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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 217 - 218

Chapter 217 The Photo

I was completely in shock. I never would have thought it was Gifford who was stalking me yesterday.

I finally understood why I felt like I knew this car. In fact, I had been to Gifford's house several times and this black car was parked in the yard. Although there was nothing catchy about this car for me to particularly remember, its image still etched itself into my subconscious. That was why I seemed to know this car so much even if I couldn't tell where I had seen it before. Holding the picture like a trophy, Gifford continued gravely, "Did you really think that by destroying my camera, I won't have any more evidence of what you did? You might have destroyed most of the photos, but I don't need all of them. Just one is enough." In the photo, we could see me and Alvaro walking side by side down the alley. It was right after we got out of the car at the abandoned airport. Judging by the blurry nature of the photo, Gifford must have taken it in a hurry.

If I hadn't been able to meet Derek a few minutes earlier and explain the situation to him, I would have panicked at such overwhelming evidence.

I got really lucky on this one.

I didn't say anything to defend myself. I just looked silently at Derek. Gifford certainly took my resigned attitude as if I was admitting my guilt, as his smile grew more confident.

"Do you have nothing to say? Derek, I told you this woman is not what she seems. It is now clear that she is in collusion with Alvaro..."

"Enough!" Derek's cold, firm voice suddenly interrupted Gifford's jubilation.

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The smile on the old man's face froze instantly. "Dad, Eveline is your daughter-in-law! How can you follow her and take pictures of her without her knowing?" When he was serious, Derek was a man of few words. However, his words seemed to be chosen carefully, such that each of them conveyed exactly what he meant. Hearing what his son just said, Gifford was so angry that his face turned red in an instant. He slammed the photo on the table. "Damn it! Derek, what on earth did this woman do to you that made you so blind? The evidence is there before your eyes, but you chose not to see it! Why do you insist so defending her?" "I know what this is all about," Derek said curtly. All this while, his face was completely expressionless.

Their topic was about me, so it was best that I said something. I stood up and looked at Gifford. I asked in a neutral voice, "Why do you have to be so paranoid? It is clear that whatever I do, you will never accept me as your daughter-in-law! You've already made up your mind about me, haven't you?" Seeing our reactions, Gifford understood that he had come a little late. His centerpiece was no longer useful. He stared at me for a moment with a vicious smile. It looked like he was looking at an opponent who had just won a battle. I knew from his look that he wasn't going to give up anytime soon.

Gifford eventually admitted defeat and tore up the photo in a fit of pique. Then without a word, he turned

around and strode away,

As he left, I heaved a sigh of relief. I had won. However, this victory had a bitter taste. It was not the result I wanted. I definitely didn't want to cause more trouble between Derek and his father. After Gifford left, Derek sat behind his desk and began to deal with his business casually. He acted as if nothing had happened just now. A few hours later, Derek had finished for the day. We left together. We headed to the parking lot hand in hand. Once in the car, my phone vibrated. When I took it out to check, I saw that I had received a message from an unknown number. The message read, "Don't worry. You'll leave very soon." I immediately knew who the message was from. Who but Gifford would send me such a warning? I wondered at the time what this man could possibly have against me that he hated me so much. Why was he trying so hard to keep me from being with Derek? I didn't know the reason at that time. Someday in the future, when I knew the reason, I finally realized that no matter how rich I was or even how hard I tried, I would never be good enough in his eyes. I put away my phone as if nothing had happened. I decided not to give this message any importance. This wasn't the first time that Gifford said such words to me, so I was not surprised anymore. I just couldn't understand why he was so desperate to get me to leave. He even went so far as stalking me and taking pictures of me secretly. That

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was really inappropriate for a man of his age. It was then that I began to think more seriously about this matter. Earlier at Derek's office, I was so shocked to find out that it was Gifford who had followed me yesterday that I forgot important issues. For example, Gifford knew Alvaro. Moreover, on the viewing platform, Alvaro had talked about the Sullivan family owing him more than one million dollars. What kind of feud did he have with the Sullivan family?

