

# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 113

[/ My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO: A Sweet Second Chance](#)  
Chapter 113 The Photo Is Real

As the head of the human resources department sat behind his desk, his usual friendly attitude towards me had changed. Now, he was looking at me with so much contempt.

“Eveline, there’s no room for people who are indiscreet about their private lives in Wonder Hospital.”

“I’m indiscreet about my private life?” I was left stunned.

I wasn’t going to accept being insulted like this.

“Sir, what are you saying?”

He turned the screen of his computer towards me and said, “See for yourself.”

The contents of the screen left me so stunned that it felt like my head was about to explode.

“Once the mask of the angel is taken off, she’s nothing but a slut being kept by someone at a price of three million dollars.”

Along with that caption, there was a picture of me and a man. In it, I was wrapped in nothing but a bath towel, while the man was topless. His face was blurred out, (This novel will be daily updaed at )but I knew that this was the picture that Derek had taken on the balcony of his house the day I got drunk in the bar.

I didn’t want to believe that Derek was the one who ruined my reputation.

But considering how this photo was originally in his phone, who else could it be? Aside from that, why was his face blurred out, and mine wasn’t?

When this possibility crossed my mind, my heart was left bleeding.

The head of the human resources department shook his head while glancing at me with dissatisfaction. “Don’t tell me that the picture is fake. You’re no big shot. If this isn’t real, who would waste their time making this up?”

Truthfully, there was nothing I could say that could disprove this. The picture was real, and the three million dollars I was indentured for was also true, though I was the last to know about the money.

Seeing that I didn't say anything, the head of the human resources department thought I was admitting to the crime.

"Take your last paycheck and leave. The Wonder Hospital cannot afford to lose face like this."

As soon as he finished speaking, the door of the office was pushed open.

While I was wallowing in despair and shame, Aaron appeared.

He looked angry. It seemed that he had seen the Facebook post. "Dr. Hudson, what's the matter?"

When the head of the human resources department saw Aaron, a big smile appeared on his face. His attitude towards him was completely different than the one he had for me. (This novel will be daily updated at )

Aaron glanced at me, and then at the computer screen, pointing at the photo.

"That man is me."

The head of the human resources department was stupefied. He was glancing at me and Aaron back and forth in disbelief.

I understood what Aaron was trying to do, but what he said made me feel even more embarrassed.

"What nonsense are you talking about?" I said, pushing him out of the office.

Once we were outside the door, I turned around and said to the head of the human resources department, "Don't worry, I'm still going to leave."

Afterwards, I closed the door and turned my attention to Aaron.

"Look, Aaron, if I'm going to lose face alone, it's fine. Why did you have to say that? There's no need for you to ruin your reputation. Do you want the same to happen to you?"

Aaron put his hands in his pockets and frowned.

"Eveline, it's not difficult to have this matter investigated. Just talk to the police. They'll find the IP address of the person who first posted this picture."

When I thought of the possibility of who it might be, I didn't have the courage to request an investigation.

I looked down, shaking my head weakly. "It's fine. You should go to work. I'll just take this opportunity to unwind and rest."

When I turned around, Aaron pulled me back and said, "You should go get your feet bandaged.

But my feet didn't hurt; my heart did.

"There's no need."

"Where are you going? I can drive you there," said Aaron.

I turned around and forced a smile at him. At the moment, I thought that my smile might be even uglier than my crying face. "No, I'm fine. I've already told you, (This novel will be daily updated at ) didn't I? People who have nothing left to lose aren't afraid

of anything."

There were many people looking at us in the corridor. I didn't want to involve Aaron in my troubles.

"Go to work, Aaron. I have something to do."

After a moment of silence, he said, "Call me if you need any help."

The sternness of his statement made me chuckle.

"Thanks, but I don't think I need any help."

As I walked out of the hospital, I could feel that more and more people were looking at me strangely. I wanted to escape from their judging eyes, but my feet wouldn't cooperate, so I had to walk slowly.

