

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 331

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 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 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 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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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 Sousen 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, 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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Chapter 334 Compensation

At the gate of Dere International, I happened to run into Lean. Contrary to his usual style, he was wearing a suit and tie today. “Eveline? What a coincidence!” Lean greeted with a smile. I didn’t want to indulge him, so I decided to ignore him and went inside. But to my dismay, he followed me in.

“Mr. Lean!” When the employees saw him, they all greeted him with respect. Soon, we reached the elevator. After a ding, the elevator came to a halt. And when it opened, a woman walked out. Upon seeing Lean, she said, “Mr. Lean, good day.” “Hang on.” Lean halted her. I walked into the elevator, ready to leave without him. However, Lean planted his leg

at the entrance of the elevator, rendering it unable to close.

Unsurprisingly, the woman obeyed his command. “Why do you all call me ‘Mr. Lean’ instead of ‘Mr. Sullivan’?” he asked. At this point, the woman was flustered and abashed. “I see,” Lean added, feigning a look of dawning comprehension. “Well, there’s already another Mr. Sullivan here, so I guess I’ll have to get used to being called that.” Based on how eagerly the woman nodded in response, I could tell that she was definitely relieved. “Indeed, Mr. Lean. Anyway, if

you’ll excuse me.”

Having said that, the woman ran away as her face turned red. Once Lean had entered the elevator, I pressed the button leading to the top floor. He then reached for the button of the twelfth floor. “What are you doing here? And why is everyone treating you with so much respect?” I asked. It was weird how Lean was dressed today, and how every employee at this place reacted upon seeing him. For some reason, he was glowing with pride. “That’s because I’m the general manager of this company now.” “Seriously? How did that even happen?” I asked, glaring at him. I was aware that Derek built this company from the ground up. It made me wonder how a bum like Lean became Dere International’s general manager. “Why don’t you ask your husband? He thinks that he owes me a lot; that much is clear. After all, I went to jail because of him. Did he not tell you that?” His response left me frozen, and I just stared at him in silence. Lean flashed me a grin. “What is it? You don’t believe me, huh?” “Clarify it to me,” I said. Lean leaned against the elevator wall with his hands folded. Then, he looked me in the eye. He used to look like a troublemaker, but now that he was in a suit, he seemed more mature. Unfortunately for him, his arrogance wasn’t something he could erase. “Derek is the one who caused the downfall of Flash Village, am I right? My father said that Flash Village would be mine, but Derek destroyed it. And that’s why he had to compensate me in some way.” Derek had given Alvaro the land beside Flash Village, and allowed him

to build a tomb there. It could be what led to Flash Village's downfall. A wicked grin appeared on Lean's lips. "But you know, Alvaro did a good job. I never wanted Flash Village to begin with. I heard some people say that it's not an ideal place to do business." When the elevator stopped at the twelfth floor, Lean shoved his hands into his pockets, whistling along as he walked out, seemingly in a good mood. Soon, the elevator doors closed again. I took a deep breath, gazing at my shadow on the wall. For some reason, it appeared distorted. Minutes later, I arrived at the top floor and walked into Derek's office. He was in the middle of something at the moment, but when he heard someone entering his office, he glanced at the door and was surprised to see me. "Why are you here?" he asked. "Because I missed you," I said. A charming smile appeared on his lips, and his eyes were filled with affection. "Why did you give Lean the position of general manager?" I asked. After a moment of pondering, Derek responded, "He wants to work here, and I see no reason to stop him. If he doesn't try it for himself, he'll never understand the pressure and responsibility that comes with the title of the general manager." I held my purse tightly, swallowing hard. "But he told me that you owed him, and that he went to prison because of you. What did he mean by that?"

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Chapter 335 Dancing

Derek put down the pen he had been holding, took out a cigarette and lit it up. He leisurely leaned back in his chair. "He could say that. But if truth be told, he only has himself to blame for what he went through," he said. It was as if he never became flustered by anything. He was always filled with equanimity, regardless of what happened. I said nothing and just waited for him to continue speaking. "Back then, he had no chance of being accepted even by an ordinary university. With the help of a

