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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 341 - 342

Chapter 341 Secret Copy

Spirals of rage filled Rodger as he realized that Timmy had tricked him. He clenched his fists and cursed loudly, "You want to stick your nose here, don't you? Boys, knock him down!" At Rodger's command, his men rushed towards Timmy in unison. I had a suspicion that Timmy probably had hidden his real strength all this time, but I was still worried about him. He was just a driver after all. Taking on these hefty and vicious men alone would definitely be hard for him. However, my worries were put to rest the next second. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined what I was currently seeing. Timmy was fighting off the vicious men skillfully. Even though they were many, they were no match for him. The knot of uneasiness in my heart loosened. I secretly felt a sense of security for me and Becky. In the blink of an eye, all of the men were lying on the ground, except Rodger. "Aargh! Who the hell are you?" Rodger was appalled at Timmy's strength. He seemed wary of him now that his men were defeated. With his face void of expression, Timmy patted the dust on his clothes and said lightly, "Just a nobody." Silence fell on the factory before the sound of heavy footsteps came from outside. The moment a familiar figure appeared at the door, my eyes turned red. Derek took a long drag on his cigarette with his head lowered. He slowly puffed out the smoke as he walked into the factory. "Oh, Timmy. I thought we both agreed that you would exercise some restraint. Why are these men pathetically writhing on the

ground?" Derek's arrogant words and the villains' misery gladdened my heart. I also felt more at ease. A faint smile tugged at the corners of Timmy's lips. He shrugged innocently and said, "I have been easy on them. I just didn't expect them to be so weak." "De... Derek?" It was obvious that Rodger knew Derek. He suddenly began to quake in his boots. His reaction to Derek's presence made me conclude that he wasn't let off the hook easily when he had done such a bad thing to Becky back then. He must have been taught a terrible lesson. However, it seemed that Rodger had completely forgotten about the punishment until now. @ Derek continued to smoke as he stood a few meters away from the erring man. He didn't move or give a callous look, but his calm countenance made him even more intimidating. Just then, a man walked into the factory. I remembered him. He was Keith, the bald man who had made a bet with Derek in the underground casino the other day... When

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Rodger and his men caught sight of Keith, they all became more scared. "Boss!" they greeted him with trepidation. Keith strode over, kicked one of them in the stomach, and cursed, "Bloody idiots! You have worked for me for long, but I didn't know that you could be so bold."

The battered men were so scared that they trembled and lowered their heads. "Boss, we... we..." In the heat of the moment, the men badly wanted to put the blame on Rodger, but they were a little scared. Keith was a smart man. From the look of things, it seemed like he had already gotten wind of everything that happened. In sheer fury, he grabbed Rodger's collar and queried, "You made a copy of the video behind my back? Huh?" Rodger's arrogance vanished into thin air. The previously conceited man arched his back and shamelessly begged Keith for mercy. "Boss, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to cause you any trouble. Please forgive me. I would never do that again. Please..." Keith threw him to the ground without an iota of pity. "I am someone who accepts defeats. I prefer to lick my wounds than cause trouble for the winner. Why have you ruined my reputation?" With these words, Keith turned to look at Derek. He coughed slightly and said sincerely, "I swear with my life that I personally destroyed that video. I had no idea that they secretly made a copy." Rodger nodded incessantly. "Yes, I copied it secretly. My boss knew nothing about it. Please don't hold him responsible." In a trance, I put two and two together. The video must have been stored in that U disk. Derek had made a bet with Keith in order to get the U disk back. In a bid to protect Becky, he wanted to prevent it from leaking to the public. A heavy foot suddenly landed on Rodger's face when he was about to get up. With one side of his face against the ground, he was completely immobile. "Rodger, tell me, what's wrong with you today?" Derek asked in an indifferent tone as he mounted more pressure on the writhing man's face. From where I was, I saw how the shoe pierced into Rodger's skin, disfiguring him. Rodger painfully stammered, "Mr. Sullivan, I'm sorry." Derek finally lifted his foot. Rodger let out a sigh of relief. But it was short-lived. The next second, he gave an ear-piercing scream. He had just received a kick right on his crotch. "If you really can't control this thing, we could just cut it off. What do you say?" Rodger held his crotch with both hands as he begged for mercy like a whipped dog.

