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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 225 - 226

Chapter 225 I Am Dispensable

From the place he stood at the door, Derek reached out and flicked the light switch on. The entire room, in all its chaotic glory, was basked in light.

Becky's face was red and swollen and she sat on the floor, desperately bawling her eyes out. She looked like an innocent victim who had been wronged. I was standing beside her, looking like the culprit who had bullied her. I looked at Derek standing in the doorway. He, however, had his eyes fixed on Becky and didn't bat an eye at me.

Then he took deliberate steps towards her, squatted down next to her and reached out his hands, intending to help her get to her feet. He didn't even bother to ask me what had happened. Perhaps he had already jumped to conclusions and marked me as the wrongdoer already. I could gauge this simply by the fact that he didn't even look at me when he had come in. 3 Becky didn't get up. She wiped her tears away but lamented as more tears profusely streamed down her cheeks, "I know I'm dispensable. I shouldn't have come here at all." After saying that, she suddenly stood up and rushed out of the room, still crying uncontrollably.

Derek stood up and watched Becky disappear around the door. Then he finally afforded me a look.

I couldn't read what he was thinking from his eyes. Yet now it seemed like he didn't blame me. He just looked a bit drained of energy. I felt like suffocating and a headache was coming. I was thinking about where Becky could possibly go in the middle of the night. No matter what had happened tonight, no matter whose fault it was and who was the one that was scheming, I didn't want her to be in danger. "Why don't you go after her?" I asked.

After staring at me for a few seconds, Derek turned around and walked out. 2

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Only God knew just how pained I felt when I watched his departing figure. I was also a woman. I was not invincible. I was just a tad more rational than that impulsive, immature girl. I also wanted to act out. I also had the desire to just ignore everything when I was angered by something. If I was finally pushed to the limit one day, I might really lose it. I cleared up my complicated emotions and walked through the mess littering the floor. I didn't have time to clean up. I followed Derek downstairs.

Derek was on the phone in the car.

The lights of the car shone through the watery moonlight. He held the steering wheel with one hand and the phone with the other. His anxiety was written all over his face. Perhaps he couldn't get through because he flung the phone unceremoniously onto the passenger seat and drove off. He didn't even notice me standing at the gate of the villa. I couldn't just remain idle at home so I walked out and looked for Becky along the road.

There was just one main road outside the villa. Derek had driven down this road. In the middle of the night, I didn't see a person on the road and also didn't see his car returning. Becky was not familiar with Sousen, so she had no place to go. My real concern, however, was the future of my relationship with Derek. Regardless of who was right and who was the guilty party, if something horrid happened to Becky, I feared that Derek would end things with me.

I didn't know how long I had walked. My legs were numb. It was a dry, icy night, typical of the weather in early winter. When I had come outside, I absentmindedly forgot to put on a coat. Initially, I was so cold, I shivered so badly that my teeth chattered. But then, after walking for a while, I began to feel hot and feverish. Then I thought about what would happen if Becky did come back. She had already had a deep misunderstanding of me. I would never be able to forgive her for what she had done tonight. There was absolutely no chance of reconciliation. It was before dawn but the vendors were already out on the streets selling breakfast. I couldn't tell how far I had gone. Anyway, I hadn't found Becky. I considered the situation and realized that this ought not to have been the case, logically speaking. Derek didn't dilly dally in pursuing her. How far could she have possibly gone? How could she outrun Derek's car?

Perhaps because the circumstances had been so urgent and I was so focused on just finding her, that I didn't analyze the situation properly. It just occurred to me now that perhaps we had made a wrong judgment. Perhaps Becky hadn't gone far at all. Perhaps she just hid somewhere just out of sight on purpose. I wanted to call Derek and ask him if he

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had found Becky, but I found that I had left in such a hurry that I hadn't remembered to bring my phone with me.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 226

Chapter 226 Do You Believe Me

I stopped at the intersection, looking around with a passive expression. There were a few people who got up early and were already on the road, but I didn't see Becky anywhere. The moment I turned around, I saw a car's headlights nearby. It was Derek's car, and it seemed that he had come back. Since it was early in the morning and it was early winter, my breath became a visible cloud of frost beneath the dim street lamp. I shrank my neck, staring at the car that was slowly approaching. Inside, Derek had a cigarette in his mouth. He looked weary and worried.

