

Chapter 442 Sad Derek

Noticing that there was something wrong with Derek, Celia stood up and poured herself a glass of wine. She walked up to him and clinked her glass with his. "I should be the one who proposes a toast to my superior, Mr. Watson," she said with a smile.

Derek reached out to stop her but withdrew his hand as soon as he touched her shoulder.

He quietly chuckled in return. "In my eyes, I never saw you as my subordinate."

As he said this, the fire in his eyes as he looked at Celia became more evident.

Celia suddenly felt her cheeks grow warm so she hastily glanced away and avoided his eyes. "Mr. Watson, I think you're already drunk. Please take care of yourself and don't drink too much."

He just smiled casually, completely in a daze. "I am indeed a little drunk. But it's not just the wine that intoxicates me."

He poured himself another glass of wine and gulped it down in a few seconds.

He raised his head as he drank, trying to hide the sadness in his eyes.

He deliberately restrained himself from looking at Celia at the dinner party. He drank a toast with what seemed like everyone in the department but her. He was afraid that he would lose control of his emotions if he did. However, it looked like his efforts didn't matter now since he was standing here now with Celia.

If he didn't drink with Celia today, he didn't know how long he would wait for another chance.

Even though Derek tried to hide the emotions in his eyes, Celia could sense his true feelings. "You've drunk too much, Mr. Watson. It's getting late. It's not safe for you to drive home like this," she advised.

Derek shook his head and picked up the bottle again and poured himself another glass of wine. "Don't worry about me, Cece. I can handle it. Have you forgotten? I was the best drinker in the whole department when I was in school..."

Derek drank several glasses of wine in a row and clinked Celia's glass with each one.

Celia knew she couldn't drink much, so she drank slowly, only taking small sips every time she was toasted. Meanwhile, Derek drank fast and hurriedly.

Celia was starting to get more worried. "Mr. Watson, you're drinking too much," she repeated.

By this time, their colleagues had also taken notice of Derek's excessive drinking and came to dissuade him as well.

Derek smiled at them. "Don't worry. I'm just happy today, so I drank a bit too much. I'm a good drinker. I am fine."

His eyes lingered just a bit longer when he looked at Celia.

Seeing that whatever coaxing they tried to do would not work, the others just sat back down and said nothing more.

Derek kept drinking until the bottle was finished.

He then turned to Celia and asked, "Cece, are you happy? You must love your husband very much."

Celia was surprised at his sudden question, and especially at the evident sadness in his eyes.

She thought of Tyson and immediately her mind was occupied by the man she loved. She smiled bashfully and said, "Yes, I love him very much. He is the love of my life and I've never been happier since the day I met him."

Derek looked at the way Celia smiled and grew even sadder.

His hand that was holding the wineglass trembled.

"I'm very glad to know that. As your friend, I wish you a happy life."

Derek then sauntered back to his seat with his glass.

As soon as Derek was out of sight, Celia let out a sigh.

She was starting to feel that getting along with Derek would make her feel depressed.

It was good that Derek could at least somewhat handle his feelings. They could only be friends in the future and she genuinely wished him well.

