

# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 221

[/ My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO: A Sweet Second Chance](#)  
Chapter 221 No Expectation, No Disappointment

Becky sang a very upbeat, fast-paced song. Her lively, emotive voice and her quirky movements suited her sweet image perfectly. After she finished singing, the audience burst into a vibrant round of enthusiastic applause. She oozed confidence as she awaited the judgment and scoring. After all, she had bribed the judges apart from Lavinia. Nonetheless, she got the result "to be determined." If one doesn't have expectations then one does not get disappointed. A bit defeated, Becky thanked the judges and walked off the stage. The girls who got along with her immediately surrounded her as if they were trying to comfort her. After that, several other singers performed in succession. Finally, the host announced that the next singer was singer number eighteen, Cindy Draper, who would be performing a song called "Grey Space." It was a somber song. The low prelude played, the lights dimmed and the entire audience fell into silence. Cindy's voice could be heard but she wasn't visible on the stage until she began singing the chorus. When the sad melody had reached its climax, only then did she walk on stage from one side.

As soon as she appeared, the audience burst into an uproar. I was quite stunned  
noon

She was wearing the ruined white dress that Becky had shown me.

Cindy walked out barefoot in her tattered dress, with her hair draped down her shoulders. She sang passionately into the microphone in her grasp. Felix asked under his breath, "What's up with her dress? Is it a stage design?" After she finished singing another verse, she walked to the front of the stage and sat on the steps. The lower half of her legs were exposed through her cut up, shredded dress. She slowly raised the microphone to her lips and sang the next verse. "In my dream, I saw the grassland glowing, and with wounds all over my body, I returned to a time long ago..."

Her singing was very infectious. Her voice, coupled with the sad melody, made the performance pull at everyone's heart strings even more.

I suddenly appreciated her awkwardness. It added to the stage effect, both on a visual and auditory level, making people feel the sadness of the song. On the other side of the stage, the other singers were whispering to each other. Only Becky stared pointedly at the stage. I happened to notice the slightly sinister smile on her face. When the song came to a close, Cindy got to her feet and walked barefoot to center stage. Under the spotlight, all her awkwardness caused by the tattered dress was magnified tenfold instantly.

She was, however, so cool and collected.

There seemed to be a dispute among the judges, and Cindy's result was also announced as "to be determined".

She bowed calmly and left the stage. After all the singers finished their performances, several of them were determined to secure the last place to be promoted to the next round. In the end, however, only Becky and Cindy remained." According to the rules of the competition, the determination of the last singer to be promoted involved the audience, as well as the judges, voting for the singer of their choosing. Every audience member had a small remote device in their hands that would be used to submit their vote. When the host asked the audience to vote, Becky looked expectantly at us. I thought the decision was not only difficult for me, but also for Felix, Aaron and Derek. I didn't know who they had voted for, but when the host announced that voting had closed, I still hadn't pressed a button to vote. The votes from the audience were tallied and both Cindy and Becky had got a similar number of votes. In the end, the winner would be decided by the votes of the judges. Each judge's vote was equal to ten scores.

Finally, only Lavinia was left to vote from the judges, and the total scores of the two singers had a difference of less than ten. So it had come down to Lavinia to decide the winner of the competition. The whole competition had reached its climax. The host strategically stopped the show in its tracks for an advertisement. I went to the washroom during the advertisement. Just as I had finished washing my face at the sink, the door of the washroom was pushed open. I looked at who had come into the room in the mirror and turned around in surprise. "Mrs. Mayer." Lavinia nodded to me with a smile and walked over to wash her hands. She turned the tap to let the water run and suddenly asked me, "Who do you think should be promoted?"

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**Chapter 222 The Final Result**

I didn't expect Lavinia to ask such a question. I hesitated for a long time but didn't know what to say because I didn't have an answer in mind.

Seeing that I was in a dilemma, Lavinia smiled and asked, "Who is Becky to you?"

I knew she was grateful to me for saving her the other day, but I didn't want her gratitude to influence her judgment. "Mrs. Mayer, as a matter of fact, Becky and Cindy are both good friends of mine. I certainly hope for both to get promoted, but that's impossible. I won't judge their talent and influence your decision. I believe you have already made a choice in your heart. Do what you think is right."

