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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 333

## Chapter 333 I'm Not Her Friend

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"Eveline, it's really you!" I suddenly heard a familiar voice, and then a woman appeared at the seat across me. When I looked up, I saw Megan Brown, an old classmate back in junior high. She was now working as a receptionist in Lavinia's beauty salon. We weren't that close back when we were students. But now, we were able to get along pretty well, since we ran into each other more often. Megan winked at me knowingly. "By the way, Eveline, who was that woman sitting at the same table with you earlier? She kind of looks familiar to me." I didn't respond to her question. She suddenly pointed out the window, visibly excited. "Over there! Who is that woman? She's so sexy. Even though she's wearing sunglasses, I can still tell that she's gorgeous. I think she looks like a celebrity, but I just can't remember her name." "It's Becky Nash," I said. Megan's eyes widened with disbelief. "Is that really Becky?" I wondered if Megan knew Becky. "The Becky who took part in 'Singing Youth'?" Megan added. She was thrilled when I nodded in response to her question "Oh, my Gosh! It really is her! I loved her when she was in the competition. She's so beautiful, and she has the voice of an angel. But unfortunately, Mrs. Mayer chose another candidate instead. She may have been eliminated, but someone as incredible as her wouldn't be put in the sidelines for long. I think she's doing pretty well now. I just saw her on TV some time ago. She looks even more beautiful now, but somehow different. She used to look pure and unadulterated, but now, she looks mature and her features have become more defined. Rumor has it that she's undergone plastic surgery, but I don't buy it! She's more than beautiful enough, so she has no reason to run the risk of having a plastic surgery." Megan was quite the chatterbox. She just kept on talking, and at this point, I had no idea what to say. "I heard that her new TV series is going to be broadcast and she will attend the promotional campaign in Souseson soon. I want to take a leave during that day. Honestly, I'm not even sure I'll ever have the chance to meet her. But if I do, I hope that I can take a photo with her and get her autograph! Do you want to come with me?" Megan looked expectant and excited. Even until now, I still didn't respond. Only then did she realize that I hadn't spoken for a long time. "Oh, by the way, she was drinking coffee with you earlier, right? Do you know each other? Are you friends,

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perhaps?" Megan grabbed my hand. She seemed even more excited this time. "Eveline, do you mind asking her if she could give me an autograph?" I was rendered speechless. Megan was already in her late twenties, and yet she acted like a crazy teenager swooning over a celebrity "I'm not her friend," I said. "Then, why are you two drinking coffee together?" asked Megan. I didn't answer that. There were probably lots of people who worshiped Becky just like Megan. In the future, she would eventually gather a larger fan base. But all they could see was her beautiful exterior, and the pretentious kindness she conveyed in front of the camera. None of them knew that she actually coveted another woman's husband, and that she didn't deserve the people's adoration. When I went back to the beauty salon, I wasn't in a good mood. Suddenly, I began to miss Derek. Thus, I decided to drop by Dere International to meet him. I would meet him at home later this evening, but I couldn't wait a second longer. Soon, I decided to take the bus. At first, the bus was empty. As it drove downtown, more and more people were riding the bus. When I was halfway to Dere International, a man entered the bus alongside a pregnant woman, and then they stood beside me. Upon seeing them, I stood up and let the pregnant woman sit down. She then thanked me before meekly sitting down. I responded to her with a smile. While I was standing next to her, my eyes fell on her bulging belly. "Here, you can lean against me to rest." The man held the woman's head and let her lean against him. The pregnant woman closed her eyes, put a hand on her belly, and held the man's hand with the other. She looked very happy. Men naturally cared for the women who carried their children. It was in their nature. It made me wonder if a man could ever truly love an infertile woman. Would his love remain unwavering for the rest of his life? If he ever saw other parents with their children, he would certainly feel a little envious. And by the time they grew old together, would this man ever resent his wife for living a lonely life with no children to accompany him? As that thought crossed my brain, my mind was left in shambles. I couldn't get pregnant, but I still wanted to stay by Derek's side. This selfish desire made me feel like I was a sinner.

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