

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 321

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Chapter 321 Kevin Persuades Me To Divorce Derek

I went out into the hallway and saw Kevin at the end of the hall. I walked over and said, "Mr. Eaton, do you have anything to tell me?" "If I remember correctly, you married a doctor, right?" he turned around and asked seriously. In fact, Kevin and I had met by chance on the street when I was married to Shane. That was how he knew I had married a doctor. I was a little embarrassed by his remark and could barely hide it when I answered. "That's true. But I already divorced the doctor." Kevin nodded slightly and added, "So now you are with Derek Sullivan, right?" This time, I was shocked that he knew that. I looked at him in confusion. But when I thought about it, I felt there was nothing really surprising that Kevin knew Derek. After all, Derek was the CEO of Dere International, a prestigious and well-known company. I almost calmed down when suddenly I heard Kevin say, "He's Gifford's eldest son, isn't he?" My blood froze. It was only then that I remembered Gifford had snatched Kevin's wife. The two men were sworn enemies. So, of course Kevin knew Gifford and everyone around him very well. It wasn't strange therefore that Kevin also knew Derek. "Mr. Eaton, L..." I really didn't know what to say now. Before I married Derek, I didn't know about this enemy relationship between Kevin and the Sullivan family. Holding the handrail with both hands, Kevin looked at me and suddenly smiled faintly. "Don't worry, Eveline. I have no prejudice against Derek just because he's Gifford's son. Likewise, I don't hate Lean because he's Gifford's son. After all, Lean had lived with me as my son for a few years." His voice was calm and devoid of any bitterness when he spoke. I believed what he said. In fact, when I was a student, Kevin made a deep impression on me with his character. I immediately felt that he was an honest and upright man. I was silent for a moment. Then, I looked the man in the eye and said seriously, "Charlene is a very well-behaved girl, you know. I understand better where she got such a character now that I know she's your daughter. Your child can only be as excellent as you."

My remark made Kevin smile and he said playfully, "You shouldn't give her so much praise. If only you knew how stubborn she can be sometimes."

At this moment, I suddenly thought of Lean. If Kevin had raised him, Lean wouldn't have become as rebellious and unruly as he was now. It was Gifford who spoiled him.

After thinking for a while, Kevin looked at me and said in a serious tone, "Eveline, I have something to tell you but I don't know how you could take it." Seeing he was hesitating, I encouraged him, "Mr. Eaton, just say it. I'm listening." He was thoughtful for a moment. Then, he looked down at the playground below, which was completely covered in snow. "Derek is not the right man for you. If you're not sure you love him with all your heart, you should divorce him." , "Mr. Eaton!"

I cried out unconsciously with my eyes widening in shock. It was a very bad thing to want to persuade someone to divorce. But knowing the kind of person Kevin was, I took his words seriously. A genuinely good man like him wouldn't say such

a thing without a good reason. Kevin sensed my shock and turned to look at me, Sighing helplessly, he said, "Eveline, I need you to believe me when I tell you that I will never try to hurt you. I just want you to find yourself an ordinary man and have a stable and quiet life." Kevin's words rang a bell. In fact, I always knew there was a huge gap between me and Derek, but I was trying to bridge it. However, my gut told me that the reason Kevin said that wasn't just because Derek had a complicated life. It could be a more important reason. However, Kevin didn't want to tell me the truth probably because if he were to reveal it to me, the consequences could be disastrous, Kevin said nothing more and we quietly returned to the classroom. At this time, there were a lot more folded-paper cranes on the desks. Apparently, Derek had made huge progress in folding the paper cranes. The students put all of them in transparent bottles. At this point, I was a little absent-minded as Kevin's words kept echoing in my head.

Suddenly, I remembered a question I had asked when we were in the corridor. "Mr. Eaton, are you still single?" He had nodded with a smile. "Yes, I'm single. But I really enjoy it this way. With so many children keeping me company, how can I feel lonely?" Indeed, at this moment, several students had gathered around him and were chatting cheerfully with him. It was a really moving scene.

