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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 219 - 220

Chapter 219 Where Did She Get The Money

When Becky was gone, I couldn't stop myself from bringing the matter up with Derek. "Don't you spoil her too much?" I asked. "Financially, I mean." He shot me a confused look, as if he couldn't process a thing I had just said. I squared my shoulders and continued, "I know you're doing your best to support her, but the purpose should be to give her a normal life, not an extravagant one. If you keep spoiling her like this, it won't bode well for her future. Once a young girl gets used to such a luxury, she won't be able to let go of such a lifestyle. What's going to happen if she somehow finds herself in a financial crisis? Worst case scenario is that she might do something shameless or harmful to herself for the sake of money. These incidents are pretty common in present society, you know. I believe you understand what I mean." Derek mulled this over for a while before speaking again. "I do understand everything, but I haven't done anything that warrants your concern. I know better than most people what it means to work hard for what you want. I never spoiled anyone with money." Had he really not? Then where was Becky getting all the money for her splurge? She was so generous with her friends, too. When she had moved in with us, she only had the bare necessities, and all of them were ordinary brands. Yet, in the blink of an eye, it seemed like she had an endless supply of cash to spend as much as she wanted. Had she really hooked up with some rich man? Someone even richer than Derek? "But why are you saying these things now?" Derek asked all of a sudden. I switched the channels in an attempt to buy some time. The news changed to a romance drama, and its soft music played in the background. I debated whether to tell him the truth or not. In the end, I decided to just let my thoughts out. "I heard her talking on the phone just now. It sounded like she was planning to bribe the judges. She seems knowledgeable about the dubious tricks of the trade, even at her young age. I was just worried that she might lose her way, so I wanted to remind you to exercise some caution." Derek's face bloomed into a look of adoration. With a dotting smile on his lips, he pulled me into his arms and cradled my head on the crook of his shoulder. "You're very kind, Eveline. So you care about her, too." I honestly wouldn't put it that way. If anything, I only didn't want to see a promising young girl with a bright future go down the wrong path. Sybil was still a thorn in my side, yes, and her shadow certainly loomed over my

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relationship with Derek, but I always considered dreams to be priceless treasures. I wouldn't want Becky to share her sister's fate

-to fail in her goals just when they were within her reach.

I melted into Derek's arms and nuzzled his jaw. "I'm not crazy; why would I be so hard on such a young girl?" He ruffled my hair and whispered in that low, magnetic voice of his, "My wife is the most sensible, remarkable woman in the world." ;

I knew he was just spewing out these compliments to coax me, but I felt happy nonetheless. I liked receiving his compliments. Any woman would, I daresay. In fact, sweet words like these might even be more valuable to us than any material riches. Since Becky needed a team of friends to show up, Derek and I decided to round up a few of our friends. He invited his buddies, while I invited Louise and Charlene. The live broadcast was set at eight o'clock in the evening. We arrived at the venue an hour before the appointed time, and the singers were still preparing backstage. The audience slowly filtered into the studio one after another. Our seats were smack dab on the first row. Before I even sat down, my arm was suddenly pulled to the side. I turned around and saw Becky grinning at me. "Eveline, I need help with my dress. It's zipped backside, and I can't do it myself. Everybody else is busy getting ready. I don't have anyone else. Won't you come help me?" It was a piece of cake, so I nodded without a second thought. She beamed and led me backstage. Becky entered the dressing room while I waited for her outside. No sooner had she stepped inside than I heard her let out a horrified scream. "What's wrong?" I asked, rushing forward. I found Becky holding a white gauze dress, looking devastated. "What happened to my dress?" I walked over and held it up to inspect the damage. This was a shocking development, indeed. The dress was into pieces here and there, and judging from the angles, it looked like it had been cut with a pair of scissors. "What should I do, Eveline? I can't wear this anymore!" Becky stamped her feet in frustration. She looked like she might burst into tears at any second. "You brought other outfits, right?" I said carefully. "How about choosing something else?" Becky shook her head, her face crumpled into a bitter expression. "There's no way. Tonight's color theme is white, and everyone else is wearing white! How can I go onstage wearing a different color?"

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Chapter 220 Mysterious Guest

I knew that tonight's competition could either make or break a lot of the hopeful contestants. The ruined dress was undoubtedly a result of underhanded schemes between rivals.