Lavinia nodded with a smile. "Yes, I have made the decision."

As I opened the door of the washroom to leave, a girl stumbled backward and almost fell down. It looked like she had been leaning against the door.

Before I could see who it was, she sprinted off in the blink of an eye. It looked like she was one of the singers.

After I returned from the washroom and settled in my seat, the longest advertisement segment of the live broadcast ended. It was time to reveal the final result.

Lavinia stood up from her seat and looked at the two young girls waiting for the result on the stage. for more Daily updates visit :- After blowing out a loud breath, she said, "Well, to be honest, both of them were exceptionally good. It was a tough competition. I don't have the heart to eliminate anyone. But this is a competition, and there is only one place left. Well, Cindy gave a power-packed performance. I love her choice of clothing-brownie points for that. Her outfit resonated with the melancholy in her song. It touched my soul. So I vote for Cindy."

The result was decided. Becky got eliminated, and Cindy was promoted to the finals. Becky was a young girl, so she wasn't strong enough to cope with the failure. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

I turned my head to look at Derek. He was staring at the stage with a serene look on his face.

"What do you think?" I asked him.

He looked at me and smiled. "It's a competition; not everyone can win. Becky is upset because she isn't mentally prepared for it. Everyone is bound to face setbacks in their lives. It's not such a bad thing. How

else will she learn?" After the competition, the audience left one after the other for more Daily updates visit :- . We went backstage, looking for Becky. However, the people informed us that she had already left.

Just as we walked out, the judges came from the other end of the corridor, discussing the competition.

Movement to my right caught my attention. Becky darted toward the judges and blocked their way. Her bloodshot, puffy eyes revealed that she must have cried. "Dear judges, I want to know why. I don't think I'm inferior to the other singers who got promoted to the next round." – The judges exchanged glances. A moment later, one of the female judges stepped forward. "You are Becky, No. 12, right? Even if you didn't come to us, we would have come to you." Then, she opened her handbag, took out a bag from inside, and handed it to Becky: 12:39

"Becky, you were really good. You impressed us during the audition. But you didn't take my words seriously. We want to choose singers who perform soulfully. You need to sing from your heart—that's where the magic happens. Singing is important, but one shouldn't lose their personality. Keep practicing." Becky took the bag over and watched the judges walk past her with a horrified look on her face. It looked like she was holding back her tears. Some of her friends who had been flattering Becky came to comfort her. for more Daily updates visit :- I

didn't know what to say, so I walked ahead. Unexpectedly, I met Lavinia and Cindy at the gate of the TV station. Lavinia looked at Cindy in awe. "You did a wonderful job today. Winning or losing doesn't matter; one's mental strength and personality are important. I appreciate your disposition. The entertainment industry is complicated. We don't accommodate impetuous people. Your calmness and tenacity will take you places." Hearing that, Cindy smiled. She remained indifferent despite her success. I appreciated her attitude.

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Chapter 223 I Want To Kill You

A car pulled up in front of us. I noticed that the driver was the woman I saw in Lavinia's ward that day.

Lavinia waved at me as she got in the car and left. Becky caught my attention when she came out. She was looking at me with cold eyes. For a moment, I saw hatred flash in them.

The girl standing beside her seemed to be the one I saw when I had opened the washroom door earlier.

The two girls, Becky and Cindy, who had just competed with each other on the stage, exchanged looks.

Cindy was calm, but Becky was the total opposite.

Everyone felt secondhand embarrassment from them. At least, we couldn't congratulate Cindy in front of Becky. It was getting awkward for the people around. Finally, Cindy left. As if on cue, Becky pursed her lips and burst into tears. The moment she turned around, she threw herself into Derek's arms.

I knew it was a big blow to her, so I understood why she acted that way. "There, there," Derek said as he stroked her hair. "Don't cry. You're still young. There will be more opportunities in the future." He consoled her as he would with a child while escorting her to the car. Becky was crying the whole ride. Even when we got back to the villa, she hadn't stopped. It had been too much for Becky, so we sent her back to her room. Derek stayed by her side for a while longer. I wanted to comfort her too, but it was for the best that I didn't.

