

Chapter 203 It's A Docile Cat

Just as I was about to say something more, Derek leaned closer and kissed me.

I pressed my lips together and tried pushing him away, but he didn't budge.

Regardless of my protests, he cupped my cheeks gently and kissed me.

Ultimately, I couldn't resist his comforting kisses anymore.

He slowly pushed me down on the bed. The coat covering me had already slipped down. The neat quilt I had tidied this morning crumpled up into a mess.

As our kiss deepened and grew a little light-headed, a piercing scream from downstairs caught our attention.

Derek and I were startled. We stopped making out and looked at each other.

After helping me get dressed, Derek took me downstairs.

Becky wasn't in the living room. We walked around and saw her standing outside the French window, covering her face with one hand, her eyes blazing with anger.

"What's wrong?" Derek asked.

Biting her lower lip, Becky released her hand from her face and pointed at a corner.

"I was kind enough to feed it, but it scratched me."

I looked at Ugly with wide eyes.

Ugly had been my pet for several years. It was a docile cat that had never attacked anyone before.

I was happy to see the scratches on Becky's face. I felt Ugly had avenged me.

"The cat ruined my face! I look ugly!" Becky stomped her foot and glared at Ugly as if she wanted to kill it.

Derek took out the car key from his pocket and waved it. "Let's go to the hospital. You both need to see a doctor."

We nodded and got into the car.

Not long after we set out, my phone blared in my pocket. It was a call from Louise.

I knew what she was going to say. I deliberately lowered the volume of the receiver, so that only I could hear her. ①

"Eve, how are you getting along with that bitch?" ①

I was glad I lowered the volume.

Derek was sitting right next to me, and Becky was sitting in the back seat. I couldn't tell Louise about what happened yesterday, so I cleared my throat and said, "We are on our way to the hospital now."

"To the hospital? What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Just a minor wound."

"Did you guys get into a fight?" Louise shouted.

"I'm fine. I'll talk to you later," I said in a low voice.

After I hung up the phone, the car stopped at the traffic signal. The pedestrians crossed the road in a hurry.

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Someone shouted, but no one came to help. Everyone absconded from the place as if trying to ward off trouble.

I sensed something was wrong, so I got out of the car and went to check on her.

Becky and Derek also got out of the car.

The woman was lying on the ground, motionless.

Becky crossed her arms over her chest, stood beside the woman, and examined her. "Are you trying to blackmail us? You should have chosen a better place. It's a crossroad. There are surveillance cameras everywhere, and there are so many witnesses. Stop acting! Get up quickly and stop blocking the traffic."

But I didn't think the woman was pretending. Besides, this woman didn't look like someone who blackmailed others for a living because she looked sophisticated.

No one bothered helping her, so I squatted beside the woman to turn her over.

The woman's face was pale, and her lips had turned purple as if she was having a sudden heart attack. I asked Derek to call an ambulance as I performed CPR right away.

Seeing the sudden crowd, the traffic police arrived. Comprehending the situation, they quickly steered the traffic.

As we waited for the ambulance, the woman slowly opened her eyes with my help.

She stared at me helplessly. I could tell she wanted to say something, but she had just regained consciousness and had no strength to speak.

After a while, the ambulance arrived. The doctors and nurses placed the woman on the stretcher and carried her into the ambulance.

We got back into the car and drove away as the traffic had returned to normal.

Derek perhaps thought my injury was more severe, so he accompanied me to the Emergency Department first, and Becky followed along.

The doctor advised me to apply the medicine on the wound several times, and it would take a long time to finish applying the medicine. Therefore, I asked Derek to take Becky to the doctor and decided to join them once I was done.

After the doctor anointed the medicine, I went to meet them. The doctor said Becky's injury wasn't serious and prescribed an ointment to quicken the healing process.

But Becky had to sing on stage in front of everyone, so she was worried about her looks.

She walked out of the consulting room, cupping her face with one hand, looking worried. It seemed like

she didn't want anyone to look at her face.

As soon as we walked to the staircase, a beautiful woman walked toward us.

Chapter 204 Mrs. Mayer

"Hello, was it you who saved the lady on the road today?" she asked, staring at me.

I could tell the woman was sure it was me but wanted to confirm anyway.

Her sweet voice and gentle smile revealed that she wasn't here to blackmail me.

"Yeah. It was me," I answered.

The woman's face brightened. "Can you come with me? The lady you saved wants to see you."

I, too, wanted to check on her. Therefore, the three of us followed the woman to the VIP ward.

The woman I had saved earlier was sitting on the bed, reading a magazine.

She looked relaxed; her face had regained color.

The woman knocked on the door and said, "Mrs. Mayer, she's here."

Mrs. Mayer looked at me. She pushed the gold-rimmed glasses on the bridge of her nose as a smile emerged on her face. She waved at me, gesturing for me to come over. "Please come here."

"Are you feeling better?" I asked concernedly.

Mrs. Mayer nodded. "Much better. If it weren't for your help, I might have died."