When I reached the gate of the hospital, I received a call from Louise. She was really worried about me. I told her that I was fired, and she immediately comforted me.

"Hey, things will be fine eventually. Another job will open up for you, I'm sure," she said.

Then, she asked me to find her in the Taekwondo gym. (This novel will be daily updated at )

So many things had happened since last night. It seemed that these convoluted conspiracies were connected to each other. I was already at my breaking point. Truthfully, I needed someone to help me analyze these things calmly.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 114

/ My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO: A Sweet Second Chance  
Chapter 114 Extremely Stupid

The Taekwondo gym wasn't far from Wonder Hospital. When I arrived there, I didn't see Louise. Many people were practicing, while some others were resting nearby.

As I looked around in search of Louise, I noticed that a group of people sitting on a bench had been staring at me and they were whispering amongst themselves. After a while, they stood up and approached me.

They looked pretty young. Perhaps they were in their early twenties. They appeared to be playful and unruly.

"Hey, Miss! I didn't expect to see you in person. This is an honor!"

They must've seen the Facebook post and recognized me.

I didn't want to waste my time arguing with such ignorant young men.

All I wanted to do was to find Louise as soon as possible.

But when they noticed that I wanted to leave, one of them stopped me.

"Girl, don't go yet. Why don't you play with us, too? Three million dollars is too expensive for us. Do you mind giving us a discount?"

Even though he was young, he seemed to be adept at playing with women. As soon as he said that, the others broke into laughter.

"Watch your mouth." | cast them a stern glare.

The one who stopped me pouted and put his face closer towards me. "My mouth is clean. I brushed my teeth this morning. If you don't believe me, you can taste it." (This novel will be daily updaed at )

Just before I could slap this bastard, I saw someone pull on his ear.

"Are you tired of living, huh? How dare you insult my best friend?" Louise growled. "Ouch! Miss Larson, it hurts! Stop!" The man tilted his head and cried out in pain.

In front of them, Louise seemed dignified. The second she appeared, the others immediately dispersed as though they had seen a ghost.

When she let go of that man, she gave him a kick.

"Go somewhere else and continue practicing."

Afterwards, Louise took me to the lounge and poured a glass of water for me.

"What happened to your feet? Why are you walking with a limp?" asked Louise.

I told her that I had gone with Shane to his hometown, causing her to poke my forehead.

"Eve, you really have lost your mind. How could you believe a scumbag like Shane?"

"I know. I was really stupid to have believed him," I said.

"Anyway, what is up with that Facebook post?" Louise asked.

This time, I didn't say anything. I just took out my phone, put it on the round table, and clicked the link that she sent me.

"Damn it! I was so scared when I saw the picture this morning." (This novel will be daily updated at )

While she was speaking, Louise also took out her phone. Soon, her anger flared up.

"What the fuck is wrong with these people? How could they say something like that?"

When I heard her say that, I also read the comments and was stunned by what I saw.

There were a lot of stupid comments that said the man's body was incredible. Even I, the subject of the issue, didn't draw as much attention as Derek did, despite the fact that his face had been blurred out. 1

"They have sharp eyes to notice that, I must say." A bitter smile appeared on my lips.

"That picture is fake, right? When did you take a picture like that with someone?" Louise asked while clicking on the photo. 1

I looked at her and said, "It's real."

Louise stared at me blankly for a few seconds before she picked up her phone again to look at the photo carefully.

"Who is this man? And what's that thing they're saying about three million dollars?" 1

Thus, I told her the story behind the photo and why there was an indenture for three million dollars.

After listening to my story, she analyzed the story and said, "I don't think Derek would do something like that. Besides, why would he cuckold himself? He'd only do that if he were insane." 1

"I never truly understood him," I replied.

I didn't want to judge a person by intuition anymore, especially someone as complicated as Derek.

Suddenly, Louise patted my shoulder.