I was about to go back to my room and stopped in my tracks when I felt Becky's hand in mine. I heard her say, "I'm so sad today. I don't want to sleep alone. Can you sleep with me, Eveline?" Her voice was raspy in between sobs.

Seeing her devastated look, I felt sorry for her. Who could refuse her? 1

So I obliged and lay down on the bed with her. We didn't say anything. I stared quietly into the ceiling and let the exhaustion consume me until I drifted into slumber.

As I was sleeping, I got the sensation that I was suffocating.

I was startled when I opened my eyes. Under the dim light, I could see Becky kneeling beside me with her hands around my neck. Her face scrunched; she was seething in anger. Every inch of my body felt her rage as her grip tightened with each second that passed.

The beautiful angel had turned into a bloodthirsty devil. I couldn't breathe. I mustered up the remaining strength in my body and grabbed that double-faced bitch by her wrists as I tried to push her away. "Why... Why are you doing this?" I managed to squeak out. I thought I was hallucinating when I saw Becky suddenly smile. The pureness and sweetness in her were all gone. It was frightening. "Why? You ask? I want to kill you." Every word she said made me shiver. I could understand that she was at her lowest after losing the competition. I knew that she didn't like me at all, though she seemed to be close to me. None of these were enough to make her a killer. Her hatred for me made it look like I had killed her family. I struggled for a long time. I was getting weaker as Becky strengthened her chokehold on me. I felt dizzy from the lack of oxygen in my brain, and my vision was getting blurry. "De... D-Derek," I called out faintly. Becky sneered and glared at me with confidence. "Guess what? Even if I kill you, Derek won't even have the heart to send me to prison. Instead, he will find a way to help me out. How convenient, isn't it?" I could not think clearly at that moment. I bent my legs and kicked Becky. I think it landed on her belly. She fell on her back and finally let go of me. I rolled out of bed and lay prone on the floor for a long time as I tried to catch my breath before I struggled to get up and sit on the floor. I touched my neck to soothe the pain while coughing and gasping for breath. Becky sat up on the bed again, still glaring with spite at me. However, she calmed down a bit and didn't attack me again. I stared at her in shock as if she was a lunatic. "Becky, even though you lost a competition, there will be another one to win. Even if you can never realize your dream, you're still young with a bright future ahead of you. Don't waste that. If you kill me, you will have to pay the price for the rest of your life. I don't care. I have lived a few more years than you, but what about you?" All that Becky could do was breathe heavily with all the hatred pent up inside her that she could not release no matter how hard she tried.

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**Chapter 224 You Ruined My Dream**

Inside the quiet room, only the sound of our heavy breathing could be heard.

Becky glared at me and scoffed, "My dream? Eveline, you're the one who ruined my dream! How dare you speak of dreams like a hypocrite?"

I stared into her eyes, unwilling to back down. "What nonsense are you talking about?" Becky seemed determined to lock eyes with me, and her shoulders were trembling from her laughter.

A moment later, she suddenly stopped laughing, and the hatred in her eyes were like two sharp knives, intent on stabbing me. "Nonsense, you say? Weren't you the one who asked Lavinia to vote for my competitor? You're the reason I lost the competition! How do you still have the guts to keep up this pretense? Eveline, you're a stone cold bitch."

Her words left me stunned. None of that was true! "I didn't do that. And besides, Mrs. Mayer is responsible for her own choices, and she's capable of thinking for herself. Why on earth would she listen to me?" The hands hanging on both sides of Becky's body grasped the bed sheet, and her hands trembled from the force. It was as if she was clasp my flesh with rage. "Seriously? You're really not going to admit what you did? Do you dare say that Lavinia had not asked you for your opinion? Someone heard you while you were talking in the washroom. Are you still going to deny it? You damned hypocrite!"

Truthfully, when I opened the door of the washroom and saw that woman running away, I felt a bit uneasy. I had no idea that she would distort my words in front of Becky like this. Gradually, I calmed myself down and regulated my breathing. "Yes, I did run into Mrs. Mayer in the washroom, and she did ask me who should be the winner. But I swear to you, I didn't ask her to vote for Cindy. Of course, I didn't ask her to vote for you, either. I just told her that she should follow what her heart told her."

Becky grabbed a pillow and threw it at me. Unfortunately, I didn't have enough time to avoid it before it hit my face.

