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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 211 - 212

## Chapter 211 A Good Job

We climbed up the stairs to the roof of the house. As we walked forward, we could see everything in the abandoned airport. The black car hadn't left yet. The man who had followed us limped to the car, clutching his broken waist, and bowed before someone in the car.

It looked like he was being reprimanded for not fulfilling his job. "Remember the license plate number. That way, you will know who it is if you come across the car in the future." I heard Alvaro's voice along with the whooshing of the winds. I followed his advice and memorized the number on the license plate.

The car didn't leave. Perhaps they knew we would come out of our hiding spot to get our car, so they waited for us.

Alvaro walked to the other side and pointed at a path behind the houses.

"If you don't want to be seen, walk along this path and turn right. It will lead you to the main road." "But Denzel..." He tilted his head and grinned. "Don't worry. I'll tell him that you still have to practice a lot and improve your driving skills."

My face flushed with embarrassment.

I couldn't understand why he was helping me. After spending time with him today, I realized he wasn't as bad as he seemed.

"Don't look at me that way. If you keep looking at me like that, you might end up falling in love with me. Poor Derek would end up being devastated." He grinned.

I was rendered speechless.

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Without saying anything more, I ran downstairs and left along the path.

I didn't know if Derek was still waiting for me at the driving school. When I reached the main road, I called him and told him where I was. Moments later, his car stopped in front of me. As soon as I got in the car, he asked me what I was doing here. I said the driving instructor wanted to drive back home, so I got down at a random place. ? "Oh." Derek nodded. He didn't seem to doubt my answer, and I secretly breathed a sigh of relief. I was wondering if I should tell him about my encounter with Alvaro. I didn't know if he would let me continue my driving lessons if I told him about it. I didn't want to give up halfway. After thinking for a long time, I decided not to say anything.

When we got home, Derek received a call from Becky, saying she would come home late tonight.

My hand was injured, so Derek cooked dinner.

After eating, we watched TV in the living room, and Ugly rubbed against my feet.

I picked the cat in my arms and rested it on my lap. Thinking about what it had done this morning, I pretended to scold it, "Ugly, you can't scratch people again! Do you understand? Otherwise, people won't love you." Ugly meowed twice. I didn't think it agreed to my request. I put the cat down, and it ran to the balcony. I poured some food and ruffled its hair.

"You actually did a good job." I couldn't help but smile as events of the morning flashed in my mind. It was dark but Becky wasn't home yet. At about eight o'clock, she called Derek again, saying she had shooting until midnight. "All right. Call me when you're done," said Derek. I wondered if he would pick her up at midnight. We took a shower and went to bed. Derek sat on the bed, looking at his phone as if waiting for Becky's phone call. I thought of the agreement Derek had signed with Alvaro. "Have you done anything to help Alvaro's brother?" "No," Derek answered straightforwardly. It looked like he had made up his mind to solve the problem with one million dollars. "What about Lean? Is there any chance to get him out of prison?" I continued to ask. He stared at the phone and remained silent. A while later, he said, "The first trial will take place soon. It all depends on the attitude of the judge. They can't promise anything." I thought so too. Nobody could guarantee that they could reverse the verdict.

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## Chapter 212 Change Of Plans

At about eleven o'clock, Derek's phone rang.

I guessed Becky's shooting had ended, and she was calling him to pick her up.

I turned my back to him to express my dissatisfaction. After answering the phone, he called Timmy and told him to go to the TV station and pick Becky up. That was beyond my expectation. 1 After he hung up the phone, his warm arms pulled me into a tight embrace, and he pressed his lips against my ear. "Are you satisfied now?" I didn't say anything. His hot breath made my scalp tingle with desire. @ "I'll ask Timmy to take care of Becky's transportation," he added. "Whatever. I don't care."

He turned me over and stared into my eyes as a smile played across his lips. "You liar!"

He knew me well. Although I tried to remain calm, my heart was soaring with happiness.

Although he didn't neglect Becky, this arrangement showed that he respected my feelings as well. He lowered his head and kissed me. His masculine scent and the way his hands expertly moved against my body made me moan with pleasure.

An hour later, I leaned in his arms, motionless. We were both exhausted.

When we were about to fall asleep, his phone rang again..

When he picked it up, I saw it was a call from Timmy.

I thought he was back home with Becky and was waiting for us to open the door. However, after hanging up the phone, Derek told me that Timmy had failed to pick Becky up. I thought

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it was probably because Timmy and Becky didn't know each other. He must have failed to recognize her. But Derek said that Timmy had gone into the TV station, looking for Becky, but the staff had informed him that the singers had already left. Becky was not familiar with the city, and it was in the middle of the night—the most dangerous hour for a girl to go out on her own. All traces of sleep vanished as I grew alert. “Why don't you call Becky?” I suggested. Although I didn't like Becky, she was just a little girl after all. I was not vicious enough to watch her get hurt.

Derek nodded and immediately called Becky, but couldn't get through to her. A ball of worry settled in the pit of my stomach. After all, she had called him a while ago.

Derek sighed and rubbed his temples—worry and anxiety evident in his eyes.

I reached out and held his hands.

His palms were colder than mine.

“Don't worry. Becky is not a child. She will be fine.” I sincerely prayed that Becky would be safe. I was the reason why Derek didn't pick her up tonight. If something happened to Becky, the guilt would not only kill him but me as well. “I'll go out and look for her.” Derek lifted the quilt and stood up. My heart sank when I saw the worry on his face. . At that moment, I finally realized that he cared about her a lot. I couldn't tell if it was because of sympathy, responsibility, or his feelings for Sybil. But I was certain he cared about her. I grabbed his hand uneasily. “Maybe Becky has taken a taxi back home?” Just then, Derek's phone rang. Becky's name flashed on the bright screen. Derek answered the phone and put it on speaker. “Where are you?” “Derek, my friends and I are rehearsing for another show in a hotel. We have to perform it in the next competition. We are running out of time, so we have to hurry up,” said Becky. “Okay. I'll ask the driver to wait for you at the gate of the hotel,” Derek offered. “No. No need. We may have to stay up all night. You don't have to ask the driver to pick me up.” I didn't know if I was overthinking, but I thought Becky sounded nervous. “All right, Derek. I'm going to rehearse.” With that, she hung up the phone. I didn't sleep well that night, and Derek tossed and turned on the bed. I didn't know if he had been worried about Becky the entire night.

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