Little did I know at that time I had something to do with all this.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 218

Chapter 218 Gifts

Once I told him what had happened that day, Derek forbade me from going to the driving school, and also asked me to stay away from Alvaro. I had expected this much, to be honest, especially since the incident had cast a pall over our relationship. This was exactly why I wanted to keep it a secret from Derek in the first place.

But I had come this far. I was already halfway to the whole driving course; I didn't want to give up now. And so, with a lot of coaxing on my part, Derek finally agreed to make some time and accompany me during my driving lessons in the near future. This was good enough. Even though Alvaro had come to my aid a couple of times before, I had always been apprehensive around him, and felt that he was a dangerous person. From now on, I should be careful not to get close to him. To my surprise and great relief, I didn't see him again for several days. All the while, Derek stayed by my side.

Just as Denzel had said, it seemed that Alvaro's attendance was quite rare. In any case, it was great that I wouldn't have to interact with him. It would be even better if he didn't show up until I got my driver's license. These past few days, Becky came home late almost every night. Sometimes, she wouldn't even return at all. She would leave very early in the morning, too. As it was, we didn't get to meet as much, which lessened the probability of conflicts arising. Life at home was peaceful. I must admit, I was a softhearted person. It didn't take

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long for me to forget unpleasant events in the past, and I didn't hold grudges for long, either. I even made a point of reminding Becky to take it easy and look after herself before she left for the day.

She was just a simple and naive girl. She might dress up in a deliberately mature fashion sometimes, or pretend to be an experienced woman, but she was still young. Her facade would almost always crack, exposing the child in her. It no longer mattered much that she was Sybil's sister. In fact, if she weren't so presumptuous, I might even consider treating her as my own sister.

One night in late November, Becky came home early in the evening. She told us that the next competition would be broadcast live the next day, so the facilitators had asked them to retire early and get a good sleep to prepare for tomorrow's activities.

"Your hand is still injured, isn't it, Eveline? Let me cook dinner tonight. I haven't made your meals lately. Now that I have the time, please let me do this for you." She seemed so sweet and kind. If I could only tell for certain that her actions were in line with her real thoughts and feelings, then I would like her very much, indeed.

I agreed, of course. If she wanted to cook, then I had no business stopping her.

Both she and Derek would be sharing the meal, anyway, so I wasn't worried about her poisoning the food.

Dark fell quickly after dinner.

Just as Becky finished washing the dishes, her phone rang. She wiped her hands and took the call in the garden. Coincidentally, I went out to the balcony to fill Ugly's bowl with food, Becky had her back to the living room, so she didn't notice me, "Have you sent out the gifts I have prepared? I've been reminding you again and again. Don't make any mistakes, okay?" "Right, make sure that they know it was me who sent them, got it? Becky, Number 12. Number 12, do you hear me?" "Well, they're not much. Just little presents, really," I went back inside once Ugly's bowl was filled to the brim, Derek was sitting on the sofa, watching TV. I plopped down beside him. The current political news was on, but I wasn't interested in it. I stared blankly at the screen, After a while, Becky finished her call and returned to the living room. She jumped into an armchair and leaned forward, looking excited. "Derek, Eveline, you must come and see me at the competition tomorrow. You guys are like my family, you have to be there."

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At the back of my head, I couldn't help but recall that she had told us she would be nervous if we went to her audition last time. She appeared confident this time around, however. It was probably because of those gifts she had spoken about. I did see her spend a huge amount of money on some perfume at the mall the other day. I just wasn't sure if her tokens would please the judges enough to make them help her win. "All right, go to bed and have a good rest," Derek said. "You'll perform well tomorrow, I believe in your talents." Becky visibly brightened at that. His words were, without a doubt, the biggest encouragement she could ask for. She said goodnight and bounced up the stairs in high spirits,

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