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Chapter 322 The God Protests

By the time Derek and I left, the students were still playing in the classroom. Everything here was familiar to me and brought back a lot of memories. As we walked through the school yard, we passed a banyan tree covered in snow. I suddenly slowed down and stopped under the banyan tree. I looked around the campus. The only room that was illuminated was the classroom that Kevin and his students were in. The rest of the school was plunged into complete darkness. When I turned to Derek, I felt like he was so far away from me because of the snow. I sighed deeply. "Derek, who are you really? Why do I feel like you're miles away from me yet you're right here in front of me? Why do I always have this feeling that we're not meant to be together? Even the God seems against our relationship. Why?" Derek smiled softly and gently tapped my forehead. "You are thinking too much," he said smiling. He then put his hands on my waist and slowly lowered his face to mine.

Our faces were now very close to each other, to the point where I could even feel his warm breath on my skin. I stared into his big, deep eyes. "Listen to me, Eveline, this attractive man in front of you right now is your husband. He's yours and no one else's. The God does not decide our destiny for us. If our relationship pisses him off that much, he can make it snow even more. I do not care." He spoke with such firmness and at the same time so much childlike candor that I was naturally moved. After saying that, Derek pressed his lips against mine and pulled me into a passionate kiss that lasted for quite some time. When he finally released my lips, he gently stroked my hair. "Now stop overthinking it, okay?" I just smiled, while arranging my hair which was a bit messy. The angst I felt a while

ago had now disappeared. This was replaced by a deep sense of wellbeing. We were about to leave when suddenly it started to snow heavily. I was speechless remembering what Derek said earlier. "Look, the God is really determined to show his disapproval of our relationship," I said to Derek while pointing at the sky. Derek put his arm around my shoulders reassuringly. "I told you I don't care. Let him bury me in the snow if he can." Hearing what he said, I panicked and hurriedly covered his mouth. "Don't say such things," I said in earnest. He didn't move and looked at me with a smile on his face. "Well I am pretty sure he doesn't hear me," Derek said through my fingers. I eventually removed my hand from his mouth and we walked slowly hand in hand. "You know, when my father had that car accident, I was deeply shocked by the reaction of the neighbors. They said that the fact that a tree branch in the alley had suddenly broken the day before was a harbinger of this misfortune. Some of our neighbors said they had heard sobs and wails the night before, which was confirmed by others. I know it's kind of ridiculous to believe in these things, but I was very remorseful at the time. I blamed myself for being so stupid that I couldn't see the signs God showed me. If I had paid more attention to the signs, I certainly wouldn't have let my father out that day. Perhaps then he would have avoided this misfortune." At that point, Derek suddenly stopped and turned to me. I looked at him curiously. He stayed there for a while, just looking at me intently. Then, he suddenly pulled me in a warm embrace. When he spoke, his voice was hoarse. "Don't let the past keep haunting you and steal your happiness, okay?" I answered in a barely audible whisper. I was more concerned with enjoying that warm, comforting embrace. By now, it was snowing so much you could only hear the sound of the wind and falling snow. After the weekend, I went to Lavinia's beauty salon on Monday. Her beauty salon was not open to the public. It was solely meant to train talent. Most makeup artists who trained here now worked as professional celebrity makeup artists. I thought it would be good for me to combine my knowledge of traditional medicine with strong makeup skills. With such skills, I would perfectly meet the needs of modern women. When I arrived at the beauty salon, I was welcomed by Lavinia herself, who led me inside. Her team was very dynamic. Everyone seemed perfectly at ease in their task. They were all full of passion and energy. Seeing them work with such grace, I felt a little ashamed of my image and morale. I felt like I was inferior to them. Lavinia guessed what was going through my head at the moment because she stared at me and said with a smile, "It's important for a makeup artist to look their best at all times. That's the showcase of their work and it's that which gives the customer confidence." I blushed as I lowered my head. "You're right, indeed," I said in a low voice. Lavinia smiled and said kindly, "Eveline, don't be nervous. You will certainly encounter many problems in life and you should learn to face them with serenity. I don't think there's anything wrong with your dressing and makeup. However, you can make one or two changes to look better

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Chapter 323 I'm Not Afraid of Gossip

