

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 171

Chapter 171 Taking Initiative

I didn't know when I fell asleep, but when I woke up, it was already seven in the morning. The first thing I did was to call Derek, but he didn't answer. At around nine o'clock, he called me back, saying that he had just returned to Sousen. However, he needed to drop by the company first for an important meeting. I didn't think we could delay our own matter any longer, so I decided to go to the company and see him myself, Louise had been right-I should also take initiative. When I arrived at the top floor of Dere International, Derek's assistant greeted me and said that he was still in the middle of his meeting. I had no choice but to wait for him in his office. I lounged around for a while and flipped through some random magazines. I just couldn't sit still, though. Before I knew it, I was on my feet, looking for something sensible to do. I ended up tidying Derek's desk, dusting his shelves, and even watered the few potted plants he had sitting around.

Then, without missing a beat, I filled a glass with water, and placed it just to the edge of his desk, in case he might need it later on. Next, my eyes drifted over to the half-open blinds on his floor-to-ceiling windows. I considered it for a moment before drawing them fully closed. I finally heard footsteps just as I finished all of these, followed by the faint murmurs of conversation just beyond the door. The meeting should be over by now. The door of the CEO's office slowly opened. It had been days since we had last seen each other. Derek was still as handsome as ever, but I could see traces of exhaustion in his eyes. His assistant must have informed him in advance, since he didn't look at all surprised by my presence. He tossed a folder on the desk, where it landed with a loud slapping sound. Then he turned and gave me a smile that stirred the depths of my soul. "Did you miss me?" Derek drew close, his arms already reaching for me. I dodged his embrace and hurriedly locked the door. When I looked back at him, his eyes were gleaming with anticipation. I supposed that he understood what I was trying to do when he saw me locking the door. For some reason, that made me feel awkward. I froze in place. The bold words I had said to him yesterday came back to me with such force, I felt the blood rush to my cheeks. I fidgeted with my fingers for a few seconds and tried to make some small talk. "You had to attend a meeting as soon as you came back, huh? You must be very busy. Get back to work and finish everything." Derek slid his hands into the pockets of his trousers and cocked his head to the side, his expression amused. He took one step forward, and then another, until I was in his arms at last. He pulled me flush against his chest, and I felt my heart thunder furiously from where our bodies met. Absence did make the hearts grow fonder. He held me for one long, sweet moment before swooping down for a fierce kiss. His passion almost swept me away, and soon the room was filled with the sound of heavy breathing and wet, kissing noises. Judging from this sudden onslaught, I guessed that Derek had probably had a tough night as he had said. He maneuvered me to his desk and lifted me to its smooth surface. When he pulled back, I noticed just how bloodshot his eyes were. "Didn't you have a proper rest at all?" I asked without thinking, then immediately realized how stupid I sounded. "The thing is, I missed you so much that I couldn't sleep." His hands slipped under my shirt, crept up my back, and deftly unhooked

my bra. "Well, why don't you get some sleep first? I know you've had a long flight." Despite everything, I didn't think it was a good idea to undertake some rigorous lovemaking when he was in such a weary state. But he only kissed my earlobe and whispered, "This is the first time that you're taking the lead. I would be an utter fool to pass up this opportunity." My skin thrummed with awareness, and the next thing I knew, I melted in his arms in absolute submission. I lay back on his desk as he undid his belt and unzipped his pants. "I had to take two cold showers last night, but it did nothing to suppress my desire. Do you have any idea how difficult my predicament was?" Derek was whining, in a way someone would when they expected compensation. Within minutes, I was clutching the edge of the desk, hanging on for dear life. I turned my head to the side in an attempt to stifle a delicious moan, and my eyes involuntarily fixed on the glass of water I had placed there earlier. I watched as the glass trembled on the surface, its contents splashing back and forth in the rhythm of our motions. Half an hour later, Derek was sitting behind his desk and perusing through several documents. He was sporting a serious expression as he pored over his work. It was almost as if nothing had happened just now. I was back on the sofa, trying to catch my breath. I recalled what the doctor had said and instantly lay at an angle so that I could prop my legs against the wall. From my upside-down perspective, I saw Derek look at me, obviously puzzled. "What are you doing?" "My legs are a little swollen. This helps ease the strain." It was a feeble excuse, but I knew for a fact that it was a legitimate practice. Thankfully, he said nothing more. He went back to his papers for a brief period before calling his assistant over their trunk line. "Yes, Mr. Sullivan?" The speaker rang loud and clear. "Book a private room for me at the Jade Restaurant tonight," Derek instructed. "Of course. Right away, Mr. Sullivan." "Are you going out for a business dinner tonight?" I asked after he hung up. "I'm meeting with the judge and the lawyer in charge of Lean's case. Come with me." I put my feet down and sat up straight. I already knew my answer to this invitation. "No, thank you. I don't know how to socialize, especially in a crucial setting like this one. I'm afraid I might only make matters worse." Derek smiled and walked around his desk. He plopped down beside me and reached out to caress my cheek. "I don't need you to do anything. Just stay with me and keep me company."

