

# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 1

[/ My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO: A Sweet Second Chance](#)

Shane Hayes and I had been married for almost two years, during which time, he had never shown much sexual drive.

And since I had learned that I was pregnant earlier this year, he hadn't touched me at all, saying that he was afraid of hurting the baby. He had even moved into his study and slept at the small bed it had.

I was only twenty-six years old, married and pregnant, but had to sleep by myself every night. I was lonely and miserable.

Bored out of my wits, I eventually went online and asked around in certain forums. One particular comment piqued my interest. Someone said that perhaps his lack of interest stemmed from the fact that he had already seen a lot of women's bodies.

Shane was an obstetrician by profession, so this made sense.

But there was one tiny detail that just kept nagging at the back of my head.

He always locked the door every time he stayed in his study. We were the only people in this house. Why on earth would he have to lock his door? Was he keeping something from me?

I had been thinking long and hard about this, until it became my biggest concern. I was so bothered, it started to disrupt my daily life.

Finally, on our wedding anniversary, I could no longer bear it and decided to sneak into his study after he went out to work.

The room was simple and clean. Nothing seemed to be amiss, except for the big drawer on his desk. It was locked.

Fortunately, I owned a spare key to this drawer, unbeknownst to my husband.

It wasn't that I wanted to invade his privacy; I had genuinely commissioned a copy out of consideration for him. If he ever lost his key, at least I had a spare.

I quickly opened the drawer, but only found some office supplies. Nothing out of the ordinary. I breathed a sigh of relief and locked it back up. My business was done.

As I passed by his bed on my way to the door, my eyes inadvertently swept through the pillow. I stopped dead in my tracks.

Nestled on it were two strands of curly, red hair.

I was a brunette, and I seldom went into his study. There was no way this was my hair.

My attention was soon grabbed by the trash bin sitting on the floor beside the bed. The unmistakable smell of sex wafted from it, and I looked down to see that it contained several crumpled tissues.

Was he hiding another woman at home?

As soon as the idea popped in my head, I immediately broke out in a cold sweat.

My eyes darted around the study. There was no space for any grown person to hide in this room.

Was I just overthinking things?

Besides, I didn't think Shane would resort to this. Even if he wanted to cheat on me, he would certainly carry on their affair in some other place, wouldn't he? He wouldn't do something so stupid as to bring his mistress into his own home.

He might have gotten those errant strands of hair from a colleague, or a client. As for what was in the trash... Well, so he masturbated. He was an adult man with needs, after all.

Still, it was disheartening to learn that my husband would rather rub one out instead of just having sex with me.

When afternoon rolled around, I made a trip to the supermarket to do my regular grocery shopping. Given today's occasion, I picked out a bottle of red wine, despite the fact that I couldn't drink it.

I went home with a spring in my step. As the hours passed, however, it became painfully clear that Shane had forgotten what day it was. It was very late and he

hadn't been back yet.

I felt a storm of emotions swirling inside my chest. I tried to take deep breaths to calm myself, but then my eyes fell on the bottle of wine sitting in front of me. The sight of it brought my disappointment and anger to the surface, and I reached out and opened the bottle without a second thought.

It was past ten o'clock when the front door opened.

I jumped to my feet and threw myself at Shane the moment he stepped into the foyer. His arms went up to catch me, but his brows were furrowed into a deep frown.

"Did you drink?"

I snaked my arms around his neck and giggled. "Just a little."

"You're pregnant," he chided in a disapproving voice as he struggled to support my weight. "Why did you drink in your condition?"

I closed my eyes and put my head on his shoulder.

"I was hoping we could have dinner together. I waited and waited, but you weren't coming, so I went ahead with the meal by myself. Don't worry, it's just a little red wine; it won't affect the baby. Today is our second wedding anniversary, so it's a special occasion."

"You say that, but you're actually drunk. Here, let me take you to the bedroom."

Shane carried me into the bedroom and laid me on the bed. As he leaned over me, I grabbed the opportunity and wrapped my arms around him before bringing my lips close to his.

"Kiss me, honey."