small fortune, he went to the third-rate university and was very shortly expelled. He had absolutely no ambition in life. He thought, expected even, that he was entitled to things for nothing. He had no interest in the Flash Village, but he was particularly interested in the general manager position at Dere International. He asked me for the title of general manager but I refused. I explained to him that I worked hard for everything I now have. It wasn't handed to me on a silver platter. I created it with my own very capable hands. If he wanted to live a good life, he had to do the same. He just got angry and tried to strike out on his own. But I didn't expect that he would stray off the right path." Derek had hit the nail on the head. Lean was responsible for his own fate, but he just put the blame on Derek instead of owning up for his life. "Did he have the abilities required for being the general manager? This position is exceptionally important. The senior executives including the general manager effectively determine the quality and level of the employees, and also determine the height that the company reaches. Could he do it?" I personally didn't think Lean had it in him to be a good manager. A tired smile appeared on Derek's face. "He thinks being the general manager is just drinking coffee in a fancy office every day. He would know better after he experiences it by himself." Indeed, others only saw the glory of the successful businessmen and didn't know the sweat and blood that was put into their jobs. Derek snuffed out the cigarette in the ashtray, moved the mouse and clicked twice. Soft music came from the small speaker box on the desk. He had always been strict and diligent when it came to his work. I couldn't figure out why he suddenly had the urge to play music. He got up from his chair and walked towards me. He put his hands gently around my waist. "Come on, let's dance," he said. I was utterly dumbstruck and wondered what on earth had got into him. "I can't," I answered quite frankly. He lowered his head and smiled gently. "I know. I will teach you," he replied. He put my left hand on his shoulder, and then held my right hand firmly in his left. Then he began to move. Although there was no audience, I still felt nervous at that moment,

simply because I had never tried dancing like that before. A few instants, I was so mortified because I clumsily stepped on his feet and my feet went out of control. Derek teased me with a cheeky smile, probably in an attempt to relieve my anxiety. “You can step on me as much as you want. My shoes and feet are of good quality,” he comforted. After he led me for some time, I finally got the hang of it. “Good, good!” He praised me generously. I felt a little embarrassed and asked under my breath, “Why did you have the sudden desire to teach me how to dance? We are in the office.” He replied with a kind smile, “I saw that you were unhappy at the party that day. I didn’t dance with you because I knew you didn’t know how to dance. If I insisted on dancing with you, it would have embarrassed you, right?” It turned out that he had mind-reading abilities! “Now that you have learned how to dance, I will have a dancing partner in the future,” he added. When the song was over, another romantic song started to play. As we danced to the music, Derek slowly lowered his head, gently rested his chin on my shoulder, and wrapped his arms around my lower waist. In the end, we found that we both just held each other tightly and moved slowly to the rhythm of the music. I could feel his breath falling on my ear, heavy and hot. Somehow, I sensed his exhaustion. A whole host of things had happened to him over the course of the past few days, including the breakup with Felix. I realized that it must be quite a trying period for him.

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Chapter 336 The Press Conference

I suddenly heard applause coming from the door. When I turned to have a look, I saw Lean leaning against the door. He was staring lazily at us and clapping slowly. “Dancing in the office? Interesting!” he said in a sarcastic tone. At this point, Derek slowly stood up straight. Lean then entered the office. He turned the chair in front of the desk and sat

cross-legged. From the way he acted, it looked like he was the boss here. He looked at Derek and asked casually, "I heard that you wanted to see me?" Derek tidied up his clothes and sat back in his chair, with a serious look on his face. He put a stack of documents in front of Lean and said, "Here is the basic information about our company. You have three days to read them cover to cover. As the general manager of the company, it is essential that you know absolutely everything there is to know about the company." As he flipped through the documents, Lean pursed his lips and complained, "Damn, it's really much! It looks like you're a teacher giving a homework to his student. Why is it so important that I know how the business works? You managed to have it run well without me, didn't you?" Derek was about to open a document when he suddenly stopped and stared blankly at Lean. "You are right on that. The company was doing just fine without you. It's interesting how even you find your existence useless." At these words, Lean was terribly embarrassed. He wanted to say something but no sound came out of his mouth. Finally, he picked up the stack of documents and stood up abruptly. "Alright, you won. I'll read them, okay?" He shot me a look before turning and heading for the door. He was about to leave when suddenly he stopped and looked around the office. "Damn, Derek, your office is really big. My office is barely half the size of yours. Why don't you give me a bigger office? It'd be great if I had enough space in case I also want to dance around the office on a whim." Derek didn't even bother to look up at Lean and focused on the document he had in his hand. He said in a flat voice, "That's a legitimate request. When your skills measure up to your demands, I'll consider it." Lean opened his mouth to say something but closed it just as soon. He stood in the doorway for a moment, staring at Derek. Then, he patted the documents in his hands and left the office whistling. Once Lean left, Derek suddenly turned to me and said, "Tomorrow, the team from Becky's TV series will come to Sousen for a promotion. There will be a press conference. Will you go?" It would have been very stupid of me not to go there. I would be offering a golden