As I stared at the pillow on the floor, I became annoyed.

"I already told you that I didn't insinuate any ideas into Mrs. Mayer's head. Believe it or not, that's the truth. I know you don't care to admit it, but Cindy is worthy of her triumph. Her victory was what everyone wanted. Let me ask you something. You're the one who switched her dress with your ruined one, right?"

Becky was aggressive mere seconds ago, but at this moment, her eyes were laced with guilt.

Thus, I realized the truth even though she said nothing.

"Despite the fact that she wore the tattered dress, it did not affect her performance. During a competition, singers must be calm and collected. You lost a competition, that's all. But that doesn't mean you can no longer sing. If you want to become famous, there are other ways to do that. Your impatience is the reason for your inevitable loss. But, I do wonder how you have those kinds of thoughts at such a young age. Who taught you about those? Even though society shows us a harsh reality at times, evil can never triumph over good. There are many things that must be obtained through one's efforts," I advised.

For a moment, it seemed that Becky couldn't find any words to make a rebuttal. But after a while, she nodded in agreement, albeit still angry. "You're right. There are a lot of things that can only be obtained through hard work. I think you really worked hard to get Derek, right?" she asked. Why did she mention Derek now? Slowly, Becky got out of the bed. From across the bed, she stared daggers at me once again. "I can tell that you have no idea how much Derek loves my sister, but I'll let you know." Right after she said that, she began slapping herself over and over. Each slap was very loud, and it was as if she wasn't even slapping her own face. I had a bad feeling about this, so I immediately rushed to her side to stop her. However, she took a step back, grabbed a vase from the bedside table, and threw it on the floor. The sound was so loud and startling, and all the shards littered across the floor. Becky was insane. She grabbed anything she could get ahold of and destroyed it; even her cosmetics that were on the dresser had been smashed on the floor.

The moment the door was pushed open, she collapsed on the floor and burst into tears, regardless of all the debris lying on the floor.

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Chapter 225 I Am Dispensable

From the place he stood at the door, Derek reached out and flicked the light switch on. The entire room, in all its chaotic glory, was basked in light.

Becky's face was red and swollen and she sat on the floor, desperately bawling her eyes out. She looked like an innocent victim who had been wronged. I was standing beside her, looking like the culprit who had bullied her. I looked at Derek standing in the doorway. He, however, had his eyes fixed on Becky and didn't bat an eye at me.

Then he took deliberate steps towards her, squatted down next to her and reached out his hands, intending to help her get to her feet. He didn't even bother to ask me what had happened. Perhaps he had already jumped to conclusions and marked me as the wrongdoer already. I could gauge this simply by the fact that he didn't even look at me when he had come in. 3 Becky didn't get up. She wiped her tears away but lamented as more tears profusely streamed down her cheeks, "I know I'm dispensable. I shouldn't have come here at all." After saying that, she suddenly stood up and rushed out of the room, still crying uncontrollably.

Derek stood up and watched Becky disappear around the door. Then he finally afforded me a look.

I couldn't read what he was thinking from his eyes. Yet now it seemed like he didn't blame me. He just looked a bit drained of energy. I felt like suffocating and a headache was coming. I was thinking about where Becky could possibly go in the middle of the night. No matter what had happened tonight, no matter whose

fault it was and who was the one that was scheming, I didn't want her to be in danger. "Why don't you go after her?" I asked.

After staring at me for a few seconds, Derek turned around and walked out. 2

Only God knew just how pained I felt when I watched his departing figure. I was also a woman. I was not invincible. I was just a tad more rational than that impulsive, immature girl. I also wanted to act out. I also had the desire to just ignore everything when I was angered by something. If I was finally pushed to the limit one day, I might really lose it. I cleared up my complicated emotions and walked through the mess littering the floor. I didn't have time to clean up. I followed Derek downstairs.

Derek was on the phone in the car.

The lights of the car shone through the watery moonlight. He held the steering wheel with one hand and the phone with the other. His anxiety was written all over his face. Perhaps he couldn't get through because he flung the phone unceremoniously onto the passenger seat and drove off. He didn't even notice me standing at the gate of the villa. I couldn't just remain idle at home so I walked out and looked for Becky along the road.