But my husband only stiffened in response. He did indulge me with a half-hearted kiss, but he was soon pulling away from my embrace.

"Don't do this, Eveline Stone. Think of the baby you're carrying. You ought to be more careful."

My arms were still around his neck. I stared up at him in silent invitation, though I could feel my grievances sneaking into my expression as well.

"You're a doctor, you know it's safe to make love after the first trimester. We just need to take it slow. Don't push me away, honey. Not tonight."

He did, in fact, push me away. He straightened and pulled his tie loose. "I'm going to go take a shower."

The truth was, I never drank a drop of wine. I was pregnant, and of course I knew I shouldn't take alcohol. All I did was splash a few drops of the red wine on my neck and made it my perfume for the night.

I heard the bathroom door close, followed by the sound of running water. It lasted for about ten minutes, then Shane emerged. He walked past the bedroom without even pausing.

Then I heard the door of the study creak open and close, and the distinct click of the lock snapping into place.

I tossed under the quilt for a good while. After an hour, I was finally able to muster the courage to put on my earphones and take out my phone. I clicked on the application that was connected to the bug I had bought.

I acquired it this afternoon, in the same supermarket where I had bought food and wine for our anniversary dinner.

The study was soundproof, and I never had any qualms about it. I doubted Shane would even suspect that a bug was installed under his tiny bed.

As I gained access to the bug, the unmistakable sound of panting and moaning came to my ears. A lump lodged in my throat. My nose stung, and my eyes instantly flooded.

It was clear to me now—it wasn't that he didn't have a sexual drive. From the sound of it, it appeared that he was brimming with libido to an almost uncontrollable degree. It was just that his desires weren't for me.

But it was what I heard next that shocked me to my core.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 2

[/ My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO: A Sweet Second Chance](#)  
"Honey! You're incredible. I love you so much!

Moan louder, honey! I love to hear your pleasurable moans."

Shane's cheeky words felt like a basin of icy water pouring over my head. The entirety of my body froze to the point that I could not move a muscle.

Then, I heard a woman's voice coming through the earphones. She did moan louder as she was told, and they said all sorts of lewd words to each other. Judging by their grunting, it was clear that they were having rough sex.

I covered my mouth, tight enough to prevent myself from crying out loud. But I couldn't stop my tears from surging.

My husband's every word and every pant he drew out were like daggers, jabbing into my heart. I was in so much pain that I could do nothing but cry in silence. Soon, my pillow was wet with my own tears.

And because I couldn't stand to hear them any longer, I took off my earphones, held my legs, and curled up like an infant.

It was a hot summer, but I felt so cold... very cold. My entire body trembled, and no matter how tightly I wrapped myself in the quilt, I could not warm myself up.

That night, I shed countless tears, and it was the most restless night.

But even so, I refused to believe that there was a woman in the study, because there was no place to hide a person there. The only possibility I could think of was that he might be masturbating while talking to a woman through a video call.

What was the truth of this matter?

It was then that I regretted installing only a bug and not a mini camera. It should've been a camera.

After an entire night of grudge-filled contemplation, I gradually calmed down from the shock. Then, I decided to drop by the study again in search of clues.

The next morning, after Shane left for work, I didn't get up right away. Or perhaps I didn't have the courage to do so. Though I truly wanted to find some clues, it frightened me to know what I might find.

Because I was struggling mentally, I didn't get up until it was well past ten in the morning. I hardly slept a wink last night, so I was feeling a little dizzy now.

Step by step, I came to the door of the study

, recalling everything I heard last night. I could feel my nerves tensing up, and my heart was beating faster by the second.

What could be waiting for me at the other side of that door?

As soon as I grabbed the doorknob and was about to turn it, I heard the front door of the house open. Shane must've come back.

I withdrew my hand in a hurry, pretending to walk past the door of the study. Finally, I sat down on the living room sofa. It was then that I feigned composure by picking up the remote control from the tea table to turn on the TV. I was so nervous that I pressed so many buttons by mistake before I managed to turn the TV on.

Shane approached me, staring at my face. I was afraid that he might notice that something was wrong with me. After all, I had cried all night.