opportunity to Becky. I remembered that Megan also talked about this press conference. "Can I come with someone?" I asked. Derek looked at me quizzically. I quickly explained, "It's my classmate. She's interested in this kind of events." ; He then nodded casually. "Okay." Later, I informed Meghan that she could attend this press conference. She was so happy that she asked me lots of questions. "Eveline, you're so incredible! How did you manage to get tickets? I heard it was such a selective occasion that even the wealthy had a hard time getting tickets. I didn't know you were so resourceful. It's like you know some powerful people, don't you? You're even friends with Becky if I remember correctly. Did she give you the tickets? I envy you so much, you know. If only I could be her friend too." Hearing how she adored Becky, I had a twinge in my heart. I couldn't bear to hear her talk about Becky that way. So I stared at her and said, "Come on, Megan, celebrities are people like you and me. They're nothing so special but fame. Do you really need put them on a pedestal? I'm warning you, if you act crazy out there, I'll deny knowing you." Megan was a bit embarrassed by my rebuke and lowered her head. "I promise you I'll keep a low profile," she said. This kind of press conference was primarily intended to promote a new TV series. As a result, the people who could attend were carefully chosen. Apart from the production team, investors and some very special guests, the people present were only media staff. The event began with a screening of some strong scenes from the series. After that came the time for the media to ask their questions and take pictures, Becky even sang a song during the preview. I felt in a trance when she started to sing. The fact was that it was Sybil who first sang this song. So, seeing Becky on stage, dressed as Sybil would have been, not to mention her attitude and even her face which resembled Sybil's, I had the impression that Sybil was still alive. I had to admit that Becky sang wonderfully well. Despite her young age, she managed to express the vicissitudes of life in the song. I guessed she had to rehearse a long time just for a few minutes of singing.

I suddenly turned to see Derek's reaction. He stared at the stage with a straight face. It was as if all this did not affect him in any capacity.

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Chapter 337 Drugged Wine

Megan seized the opportunity after the show ended. She quickly went around the hall and asked several main actors and actresses for their autographs and also took pictures with them. She almost jumped up in excitement after fulfilling her wish. With a disappointed expression, I shook my head at her. She giggled after noticing my displeasure and then held my arm fawningly. "Eveline, please don't give me that look. It puts me on edge. Anyway, you should enjoy yourself. I will take my leave now. Don't worry, I won't embarrass you anymore." Megan gave me an apologetic smile and left before the banquet started. All the guests walked around and exchanged pleasantries with each other. The clinking of glasses followed dozens of toasts. During this time, someone walked up and made a toast to Derek. I quickly said that he wasn't feeling well and couldn't drink. Derek chimed in with a smile, "My beloved wife forbids me from drinking. I have to obey her." The man teased, "Oh, wow. I didn't expect that. Who would have thought that the great Derek Sullivan was a henpecked man?" The smile on Derek's face was unmoved. He replied, "Well, it's a good thing. Good men are often henpecked." He was clearly flattering himself. I shot him a knowing look. He smiled at me innocently, as if he was oblivious to his boastfulness. Shortly after, someone else invited him to their table. Boredom immediately set in and I accidentally gazed at the table Becky was sitting at. Besides the crew, some other directors in the industry were also seated at the table. Becky was way younger than the men at the table, but she was sociable. She cheerfully made toasts with them. I went to the washroom as the banquet progressed. On my way back, I heard a low and

mysterious voice in the corridor. I stopped in my tracks and listened to the man's voice. "Give this glass of wine to the woman who just sang. Don't make any mistake."