There was just one main road outside the villa. Derek had driven down this road. In the middle of the night, I didn't see a person on the road and also didn't see his car returning. Becky was not familiar with Souden, so she had no place to go. My real concern, however, was the future of my relationship with Derek. Regardless of who was right and who was the guilty party, if something horrid happened to Becky, I feared that Derek would end things with me.

I didn't know how long I had walked. My legs were numb. It was a dry, icy night, typical of the weather in early winter. When I had come outside, I absentmindedly forgot to put on a coat. Initially, I was so cold, I shivered so badly that my teeth chattered. But then, after walking for a while, I began to feel hot and feverish. Then I thought about what would happen if Becky did come back. She had already had a deep misunderstanding of me. I would never be able to forgive her for what she had done tonight. There was absolutely no chance of reconciliation. It was before dawn but the vendors were already out on the streets selling breakfast. I couldn't tell how far I had gone. Anyway, I hadn't found Becky. I considered the situation and realized that this ought not to have been the case, logically speaking. Derek didn't dilly dally in pursuing her. How far could she have possibly gone? How could she outrun Derek's car?

Perhaps because the circumstances had been so urgent and I was so focused on just finding her, that I didn't analyze the situation properly. It just occurred to me now that perhaps we had made a wrong judgment. Perhaps Becky hadn't gone far at all. Perhaps she just hid somewhere just out of sight on purpose. I wanted to call Derek and ask him if he had found Becky, but I found that I had left in such a hurry that I hadn't remembered to bring my phone with me.



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**Chapter 226 Do You Believe Me**

I stopped at the intersection, looking around with a passive expression. There were a few people who got up early and were already on the road, but I didn't see Becky anywhere. The moment I turned around, I saw a car's headlights nearby. It was Derek's car, and it seemed that he had come back. Since it was early in the morning and it was early winter, my breath became a visible cloud of frost beneath the dim street lamp. I shrank my neck, staring at the car that was slowly approaching. Inside, Derek had a cigarette in his mouth. He looked weary and worried.

It seemed that he still hadn't found Becky, either. The car passed me by without even pausing, and I just watched as Derek drove farther and farther away from me.

He seemed so worried. Maybe he didn't notice me.

I could just take a cab home, but I didn't. I decided to walk home instead. By the time I arrived at the villa, it was already after the break of dawn.

Derek's car was already parked in the yard, and the gate of the villa was open. Upon changing my shoes, I noticed that my feet had several blisters. While I was walking, I barely felt any pain. But now that I had stopped walking, I felt every searing pain I was numb to. His car keys were on the tea table. Derek leaned against the sofa, motionless. I had no idea if he was asleep or just thinking about something, but I could see just how exhausted he was on his face. After searching and worrying for an entire night, it was no wonder that he looked like every bit of energy had been siphoned from him. Quietly, I tiptoed around him; trying not to disturb him. However, he still opened his eyes. He stared at me with bloodshot eyes and asked, "Where have you been?" The sound of his voice was hoarse, and laden with exhaustion. "I was looking for her," I said. He didn't respond and just closed his eyes, returning to his motionless state. As I looked at him, I felt so sorry for Derek. I felt bad that he was so exhausted, but I was also sad about the fact that he cared about another woman so much.

I cast aside my conflicted emotions and went upstairs to clean up the messy room. I salvaged whatever cosmetics that could still be used from the ones that Becky had destroyed, and put them back on the dresser. As for the other ones, I had to throw them away. Perhaps Becky might still be able to use the fine ones once she came back. Right now, I really hoped that she would come back. Otherwise, Derek might not feel at peace. And all the problems between him and me would never be settled.

After tidying up the room, I went back downstairs. I found Derek still in the same posture he was before I left him. It was as if he didn't even move.