Fortunately, he didn't ask me any questions. All he said was that he had asked for a leave and that he wanted to take me out for a trip someplace.

He was a workaholic. We didn't even have a honeymoon trip after we got married. Asking for a leave to travel was certainly uncharacteristic of him. But he told me that he had neglected his duties as my husband because of overworking, and he wanted to spend more time with me.

Perhaps due to what I found out last night, I sensed only hypocrisy in his words. Thus, I raised my head, staring straight into his eyes, searching for a trace of doubt or fear.

But he looked calm. He appeared as though he had not cheated on me, and his behavior only made me feel like I was overthinking.

I pretended as though nothing had happened, packed our luggage and went downstairs with him.

I was already twenty-six years old now; no longer the impulsive girl I used to be. For the time being, I needed to ensure that the truth was revealed before letting him know that I knew of it.

I thought it best to have the upper hand that I knew of his secret, and decided to wait and see how things would turn out. But I was mistaken.

Though I might have matured at my age, I still wasn't adept at anticipating outcomes.

In the end, I fell into his trap and allowed him to push me to the depths of hell.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 3

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The place we were heading to wasn't that far away. It was a tourist town named Tonyin. It took two hours to drive there from the downtown of the city.

Accommodations for guests were quite distinctive. They were separate wooden houses built in the countryside. Shane chose a remote log cabin by the mountain, saying that it must be tranquil to be there.

When he opened the trunk of the car to grab our luggage, I noticed a surgery kit lying inside.

Thus, I looked at him, confused.

"You're pregnant. Taking you out will be risky, don't you think so, too? That's why I've prepared these things," Shane explained.

Once we had sorted out our luggage, we went to several scenic spots in Tonyin.

Due to my pregnancy, my gait was slow, and fortunately for me, he wasn't in any hurry. I was surprised at how he slowed down to look after me, and he didn't forget to assist me when we went up the mountain.

The way he spoke and behaved indicated that he was a good husband. It made me think that perhaps I had been too suspicious of him regarding what happened in the study. Maybe he was just looking for excitement by having video sex with an online friend.

Halfway up the mountain, I had grown exhausted, so I sat on a pavilion to rest.

At this time, Shane pointed out a few redbuds by the edge of the mountain, saying that the scenery was picturesque. He suggested that he wanted to take pictures of me there.

Thus, I stood beside a redbud. He told me that the angle wasn't right, so I took a few steps back under his instruction. Not a second later, I accidentally slipped and rolled down the mountain.

Thinking of the child in my womb, I felt the strong desire to survive. After rolling down several circles, I managed to hold onto a tree.

Though I did not die, I could feel pain coming from my lower abdomen. Soon, I was covered in beads of sweat. But even then, I refused to let go of the tree.

I had a bad feeling that the child in my womb was in danger.

After a while, many tourists and some staff of the scenic spot rushed to aid me. They were coming from all directions, visibly panicked.

"I'm her husband!

" Shane shouted. "And an obstetrician," he added.

Then, he squeezed through the crowd, picked me up, and ran down the mountain.

I grabbed onto his clothes tightly, and said in a weak voice, "Honey, do what you can to save our child."

As he ran quickly, looking at the path ahead, he said, "I will."

But sadly, my child was lost in the end. It was an emergency at the time, so Shane needed to do the induced labor operation for me.

By the time I woke up, it was already dark outside, and my husband wasn't by my side.

I checked my phone and saw that it was already past ten in the evening.

I wondered where Shane could have gone at this time of the night.

I got up from the bed, intending to look for him. But when I reached the door, I heard someone talking outside.

“She got lucky this time. But don’t worry. The baby is gone.” It was Shane’s voice.

His words were like a bolt of lightning, shocking me to my very core.

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. Truthfully, I did not want to admit that it was true. I staggered backwards, barely keeping myself standing against the wall.

I bit the back of my hand, trying to prevent myself from making a single sound. However, I failed to stop my tears from falling yet again.

It turned out that I had fallen into the trap that he had set for me.

And it turned out that the man I had been married to for two whole years, a so-called angel, was truthfully a devil incarnate.