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Chapter 172 She Is My Girlfriend

When we arrived at the restaurant, I got out of the car and saw Charlene standing at the gate. That was when I realized that she was also attending the dinner tonight. I knew she would also try her best to help with her brother's case. Charlene wore a short, white dress, revealing her long, toned legs. Her hair was loosely draped that cascaded down her shoulders. The sapphire earrings made her look both charming as well as sexy. She looked at us and nodded.

Derek asked us to wait for a while instead of rushing in.

When he took the last puff of his cigarette, a familiar car stopped in front of the restaurant. Aaron got out of the car and walked toward us.

"I'm sorry. There was a traffic jam." "Let's go." Derek stubbed out his cigarette and walked in. I didn't know why Aaron was also here, but I knew that the presence of everyone in such an occasion was for a particular purpose. Both Aaron and Charlene were good at socializing. I was the only one who was of no use and came here to eat. The other party consisted of three people. After shaking hands with them one after the other, Derek introduced us to the Chief Justice, Edward Jackson. The other two were a presiding judge and a lawyer.

We all sat down at a round table.

I was nervous to be around the dignified judges. After the dishes were served, Derek ordered two expensive bottles of wine. They talked about politics, economy, culture, and even entertainment. However, they didn't utter a word about Lean's case. Although they didn't mention it, I thought everyone knew the purpose of the dinner. I didn't bother initiating a conversation because I didn't want to say something wrong and make a fool of myself. The lawyer and the presiding judge didn't smoke. Derek stood up, lit a cigarette for Edward, and poured wine for them I had never seen him flatter anyone before, so his gesture shocked me. He was a casual person who hated hypocritical occasions like these. However, life sometimes forces us to do things we don't like. The scar on his body where Lean had stabbed him hadn't faded. But Derek was ready to suffer to help his brother regain his freedom. I wondered if they shared a bond of brotherhood. Derek's concern and care made me believe it was

true.

But I wanted to know if Lean felt the same way. Judging from what he said the other day, I could

tell that he hated Derek. If things went according to plan and Lean got released from jail earlier this time, would he be grateful to Derek, or would he continue to remain arrogant? A couple of minutes later, everyone got a bit drunk and seemed to relax. Charlene had exceptional social skills, so she would chime into conversations regardless of the topic. However, I was the exact opposite. I chose to remain silent. Edward sat beside Charlene and kept persuading her to drink. However, she handled the situation gracefully and drank only as much as she could. However, after emptying a few glasses of wine, Edward became drunk, or he was perhaps pretending. The way he spoke and behaved became presumptuous. When Charlene mentioned Lean's case, Edward filled her glass and winked. "That's easy. Miss Eaton, if you drink this, I will make everything easier for you," he slurred. That was when I realized they hadn't mentioned Lean's case before because they had been waiting for the right time. Edward had filled Charlene's glass with spirit, not wine. Ordinary people couldn't drink it up in one gulp.

Charlene's face flushed when she looked at the glass. Without warning, Edward picked up the glass with one hand and rested his other hand on Charlene's shoulder. "Miss Eaton, I'll feed you if you want. Please don't embarrass me and drink it." "Yes, Miss Eaton. You must drink it," the presiding judge and the lawyer echoed. Charlene forced a smile and moved away from them. "Okay, Mr. Jackson, I'll drink it. I can do it myself." However, Edward didn't want to let her go easily, He leaned closer to her and grinned. "I have never fed anyone before." My eyes widened in horror. The alcohol seemed to bring out the true colors of the people.

They weren't as decent as they appeared to be. Edward thrust the glass against Charlene's mouth, and the spirit dribbled on her clothes. I was worried for Charlene. She hated Edward but had to remain polite because she couldn't afford to offend him in any way. "Mr. Jackson, women's drinking capacity is lesser than men's. Let me do it," Derek said in a calm voice. Edward looked at Derek and then glanced at me. "I don't understand. Is Miss Eaton Mr. Sullivan's . woman? If that's the case, I'm jealous of Mr. Sullivan. He is lucky to have two beautiful women by his side." I gulped as my face flushed with embarrassment. I didn't know how Derek would answer this question. If he agreed with Edward, I would be embarrassed and humiliated. If he denied it, Edward wouldn't let go of Charlene. I gripped the tablecloth and quietly stared at my glass as my palm grew sweaty. "She is my girlfriend!" exclaimed another voice of a man, breaking the silence.