Then, I went to the kitchen to make breakfast and put it on the dining table. I turned to the direction of the sofa, and asked him to have breakfast. But he still didn't move. "You can eat by yourself," he said in a hoarse voice. As I stared at the steaming breakfast on the table, my eyes were slowly covered by a layer of mist. He didn't eat, neither did I. Because of the cold weather, the food soon cooled down. I went to him and sat down beside him. I figured I needed to explain the whole thing to Derek. I couldn't just say nothing and let him misunderstand me. "I think Becky may have some misconceptions about me. She thought I had influenced Mrs. Mayer's decision to vote, and it caused her to lose the competition. And she's been displeased with me ever since. But the truth is, I never did anything to sway Mrs. Mayer's opinion, nor did I beat Becky, scold her, or destroy all that stuff. Do you believe me, Derek?" I tried to speak as calmly as possible, but I knew that my expression betrayed just how much I wanted him to believe me. But Derek didn't even look at me. He didn't say anything for a moment. Afterwards, he said, "The important thing is that we find her soon. Even though Becky has been to Sousen twice before, that was back when she was a child. She's not that familiar with this city." 2 It seemed that he was really worried about her safety. Naturally, now wasn't the time to get jealous. Derek was right. We had to find her, and soon. After calming down, I analyzed the current situation. "Maybe we should ask Felix and Aaron for clues. After all, she's close with both of them. And besides, you can also go to the hotel and ask the singers who rehearsed with her. Becky isn't familiar with this place, so those are the only places she can go." Derek finally looked at me. Perhaps he thought that I had come up with a good idea. Not a minute later, he stood up and grabbed his car keys before walking out. Regardless of how painful my feet felt, I quickly changed my shoes and followed him into the car.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 227

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Chapter 227 What Good Will It Do You

While he drove his car, Derek called Felix and Aaron, but they both said they hadn't seen Becky. Finally, we went to the hotel that Becky used to stay at. We stood outside the room and could see quite a few girls inside. All of them, however, said that they hadn't seen her. The girl who was standing the furthest inside had a slightly guilty look about her. I immediately recognized her as the same girl who had been leaning against the washroom door in the TV station and eavesdropping on my conversation with Mrs. Mayer. I squeezed into the room and grabbed her by the wrist. The girl struggled to free herself and glared at me. "What do you think you're doing?" The other girls also looked at me in surprise, and then looked at Derek standing at the door. I retained a firm grasp on her and managed to keep the anger bubbling up in me at bay. "Girl, what good would stirring up trouble do for you?" She looked away and twisted her wrist. "What are you talking about? I don't understand," she retorted. "You know exactly what I'm talking about. If you really did hear the conversation between Mrs. Mayer and me, you should know what I said to her. How did you 'distort the words you heard when they came out of your mouth to Becky?" Since I had made it very clear to her, she couldn't play dumb any longer, so she defended herself. "You know Lavinia. If you spoke in favor of Becky at that time, she might have voted for Becky. But after Lavinia came back from the washroom, she voted for Cindy

without any hesitation. Didn't you give her your advice? I don't believe that you didn't!" I immediately caught the flaw in her version. "So this is just your guess, right? Girl, you should be held responsible for what you say. Have you ever thought about the consequences of your actions? Now Becky is missing. Can you take the responsibility if anything bad happens to her?" The girl froze as if she was frightened like a deer in the headlights. I figured that she hadn't anticipated that her actions would have such a serious outcome.

Since Becky was not with them, we didn't stay with them any longer.

Back in the car, Derek didn't rush in his driving. He opened the window and lit a cigarette, with a very worried look on his face. In fact, even I was getting more worried by the minute.

"How about calling the police?" I suggested.

As the faint cigarette smoke rose in front of him, he said, "The police will only file a case when an adult is missing after 24 hours have elapsed."

Suddenly, we were at a loss and had no direction regarding what to do.

But I understood that the longer it took, the more difficult it would become to locate her. I believed that Derek had also considered this.

While Derek smoked a few cigarettes, I looked at the shopping mall not far away from us and suddenly

remembered something. I swallowed and said, "There's one thing I think it's necessary for me to tell you. Maybe it's a clue to where she might have gone." Derek turned his head and stared at me. There was a trace of expectation in his worried eyes. So I told him briefly that I met Becky in the shopping mall the other day and how she spent money exorbitantly. But it was limited information and that was all I could provide. We didn't know where she got the money from so we still had no direction in solving this matter. I then said, "How about we send out a missing person notice? We can call the police when there is no news after 24 hours." He agreed to my suggestion. He soon posted the notice on several platforms, including Twitter, Facebook and other channels. In addition, he also printed many hard copy flyers and asked a larger group of people to hand them out. We went back to the villa and awaited news. Later, Felix and Aaron joined us. They asked what had happened and I gave them a quick summary. Felix pretended to be relaxed about it and said, "Becky is not a child anymore. It's not a big deal. She should be fine."