I was wrong about many things. I never should’ve made myself believe such flights of fancy.

Frightened and astonished, I went back to bed, pretending to be asleep.

Because I knew that at this moment, I had no strength to fight him head on.

After a while, Shane came in and stood by my side. After confirming that I was asleep, he turned around and left.

The moment he walked out of the room, I immediately got out of bed, rushing to the window to take a look outside.

Slowly, my devil of a husband faded into the night. What attracted my attention the most was the black plastic bag he was carrying.

For some reason, my gut was telling me that I must follow him.

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My heart was telling me that it was my child inside that bag.

At this moment, the writhing pain almost suffocated me.

Once he had gone far, I picked up my phone and ran outside, regardless of how weakened I was after the miscarriage. It didn’t even matter that I was bleeding from my lower body.

After I went out, I had no idea which direction I should go in, so I chose to aimlessly run along a path on the farmland outside the door.



All I knew was that I had to be as far away from that devil as possible.

I was panicking. It scared me that Shane would chase after me if he were to find out that I was missing.

I took out my phone, hoping to ask someone for help, but I wasn't sure who to call at this hour. My phone was almost out of power, so I shouldn't tarry any longer. Thus, I chose to call Louise Larson.

After several rings, she finally picked up. On the other end of the line, I could hear my good friend Louise's slightly hoarse voice. I could tell that I had woken her up.

"Eve?"

"Lulu, I... Eek!"

The path along the farmland was narrow, so I accidentally slipped onto a field, and was soon bathing in mud.

Carefully, I got up from the field. I noticed that my shoes were missing and my phone had been powered off. Barefoot, I continued running as fast as my legs could carry me. I could feel the warmth of my blood, running down my thighs, mixing with the mud on my legs.

It felt like forever before I finally got to the main road. When I passed by the restaurant we had lunch at during the daytime, I finally realized that I was in the right direction.

Then, I ran out of the scenic spot and arrived at the road. Soon, I found myself walking along the mountain road. I didn't dare to stop. I kept on walking and walking until I felt my legs go numb.

The winding asphalt road was littered with my footprints, silently narrating the story of my tragic experience.

The summer breeze felt warm, but I felt cold from inside out.

At long last, I stopped in my tracks halfway down the mountain. With a heavy heart, I stared at the endless darkness at the bottom of the mountain, feeling nothing but despair.

I had been married to Shane for two long years, but never did I see through him truly. How blind and stupid I was for believing him!

In just a single, godforsaken

night, I lost everything. If I didn't know any better, I would've jumped down the mountain and ended everything. But then I remembered my mother.

When my father died in a car accident, my mother became comatose. For many painful years, all she had was me. If she were to lose me as well, what would happen to her?

I also thought of a kindhearted person called "Seagull". During the years I went to school, he supported me financially, and always talked to me on WhatsApp. Oftentimes, he would encourage me to go on, and enlighten me through trying times. On my journey to adulthood, he was one of the few persons who showed me kindness and warmth.

If I were to die like this, it would render all his efforts over the years in vain. I hadn't even had the chance to meet him and thank him face to face. Truthfully, I didn't even know his real name.

In this world, all grudges and gratitude must come to an end. Not only did I have a debt of gratitude to pay, I also had to exact revenge upon those who had wronged me.

Why did Shane suddenly become so inhumane? I needed to settle the scores with him, so I chose not to jump.

Many years later, I would still be grateful for choosing to be brave and rational at this moment.

And since I chose to live on, I must live well. I could not just stay at this mountain for all eternity and live like a vengeful ghost. I must find a way to go back to the downtown. I needed to accept and face the dramatic change in my life overnight.

But I couldn't hail a taxi halfway down the mountain in the middle of the night.

There were some cars passing by the scenic spot at midnight. Under the headlights of their cars, I certainly looked disheveled.

But I neglected how I appeared and lowered my dignity by calling their attention. Many of the passing drivers glanced at me with either shock or mockery. Then, they drove away with their speakers blasting rock and roll. Not one car was willing to stop for me.

Perhaps in their eyes, I was a beggar; a refugee. Or maybe even a lunatic, insane and unsightly.

