a strange man walked out. After the man left, the door was closed again. A moment later, I saw a waiter walking towards the private room with a bottle of wine on a tray in his hand. I walked over and said to the waiter, "I'm on my way in. Let me get that for

you." Grateful for my kind offer, the waiter handed me the tray, thanked me politely, and left. Soon, I opened the door and carried the tray in. There were only two people inside the room; Derek and Becky. He raised his head and looked at me. He didn't seem surprised to see me here, and neither

was I.

"Derek, I'm leaving now." Becky looked quite nervous, and she didn't seem to notice me at the moment. I had put the tray on the table, but she still didn't raise her head. She must think that I was just another waiter. After pouring her a glass of wine, I placed it in front of her. "Why are you leaving so soon? What's the hurry?" All of a sudden, Becky looked at me with disbelief. "What are you doing here?" "Oh! Another Mr. Sullivan is here, I see!" It seemed that Louise finally understood the situation. Thus, she pulled out a chair, sat down, and prepared to enjoy the show. Becky looked at Derek, and then at me. She seemed to have understood something. Feeling guilty, she averted her gaze from us. Instead of pouring wine for Derek, I gave him a glass of water. Afterwards, I sat down beside him.

On the burgundy table cloth, there was a stack of documents. Derek tapped on the documents with his fingers and smirked. "Becky, I was planning to give you a surprise. What a coincidence!" Of course, I knew that it wasn't a coincidence.

When Becky entered the restaurant, she had no idea that the Mr. Sullivan who set an appointment with her wasn't Gifford, but Derek.

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Chapter 240 One Condition

"Director Jones is a straightforward person. This is the contract for the female lead of this new movie. He thinks that you'd be perfect for this role, Becky. This is a great opportunity for you. I told you that I'd be able to help you realize your dreams, and I have no intention of breaking that promise. But I do have one condition," Derek said with a smile. But even though he was smiling, I could tell that Becky was still nervous. "What condition?" "You'll stop working for my father." His words left Becky stunned, but she quickly gathered her composure. "I... don't know what you mean, Derek." Derek took out a cigarette, lit it up, and smirked. "Becky, how old are you, and how old do you think I am? The years that I had lived before you weren't in vain," he said. Becky didn't seem to expect that things would turn out like this when she swaggered at me in the villa this morning. Unbeknownst to her, this scenario had already begun yesterday evening. At the time, Derek and I were out looking for Ugly. Seeing that the chances of finding my beloved cat was slim, he pulled over at the roadside. "Eveline, I had Becky investigated, since you told me about her behaviors. My father was the one who instructed her," he said. I had already found this out through Alvaro, so of course, I wasn't surprised at all. Derek leaned against the back of his seat, massaging between his eyebrows. He looked so exhausted.

As a matter of fact, I could understand why he was sad right now. It would be easier for him to accept that Becky was hooking up with a rich man, but the truth was that his father was plotting against him. "It's like I'm dealing with a tree here. If I want to remove it, I have to assess the situation of the tree first. If the roots of the tree do not have a solid grip on the soil, it could be easily pulled out."

The way he spoke made him sound like he was really miserable. Concerned, I looked into his eyes and asked, "What about you? Are you sure you can do this?" Derek gazed back at me and cupped my cheeks with his hands. "Yes."

A bitter smile appeared on my lips. "You know what? Every time you're willing to tell me everything, I feel so secure."

He leaned over to embrace me and kissed the top of my head. "When a woman doesn't have a sense of security, it's always her man's fault. I'm sorry that I made you feel that way, my love."

For some reason, I could never have any guts to withstand his charms. He would always defeat and capture my heart with a few simple words. Time and time again, I could not extricate myself from the safety of his warmth. That argument between us last night was nothing but theatrics. Becky believed that she had achieved her goal, but without her knowing, she had exposed her true intentions. Derek didn't sound harsh from beginning until the end. It was more like he was just asking a question. At this point, Becky could no longer argue. Derek flicked the ashes of the cigarette into the ashtray, still as calm as ever. "Becky, young people are usually not rational enough, and it's hard for them to resist temptations. It's inevitable for you to make mistakes, but you shouldn't do stupid things! How much did he pay you? I'll give you the same amount of money and you return it to my father." Upon knowing everything, Louise could no longer stay calm. "How could you sell your soul to the devil for some money? Derek is so kind to you, and Eveline was nice enough to take you in. You're one ungrateful little bitch, aren't you?" Faced with criticism and great pressure, Becky pursed her lips and broke into tears. "I never wanted to do it, Derek. That night, when I came out of the TV station, they took me away. Your father wanted me to make you break up. I didn't agree to it at first, but they beat me. I was forced into it!" It suddenly occurred to me that Derek had asked Timmy to pick up Becky that night, and Timmy didn't get her. The following morning, when Becky came home, there were indeed bruises on her arms. The situation she was describing seemed to line up with what happened.