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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 203 - 204

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.

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"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!

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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 It’s A Docile Cat she didn’t want anyone to look at her face. As soon as we walked to the staircase, a beautiful woman walked toward us.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 204

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.

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"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.

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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.

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