He was comforting us. We all knew that.

I also knew that Becky's disappearance had something to do with me. Although it was not my fault, I would be blamed if she couldn't be found.

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Chapter 228 A Gentleman

We didn't say anything more. It was apparent that Derek and Aaron weren't feeling too optimistic about the outcome. Derek sat in the middle of the sofa, while Felix and Aaron sat on the armchairs on either side of him. Meanwhile, I stood on the balcony on my own. The villa was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop.

Ugly seemed to have sensed my stress and weaved around and between my feet as if comforting me.

As darkness fell, I just stared at the gate. "I'll cook. Come help me." Aaron's voice brought me back to reality. I turned my head and realized that he had been standing right next to me. When had he come over? I hadn't noticed at all.

I nodded and followed him into the kitchen.

There was still breakfast laid out on the dining table. Aaron cleared it up and took the food to the kitchen before emptying it out into the trash can. He closed the kitchen door, opened the fridge and took out tomatoes and eggs. He handed the tomatoes to me and said, for more Daily updates visit :- "No matter what happens, human beings need to eat. Even if you want to find her, you have to eat enough to make sure you have the strength to look for her, isn't it?"

In fact, I had thought that he should blame me bitterly in his heart, since he had known Becky for longer and accordingly had a deeper friendship with her. But he didn't. Aaron had always been a gentleman, and his voice was particularly gentle and comforting at this moment.

I didn't know whether it was because I was moved or aggrieved by his conduct but my eyes suddenly felt

hot.

I nodded, put the tomatoes into a colander in the sink and turned the tap on. The sound of the kitchen door opening abruptly was heard. I trembled as if I had been spooked. By the time I had turned around to face the direction of the sound, a large hand had already touched my own hand and stopped it from reaching for the running water from the tap. "Your hand is injured. Let me do it," Derek said calmly.

I lowered my head and felt a lump quickly develop in my throat.

I stared at the back of my hand. In fact, the scalded part had healed quite significantly now. The ointment Mrs. Mayer had given me had proven to be very

effective. There was no scar left. Derek washed the tomatoes carefully, while Aaron stared at my hand and asked, "What happened to your hand?" I shook my head and said, "Nothing serious. I just got burnt a few days ago. I'm fine now though." Aaron prepared a dish of noodles with tomatoes and eggs. While Derek ate, he dished the eggs from his bowl into mine. for more Daily updates visit :- I said I didn't want them and let him polish them off himself. He picked up the serving bowl of noodles and looked at me. "Eat more. I'll be fine even if I starve for a few days. Your health is not as good as mine so you should eat

up."

After he so considerately said that, he lowered his head to eat his noodles. I stared at him with tears in

my eyes.

Had he forgotten that he had a stomachache? Picking up the noodles, I took a bite and my tears fell into the bowl in an instant. I didn't want anyone to see my tears so I continued eating with my head down. Halfway through the meal, Derek's phone rang. He picked it up, listened for a while and asked, "Where is she?" We all held our forks in midair and stared at him expectantly. He hung up on the call and informed us, "There's been a development." We stopped eating and set off at once. Derek kept silent while driving. He didn't tell us the specific information he had heard. On the way, I threw a cursory glance at his face from time to time but didn't dare to press him for more information. I was afraid that it would be bad news.

Three cars were speeding on the road in the dead of night. On the broad asphalt road, I could see in the rearview mirror that there were leaves falling down the trees on either side of the road. When I was very young, Souden had just been a small countryside town. Over the past ten years, the area had been developed to become more urban quite vigorously, and all kinds of economic development had grown at a rapid pace. Now Souden was no longer the same quaint town as before. I had rarely gone out. for more Daily updates visit :- Especially after my parents' accident, I didn't have time or energy to go around. Although I was a local in Souden, I was not familiar with the city in its modern state. But I somehow had a sense of familiarity with this section of road.

But if I had been here before, it must have been many years ago.