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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 201 - 202

## Chapter 201 Put This Photo Away

Becky then sat in front of the dresser and gently removed her makeup. I pulled out a fresh bed sheet from the cabinet to replace the old one. After removing her makeup, she opened the suitcase and placed all her cosmetics and daily necessities in order.

I couldn't help but look at her. Her skin looked flawless even without makeup.

I once had clear, plump skin, but even my skin seemed to age as I grew older. I would never look as youthful as I once did. "Everyone says that I've got my sister's eyes. By the way, eyes are my sister's best features. What do you think, Eveline? Do my eyes look like hers?" She suddenly held a photo frame beside her face and smiled at me.

was a medium close-up shot of Sybil. She looked beautiful in the picture. However, I was not in the mood to check their eyes and see if they looked alike or not. I remained silent even though I knew it was rude.

Becky put the photo frame on the bedside table. I couldn't tell if she was innocent or doing everything on purpose. "I must win this competition. It's not only my dream, but my sister's as well. I will follow in my sister's footsteps. After all, she is the source of my strength and power."

"Put the photo away," I grunted. Becky turned around and looked at me innocently. "Eveline, what's wrong?"

I knew she understood my uneasiness but pretended to remain oblivious.

I strode over, picked the photo frame, and thrust it in her hand. "Put it away. I don't want to have a picture of a dead person in my house." Becky took the photo frame and lowered her head, looking aggrieved.

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The next moment, the frame in her hand slipped down and shattered into pieces. Then, she began crying like an innocent child. "Eveline, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have taken out my sister's photo. I'll put it away if you don't like it. This is the only photo I have of my sister, but it's broken now." She squatted to pick up the broken glass fragments, but a hand pulled her up. Derek turned his head and looked at me. The coldness of his gaze sent a shiver down my spine. Becky was still crying as if she had suffered a great grievance, but the photo frame had slipped from her hand, not mine. I felt she could have chosen a career in acting instead of singing. She would undoubtedly become successful. "Don't cry. The photo is fine; only the frame is broken. You can mount it again," Derek comforted her in a gentle tone that was in stark contrast to the way he looked at me. I felt like someone had stabbed me in the heart. However, Becky looked like a frightened bird. She leaned toward Derek, trembling with fear. "No, thanks. I'll put it away." "Mount it!" Derek's sudden roar startled both Becky and me. He didn't even bother looking at me. I knew he believed that I had deliberately broken Sybil's photo. I knew he meant to let me hear those words. The tone he used against me broke my heart. Tears welled up in my eyes. "Derek, I'd better leave. Don't worry. I can stay in a guest house." Becky held Derek's hand, pretending to be timid.. I didn't bother explaining because it seemed pointless. He had already concluded that I had broken the photo frame on purpose.

Before the tears fell, I turned around and stormed into my room.

I closed the door and leaned against it as the tears finally flowed down my cheeks. I didn't expect that I would lose to a little girl on the very first day. Derek had never been rude or cold to me before. However, everything had changed the moment Becky entered our house. I couldn't help but question my decision. I felt like I had dug my own grave. Minutes seemed to drag into hours. Derek didn't return to our bedroom all night.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 202