"Mrs. Mayer, I used to be a nurse, so I knew what to do. I'm glad I could be of help."

"Nurse?" Mrs. Mayer smiled. "I see. No wonder you have a kind heart."

Although I had met Mrs. Mayer only twice, and she had been in a coma when we first met, I felt she was very amicable.

Just then, Becky received a call, asking her to come to the TV station right away to shoot the promo of Singing Youth.

Hearing that, Becky was about to cry.

"How can I shoot the promo when my face is like this?"

For a moment, I thought I had become evil because the situation somehow made me happy.

"Why don't you cover it with a concealer?" I said.

Becky was still worried to death. The scratches had destroyed her perfect skin to an extent where even the concealer couldn't help.

"Scars are also a kind of beauty," Mrs. Mayer said.

Becky scowled at her. "It's easy for you to say because you weren't the one who got hurt."

Becky's rude remark didn't bother Mrs. Mayer. She smiled at her instead.

I felt she had an innate kindness that seemed to envelop everyone like a warm embrace. One couldn't ignore her aura even though she was sitting on a hospital bed.

"Young girl, you have misunderstood me. I have a way to make your scars look beautiful. Do you believe me?"

I looked at Mrs. Mayer in surprise. Becky was stunned.

Mrs. Mayer looked at the woman who brought us here and smiled.

"Go and bring my makeup bag."

My eyes widened when I saw the woman return with a suitcase.

Was this her so-called makeup bag? But it was not a bag; it was a large suitcase.

I was more shocked when Mrs. Mayer opened it.

There was a big mirror inside the suitcase cover. All kinds of makeup products were neatly arranged inside.

Mrs. Mayer looked at Becky and smiled.

"Young girl, if you are worried about the scars on your face, give me a chance."

Becky was also startled.

Mrs. Mayer glanced at her watch and said, "It won't take long. Ten minutes is all I need."

Becky blinked and nodded. She had no other choice but to trust her.

However, she looked embarrassed because she had been rude toward Mrs. Mayer, who was trying to help her now.

But Mrs. Mayer didn't care about Becky's attitude. She waved her hand and asked Becky to sit beside her. She examined the scars on Becky's face and then picked up the makeup tools.

Her lips were pursed in concentration as she did the makeup. Her swift movements revealed that she was a professional.

While Becky was getting her makeup done, I couldn't help but peek at the large suitcase.

I hadn't seen anyone carry a gigantic makeup bag with them before. It was like a walking dresser.

As I probed further, my gaze fell on the magazine Mrs. Mayer had been reading a while back.

It was a fashion magazine.

Although Mrs. Mayer didn't look young, she was still aware of the current fashion trends.

Chapter 205 Personality Matters Most

Inside the ward, only Mrs. Mayer made sounds by picking up and putting down items.

She looked very serious. While she was doing makeup on Becky, she was pondering over something, as if she was working on a piece of art. When we saw her like that, we didn't want to disturb her.

Once she was finished, she glanced at her wristwatch and smiled.

"It only took ten minutes. You can take a look at yourself in the mirror now," said Mrs. Mayer.

Becky touched the scars on her face, staring at the mirror in the suitcase with her eyes wide open.

The original scars had turned into three glistening curves, lined up from largest to smallest. The scars were no longer visible, and the shiny luster accentuated her already beautiful features. She was now more charming than ever.

"Does it satisfy you, young girl?" Mrs. Mayer asked with a smile. She noticed that Becky seemed astonished by her work.

As Becky held her face and stared at herself in the mirror in disbelief, she nodded in response.

"So, this is what you meant. I actually thought that... I'm sorry for my assumption."

Since Mrs. Mayer was a magnanimous and warmhearted person, she just smiled at Becky.

"Young girl, a woman can wear whatever makeup she wants to cover up her facial flaws, but you need to remember that a woman's personality matters most. Does it not make you wonder how some other women who aren't particularly outstanding manage to attract others? The reason must be, elegance, and a great personality!"

I could understand what Mrs. Mayer meant by that.

She, herself, wasn't as young as Becky anymore, but she had a kind of charm that made people feel attracted to her. And she had a unique magnetism and vibe that young woman just didn't have.

I wasn't sure if Becky understood her or not, but she said, "Thank you, Mrs. Mayer."

Mrs. Mayer nodded at her and chuckled. "Well, hurry up. You're going to be late. No matter how high your position is, or even if you become an A-list star in the future, punctuality is an important quality." ①

Her magnetism and gravitas weren't limited to her presence. She was quite an eloquent speaker as well, which made me think she wasn't a simple woman.

At the moment, I could see just how excited Becky was. Mrs. Mayer seemed to have worked wonders on Becky, and made her even prettier. I must say, Becky was a sight to behold right now.

"Derek, I'm afraid I'll be late if I wait for a cab. Do you mind giving me a ride?" Becky asked.

Derek had been quiet this whole time, but now, he was looking at me.

I wasn't sure if he was asking for my opinion. If I told him not to escort Becky, would he listen to me? Or would he think I'm being unreasonable?