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Chapter 173 Why Do You Treat Me This Way

I raised my head and saw that Aaron, who had been sitting directly opposite me, had got to his feet all at once. He took off his suit jacket and draped it over Charlene's shoulders to cover her dress which had become almost transparent when it got wet from the alcohol. Edward slowly placed his glass down and smiled thoughtfully. "Miss Eaton has quite a young appearance. I didn't expect her to have a boyfriend already," he said. I figured that Charlene was probably repulsed to the core by this beast in human form but she nonetheless tried to keep the smile on her face.

"Excuse me, I just need to use the restroom," Charlene said.

In order to make themselves look like a real couple, Aaron accompanied Charlene to the restroom. He killed two birds with one stone as he managed to save Charlene and also lent Derek and me some assistance. After they left, the atmosphere at the table had changed in an obvious way. It was warm before but now it was markedly colder. I thought that this dinner was actually quite a messed up affair. When Charlene came back, she had already successfully adjusted the state she was in for the better, She ignored the wet patches on her dress and had Aaron's suit jacket still draped over her shoulders. She picked up her glass with a confident smile. "Mr. Jackson, I must admit that I felt a little uncomfortable just now. I'll punish myself by drinking three glasses of alcohol to apologize to you," she said. She poured herself the drink repeatedly until she had finished three glasses consecutively. It was a very strong drink. Drinking three glasses of this alcohol in one continuous glug would cause your throat to burn. Edward leaned against the back of the chair and appreciatively watched her gulp down the alcohol, smiling with a certain degree of contentment. Charlene put her glass down, wiped the excess liquid off her lips with the back of her hand and then enquired about Lean's case again. Edward stood up and placed his hands on the table to steady himself. His face was red with inebriation but I could see that his attitude had returned to that of his usual seriousness. "We are just having a get-together with Mr. Sullivan. We won't talk about business. No matter. what

kind of case it is, we will of course be fair. Everything will depend on the evidence that is presented." After making that rather open-ended statement, he left with his companions. The dinner had come to a close but there was still no finality regarding Lean's case. Charlene had some wine earlier and then she also drank those three glasses of alcohol afterwards. It was impossible for her not to become drunk after that.

When she walked out, Aaron was the one who supported her. We couldn't send her home when she was in such an intoxicated state, so we had no choice but to take her back to the villa with us. She hadn't lost consciousness which was a saving grace. When Aaron helped her lie down on the bed in a guest room, she didn't forget to thank him. Derek and Aaron left the guest room. Only then did I take off her shoes and covered her with a blanket.

She patted her head and murmured that she had a headache. I placed her hand under the covers and comforted her in a low, soothing voice, "If your head hurts, have a good sleep. I'll make you some tea to sober you up a little later." When I came out of the guest room, the entire villa was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop. Derek and Aaron had also drunk a lot tonight and I figured that they might have gone to sleep as well. So I went downstairs to make the tea that would help sober a person up. The water in the teapot was bubbling away. I stood by the teapot and recalled everything that had happened tonight. Was it a possibility that we had actually made things worse tonight?

But Derek had tried his best. While Lean was detained in prison, he had no idea that so many people were working so hard for his sake. After making the tea, I let it cool down for a while and didn't take it upstairs until the temperature had come down to a suitable level. When I reached the guest room door, I overheard someone talking inside. I slowed my steps down subconsciously. "Mom, in your eyes, I'm never seen as important as Lean. I know that. But please don't be so straightforward. I'm a human being and it's only natural for me to feel sad." Because Charlene was drunk, she struggled to speak properly and sounded as if she was having a nervous breakdown. "Yes, my future is not as important as Lean's. Do you need me to sleep with someone tonight? Mom, you had left me to fend for myself for so many years. Did you bring me back just to make use of me? Just to get me to sleep with someone when you need me to do that? Lean did something wrong. I've tried my best. We're both your children. Why do you treat me this way?" . As she spoke, her voice became increasingly louder and shrill. I stood at the door for a long time. I didn't open the door and walk in until she had stopped crying, which was quite some time after she had hung up the phone. •

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Chapter 174 | Vehemently Envy You