From the corner, I craned my neck and saw a man's back. A waiter holding a tray with a glass of wine nodded, turned around, and left. The mysterious man watched the waiter enter the banquet hall before he turned in my direction. My heart skipped a beat and I quickly entered the washroom again. When I heard the sound of receding footsteps, I stepped out of the washroom again and returned to the banquet hall uneasily. The waiter I just saw in the corridor was already standing at Becky's table and was handing the glass of wine to her. In public, Becky was very polite and didn't put on airs like an arrogant star. I read her lips and deduced that she had thanked the waiter. The waiter bowed and left the banquet hall hastily. Becky held the glass of wine, clinked glasses with the closest director, and took a long sip without suspicion. One of the directors let out a proud chuckle and applauded. "I didn't expect you to be so accommodating. You're amazing. And I like you!" The man smiled predatorily, raised his glass, and toasted Becky again. The scene disgusted me. A lump went up to my throat as I stared at the empty wine glass. Although I had wanted to give Becky a heads-up and prevent her from drinking the wine, I hesitated and swallowed my words. A voice in my head told me that I didn't need to meddle in someone else's business. I decided to save myself from any embarrassment that might occur if I raised alarm. From a distance, I watched as Becky drank more glasses of wine. Her face soon became red. Derek seemed to be engrossed in the discussion with some guests on the other side that he didn't notice anything. Ten minutes later, I heard Becky say that she needed to use the ladies' room. She flashed faint smiles at the directors before standing up. As she walked away, she staggered and I reasoned that she was drunk. I followed her out of the hall without thinking twice. In the corridor, two suspicious men carried her away. Becky's body was limp. She seemed to be unconscious since she didn't put up any resistance. Out of fear, I

hid in a corner and leaned against the wall. My heart was thumping against my chest and I could hear my heartbeat. Becky wasn't my friend or relative. She was my sworn enemy. Due to the bad blood between us, it was wise to ignore this incident. 1 Yes, it was none of my business. I should pretend like I never saw those men taking her away. I convinced myself. With great resolve, I began to make my way back to the banquet hall. But I came to a halt after a few steps. A few seconds later, I turned around and ran towards the direction where Becky was taken away. Perhaps I was a fool for not hardening my heart and minding my business. My conscience just didn't allow me to turn a blind eye to Becky's predicament. The enmity between us didn't matter now. I couldn't let this stay on my conscience.

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Chapter 338 Kidnapping

The passage they walked through was so hidden that hardly anyone would pass by. Thus, nobody noticed that Becky had been kidnapped. Moreover, she wasn't resisting. People who didn't know what was happening would think that she was just drunk and that her friends were helping her leave. I followed them all the way to the back door of the hotel. There was a minibus parked there. They stashed Becky into the minibus and were about to close the door. "You can't take her away!" I shouted, running towards the minibus, and preventing them from closing the door. "Lady, mind your own business! I'd advise you to stay out of our way!" One of them, the bearded man, cast me a sharp gaze. But even so, I refused to let go of the door. "You're trying to kidnap her! That's illegal. You'd better let her go before making a big mistake. As long as you leave her here, I'll pretend that I never saw what you did today!" Meanwhile, as Becky lay prone in the minibus, she was seemingly regaining some consciousness. She tried to open her eyes and mouth, but she couldn't make a sound.

The bearded man glowered. “You’re going to pretend like you didn’t see anything? You’re not blind. Since you’ve already seen too much, we’ll have to take you with us as well!”

Then, he grabbed my collar and dragged me into the minibus. Soon, I was thrown beside Becky. The door was slammed shut, and the car drove away from the hotel. I didn’t scream at all. I just looked up at the bright light coming from the hotel through the window. And within seconds, the light became too distant for me to see clearly. Sooner or later, Derek would realize that we were missing. He was going to find us! Perhaps they didn’t tie me up because I wasn’t resisting. Secretly, I put my hand into my pocket when none of them were looking at me. However, the bearded man seemed to have noticed what I was doing, so he grabbed my phone from my pocket. “Were you trying to call for help? Sorry, but your luck has run out. If you’re scared, you shouldn’t have poked your nose where it didn’t belong!” He also found Becky’s smartphone. After opening up a window, he intended to throw our phones away. But after staring at them over and over, he must’ve realized that they were both expensive smartphones. His greed took over, so eventually he just turned the phones off and stashed them into his pocket. Later on, the minibus pulled over at an isolated place. Beneath the moonlight, I saw an abandoned factory nearby. Becky and I were brought into the factory with our hands and feet tied up. Inside, the smell of mildew and rust amalgamated in the air. When we were thrown into the corner, a dim yellow light was turned on. “Stay here and behave yourselves,” the bearded man demanded before walking out with the other men. . .

Through the help of the dim light, I was able to see our surroundings. From the looks of it, this place used to be a hardware factory. There were all kinds of metal scraps and raw materials littered everywhere, and the walls were laden with cracks. There were also several pools of water on the ground, probably because the roof had holes and water was leaking from it. “I never imagined that we’ll have a chance to fuck a female star!