"I think you can talk to Derek about this. Wasn't this picture in his phone? He probably knows if this matter had something to do with him or not." She was right. I should ask Derek about this. But whether he did this or not, I believed that our marriage was done.

Louise wanted to accompany me to Dere International, but I insisted on facing this matter myself. So, she drove me to the street across the company.

When I got out of the car, she told me, "Have a good talk with him." I nodded and then watched her drive away. Not long after, I crossed the road and headed towards the entrance of Dere International.

Just as I crossed the road, a young man with a camera appeared before me, looking at me carefully. (This novel will be daily updated at )

I was saddened to know that I could no longer stop others from staring at me strangely.

When I was about to leave, he halted me and smiled politely.

"Hi! I'm a reporter from the magazine Love and Marriage. I saw the news about you, and I've been wanting to interview you since then. I hope you can spare me some of your time."

An interview? I smiled, uncertain of what to say.

"Why do I have to be interviewed? Don't you think I've been humiliated enough?"

I continued to limp towards the entrance of Dere International, attempting to ignore the young reporter. However, he kept on chasing after me.

"No, ma'am, you misunderstood me. There's always a story behind every unusual experience, and there's always two sides to every story. I just want to know your story. Usually, the story behind each news can sway public opinion, and it can also serve as an explanation to society.

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Chapter 115 That Man Is Me

I stopped in my tracks to look at the persistent reporter with a stern gaze.

“Stop wasting your time. I’m a nobody. I don’t have any stories to be dug out. Don’t waste your energy or the magazine’s resources and pages on me. You’d be better off finding a more valuable target.”

The moment I finished speaking, I was stunned by the sudden slap to my face.

As I covered my burning face, I saw a fat woman who appeared in front of me.

“Why did you hit me?”

The fat woman was wearing a dress that barely even fit her. Her waist was so fat that it looked like a swim ring. She then rolled up her sleeves and growled, “I enjoy hitting bitches like you who destroy other people’s families.”

I became even more confused. What the hell was she talking about? And why was she calling me a bitch?

“What? Are you still going to deny it after that photo had been exposed? Everyone knows your face now, you slut!” (This novel will be daily updated at )

The fat woman kept on cursing me and then she shoved me.

Since my feet were still hurting, I lost my balance and fell to the ground. The first thing that hit the ground was my bottom, and it hurt so much that I couldn’t recover right away.

“Look, everyone! It’s that bitch from Facebook. She looks all pure and innocent, but she’s actually a whore. I wonder how many men she’s slept with. This fucking slut seduced my husband!”

When the fat woman shouted that, many people quickly gathered around us. Many of them took out their mobile phones and compared my face with the one in the photo.

“It really is her! What a bitch!”

People began to hurl curses at me. They belittled me, and insulted me.

But I focused my attention on the fat woman.

"What are you even saying? I don't even know who your husband is!" The fat woman pointed at me and said, "She's still trying to deny her crimes. She's so shameless!"

Afterwards, she showed me a photo on her phone. "I know my husband's features best. There's a scar on his waist. Look carefully, this is my I can recognize him even if his face is blurred out. I've been wondering why my husband hasn't been coming home recently. It turns out that he has a mistress that he spent three million dollars on. Fork over the cash he gave you now!"

Having said that, the fat woman pulled on my hair. The onlookers began to criticize me and nobody was willing to help me. Only the young reporter behind me tried to reason with the fat lady.

"If you have something to say, then do so if you must. There's no need for violence," he said.

However, the fat woman had gone berserk. She truly believed that I was her husband's mistress, so she kept on pulling my hair.

As she pulled on my hair, I screamed, "That man is not your husband!"

The fat woman loosened her grip and snorted, "Not my husband, you say? Then, who is he?"

Naturally, I couldn't say that it was Derek. (This novel will be daily updated at )

"Yes, if you can tell us who he is, then it proves you're not a mistress."