"What if I go and get you a new white dress?" I offered. "Do you think we can still fix this?" I was really worried about Becky, and this was the best idea I could come up with on such short notice. She pondered it for a moment before nodding. "There's a shopping mall nearby, and there's still some time left before the live broadcast. It might work if you hurry. Thank you, Eveline. You're the only one I can rely on." "Of course, you're welcome. But I'm afraid I can't promise that you would like the design I choose. I just have to make sure it's white, right?" Becky nodded again. "The style doesn't matter. This is an emergency, so having a proper dress alone is enough." I didn't waste any more time and got out of the venue. I didn't even bother to inform Derek and the others before I jumped into a taxi and sped to the mall as fast as I could. As luck would have it, there turned out to be a lot of white gauze dresses to choose from. Despite my words, I did my best to pick the most beautiful one out of the selection. It was still a contest, and I didn't want to embarrass Becky by being careless. It took me half an hour to finally find a satisfactory design. It was quite similar to the torn dress, too. I paid for it quickly and hightailed it back to the TV station, making a beeline for the dressing room. Just when I was about to step into the backstage area, however, a woman blocked my path. "Only the performers and staff are allowed to enter here." A work permit hung around her neck. She must be a member of the staff of the TV station. I held up the clothing bag and asked, "Is Becky in there? I'm here to give her her costume. Can you please hand this over to her?" The woman frowned and stared at the bag. "She's already gone onstage." I froze, stunned speechless.

How could Becky go onstage with a ruined dress?

I rushed back to the studio to see for myself.

The live broadcast had already started. Bright and colorful lights were flashing on the stage and bouncing off the walls, It was the opening performance of all the contestants, and the atmosphere was lively all around. Becky stood tall and pretty, smack dab at the center position. I spotted her right away.

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Her white dress was intact and hugged her body perfectly.

Maybe she had figured out a different solution while I was gone?

I couldn't help but blame myself for not moving fast enough. I had been too late. At the back of my mind, a nagging worry began to form—what if she thought that I had done it on purpose? I returned to my seat with a heavy heart. The moment I sat down, Louise turned and asked where I had been.

I leaned close and whispered in her ear, "I took a dump." After the opening performance, the host trotted onstage and welcomed everyone to the show. Once the formalities were done, she mysteriously hinted that an important guest was coming to join the judges for tonight's competition. The crowd twittered with excitement. Her words had obviously ignited everybody's interest. A suspenseful music started to play in the background, and the lights all focused on the stage. In the next second, the curtains opened to a thunderous applause as this mysterious guest slowly walked to the front of the stage. It was her? The mysterious guest was none other than Mrs. Mayer. She was wearing an exquisitely tailored dress, had light make up, and a slight perm to her bob cut. She looked very elegant and stylish. "Let us all welcome Mrs. Lavinia Mayer!" Another round of applause followed the host's announcement. She proceeded to do a long introduction, revealing that Lavinia was an internationally recognized cosmetics artist, and was also the image consultant of the talent show. Needless to say, she was playing a key role as part of the panel of judges tonight. Lavinia beamed, her eyes sweeping over the audience. When her gaze landed on me, it stayed for a brief moment. Then, she nodded ever so slightly before moving along.

The host was still prattling on, and what she said next sent everyone gasping in shock. It turned out that the esteemed Mrs. Mayer was already past the age of sixty. Nevertheless, she had fair skin and delicate features, which made her look like she was still in her forties at most. Even I had to admit that I admired whatever skin regimen she was employing to get that youthful glow. The host finally wrapped up the introduction just as Lavinia seated herself among the judges. She turned to the crowd once more before saying, "I may not be that discerning when it comes to one's singing talent, but I am certainly qualified to judge the contestants' image and stage presence. With that said, I wish everyone good luck!" Standing aside off the stage, Becky also looked at Lavinia in surprise. The program continued as scheduled, with individual performances coming up next. The contestants performed according to the lots they had drawn earlier, and they came and went through the stage one by one. "Why haven't I seen Cindy?" Felix asked all of a sudden. Now that he had mentioned it, I vaguely remembered that I hadn't seen Cindy in the opening number, either.

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That girl was very stubborn and competitive, and she'd finally gotten the chance to realize her dreams. I had sincerely hoped that she would succeed in the end. But where was she?

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