It was human nature to be excited about new things. Likewise, when people did something for the first time, they were always very passionate. I was no exception to this truth. I went to Lavinia's beauty salon every day, full of desire

to learn something new. Every day I came home with a new skill. As my knowledge of the beauty field grew, I gained confidence about my future. Coincidentally, I came across a middle school classmate who worked in the salon as a receptionist. The years had passed and we had changed a lot. So we didn't recognize each other right away. It was she, however, who recognized me first. At break time, she took me aside and introduced herself. It wasn't until then that I recognized her. We had a good time reminiscing about our middle school years. Truth be told, we both weren't really acquainted to each other back in middle school. However, I was really excited to see her again. We were old classmates after all. I really enjoyed remembering those memories of school days. It was true that my school years were not very pleasant unlike those of my classmates. But it was part of my life and therefore had its share of memories. Later that evening, Derek picked me up as usual. When he proposed that we go to dinner, I unexpectedly suggested that we go to the restaurant that was right in front of my old school. On site, I was pleasantly surprised to see that the restaurant had been renovated. Despite this, the manager was still the one I had known from my middle school days and he remembered me well. This man was really nice. When I was in middle school and knowing my family situation, he let me work part-time in his establishment so I could take care of myself. When he saw me, his face lit up with a beaming smile and he welcomed Derek and me very warmly.

It was dinner time so several students soon arrived in the restaurant. I left Derek at the table while I went to make the order at the counter. When I came back, I saw some female students glancing at Derek from time to time and whispering to each other. Their eyes were full of juvenile affection. I could only understand them. Derek was a particularly handsome man and it was hard for him not to attract attention. I suggested we have dinner here because I wanted to have a leisurely dinner while reminiscing about the good old days. However, I now felt very embarrassed with all these people watching us. Unlike me, Derek was very calm, like those gazes didn't affect him at all. There was this young woman a few tables away from us, staring intently in our direction for quite a while. She suddenly got up and walked resolutely towards us. "Hello, you were the lead singer of Thorn Birds, weren't you? I loved hearing you sing back then. Could you please give me your autograph?" As she spoke, the woman handed over the pen and notebook to Derek. Derek was a little surprised. He really didn't expect anyone to remember him, let alone recognize him. "Thorn Birds had been disbanded a long time ago," he said curtly. The woman blushed at this curt remark. "I know, but it's my childhood memory. Please." The woman spoke in a more or less loud voice, which meant that the people around could distinctly hear her words. The whispering started again and people took out their phones to take pictures of Derek. They were certainly convinced that Derek was a star. Derek ignored the notebook the woman handed him for an autograph. She found herself in a very embarrassing position and I was just as embarrassed for her. I just wanted to convince Derek to sign that paper. After all, it was an honor to be admired like this. Why did he treat her with such disdain? However, before I could say anything, Derek pulled his wallet out of his pocket, took out some cash and put it on the table. The next moment, he was standing up. He took me by the arm and we strode out of the restaurant. We left before our order even arrived. Derek strode over and I had a hard time keeping up. I had to run to keep up with his pace. As we walked away from the restaurant, some people followed us to see what was going on. We walked like this for quite a while without looking back. It wasn't until we were sure there was no one behind us that we finally stopped. Derek and I looked at each other and smiled heartily. "Why do I feel like I'm having a secret relationship with a star?" I wondered with a smile. Derek then

wrapped his arms around my neck and pressed his lips to mine in a soft, passionate kiss. At that time, he didn't care that anyone was watching us. It wasn't until he finally pulled his lips away from mine that I opened my eyes. His beautiful face was very close to mine and I could feel his warm breath against my skin. He looked me in the eye and said in a firm, confident tone, "I'm not afraid of gossip." This act of unrestrained romance naturally attracted a crowd of onlookers. Several girls in the crowd screamed upon seeing the scene. We were forced to run again. We finally went to another restaurant. There we each had a bowl of noodles for dinner. I enjoyed the dinner very much, although it was nothing special. On the way back, I was rather excited without being able to say why. When we arrived home, I was surprised to see that the lights were on in the villa and the front door was open. There was a pair of ten centimeter high-heeled shoes next to the shoe cabinet. How come these shoes were in our house?