"Just admit it. The evidence is right in front of us!" The onlookers seemed to be stirring up more trouble. "He's not your husband," I repeated.

Though the sentence wasn't convincing, it was all I could say.

The fat woman looked at me with complacency in her eyes.

"See? You can't say a name, right? I think you just don't want to spit out the three million dollars. I'm going to drag you to the police station today and sue you for fraud!"

Each time she opened her fat mouth, she spouted even more nonsensical things.

But they seemed to be effective, considering how the onlookers were echoing her sentiment with righteous indignation.

Soon, I felt completely dizzy.

"The guy in the photo is me." Suddenly, I heard a deep, magnetic voice.



The noisy crowd made way as they quieted down in an instant. Derek appeared in a white shirt and suit pants, slowly making his way towards me. His sudden appearance immediately attracted everyone's (This novel will be daily updated at ) attention.

Meanwhile, I sat on the ground, feeling defeated and tense. Moreover, my hair had been pulled into a mess.

He was like a god who managed to pull me out of trouble with a simple statement.

But I couldn't understand why he did this. It would be unfavorable for him and his company if he were to be involved in a news this negative.

Derek always kept a low profile. If he were to be exposed, he would easily become the headline of many news outlets. 1

Someone in the crowd whispered, "He's so handsome."

The women Clutched their chests, refusing to believe that he was the man in the scandalous photo.

With a cool smile, Derek stood before the fat woman, towering over her.

"The man in the photo is me. Were you claiming that I was your husband? That's ridiculous. I've never met you before."

Of course, nobody would believe that Derek was this fat woman's husband. 1

Soon, everyone started laughing.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 116

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Chapter 116 The First Time To Wash A Woman's Feet

The fat woman was humiliated, but she didn't seem willing to back down.

"You're the man in the picture? You just want to help this bitch out, don't you? I'm not going to let you do that so easily!"

"Watch your mouth. You are in the presence of Mr. Sullivan, the CEO of Dere International," said the female assistant behind Derek.

Her words revealed his identity, leaving everyone stupefied.

An idiot wouldn't have been able to work as the assistant to a CEO, let alone someone as cautious as Derek, so she probably asked for his permission to announce his identity.

In a calm voice, Derek announced, "Regarding today's news, I've already asked my lawyer to issue a statement. If anyone dares to maliciously slander or harass us, I will be taking you to court. And I will have you know that I will spare no expense to see you behind bars!"

The fat woman was shocked to know his identity. But after she calmed down, she still refused to believe him.

"Your waist! Show us your waist if you have a scar."

Derek flashed her a grin and said, "You don't believe me, huh? Do you want me to prove it?"

Having said that, he untucked his shirt and unbuttoned it.

Suddenly, women shrieked and fawned over him.

I was also stunned by what he was doing.

What kind of person was he? Wasn't I nothing but a prostitute to him? Was I even worth taking his clothes off in public just to prove my innocence?

In all honesty, even though we had had sex many times, I never noticed any scars on his body.

After unbuttoning his shirt, Derek calmly lifted one side up. There was indeed a scar on his waist.

The fat woman was rendered speechless.

The surrounding women screamed and took out their phones to take pictures of Derek. Even the young reporter turned on his camera. While taking photos, he asked, "Mr. Sullivan, is she your girlfriend?"

Derek looked particularly attractive while his muscular chest was half-exposed.

He squatted down to pick me up. Then, he said to the young reporter, "You'll know once you check Facebook. My lawyer should've issued the statement already."

For a moment, I noticed that everyone had taken out their phones. (This novel will be daily updated at )

When I entered Dere International, I heard many people shouting with shock. It was as if they had seen something extraordinary.

It made me wonder what kind of statement Derek asked his lawyer to issue.

Along the way, Derek carried me in his arms, regardless of the people staring at us. I behaved well and didn't struggle.

He had helped me out just now, so the least I could do was to not embarrass him further.