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Chapter 342 Being Saved

Timmy finished untying the ropes that bound me and Becky. The moment Becky was set free, she sprang to her feet, rushing into Derek's arms and crying hysterically. I could tell that her crying wasn't fake. By now, she must've mentally collapsed already. @ Gently, Derek caressed her back and held her steady in an attempt to comfort her... "Hush now, Becky. You're fine now. Don't cry. Your agent is waiting for you outside," he said. Becky grabbed his clothes, unwilling to let go. However, Derek was determined to make her leave. She was hesitant to leave his side at first, but she finally let go. She wiped her tears away before dragging her feet outside. Before she could even get outside, her agent rushed into the factory and draped a coat and a hat on her. Derek turned his attention to me. His eyes dimmed as he strode towards me. Then, he raised my chin using his hand while staring at my face. Based on the look in his eyes, he was enraged. © "Who hit you?" he asked. The bearded man was so scared that his legs trembled violently. The following moment, he dropped to his knees and pleaded for his life. ☺ "It... it was me, sir! I'm so sorry!" "Hit yourself." Keith kicked the bearded man while hurling curses at him. The bearded man nodded, and then he started hitting himself using both hands. "How did he hit you?" Derek asked me; his face had turned grim. Hurriedly, the bearded man explained, "I merely slapped her once, sir. That's all!" Suddenly, he remembered that he had taken our phones, so he took out two smartphones from his pocket and handed them to

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"And I took these smartphones. I didn't do anything else to her, sir! I swear—" But before he could finish his sentence, Derek sent him flying backwards with a powerful kick. The bearded man writhed on the ground like an earthworm. His legs were wriggling, and he was covering his stomach in an attempt to alleviate his pain. Fortunately for him, Derek didn't kick him again. "He's your man, so I'm going to leave him to you," he said to Keith. He then lifted me up and walked towards the door. I told him that I could walk by myself, so he put me down and held my hand tightly. Afterwards, we walked out together. Once we had gotten out of the abandoned factory, I didn't see Becky anywhere. Perhaps her agent had already taken her away. Derek and I sat in the back seat of the car, while Timmy drove the car for us. Soon, we were set to leave this nightmarish place. "How did you figure out that we were there? And I didn't even know Timmy is such a skilled fighter!" I remarked. Timmy smiled, seemingly amused by what I said. "I'm not really a skilled fighter. I enjoy working out, and it happened to come in handy today." Derek snorted and said, "Those kidnappers are idiotic. You do know that there are surveillance cameras everywhere inside the hotel, and even the entire city has cameras in every street. It would be nigh impossible to abduct someone

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without being noticed. They basically dug their own graves.” After dropping us off at the villa, Timmy drove away. Once we were in the living room, Derek told me to sit on the sofa and wait for him. Then, he went into the kitchen and soon came out with an ice pack in his hand. He sat next to me, wrapped the ice pack with a towel, and carefully pressed it against my face. When I thought of what happened tonight, I felt so conflicted. “Honestly, between me and Becky, she’s the one who needs comfort right now.” I was telling the truth. I never knew that Becky had suffered through something like that before. I must admit that she could be detestable at times, but now that I knew she had a traumatic past, I realized that it must be why she was like that. “She’s much stronger than you think,” said Derek. I remembered how she wailed like a banshee in the video, and how she screamed and cried incessantly when she knew that we were safe. Clearly, she was on the brink of insanity. But I believed that Derek was right. I shouldn’t underestimate her psychological endurance. If she weren’t strong enough, she wouldn’t be able to bounce back and be a cheery individual after experiencing something so horrible. Perhaps she had chosen to lie to herself and pretended that the tragedy didn’t happen to her. Only people who were strong enough could manage to do that. “So, that video was the one in that U disk?” I asked.

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