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Chapter 324 She Gets Plastic Surgery

When I entered the house, I immediately saw a figure standing in front of the French window. It was a woman. She was quite tall and slender. Despite the freezing winter cold, she only wore a light purple mid-length thin sweater and skinny pants. I had to admit that this woman had very nice legs. Moreover, with her long wavy hair falling down to her waist, she looked very charming from behind. Staring at the woman's back, I asked coldly, "Who are you?" At this point, the woman slowly turned and looked at me with a smile. When I saw her face, I felt like I had been struck by lightning. It couldn't be! I stared at this woman's face in so much disbelief, it looked like I had just seen a ghost. In fact, she was a ghost as far as I was concerned. I was so shocked that I staggered back. My legs wobbled and I had trouble standing. I would have collapsed to the floor if Derek hadn't hurriedly held me in his arms. I stared intently at Derek's face, desperately searching his gaze for something that would reassure me. However, he looked just as surprised as me. At that moment, this woman walked slowly towards us, looking confident and with a broad smile on her face. Was it really Sybil? á However, I quickly pushed that thought away. It couldn't be Sybil. It was impossible. It was true that they looked a lot alike, but it couldn't be her. The woman stood in front of Derek and me with a broad smile. When she spoke I knew for sure it wasn't Sybil but Becky. She had just undergone plastic surgery to look like her sister. "Derek, Eveline, where have you been? I've been waiting for you for a long time." By now, Derek had already regained his composure and stared indifferently at Becky. "When did you arrive? And why didn't you call us to let us know you were coming?" As he spoke, Derek walked over to the living room sofa and sat down quietly. As for me, I was still in shock and could not move. Becky completely ignored me and turned to follow Derek. She sat next to him on the sofa and took his hand affectionately. "I just want to give you a surprise," she said in a honeyed voice. Becky and Sybil looked a lot alike in the past. But with the plastic surgery Becky had undergone, it was nearly impossible to tell her from Sybil now. Seeing Becky and Derek sitting side by side, I thought for a moment that Sybil was still alive. Becky now looked more beautiful and more mature than in the past. Despite the ten-year gap between Derek and Becky,

there seemed to be good chemistry between them. They looked like a perfect match right now.

I felt my heart sink seeing this scene. As a whirlwind of emotions surged through me, I calmly walked over to a nearby armchair and once seated, I turned on the TV without saying a word. I knew I had to control my emotions right now. If I allowed fear and doubt to take hold of me, I would completely lose to Becky. Derek then withdrew his hand from Becky's arms and casually lit a cigarette. I stared at the TV indifferently but listened to their conversation all the same. I heard Derek ask Becky what she had been up to recently. It turned out that after Becky's series filming ended, she went to Korea for a while. We didn't need her to tell us what she did there, since it was obvious. Becky kept telling Derek how much the director appreciated her acting skills. According to her, the director already saw her as a real celebrity once the series aired. However, Derek seemed completely uninterested in what she was saying. He glanced at his watch and said casually, "It's getting late. I'll ask the driver to drive you to your hotel." Derek's words left Becky speechless. Actually, I was just as surprised as she was. Of course, Becky wasn't happy with what Derek said, and she didn't hesitate to let him know. She wiggled her body and said in a honeyed voice, "I don't want to go to the hotel. Derek, imagine for a moment that when I go out, someone photographs me without me knowing?" However, her complaint didn't seem to move Derek in any way. He took a puff of his cigarette and said casually, "You are a public figure and as such, you can't avoid being photographed secretly. Just be cautious." Without another look at Becky, he took out his phone and called Timmy. Becky was totally pissed off right now. It was a stark contrast to her excited and confident look earlier. Timmy arrived shortly. Although she didn't want to leave, Becky had no other choice but to get in the car with Timmy.