Even if I die soon, I won't have any regrets left," said a man outside the door. Another man remarked, "Bah! What's so good about a female star?" "They're built differently. Have you not seen how beautiful and sexy that girl is?" "I don't think any of you will get the chance to fuck her. That's the woman Rodger wants," said one of them. Feebly, Becky leaned against the wall. She probably heard their conversation. She then shook her head, trying to stand up. However, she didn't have enough strength left in her. Contrary to her reaction, I was much calmer. Now that I claimed this point, panicking and being afraid wouldn't do me any good. But when I recalled what had happened, I somehow found it ridiculous. I couldn't believe that I had endangered myself for a woman who was trying to steal my husband. However, I didn't regret doing it. At the very least, I wouldn't feel guilty knowing that I tried to do something to save her. I let out a sigh and said, "Becky, Derek once said that a woman must cherish her dignity and never get drunk in front of strange men."

Becky's eyes were half-closed, and she didn't say anything. I could see that she regretted what had happened. But even if she regretted her actions, it was too late.

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Chapter 339 The Video

I had no idea how much time had passed. Soon, I found that Becky was gradually regaining her consciousness. Not long after that, she looked around. I could tell that she was trying to gauge the possibility of escaping. That wine she had drunk earlier must've been drugged. The effects of the drug had worn off now, but she was still a little tipsy. Those men outside kept on talking, but none of them came in. Personally, I hoped that they would stay out there even longer, so that Derek would

have a better chance of finding us somehow. However, things wouldn't go as I wished. "Rodger." I heard the men outside greet someone. I didn't know who this "Rodger" was. To my memory, I had never met such a man, nor heard his name. Soon, the iron gate was pushed open. The men who kidnapped us earlier entered the factory along with a strange man. From the looks of it, the strange man must be Rodger. He wiped his mouth, looking at Becky and then at me with an obscene smile.

"I asked you to take only one woman back. What the hell is this? Is the other one a bonus?" The bearded man by his side, put on a smile and explained, "Rodger, we planned to kidnap the celebrity just like you said, but that woman saw us and wouldn't let us go. Thus, we had no choice but to take her back with us, for fear that things could go wrong." Rodger turned his eyes towards me and chuckled. "My, my... you're a bold one, aren't you? How dare you meddle in other people's affairs?"

The bearded man rubbed his hands together, staring at me like a hungry beast. "Listen, Rodger, if you don't want the woman, you can leave her to us. Like you, we're also cra I glared at the bearded man, showing no sign of fear. Rodger didn't respond to his request. Instead, he walked to our side, bent down, pinched Becky's chin, and forced her to look up at him. He then began to unbutton her dress using his other hand. Becky gripped his hand, gnashing her teeth. She was unable to speak, but she was petrified. It was as if she had seen a ghost. I couldn't stand to watch this horrific thing happening in front of me, so I shouted, "Stop! Don't touch her! She's still a young girl. Don't hurt her!" "That's none of your concern, wench!" The bearded man marched towards me and gave me a slap, as if to please Rodger. Within an instant, I felt like my face was burning. "She's still a young girl, you say?" Rodger withdrew his hands and repeated my response in a voice laden with sarcasm. When he loosened his grip on her, Becky tried her best to hide herself in the corner. "Your face may have changed, but there's no way I'll mistake you for

someone else. Did you have a hymen repair as well when you had plastic surgery?" Upon hearing Rodger's remark, the other men broke into laughter. From what I had heard, it sounded like they knew Becky. It made me wonder if they had some sort of grudge against her. Rodger crossed his arms, smiling at Becky arrogantly. "Why don't you introduce yourself? If you tell us you're a virgin, I'm going to laugh for three whole days!" Becky looked down, biting her lip in silence. Suddenly, her body trembled. "If you've already forgotten, I can help you remember," Rodger said as he took out his phone from his pocket. The bearded man seemed to know what Rodger was going to do. He tugged on Rodger's clothes, seemingly uneasy. "Rodger, don't you think something wrong might happen? If Keith finds out about this, he's going to get mad," he whispered. Rodger snorted in disapproval. "If nobody tells him, he won't know. Jesus Christ, the woman has already been brought here! If you're all too cowardly to go through with this, then go the fuck away!" Thinking that they could get their hands on a beautiful woman, these horrible men put aside their fear and nodded with determination. "Rodger is right. If we don't tell anyone else about this, no one will know," said one of them. For a moment, Rodger searched through his phone. Seconds later, he found what he was searching for, and a wide grin appeared on his lips. Soon, I heard strange sounds coming from his phone. Rodger chuckled and then he slowly turned the phone towards us.

