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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 331 - 332

## Chapter 331 Important Files In The Flash Drive

After entering the bedroom, Derek was the first to go to bed. Meanwhile, I stood at the bedside, looking at him calmly. "Did you look for the U disk?" I asked. Derek looked up at me and then he lowered his head. "Is there something important in it?" I asked. He cleared his throat, and urged me to sit on the edge of the bed. "The U disk contained some of my important files. At first, I thought it didn't matter that I lost it. But on second thought, if those were to fall in the wrong hands, it could cause irreparable damages. That's why I tried so hard to get it back." After a moment of contemplation, I looked him in the eye and said, "It fell into the drain. The possibilities of the U disk falling into someone else's hands are infinitesimal." Derek pursed his lips. "I'd rather not leave anything to chance." "Have you found it?" "Not yet," he said. That night, I went to the guest room to sleep next to Louise. In the middle of the night, she said that she wanted to drink a glass of water, so I got up to get her some water. The following morning, I got up early. Suddenly, the doorbell rang, so I went to the door and opened it. I was surprised to see Layne standing at the doorway. I never thought he'd come here this early in the morning. Seconds later, I decided to let him in. After entering the house, he looked around. "Lulu hasn't gotten up yet," I told him. Layne nodded in response. At this time, Derek came out of the kitchen. He didn't seem fazed to see Layne in the house. He even invited him to grab a seat and offered him a cigarette. Layne accepted the cigarette and thanked Derek. Personally, seeing them interact like this was kind of weird. These men had engaged in fistcuffs before. But now, they had buried the hatchet because their wives were the best of friends. After a while, I heard a set of footsteps coming from the stairway. I looked up and saw Louise coming down. She was still in her pajamas, and her hair was messy. Layne got up and approached her. All of a sudden, Louise stopped at the foot of the stairway. It seemed that she was still half-asleep. She then tapped her head with her hand. Perhaps she was having a migraine because of the hangover. Layne took hold of her hand and said, "It hasn't been that long since the operation. How could you drink, Louise?"

Louise giggled at him. "It's hard to control myself whenever I'm happy." Her words made me feel a bit uncomfortable. She wasn't happy at all. The reason she drank so much was

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because she was depressed. Gently, Layne touched her head, while Louise just looked down, rubbing her forehead against his chest. She looked so feminine doing that. It appeared as though she could only act this way around Layne. I had never seen her do that to Felix. Her behavior around Layne made me believe that Louise could move on from Felix, take Layne seriously, and she would eventually live a happy life. After washing up, she changed into her clothes, and then she left with Layne. Later on, Derek dropped me at Lavinia's beauty salon before he went to Dere International. At noon, I received a message. It was a message from Becky. "I want to talk to you. Let's meet at Iceland Cafe." After struggling to decide, I grabbed my purse and went out. I already had a guess why she wanted to talk to me, and I had no reason to run away from it. The cafe she was talking about was right across the beauty salon. Once I had entered the coffee shop, I looked around. There, I saw Becky waving at me from a corner. The light in the cafe was dim, but she was wearing a large pair of sunglasses, which covered most of her face. It was probably because she was scared of being photographed secretly. I walked over, pulled out a chair across her, and sat down. Not long after, a waiter came over to ask me what I wanted to drink. I didn't like coffee, so I just ordered a glass of orange juice. Becky gently held a spoon and used it to stir her coffee. Her fingers were white and slender, and the black nail polish made them look particularly eye-catching. I was kind of glad that she was wearing sunglasses. Otherwise, I might not be able to maintain my composure if I were to see her Sybil-like face.

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### Chapter 332 My Heart Is Bleeding

At last, the waiter brought me my orange juice. However, I didn't drink it. I just stared at Becky and asked, "What do you want to talk about?" Her pink lips parted to form a grin, revealing her perfectly white teeth. After putting down her spoon, she picked up her mug and took a sip of the coffee. Once she had laid the mug back down, she added two sugar cubes into the coffee and began stirring it with a spoon again. "About Derek," said Becky. Truthfully, when I received her message, I already had a feeling that this was what she wanted to talk about. She had changed her appearance to make herself look a lot more like Sybil. From the looks of it, her purpose was clear. I couldn't see her eyes through the

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sunglasses, but I could sense her arrogance from her tone and that stupid grin on her face. Indifferently, I asked, "You want to talk about my husband, huh? I'm aware that he's done a lot to help you, but you don't have to thank him. He just likes helping people, that's all." "Oh, so he's some sort of philanthropist, huh?" Becky chuckled, fetching a tissue to wipe the corners of her lips. "Eveline, wise up, would you?" Whenever we were in front of Derek, Becky was always so polite to me. But now that we were alone, she showed her true colors. As a matter of fact, every time she had that fake smile on her face, it would give me goose bumps. In all honesty, I felt more at ease whenever she showed her true colors. "Let me ask you something, Eveline. Who do you think Derek loves more; you or my sister?" The question was so devastating that it pierced through my heart. And sadly, I didn't know the answer to that question. However, I wasn't going to admit that in front of Becky, so I forced a smile. "Derek once loved your sister, but that's all in the past now. He loved your sister, not you. Do you think he'll love you just because you look somewhat like Sybil?" I asked, unwilling to back down. Becky chuckled at my response as she fiddled with her beautiful nails. "You don't get it, do you? Derek is a sentimental man and won't easily forget my sister. I may not be my sister, but at least I look like her. You have no idea how devastated he was after my sister's death, and you have no clue how much he wanted to see her alive again!" My heart was bleeding, but I maintained my smug look. "Perhaps. But your sister is dead now. I must admit that his love for Sybil won't die that easily, which means he's a good man. However, Derek is wise, calm, and level-headed. He's not going to fool himself, nor will he cheat himself by using you as a substitute for your sister," I argued. At last, the stupid grin on Becky's face disappeared. She slammed her hand on the table, clearly upset. The noise attracted the attention of the other customers around us. I crossed my arms, looking into her eyes calmly. I couldn't wrap my head around how a woman who had been trying to sabotage my marriage acted more righteous than I was.

Perhaps realizing her gaffe, Becky pushed up her sunglasses and said, "Are you really going to fight me until the end? It's best that you quit, Eveline. Otherwise, things will get really messy when he finally dumps you and throws you out like garbage!" Becky seemed so confident that she would win. I couldn't understand why she was so certain of her triumph. Was it because of Derek's love for her sister? Maybe she actually believed that Derek would fall in love with her all because of her face. I couldn't figure out where to place my trembling hands. I just held my purse in an attempt to calm myself down. "My relationship with Derek is none of your business," I remarked. Becky's grin widened; she was seemingly amused by my response. "I heard that you can't get pregnant anymore? Do you think Derek, or his family would be willing to accept that?" I had no idea where she might've heard about it, but this time, she had struck a nerve. Her words felt like a heavy stone being struck against my heart. And for a moment, I couldn't breathe. Seemingly noticing my sadness, Becky shot me a complacent look before putting her purse on the table. She then drew out a few bills and

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placed them on the table. "This one's on me," she said. After tidying up her clothes, she got up, grabbed her purse, pushed up her sunglasses and marched away, feeling proud of herself. Meanwhile, I just sat there, lost in my thoughts.

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