The moonlight shone through the window, casting a light that made everything in the room clearly visible. I didn't turn on the light. I rationalized that Charlene naturally wouldn't want me to see her puffy, bloodshot eyes after she had cried. I pretended like I hadn't heard anything. I said, "I made you some tea that helps

you sober up. You can sleep after you have some of it." With some difficulty, she managed to sit up and lean against the headboard. When she took the tea from me, she said gratefully, "Thank you." I watched her drink the tea and said, "Charlene, if I'm being honest, I envy you very much." She put down the cup and looked at me with a bitter smile. "Why do you envy me?" she asked. "I envy you because you still have your family around, you have excellent work performance, well-developed capabilities and great social skills." Charlene smiled with self-mockery. "I wish I were a simple woman who knew nothing. The more I learn, the more trouble I find myself in. I also never want to grow up. As I age, I see more and more ugly, horrid things in this world. The original innocence of my eyes no longer exists. I can't dare to be naive anymore, (This novel will be daily updated at)" she said to me. I nodded in agreement. "Yes, this is a growing pain that is part of the process of life. When people are young, their emotions are generally magnified to an extremity. However, as they grow up, they learn to be calmer and more collected. In fact, people have broad, open minds due to the bad experiences they've been through." She looked at me for some time, smiled gently and said, "Truthfully speaking, you aren't as weak as you look." I returned the smile and said, "The word 'weak' is not suitable to describe me. If I were weak, how would I still be alive? I have been forced to be strong." After thinking for a bit, I continued, "The calluses on people's hands are formed because of grinding. Although the process of grinding is very painful, after it is done, the calluses lose sensation and thereafter you are no longer likely to get hurt or feel pain." With a slight nod, Charlene propped her drunken red face up with her hand. At this moment, her smile looked somewhat girly and innocent. "In fact, my calluses have already been ground down, so I won't get hurt easily," I added. I truly felt conviction in what I had just said. It was not an easy feat for anyone to succeed. Only the caterpillar itself knew the pain that came from breaking out of the cocoon and emerging as a butterfly

We chatted for a while. Just when I was about to leave the room, I stopped dead in my tracks, turned around and informed her of the facts of the matter. "Charlene, you know, Lean actually has a child who has just been born." After staring at me blankly for quite a while, Charlene slipped back under the blanket, held it tightly and said indignantly, "What a bastard!" I was going to take some of the tea to Aaron and Derek but they were both fast asleep, so I decided not to disturb them.

The next morning, I cooked porridge for breakfast since they had been drunk last night and it would be a good hangover food. Charlene, however, had fully recovered from her hangover. When she came downstairs, she had her hair in a neat high ponytail and looked like her usual fully capable self. Like an injured little animal, she was revitalized after a good night's rest. In all honesty, every person wore a mask in order to live a better life and not be easily hurt by the world. Aaron took a bottle of milk from the fridge to the balcony and poured it into Ugly's bowl. Charlene followed him to the balcony and said, "Thank you for all your help last night." When we were having breakfast, Charlene suddenly said, "I want to see the child. (This novel will be daily updated at)" Derek and I looked at each other. He immediately knew that I had told Charlene about the existence of Tina and her baby. The reason I thought it was a good idea to let Charlene know about Tina was because Charlene was different from Belinda. Accordingly, her attitude towards Tina and her baby should also be different.

After breakfast, Derek drove us to see the baby. On the way, I called Tina to confirm that she was at home.

Derek said he would wait for me in the car. I saw that he looked a little tired, so I asked him to take a nap in the car. Charlene bought some fresh fruit from the grocer downstairs before we went upstairs together. When Tina opened the door, she was quite shocked to see Charlene standing there. "Hello, I'm Lean's elder sister, Charlene Eaton," Charlene introduced herself. Tina was a timid girl. When she heard who Charlene was, she wasn't happy but actually became quite anxious. Knowing what was on her mind, Charlene comforted her, "Don't worry. I don't mean you any harm. I just came to see you and the baby." After we went in, Charlene peered around the house. I could tell that she had a similar feeling to the one I did when I had first come here. Tina held the baby in her arms without any skillfulness. To be frank, she was also so young herself and had no experience in caring for a small baby. (This novel will be daily updtaed at)She was just mentally mature but still wet behind the ears when it came to actually doing things. When I told Charlene discreetly that Tina was only eighteen years old, she was surprised, and then she cursed Lean in a low voice again, "Bastard!" After that, she took out all the money that was in her wallet and gave it to Tina. She didn't even count it. I estimated that it was thousands of dollars.

Tina didn't accept the money at first. Charlene, however, insisted that she accepted it since Lean owed her, so Tina took it. Holding the money, Tina whispered uneasily, "Charlene, please don't tell your mother. I'm afraid she won't be able to tolerate the existence of me and my daughter.(This novel will be daily updtaed at)" I thought Charlene knew exactly what kind of person her mother was. She assured Tina that she wouldn't tell her mother.

When we left, Charlene hailed a cab and said that she wanted to buy something.