"It is late. Just take her there," I told him.

As a matter of fact, I knew that if I couldn't remain in his heart, it would be useless no matter how hard I tried to prevent them from staying alone together.

Once they had left, I also wanted to leave.

"Ma'am, do you mind giving me your phone number? When I leave the hospital, I'll have to treat you to a meal to express my gratitude," said Mrs. Mayer.

I immediately waved my hand in refusal. "Oh, there's no need to do that, Mrs. Mayer. I didn't do anything special. Anybody with a conscience would've done the same thing."

Mrs. Mayer smiled at me. "There were lots of people passing through the road, and you're the only one who saved me. Do you think that means fate brought us together?"

She didn't necessarily speak in an overbearing manner, but her words had a grand impact.

In the end, we gave each other our phone numbers.

Mrs. Mayer saw my bandaged hand and asked me what happened. I told her that I had scalded myself.

She immediately took out an ointment from her large suitcase and handed it to me.

"Here, my dear. Take it. It's good for cuts and burns. It'll prevent your wounds from leaving scars," she said.

I took the ointment from her and said my thanks.

At the time, I still had no idea who Mrs. Mayer was.

Chapter 206 Don't Mess It Up

After leaving the ward, I called Louise using my bandaged hand. She told me that she was free, so we planned to meet at the City Square.

Ten minutes after I sat on the bench in the square, she finally arrived. As soon as she sat down, she saw that my hand was injured. Judging from how surprised she looked, she must think that my hand had been crippled and immediately asked me what happened.

I didn't want to hide anything from her, so I just told her what happened from last night until this morning.

Enraged, Louise replied, "God damn it! That stupid, conniving bitch! I already knew that girl was bad news. She's always making googly eyes at your husband. Linda looked at my father the same way, when she was seducing him in the past. Becky is just pretending to be an innocent young woman. Eve, you're a few years older than her, after all. You're more experienced, so never admit defeat easily!"

Feeling frustrated, I let out a sigh.

"It's not a matter of admitting defeat or otherwise, Louise. If she does manage to defeat me with her brilliant tactics, that just means I'll have to admit defeat, right?"

Louise seemed even more anxious than I was, and she looked somewhat disappointed.

"Ah, my dear, Eve, look at you! The battle has only just begun, and you already look so defeated! Don't be silly. Whenever Derek sleeps in the study, just sleep with him in there. Go wherever he goes. If you leave him alone, that woman will get a chance to be with him. Don't let her have that opportunity. I thought you made a wise decision to take her in yesterday. Don't mess it up!"

The only reason I took Becky in was, of course, to take control of the situation.

As a matter of fact, I failed to maintain my composure last night, so I acted a bit foolish.

"Don't worry. There's nothing she can do to me for the time being," I said.

It looked like Louise suddenly came up with a good idea, so she put her hand on my shoulder.

"Your hand is injured at the moment, so there's nothing you can do for now. Isn't she pretending to be a good woman? You should ask her to cook, do the laundry, and clean the house. If she can't bear to be treated like a servant, then she can move out. If she leaves on her own, Derek won't be able to say anything about it."

I shook my head in response. "I really don't want to treat her like a servant. Derek told me that she's a poor girl, and felt so sorry for her. Honestly, I'm not sure how he feels about her. Anyway, I really can't treat her like a servant. Derek will be displeased if I do that."

After a moment of pondering, Louise concurred with my sentiment. "Eve, you need to be wise about this. Don't think that everything will be fine as long as all three of you sleep in different rooms. Try not to do something stupid like sleep apart with your husband. You need to learn from your horrible mistake with Shane. Because of your naivety in the past, you went through the most miserable phase of your life. If you make a mistake like that again, you have only yourself to blame."

Louise made a lot of sense. Shane and I lived under the same roof, and yet he still managed to cheat on me. It was all because I was naïve and foolish.

Louise was right. I couldn't let something like that happen to me again.

I wanted to have lunch with Louise, but I suddenly received a call from my driving instructor, Denzel Byrd.

"Ah, Eveline, are you ready to practice driving?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Byrd. I've been really busy with things at home recently. I'll be there soon!"

After hanging up the phone, I said goodbye to Louise and took a cab to the driving school.

The moment Denzel noticed me, he strode towards me.

"Sorry that I haven't been here for two days. My hand got injured."

I shamelessly used my wounded hand to earn some sympathy from him.

Denzel stood in front of me, towering over me with his arms akimbo. Upon seeing that I was injured, he said, "It'll be hard for you to pass the exam with that hand."

"I'm really sorry."

There was nothing I could say besides that.

It was true that a lot of things had happened recently. I had been to Goldelta. Then, Derek had been suffering from gastrorrhagia and he had been hospitalized for a few days. Later on, Louise fell down from the building and was injured. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that I had been busy with all sorts of stuff most of the time, so I had to delay my driving practice.

"Denzel, you really should try to use a gentler tone when talking to women,"
said a familiar voice.