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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 239 - 240

Chapter 239 Get Ready To Watch The Show

Louise and I both got out of the car and walked into the restaurant. As soon as I entered the dining hall, I noticed Becky going up the spiral stairs, so I followed her upwards along with Louise. The second floor was mostly VIP rooms, which were luxuriously decorated and very quiet. They were so different from the noisy dining hall on the first floor. "Miss Nash, right this way please."

The waiter who was guiding Becky stopped at the door of one of the private rooms, and gestured her to come in. Once she entered the room, the door was closed at once. Louise crossed her arms. "That's a VIP room. We won't be able to find out what they're talking about. If I had known you'd have a plan like this, I would've borrowed two waitress uniforms and disguised as them so we could walk in." I smiled at her and said, "Don't worry about that. We'll be able to go in, but not right now." I glanced sideways and noticed someone walking upstairs and approaching our direction. Quickly, I pulled Louise to the corner, so we could hide ourselves. Out of curiosity, she craned her head to observe him. When she saw the man enter a private room, she asked, "Who's that guy?"

"Derek's father," I said.

"But they didn't enter the same room," she answered. I didn't explain the entire matter yet, but I mentioned something else. "If I tell you that Derek's dad is using Becky as a pawn to sabotage my relationship with Derek, would you believe it?" Louise's eyes widened with shock. "In that case, his father is an asshole too, isn't he? What happened between you and him? And why does he dislike you so much?" I shrugged. "I want to know, too." "So, what's going to happen today?" Louise was a smart woman. I could tell from the look on her face that she must have a guess already. "I had a fight with Derek yesterday. How much are you willing to bet that Becky is meeting with Derek's dad today to report the situation and ask for a reward?" I said. Surprised by what happened, Louise shouted, "Why on earth did you fight with Derek? You knew it was a trap, and yet you still jumped in? Are you stupid?" I didn't

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explain my side yet. Still seemingly confused, Louise asked, "They didn't enter the same room. How is Becky supposed to report to him? Are they trying to make sure that nobody will see them?" Once more, she squinted at me. "You seem like you know everything already. Tell me, what happened?" I glanced at the closed door of the private room and said, "Hey, relax! Just wait, will you?" Around ten minutes later, the door of the private room that Becky was in opened up. Afterwards, a strange man walked out. After the man left, the door was closed again. A moment later, I saw a waiter walking towards the private room with a bottle of wine on a tray in his hand. I walked over and said to the waiter, "I'm on my way in. Let me get that for you." Grateful for my kind offer, the waiter handed me the tray, thanked me politely, and left. Soon, I opened the door and carried the tray in. There were only two people inside the room; Derek and Becky. He raised his head and looked at me. He didn't seem surprised to see me here, and neither

was I.

"Derek, I'm leaving now." Becky looked quite nervous, and she didn't seem to notice me at the moment. I had put the tray on the table, but she still didn't raise her head. She must think that I was just another waiter. After pouring her a glass of wine, I placed it in front of her. "Why are you leaving so soon? What's the hurry?" All of a sudden, Becky looked at me with disbelief. "What are you doing here?" "Oh! Another Mr. Sullivan is here, I see!" It seemed that Louise finally understood the situation. Thus, she pulled out a chair, sat down, and prepared to enjoy the show. Becky looked at Derek, and then at me. She seemed to have understood something. Feeling guilty, she averted her gaze from us. Instead of pouring wine for Derek, I gave him a glass of water. Afterwards, I sat down beside him.

On the burgundy table cloth, there was a stack of documents. Derek tapped on the documents with his fingers and smirked. "Becky, I was planning to give you a surprise. What a coincidence!" Of course, I knew that it wasn't a coincidence.

When Becky entered the restaurant, she had no idea that the Mr. Sullivan who set an appointment with her wasn't Gifford, but Derek.

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Chapter 240 One Condition

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“Director Jones is a straightforward person. This is the contract for the female lead of this new movie. He thinks that you’d be perfect for this role, Becky. This is a great opportunity for you. I told you that I’d be able to help you realize your dreams, and I have no intention of breaking that promise. But I do have one condition,” Derek said with a smile. But even though he was smiling, I could tell that Becky was still nervous. “What condition?” “You’ll stop working for my father.” His words left Becky stunned, but she quickly gathered her composure. “I... don’t know what you mean, Derek.” Derek took out a cigarette, lit it up, and smirked. “Becky, how old are you, and how old do you think I am? The years that I had lived before you weren’t in vain,” he said. Becky didn’t seem to expect that things would turn out like this when she swaggered at me in the villa this morning. Unbeknownst to her, this scenario had already begun yesterday evening. At the time, Derek and I were out looking for Ugly. Seeing that the chances of finding my beloved cat was slim, he pulled over at the roadside. “Eveline, I had Becky investigated, since you told me about her behaviors. My father was the one who instructed her,” he said. I had already found this out through Alvaro, so of course, I wasn’t surprised at all. Derek leaned against the back of his seat, massaging between his eyebrows. He looked so exhausted.

As a matter of fact, I could understand why he was sad right now. It would be easier for him to accept that Becky was hooking up with a rich man, but the truth was that his father was plotting against him. “It’s like I’m dealing with a tree here. If I want to remove it, I have to assess the situation of the tree first. If the roots of the tree do not have a solid grip on the soil, it could be easily pulled out.”

The way he spoke made him sound like he was really miserable. Concerned, I looked into his eyes and asked, “What about you? Are you sure you can do this?” Derek gazed back at me and cupped my cheeks with his hands. “Yes.”

A bitter smile appeared on my lips. “You know what? Every time you’re willing to tell me everything, I feel so secure.”

He leaned over to embrace me and kissed the top of my head. “When a woman doesn’t have a sense of security, it’s always her man’s fault. I’m sorry that I made you feel that way, my love.”

For some reason, I could never have any guts to withstand his charms. He would always defeat and capture my heart with a few simple words. Time and time again, I could not extricate myself from the safety of his warmth. That argument between us last night was nothing but theatrics. Becky believed that she had achieved her goal, but without her knowing, she had exposed her true intentions. Derek didn’t sound harsh from beginning until

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the end. It was more like he was just asking a question. At this point, Becky could no longer argue. Derek flicked the ashes of the cigarette into the ashtray, still as calm as ever. "Becky, young people are usually not rational enough, and it's hard for them to resist temptations. It's inevitable for you to make mistakes, but you shouldn't do stupid things! How much did he pay you? I'll give you the same amount of money and you return it to my father." Upon knowing everything, Louise could no longer stay calm. "How could you sell your soul to the devil for some money? Derek is so kind to you, and Eveline was nice enough to take you in. You're one ungrateful little bitch, aren't you?" Faced with criticism and great pressure, Becky pursed her lips and broke into tears. "I never wanted to do it, Derek. That night, when I came out of the TV station, they took me away. Your father wanted me to make you break up. I didn't agree to it at first, but they beat me. I was forced into it!" It suddenly occurred to me that Derek had asked Timmy to pick up Becky that night, and Timmy didn't get her. The following morning, when Becky came home, there were indeed bruises on her arms. The situation she was describing seemed to line up with what happened.

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