After entering his office, he put me on the sofa, and then he slowly buttoned up his shirt.

While I was sitting, he remained standing.(This novel will be daily updaed at )

The silent atmosphere made me uneasy.

I didn't forget that even though he saved me earlier, I was still in a deep conflict with him. Suddenly, he squatted down and grabbed my ankle. "Lift up your foot for me."

After a moment of hesitation, I obliged to his command.

He then helped me take off my shoe and saw several blisters on the sole of my foot.

For some reason, he appeared to be angry. A moment later, he stood up.

"Wait a minute." After saying that, he went out of his office. Not long after, he came back with a basin of water. The moment he grabbed my feet again, I withdrew them right away.

He looked up at me and said, "You should feel honored. This is the first time I'll be washing a woman's feet."

Though I was sad and he was speaking in such a fierce tone, I was still touched.

The warm water soaked my ankles, and I could feel that the blisters hurt a lot.

The employees of Dere International would probably never imagine that their CEO was currently washing a woman's feet in his office.

Afterwards, he helped me dry my feet, took out a first-aid kit and applied an ointment to my feet. Finally, he wrapped them in bandages.

Once all of that was done, I stood up and said that I needed to go to the bathroom. There was a private bathroom in his office. Upon hearing what I told him, he bent down, seeming as though he was intending to carry me. I was so startled that I sat back on the sofa.

"I can do it by myself."(This novel will be daily updaed at )

My intense reaction seemed to have dissatisfied him. He put his hands on his hips, raised his eyebrows, and seemed like he wanted to say something. But in the end, he restrained himself and pointed at the (This novel will be daily updated at ) direction of the bathroom, letting me go on my own.

Once I was in the bathroom, I locked the door and immediately took out my phone.

I was really curious of what kind of statement Derek had made that caused those people to be so shocked.

After reading the statement, I was astonished and couldn't keep my composure anymore.

Derek actually posted the original unblurred photo to prove that he was the guy in the picture, along with a picture of our marriage certificate.

Since a golden bachelor like him suddenly announced to the public that he was married, I guessed the he and his company would be greatly affected by this.

Why would he do something like that? Wasn't I sold to him by Shane? Didn't he use me to take revenge on Shane?

I now guessed it really wasn't him who posted that picture on Facebook this morning.

Then, who could it be?

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 117

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Chapter 117 I'm Your Strongest Supporter

When I went out of the bathroom, I found Derek sitting behind his desk and reading through a document. He seemed quite preoccupied.

And since he was busy at the moment, I sat back on the sofa.

The office was so quiet that it was awkward. Only the sound of him flipping through pages and writing on paper could be heard.

"Get me a glass of water," he said without raising his head.

I stared at him, refusing to move. (This novel will be daily updated at )

Was he ordering me around like I was his secretary?

He looked up at me, possibly because he noticed that I wasn't moving.

When our eyes met, I was too cowardly to go against him.

Considering how he helped me today, the least I could do was get him a glass of water. 1

Thus, I grabbed a glass, filled it with water, and then placed it on top of his desk. Just when I was about to turn around and leave, he grabbed my wrist and pulled me towards him, causing me to fall backwards and sit on his lap.

As I froze in his arms, I blurted out, "Didn't you say that if you took the initiative to come to me again, you'd be..."

"A loser?" Derek finished my sentence for me.

The hand around me tightened its grasp, and his livid face wore a smile.

"Yes, I am a loser. And you're quite smart to use my words against me now."

"Well, I'm not stupid," I murmured.

Truthfully, when he smiled like that, the atmosphere became less tense.

I sat up, struggling from his grasp, but he was holding me too tightly and he kept on pressing me down to his lap.

"You're not stupid, huh? I think you're really stupid," Derek remarked.

Afterwards, he grabbed my phone.

He knew the password to unlock it, so he managed to open it in seconds. Not long after, he looked for his number in the list of blocked numbers.