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Chapter 325 Frightened

After seeing Becky off at the door, Derek returned to the living room and sat on the sofa again. I looked him up and down, hoping to find what he was thinking. But his face bore no emotion. "Come here." He beckoned me with his finger. I stood up and walked to him. He wrapped his arm around my waist and hoisted me on his lap. "Don't you know that she's back?" I asked. He looked at me and shook his head. "You're not excited about it?" I asked, examining his face. He suddenly turned over and pinned me against the sofa. "Do you think it's a surprise? I was scared, you know. For a moment, I thought Sybil was back from the grave," he said, making it sound like a joke. I frowned because I couldn't believe his words. He pinched my cheek, grinning evilly. "Silly girl, what are you thinking? I need your help to calm down." I stared at his handsome face. My mind was a mess. I knew Becky would come to see Derek anytime she wanted to. Although Derek seemed calm and composed, I couldn't help but wonder if he might change his mind about her when Becky looked like his long-lost love. The probability made my stomach queasy. He once said that Sybil was the only woman he loved, and it was a shame they couldn't grow old together. Now eight years had passed. I

didn't believe he would remain calm when Becky looked just like Sybil. Derek patted my cheek. "Attention now. Don't think too much. You cannot make mad conjectures every time Becky comes over. We can't live a life like this." "I want to go to Korea," I said. "What for?" "To get plastic surgery." His brows furrowed as he stared at me. "How could you even think about it? I won't agree." He clasped my neck as his thumb traced my jawline. "You look good. I like the way you are." He smiled. Before I could react, Derek lifted me in his arms and carried me to the bathroom. We showered together and got to bed. I couldn't shake off the fact that Becky was back, looking like Sybil. However, Derek was right. If her presence made me uncomfortable or brought strange thoughts to my mind, I would never be able to live a normal life. I had to stop overthinking for my good. I couldn't forbid others from having plastic surgery to seduce my husband. All I could do was to take care of our marriage. In the following days, Becky didn't come to our villa. I had no idea if she went to Dere International or met Derek somewhere else in private. I couldn't be with him twenty-four hours a day. If he wasn't faithful to me and was easily wavered, there was no point even if I stayed with him all the time. Thus, I chose to trust him. 3 A few days later, a large-scale business cocktail party was held in Sousen, and Dere International was the host. Originally, Derek wanted me to go with him. However, the party was on the same day as Louise's birthday. I always spent time with Louise on her birthday and couldn't afford to miss this year either. Layne cooked a sumptuous meal and ordered a big cake with the words "honey, I love you" imprinted on top. He put a lot of love and care into the preparation Layne soon left the table and went to play cards with his friends. He probably realized that I might feel embarrassed to have him around, so he deliberately left me alone with Louise. Indeed, I felt better as soon as he left. When I told Louise about how Becky had undergone plastic surgery, she was so shocked that she dropped the food in her hand. "That bitch is vindictive! She just won't stop until she reaches her goal." After a moment's thought, she added, "Eve, don't worry. Since Derek didn't let her stay with you guys, it means he is on your side. He knows you don't like that bitch, so he would stay away from her." That was how I comforted myself. Although Becky's sudden appearance startled me, I pretended as if nothing had happened i didn't want her to ruin my mood or my marriage in any way. I accidentally mentioned the business party tonight. Louise put down her fork and looked at me with wide eyes. "Eve, are you out of your mind? Why didn't you go to the party with your husband? Do you want that bitch to use the opportunity and get closer to your husband?" My mouth went dry. I didn't think about it. However, after hearing Louise's words, I became flustered. Louise stood up and dragged me to the door. – Layne heard us and looked up to see what was going on. "I need to go out with Eve for a while." Layne nodded and continued to play cards with his friends. "Hurry up, Eve. My birthday isn't important. Derek is your priority now. Nothing is as important as seizing your husband's heart."