After disappointing myself over and over, I made a risky decision.

I stood at the corner against the mountain wall, waiting for the perfect chance. The second I saw a ray of light again, I rushed to the middle of the road without a second thought.

# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 5

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I thought that it would be okay, as long as I didn't die from getting hit by the car.

Not long after, I heard the sharp sound of the brakes.

The impact of getting hit wasn't that heavy, but it was enough to send me rolling to the ground.

Upon hearing a pop, I looked up, albeit awkwardly.

Through the darkness, I noticed a person walking towards me. His face was barely visible. Slowly, he lit up a cigarette, and the flame of the lighter reflected in his eyes.

He appeared to be a good-looking man.

A second later, he puffed out a smoke ring, staring at me with interest. He didn't speak until he knew that I was so embarrassed of myself that I wanted to hide myself from his gaze.

"Miss, why didn't you choose someone more suitable to blackmail? Why'd you have to choose to get hit by my poor bike?"

The sound of his voice was deep and magnetic, but what he said was like a slap to my face.

He was indeed riding a mountain bike. The light I saw a few seconds ago must've come from the searchlight in front of his bike.

Perhaps he must be thinking that because of how disheveled I looked and embarrassed I appeared to be, I must've carefully orchestrated this fiasco to blackmail others.

When his eyes met mine, he froze for a moment, and the mockery on his face dissipated.

Quickly, I lowered my gaze, intending not to argue. I just held onto my legs as tight as I could, and didn't respond to him.

Seeing that I had no intention to ask him for compensation, nor cooperate with his ridiculous display, he put his hand with half a cigarette between his fingers on the bike's handlebar, and began to ride away.

As I watched him turn around a corner and disappear from my sight, I finally burst into tears.

At the moment, I wished that he had stayed around, even if he just wanted to laugh at me. At the very least, I would not be alone.

On the dark, eerily silent mountainside, only the sound of my wails could be heard.

Not long after, a light shone on me again, and I heard the sound of brakes once more. I looked up in surprise, and found the mountain bike at the roadside.

The man had come back. He sat at the roadside, casually smoking. "Aren't you afraid you'll attract ghosts because of how loud you're cryi

ng?"

Stunned by his question, I looked at him with tears in my eyes, and he looked back at me.

At this time, only the searchlight illuminated our spot. I could see his face clearly through the thin smoke.

His face was that of a god, handsome, charming, and very masculine. Even though he was merely wearing a sports attire and his bangs were dripping with sweat, he looked strong and calm. Even his legs and arms were muscular.

Perhaps he believed that I wasn't blackmailing him because I didn't ask him for compensation earlier. At this moment, he was just looking at me with confusion and doubt in his eyes.

"You don't look well." He glanced at my bare feet and noticed that they were stained with blood and mud.

Instinctively, I held my arms tightly. "I just... feel cold."

He nodded, put the cigarette between his teeth, got up, and took out a coat from a backpack on the bike. Then, he draped it over my shoulders.

"Thank you," I stammered.

I was moved by his gentlemanly act, but I was also feeling uneasy. His coat still smelled of soap; clearly, it was newly washed, but my whole body was very dirty.

"I think you need to go to hospital," he said.

The hospital? Shane was a doctor working at a hospital, and yet he was the reason I was so miserable right now.

With a bitter smile, I said, "I just want to go home."

The word "home" made my heart ache yet again.

Was that still my home?

The man looked at me for a while. His eyes were exuding some kind of emotion that I could not understand. He nodded and said, "I'll send you home."

I looked at his mountain bike upon hearing him say that, and felt that this task might prove a little difficult on that vehicle.

He must've guessed what I was thinking, so he chuckled, and took out his phone to make a call.

"Timmy, drive the car over here." After telling the other person our location, he disconnected from the call.

Embarrassed, I began to awkwardly rub my shoulders and fell into silence.

It was then that he lit another cigarette.

I could tell that he must be addicted to smoking.

"Aren't you afraid that I'm deceiving you?" he said in a lukewarm tone.

I shrank my neck, feeling dispirited.

"I have nothing left to lose," I told him.