He turned his attention to me, removed his number from being blocked, and changed the contact name to "Dear Husband". 1

"If you're ever having any problems, you can always ask your husband for help. Have I not told you that I'll always be your strongest supporter? You have a strong backer, and yet you refused to use me. (This novel will be daily updated at )Does that not make you stupid?"

"I know my place well," I replied.

The moment I said that, his face turned grim. "Say that again," he responded.

Despite his menacing gaze, I was not fazed. "Have I said something wrong? Tell me, what's true and what's fake, then? I feel like you've been fooling me this entire time."

The following moment, our faces became so close that my nose almost touched his.

I was so nervous that I moved my head away instinctively. But he held my waist, refusing to give me an opportunity to back away.

I thought he would kiss me, but he didn't. He just stared into my eyes, gritting his teeth in anger.

But when he spoke, his voice was calm. Somehow, it appeared to me like he was suppressing his anger.

"All you ever do is complain. Put yourself in my position and think about it carefully. Don't I have any complaints? That scum got close to you on purpose, and you fell for it. Are you an idiot? Had he not hurt you enough? How could you go with that asshole to his hometown? Remember, you've already divorced him and I'm your husband now!"

Why did he sound like he was jealous?

He only bought me from Shane, right? A lot of questions popped up in my mind.

While I was in deep thought, he suddenly bit my lip and kissed me.

But it soon ended when he heard his phone ring.

He seemed annoyed that someone interrupted us by calling him.

Nevertheless, he answered the call and pressed the speaker button. "Speak," he commanded.

The person on the other end of the line seemed to have sensed Derek's displeasure and spoke cautiously. (This novel will be daily updated at )

"Mr. Sullivan, the police are coming."

The police? Why did he call them? "Let them in," said Derek.

I quickly got up from his lap. This time, he didn't stop me. He just began to tidy up his clothes.

After a set of hurried footsteps outside, the door soon opened. Derek's assistant came in along with two policemen.

Derek got up, shook hands with them and sat across them.

"Mr. Sullivan, we've received your report regarding the slanderous comments and attack on your wife on the Internet. We've already conducted our investigation. The IP address of the perpetrator was pinpointed at a remote

private Internet café with no monitoring. This has caused a difficulty in our part to determine the suspect. We're here to ask you and your wife some questions that could help us close this case sooner."

As I sat on the sofa, I listened attentively to their conversation.

I really wanted to know who would hate me so much that they would slander me like this. 2

"Actually, there's something very important I need to tell you," Derek said to the police with a smile, crossing his fingers.

I stared at him, waiting for this very important information he mentioned.

All of a sudden, his phone rang again. He glanced at it, and his face turned grim once more.

"Hang on, I need to take this," he said to the policemen before answering the call.

He didn't say anything. He just listened to the person calling him.(This novel will be daily updaed at )

I had no idea what the person at the other end of the line was saying, but with every passing second, Derek looked more and more sullen.

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Chapter 118 An Alarming Realization

After hanging up, Derek got to his feet and braced both his hands on the desk. He leaned over and smiled at the two officers.

"This matter is over. I don't want to pursue a further investigation."

I blinked in shock.

The two policemen looked just as dumbfounded as I felt.

Derek sat back in his chair.

"I do apologize. I've thought about it carefully and came up with this conclusion. After all, the facts have all been verified and cleared up. My wife and I didn't lose anything of value. I won't serve any punishments for now. I'd like to give the person a chance to turn over a new leaf."

I was utterly confused at this point.

While everything else was a mystery, though, I was fairly certain of one thing-his change in attitude had something to do with that call just now.

As things stood, there wasn't much else for the police to do. Indeed, they had just been saved a lot of trouble. They rose and said a few more words before leaving.

"Why did you change your mind?" I couldn't help asking.

But before Derek could answer, a knock came at the door.

His female assistant walked in. She glanced at me briefly before turning to her boss. "Mr. Sullivan, as of today's closing, the stock price of Dere International has fallen by two points."