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Chapter 326 Did You Do It On Purpose

Louise got into the car and drove at full speed. She was more anxious than I was. "Eve, you know sometimes big stars will be invited to such parties. Now that Becky is here, she will definitely seize the chance and ask Derek to take her

there." Hearing that, I became worried. As we arrived at the hotel, Louise generously tipped the waiter who opened the door for us, and we walked inside without any hassle. We followed the music and arrived at the enormous artificial lake. Colorful lights flickered, and the guests were broken into groups chatting and drinking. It was a lively party. I looked around but couldn't see Derek and Becky anywhere. All the women were wearing elegant evening dresses. I turned to look at Louise and back at myself. We both had rushed over in casual clothes. If anything happened, we would be humiliated. I tugged at Louise's sleeve, intending to leave. However, Louise's body froze. "Eve, look. It's my father. I'll go and see if that bitch Linda is with him." She turned to leave in a huff. However, I grabbed her hand and stopped her. "Lulu, don't be impulsive." Louise gave me a reassuring look. "Don't worry. I know what I'm doing. Dere International is the host of this party, so I won't embarrass Derek."

I scanned the place but couldn't find Derek anywhere. I looked around but couldn't see Louise either. I was a little worried, so I walked toward the lake. I was focused on looking for Louise, so I accidentally stepped on a woman's dress. My stomach flipped when I heard the ripping sound.

The woman turned around. She was a young, pretty woman with a slender figure.

She glanced at me coldly and looked down. Her eyes widened in horror when she saw the torn hemline of her dress. "Did you do it on purpose? You ruined my dress!" Her high-pitched scream drew everyone's attention. I hated myself for being too careless. I didn't want to be seen, but things didn't go as I wished.

I knew there was no point apologizing because the damage was done. Still, I forced a smile and apologized, "Sorry, I didn't mean

to."

The woman looked arrogant, and at that moment, I knew she wouldn't let go of me easily. She crossed her arms over her chest and glared at me. "You didn't mean to? Well, I don't think so. Now I have a question for the hotel manager. Don't they have a standard to hire people? Why the hell did he hire incompetent people?" It took me a few seconds to realize that she had assumed I was a waitress here. "I'm not a waitress," I corrected her. The moment I finished speaking, a man in a white suit walked over. "What happened, Lindsay?" When the woman named Lindsay heard that, the arrogance on her face vanished in an instant. She looked at him and pointed her finger at me. "This woman ruined my dress. How will I get on the stage to perform?" It seemed like she was the star invited to perform tonight. But I couldn't recognize her. Perhaps she wasn't famous. "Okay, don't be angry."

The man pulled the woman into his arms and comforted her. Then, he looked up and scowled at me. "Tell me. You ruined Lindsay's dress. What are you going to do now?" Just then, Louise came from nowhere. Knowing I was in trouble, she stood in front of me and cast a wary glance at the couple. "Eve, what's wrong?" I was afraid that Louise would make things worse, so I quickly pulled her behind me and smiled apologetically. "I'm very sorry. I'll compensate for this dress." Lindsay sneered at me. "You said you are not a waitress. Well, then I think you are a groupie. You must have sneaked here. I've seen many people like

you. Compensate? I doubt that. This is a limited edition dress. Can you afford it?" Her words dripped with hatred and disdain. I didn't care about what she said, but Louise lost her temper. "You think we are groupies? How ridiculous! Who the hell are you? You might have played a few roles in TV, but you act like you have won an Oscar." Hearing that, I examined Lindsay's face and realized she had played the role of the mistress in a few soap operas. Louise's words infuriated Lindsay. Moreover, people gathered around us, which made her feel worse. She suddenly stepped forward and threw the wine in her glass at us. She had aimed it at Louise, but I quickly pushed her away. As a result, the drink fell on my face.

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Chapter 327 Do You Know Who She Is

The crowd of onlookers quickly grew larger and larger. These people were staring at me while whispering to each other. I looked around and my eyes finally fell on Becky who was standing in the middle of the crowd. She had a jubilant smile on her face. At this moment, Louise was really furious. She rolled up her sleeves and glared at Lindsay. I knew from her look and her attitude that she was ready to fight. Glaring at Lindsay, she spat, "Who the hell do you think you are? Do you know who she is?" Louise was about to reveal my identity as Derek's wife, but I quickly stopped her. "Louise, please don't," I said, holding her arm tightly. Given the circumstances, I had no desire to reveal my relationship with Derek, especially not here. The last thing I wanted was to embarrass him. Louise and I stood like that for a moment, me holding her arm and her staring murderously at Lindsay. After a while, the manager finally arrived and inquired what was going on.

