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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 449 - 450

Chapter 449

Chapter 449 Do You Want To Sleep With Me

Just as I had expected, Ken was still waiting for me outside. The minute he saw me, he held me.

“You look hammered. Let me find you somewhere you can rest for a while.”

Naturally, I knew what he was up to. I pretended to be drunk, leaning against his shoulder and nodding.

Moments later, he took me into a private room and locked the door.

The light in the private room was dim, and I could hear the faint music coming from the hall.

“Come on, let me help you lie down on the bed,” Ken suggested eagerly.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, and pressed him against the wall. In a drunken voice, I asked, “Why did you bring me here? Do you want to sleep with me?”

At first, Ken was stunned. But not a second later, he changed his mind and boldly wrapped his arms around my waist. He probably thought that I was too drunk to resist right now.

“I do. Your husband is barely around, so you’re probably so lonely. I’ll dispel your loneliness and make you happy. You wanna do it?”

While he was speaking, his mouth was inching closer to my face.

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I immediately turned my face away, enduring my disgust towards him, and put on a smile.

“There’s no need to hurry. I need to take a shower first.”

Having said that, I let go of him and walked towards the bathroom in the private room.

“I’m coming with you.” Ken followed me, possibly with perverted thoughts in mind.

In order to stop him, I turned around, raised a finger and shook it at his face.

“Nuh-uh. Why don’t you go warm up the bed and wait for me instead?”

Ken was so eager to do it that his eyes lit up. I noticed his Adam’s apple bobbing up and down as he nodded repeatedly.

“Sure. I’ll warm up the bed. I’ll be waiting.”

I nodded in response before I went into the bathroom.

Once I was inside, I turned on the shower tap and let the water fall to the floor, pretending as though I was really taking a shower.

I rummaged through my purse for something that I could use. Inside, there was a fruit knife that I had prepared during the afternoon.

If needed, I could use this to defend myself. About half an hour later, I leaned against the door, listening carefully.

There seemed to be no sound coming from outside. A few minutes later, I opened the bathroom door with the fruit knife tight within my grasp.

Ken was lying motionless on the bed.

Cautiously, I walked to the bed.

I could hear him snoring. It seemed that Ken had already fallen asleep.

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Upon realizing that, I put away the fruit knife, squatted down next to the bed, and pulled his coat aside with my trembling hands.

God knew just how nervous I was. Somehow, I felt like my heart was about to leap from my throat. And sure enough, there was a pistol on his waist. While I was taking the pistol from him, I checked if Ken was waking up.

Though I had spiked the glass of wine with a drug, I wasn't sure how effective the drug would be.

It would be bad if he suddenly woke up halfway. At long last, I got the pistol.

I breathed a sigh of relief, putting the pistol in my bag before walking out of the private room.

After asking some staff for directions, I finally found the kitchen and prepared a few glasses of wine.

Just then, several waiters and waitresses came to fetch the wine. Meanwhile, I secretly observed them and pulled a waitress among them aside. I handed her five hundred dollars and asked her to bring the spiked glasses of wine to Doug's table.

I had lived at the bottom of society, so I knew commoners well. If they could earn five hundred dollars just by serving some wine, they would do it in a heartbeat.

After taking the money from me, she brought out the wine with her.

Not long after, I went back to the hall.

At this moment, several people were sitting beside Derek and talking to him. It wouldn't be convenient for me to get close to him, so I had to sit somewhere with a better vantage point. Doug's buddies were eating and drinking happily, but Doug, himself, was more cautious. He wouldn't even touch the wine on the table, and he had been staring at Derek's direction with hatred in his eyes.

After a while, the music suddenly stopped. The host announced that the chairman of Alma Department Store, the sponsor of this ball, was about to give a speech.

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The chairman was a guy with a round head. He had a fat face and a thick gold chain around his neck, and he spoke as though he was a very wealthy man.

As a matter of fact, he didn't even look like a chairman of a company at all. He was dressed up like a gang leader, and he acted like one, too. After his speech, the audience burst into applause. The chairman stepped down from the stage, and clinked glasses with those who were ingratiating themselves with him.

The atmosphere seemed harmonious and gleeful, but I knew this wouldn't be a peaceful night. All this time, I had been feeling tense.

Within the blink of an eye, the chairman left. I didn't know where he was now.