The stock price fell? Did it have anything to do with the statement he had made?

Derek didn't have much of a reaction, though, so he must have expected this. The assistant left shortly after, and Derek began to pack up his briefcase. He stood and collected his suit jacket.

"Let's go home."

With that, he had deftly avoided my question.

I was still injured, so he bent down and tried to carry me at first, but I was adamant. I wanted to walk by myself.

To my dismay, he still wordlessly picked me up as we emerged from the elevator. He carried me across the lobby, ignoring the stares and the whispers, and carefully deposited me in his car. Derek was just about to start the engine when I received a call from the hospital.

It was the head of the human resources department, and he kept apologizing profusely to me. It was as if he had become a completely different person.

Unfortunately for him, I really detested hypocrites.

I let him go on and on with his apologies and praises. I didn't know what to say, anyway. When Derek saw my blank expression, he took the initiative and grabbed my phone.

"Hello, this is Derek Sullivan." His voice was low and calm.

At the back of my head, I pictured the other man getting down on his knees on the other side of the call.



“Listen, I was never in favor of my wife working, but I respect her freedom and her own will. After working at your hospital for a short period of time, however, I noticed that she has lost a lot of weight. Needless to say, I am heartbroken for what she had to endure. I don’t think my woman needs to suffer any more of this. You understand what I’m saying, don’t you?”

Perhaps the fact that his grandfather used to be the director of Wonder Hospital had a hand in it, but Derek managed to sound courteous yet unyielding at the same time.

I glared at him with discontent after he ended the call. I consciously chose to ignore the part where he’d said he was heartbroken for me.

“How could you decide for me just like that? I really need this job.”

He cast a sideways glance at me before starting the car and gliding out of the parking lot. After a couple of moments of silence, he cleared his throat.

“I suddenly came to an alarming realization.”

I turned and stared at him, waiting for him to continue, but he kept his eyes on the road.

It wasn’t until we had to stop at a traffic light that he finally looked at me. He grabbed my hand and said in a deep voice, “I realized that I can’t live without you anymore.”

I had expected him to explain his abrupt shift regarding the case. Instead, what I got was a sappy pickup line.

It hit me then how exhausted he looked. His eyes were weary, but oddly gratified, as though he had finally relaxed after toiling for a long time.

And I could see traces of sincerity there, too.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and withdrew my hand. I averted my eyes and fixed them on my shoes.

When the car started to move again, I spoke. “I understand that rich people like yourself get off on playing tricks on others, Derek, but I would appreciate it if you don’t target me all the time. You might be having fun, but I’m sick and tired of all of it.”

The tires screeched against the asphalt as he slammed on the brakes. I was propelled forward with the sudden force, even as I hung on to my seatbelt.

Derek had stopped the car in the middle of an intersection.

As expected, this was followed by loud and angry honks from the cars behind us.

The light was green, and people were just trying to go about their day, but here we were, causing a traffic jam on a very busy highway. Derek didn't look like he planned to resume driving any time soon. (This novel will be daily updated at )

"What do you think you're doing?" I shrieked at him.

"Explain yourself. *Make it clear.*" He leaned back against his seat and crossed his arms over his chest, not caring about the total chaos erupting around us.

Unlike him, though, the constant blaring of horns was sending me into a panic. (This novel will be daily updated at )

"This isn't the time to be talking about that!"

"When should we discuss it, then?" he countered nonchalantly.

"You decide, just not now!" I blurted out anxiously.

Derek flashed a smug smile before starting the car again.

Other drivers were cursing at him now. "Do you think you can get away with anything just because you drive a Maybach?" a furious man called out. But Derek wasn't fazed at all. If anything, he looked like he was in high spirits.

He drove straight back to the villa.

"Aaron bought some supplies and decided to cook today. You can have a taste of his cooking," he said.

I finally relaxed, knowing that someone else was going to be there.