It seemed that he still hadn't found Becky, either. The car passed me by without even pausing, and I just watched as Derek drove farther and farther away from me.

He seemed so worried. Maybe he didn't notice me.

I could just take a cab home, but I didn't. I decided to walk home instead. By the time I arrived at the villa, it was already after the break of dawn.

Derek's car was already parked in the yard, and the gate of the villa was open. Upon changing my shoes, I noticed that my feet had several blisters. While I was walking, I barely felt any pain. But now that I had stopped walking, I felt every searing pain I was numb to. His car keys were on the tea table. Derek leaned against the sofa, motionless. I had no idea if he was asleep or just thinking about something, but I could see just how exhausted he was on his face. After searching and worrying for an entire night, it was no wonder that he looked like every bit of energy had been siphoned from him. Quietly, I tiptoed around him; trying not to disturb him. However, he still opened his eyes. He stared at me with bloodshot eyes and asked, "Where have you been?" The sound of his voice was hoarse, and laden with

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exhaustion. "I was looking for her," I said. He didn't respond and just closed his eyes, returning to his motionless state. As I looked at him, I felt so sorry for Derek. I felt bad that he was so exhausted, but I was also sad about the fact that he cared about another woman so much.

I cast aside my conflicted emotions and went upstairs to clean up the messy room. I salvaged whatever cosmetics that could still be used from the ones that Becky had destroyed, and put them back on the dresser. As for the other ones, I had to throw them away. Perhaps Becky might still be able to use the fine ones once she came back. Right now, I really hoped that she would come back. Otherwise, Derek might not feel at peace. And all the problems between him and me would never be settled.

After tidying up the room, I went back downstairs. I found Derek still in the same posture he was before I left him. It was as if he didn't even move.

Then, I went to the kitchen to make breakfast and put it on the dining table. I turned to the direction of the sofa, and asked him to have breakfast. But he still didn't move. "You can eat by yourself," he said in a hoarse voice. As I stared at the steaming breakfast on the table, my eyes were slowly covered by a layer of mist. He didn't eat, neither did I. Because of the cold weather, the food soon cooled down. I went to him and sat down beside him. I figured I needed to explain the whole thing to Derek. I couldn't just say nothing and let him misunderstand me. "I think Becky may have some misconceptions about me. She thought I had influenced Mrs. Mayer's decision to vote, and it caused her to lose the competition. And she's been displeased with me ever since. But the truth is, I never did anything to sway Mrs. Mayer's opinion, nor did I beat Becky, scold her, or destroy all that stuff. Do you believe me, Derek?" I tried to speak as calmly as possible, but I knew that my expression betrayed just how much I wanted him to believe me. But Derek didn't even look at me. He didn't say anything for a moment. Afterwards, he said, "The important thing is that we find her soon. Even though Becky has been to Sousen twice before, that was back when she was a child. She's not that familiar with this city." It seemed that he was really worried about her safety. Naturally, now wasn't the time to get jealous. Derek was right. We had to find her, and soon. After calming down, I analyzed the current situation. "Maybe we should ask Felix and Aaron for clues. After all, she's close with both of them. And besides, you can also go to the hotel and ask the singers who rehearsed with her. Becky isn't familiar with this place, so those are the only places she can go." Derek finally looked at me. Perhaps he thought that I had come up with a good idea. Not a minute later, he stood up and grabbed his car keys before walking out. Regardless of how painful my feet felt, I quickly changed my shoes and followed him into the car.

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