Meanwhile, everyone continued eating, drinking, or dancing.

To me, this scene appeared like the calm before a storm.

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Chapter 450

Chapter 450 A Seedy Operation

After a while, I saw Timmy suddenly stand up and leave.

The guests continued to mill around the hall, holding conversations with each other in hopes to form an advantageous relationship.

Only Derek remained sitting, leisurely sipping his wine, as if his surroundings were none of his concern.

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A moment later, the woman who had danced with him earlier approached and sat close beside him. She put her hand on his shoulder and slowly flitted her slender fingers down to his chest. Her intentions were clear. She wanted to seduce him. But Derek didn't even spare her a glance. He brusquely removed her hand from his body, his face twisted in disgust.

Humiliated, the woman had no choice but to stop her advances and flee.

Meanwhile, the men around Doug were collapsing one after another, all piss-drunk. Unlike them,

Doug sat ignoring the ruckus around him, his hawk eyes fixed on his prey.

All of a sudden, the lights went out, and the entire hall was enveloped in darkness.

As expected, the place erupted into chaos as the people clamored and called for each other.

Within a few seconds, the lights went on again. My first instinct was to make sure Derek was okay, but he was gone.

Across the hall, Doug jumped to his feet and looked around as well.

I frantically searched the hall for Derek. It didn't take long for me to realize that he was no longer there.

I rushed toward the narrow passage nearest to where Derek had been before the room went dark. In contrast to the noise in the hall, the passage was quiet and empty.

I had no idea if he had come this way or not, but my intuition was telling me to keep walking.

In the next second, a hand shot out of nowhere and grabbed me, pushing me into a room.

"Just stay here and don't go out no matter what happens."

It was Derek.

I needed to let him know that someone was trying to hurt him.

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I whirled around and tried to hold on to him, but he had already stepped back and closed the door on my face.

His abrupt actions caused a gust of wind to blow into the room, making me shiver.

I was undeterred, though. I quickly opened the door, only to find Derek gone again.

All I saw was Doug's fading back as he pushed forward into the passage, his murderous intent apparent.

He was probably chasing after Derek.

I immediately discarded my high heels and ran after him barefoot.

Soon, the passage forked into two paths. I faltered. I had no idea which way Derek had taken.

Before I could hazard a guess, I heard a commotion coming from one of the paths. I followed the sound and found myself walking out onto the deck.

Several handcuffed men were being dragged out of the bottom cabin by what looked to be undercover police.

One of them was the chairman of the Alma Department Store.

There were about seven of them in total, and they were ordered to line up and squat.

It hadn't been long since the chairman had stood proudly in front of everyone as he spoke onstage. Now, his head was lowered in shame and dejection. Just then, other guests flocked over to the deck. They sported similar expressions of shock and curiosity, and proceeded to discuss among themselves in hushed voices.

As for me, I was utterly clueless. What crime had these men committed? As things stood, it was as if tonight's party was only a front for some seedy operation.

Nevertheless, it was none of my business. All I cared about was Derek.

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I carried on with my search, but I still couldn't find him, nor Doug, or even Timmy.

Could Derek have already known about the danger that had been waiting for him?

There were so many undercover policemen on the ship. Would Doug dare act recklessly?

I remembered how he had gnashed his teeth when he had mentioned Derek in the coffee shop earlier, as well as the ferocious glares he had been throwing Derek all night. The more I thought about it, the more he seemed like a desperado who was willing to risk everything.

A man like that was not afraid of anything or anyone.

The idea terrified me.

My shawl had long been gone, and I was now standing on the deck in a flimsy dress.

There was snow everywhere, but I didn't really feel the freezing cold. If anything, my palms were sweating. I was slowly spiraling into a panic. Perhaps Derek had returned to the hall, after all. I darted back into the hall without a second thought.

To my dismay, I was met by a current of people who were rushing outside. They had probably heard that something had happened, and were scrambling to see exactly what it was.

I was the only one going against the flow, and I struggled not to be swept away or worse, get crushed.

Even so, I made sure to scan the faces that were passing by me. I still hadn't seen Derek. A lump rose in my throat, and I knew that I was going to burst into tears at any second.

All of a sudden, strong fingers grasped my wrist. I was pulled behind a pillar and into a warm embrace.

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