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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 223 - 224

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.

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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."

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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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