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Chapter 340 The Price To Pay

I was dumbfounded to see what was on the phone. I couldn't believe that Becky had a dark past. Meanwhile, she was breathing raggedly beside me. Without a doubt, that video must've reopened her old wounds. All of a sudden, she screamed like a lunatic. Her hands and feet were tied, so

she was unable to move properly. She was banging her head against the wall as if she had completely lost her mind. Rodger turned the volume up and was watching Becky's reaction with amusement. And the rest of them were laughing heartily with him. Becky kept on thumping her head against the wall as tears streamed down her face. Her once delicate makeup had now been ruined. Damn it! I was starting to feel sorry for her at that point. Becky might not be a good person, but raping a girl was never okay! I tried to calm myself down by taking a few deep breaths. "Why are you keeping an evidence of your crime around? Aren't you scared that we're going to use it against you when we sue your asses off?" I thought that my threat would somehow work, but they didn't seem fazed at all. More than everyone else, Rodger was unafraid. He was even laughing at me arrogantly. "You're going to sue me, you say? Be my guest. The media eats up shit like this! I wonder what the headline will be. Perhaps it will be 'The Rising Star Becky's Sex Tape'." Having said that, he broke into laughter. Now, I understood why Rodger was so bold. Becky could've sued him when it had happened, but if she had done that, her reputation would be ruined as well. She wanted to be a star, so she held her reputation with great importance. Moreover, she was now part of the entertainment circle, and the release of this video could ruin her career and public image. "Now that you know how futile your plan is, are you going to behave yourself?" asked Rodger. Becky was so scared that she kept on crying as she cringed away into a corner. Truthfully, I was already panicking, but I tried myself to calm down and keep talking. "If you ever lay a finger on us, you're going to pay the price! It's best to think it over." Rodger snorted disapprovingly. "We're going to pay the price? Fuck that! I don't give a shit about that. If I have to die, I'd rather die while fucking a woman!" I was attempting to deter them with my words, but it seemed as though my plan had backfired. Rodger threw away his coat, which the bearded man beside him caught. Then, he unbuckled his belt, walking towards Becky. Just then, the iron door was flung open with a loud bang. I looked at the door and saw the man

standing there. All the hope which had left me came rushing back into my heart. It was Timmy, Derek's driver: "Who the fuck are you?" Rodger shouted at Timmy, his belt almost pulled off his trousers.

Timmy glanced at me before walking in with a smirk. : it "Sorry to bother you, gentlemen. It's snowing heavily outside, so I wanted to take shelter here. I knew that this factory had been abandoned for many years, so I figured nobody would be here." "Fuck off, you jackass! This isn't some charity case. I won't take anyone in!" Rodger cursed with displeasure. Timmy, on the other hand, remained calm. He found a wooden board to sit on, and then he slowly lit up a cigarette. "Sir, I really don't have any other choice. The weather is ghastly outside. If you don't believe me, take a look for yourself." Rodger pulled out his belt and brandished it at Timmy, as if he were ready to whip him. "Are you looking for trouble?" Timmy just continued smoking and ignored him. I was starting to get worried for Timmy. After all, Rodger had so many men at his behest. Based on Rodger's reaction, Timmy's apathy towards him had infuriated him. Thus, he brandished his belt once more. "Kill that piece of shit!". As soon as Rodger gave the order, the bearded man and the other men rolled up their sleeves, ready to fight. But just as the bearded man grabbed a weapon, an iron rod came out of nowhere, and knocked his weapon away. Even I didn't see where the iron rod came from. All I knew was that the bearded man was in so much pain that he jumped around and shook his hand over and over. Rodger and his men were still in a daze. Before they could realize what had happened, Timmy came to my aid and Becky's shielding us with his body. I knew that Timmy was Derek's driver, but he would only let Timmy drive for him whenever he was drunk or it was inconvenient for him to drive. Most of the time, Timmy kept a low profile, so I almost had no communication with him. Truthfully, I hadn't noticed him before. Now that I was looking at him carefully, he was a tall, well-built man. But he wasn't the

kind of guy who had bulging muscles like personal trainers did, and he was just in his early thirties.