Lindsay quickly reprimanded the man. "Apparently your hotel security leaves a lot to be desired. Anyone can sneak in. You should know how important this party is. And knowing the people invited, it makes perfect sense that a lot of people want to sneak into the party to have a look. Your task was to make sure that such a thing didn't happen and that the party went off without a hitch. Can't you do your job properly?" Hearing what Lindsay said, the manager quickly got the wrong impression of me. In his eyes, I was at fault. He pointed at me sterily.

"Are you two groupies? Get out of here immediately. Who do you think you are to disrupt such an event?" "We're not groupies," I said once again. However, no one cared about what I said. Lindsay was unhappy with the manager's reaction and wanted to humiliate me even more. She looked at the man and said firmly, "You can't just let her go like this. She ruined my dress. How are we going to settle

this?" Suddenly, a voice sounded from the crowd. "Mr. Sullivan!" The crowd parted to make way for the man whose name was called. Derek calmly walked towards me, flanked by several people. He looked so dignified in his neatly cut black suit. With one hand in his pocket, he walked leisurely. As he walked forward, his gaze was fixed on me the whole time. I felt so bad right now that I didn't dare to meet his gaze. As soon as Lindsay saw Derek, she ran over to him and complained. The way she acted, it seemed like she had finally found someone

who could do her justice. "Mr. Sullivan, you've come at the right time. I came here to perform for your party, but this woman has ruined my dress. I might not be able to perform my show after all." "Then don't," Derek said indifferently. His voice was so cold and intimidating that the crowd immediately fell into silence. Lindsay was most certainly reveling in being the center of attention the whole time. Alas, she couldn't put an end to all this and now she had gone too far. Without a single look at Lindsay, Derek walked right to me. He then took off his suit jacket and put it on me. Then, he took a handkerchief from the tray of the waiter next to him and gently wiped my face. The people watching the scene were so shocked that their eyes widened. It was clear that they would never have expected such an act of tenderness from this reputedly cold and distant CEO. Derek held my chin softly and asked tenderly, "Didn't you tell me you were going to your friend's birthday party? If you had told me you were coming here, I would have sent the chauffeur to pick you up." Hearing this, Louise quickly chimed in, "It really is a birthday party. You know what they say, the more the merrier. Why not stay and celebrate it here? By the way, Mr. Sullivan, you should be careful with whom you invite to perform here. I'm sure you don't want a killjoy here, do you?"

"You..." Lindsay was about to say something, but was stopped by the man next to her. He probably noticed something and quickly pinched Lindsay lightly to shut her up. At this moment, Lindsay was really furious. Her face turned red like a tomato and her breathing became jerky. However, she knew there was nothing she could do at this point. The hotel manager, a rather shrewd man, quickly realized that I was important to Derek. He approached Derek and asked cautiously, "Mr. Sullivan, can I ask who she is?" "My wife," Derek said indifferently. Hearing that, the crowd gasped in astonishment. Even the manager was stunned and speechless for a while. As for Lindsay, she stared at me in disbelief. At this moment, she bitterly regretted her arrogance a few moments ago. As far as I was concerned, I did not take this whole affair to heart. I didn't feel proud of what Derek said. I was just ashamed of myself. Suddenly, a fair hand held mine gently. I raised my head to see who it was and saw Lavinia looking at me with a gentle smile. "I've been waiting for you for a while. Why are you so late? Let's go upstairs and get changed," she said gently. Derek patted me on the shoulder and said, "Go ahead.". Lavinia was a make-up artist with high reputation. Due to this, many stars respected her very much. Now that Lavinia was coming to my defense right after Derek, Lindsay was just speechless. As Lavinia and I went to change upstairs, Lindsay stood frozen in place, bitterly ashamed. I was quite surprised to see the spare dresses in Lavinia's suitcase. I knew she always had a big suitcase of cosmetics with her, but I didn't expect her to have any clothes inside as well. Lavinia guessed what was going through my mind, and said with a smile, "You always have to be prepared for any eventuality." Then she took out a few makeup items and began to do my makeup. She had picked sublime clothes for Louise and me. We looked very glamorous in our dresses.