**Chapter 202 | Regret It**

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The next morning, I got up and opened the bedroom door just as Derek emerged from the study. I glanced at him for a brief moment, then looked away without any emotion and went downstairs. I was still mad. He probably was, too. The smell of cooking food wafted over to the living room. Becky poked her head out of the kitchen and looked between me and Derek. "You guys can sleep a little longer. I'll call you over once breakfast is ready." She was wearing my apron, as if nothing unpleasant had happened just the night before. Unlike her, however, both Derek and I still felt burdened by the incident. This girl was so considerate and sensible, I knew it only painted me in a worse light. I was being unreasonable. It didn't take long for her to finally finish cooking. for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) I couldn't bear to treat Becky like a servant. I was the one who had offered her a place to stay, after all. If anything, this would only make the situation much worse. And so, I headed into the kitchen to help her serve the meal. The noodles she had made looked so good. Just when I was about to pick them up from the counter, she picked that exact moment to add soup into each bowl. I wasn't sure whether I was just absent-minded, or she had actually done it on purpose, but Becky ended up pouring a spoonful of the piping hot liquid onto the back of my hand. I screamed and recoiled. My skin was totally scalded. Derek was instantly there, rushing over and grabbing my wrist. He inspected my burnt hand, his brows furrowed in a deep frown. Was he concerned for me? I really couldn't tell. He ushered me to the sink and put my hand under the running tap. Behind us, Becky kept apologizing fervently. "I'm so sorry, Eveline! It was an accident, I swear. I didn't mean it at all. Oh my gosh, do you need to go to the hospital?" Her words sounded hypocritical to me, and I lost my appetite there and then. A bit of soup had also splashed on my clothes, and I grabbed the opportunity for an excuse to leave. I withdrew my hand from Derek's grip. "I'm going to change my clothes." Then, I fled upstairs as fast as I could. I had just taken off my soiled clothes when the bedroom door suddenly opened. I was only in my bra and panties. Derek kept his eyes on mine as he stepped inside and shut the door behind him.

I quickly reached into the wardrobe and grabbed the first shirt I could find.

I struggled to put it on, my fingers turning clumsy from all the nerves I felt. I tried twice and failed.

Finally, Derek strode over to me and held my hands still. "Don't move." He reached over to take out a coat from the wardrobe, and put it on me. Then, he pulled me to sit on the edge of the bed. He said nothing the entire time,

I clutched the edges of the coat and wrapped it tighter around me.

I was definitely angry, still, and I wasn't inclined to afford him a view of my naked body.

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To my surprise, he produced an ice bag out of nowhere and gently applied it to my burnt hand. The cold feeling was soothing and made me feel better right away, if only a little. But since I was still feeling cross with him, I made a point of keeping an indifferent expression. Derek would lift the ice bag for a few seconds before putting it against my skin again, probably thinking that I might not be able to endure the prolonged cold. "Does it still hurt?" he asked softly, his eyes intent on my hand. I stared at the floor and stubbornly stayed silent. Without warning, he took my chin between his fingers and lifted my head so that our eyes met. When I'd washed up this morning, the first thing I noticed was how puffy my eyes had become. for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) Now that he was peering at me at such proximity, he should be able to note it as well. He tossed the ice bag aside and cupped my face with both hands as he leaned close. I closed my eyes instinctively, only to feel his lips press against my eyelids, one after the other. "I was wrong, okay? It's all my fault." I wished I could be more steadfast, I really did. But he sounded defeated, his voice hoarse and weak, and I just burst into tears. Derek continued to kiss my face, catching my tears before they reached my chin. "Don't cry, please. I'm sorry. It's my fault." After a while, I was able to muster enough strength to push him away. I swiped at my eyes and glared at him even as they filled with fresh tears. "It's so easy to just say you're sorry. Do you think a bunch of words is enough to erase the hurt you caused someone?" Derek bit his lip and looked up to stare at the ceiling. "Eveline, I think you understand why I reacted that way." I huffed and managed a bitter smile. "Sure. Of course, I understand. You were furious at me for breaking that photo frame. And why wouldn't you be? Sybil has clearly always been in your heart. Even now, she's more important to you than I am, isn't she? I understand everything perfectly."

Derek braced his hands on my shoulders and cocked his head to the side. He looked weary and helpless.

"Eveline, I already told you that whatever I had with Sybil is all in the past. And Becky... She's just a poor, unfortunate girl. I truly thought that since you were willing to keep her at our house, you've already done away with your insecurities."

"Well, I haven't." I shook my head, even as I knew I was being pathetic. "I regret taking her in. I keep thinking that she'll seduce you sooner or later. There are so many girls out there just like her, unfortunate and have nowhere to go. Why don't you just invite them all into your home, then?"

Derek frowned.

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It was just yesterday when I'd asked Becky to move in with us, and now I was making trouble out of nothing. for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) I knew I was being unreasonable, irrational even. But for the life of me, I couldn't comprehend why I was acting this way.

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