

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 175

Chapter 175 Frightened

When I got in the car, I saw Derek sleeping and leaning against the back of his seat. He was awakened when he heard me open the door. Along the way, I let out a sigh and said, "I'm so happy for Tina! There's now one more person who really cares about her and her daughter." Derek didn't respond, and I continued, "If Lean manages to get out of prison this time, I really hope that he'll be good to Tina and take responsibility. You know what people say, right? Those who have gone through hardships will mature quickly." Still he didn't respond to my remarks. I turned my head and began to panic. "Um... are you okay?" His face was pale and sweat was dripping from his forehead. He turned the steering wheel violently, and pulled over by the roadside. Then, he leaned his head against the steering wheel and had his back bent. Frightened, I began to shake his arm to catch his attention. "Hey! Derek, what's the matter with you? You're scaring me." Derek's head remained on the steering wheel, but this time, he held my hand to comfort me. "I'm okay. There's no need to panic." His voice was so weak, and yet he still had the gall to say that he was okay. Just when I was about to break into tears, I heard someone rapping on the car window. There was a traffic enforcer standing outside. He told us that this wasn't a place to park, and ordered us to drive away immediately. It was then that I asked for his help. When two traffic enforcers helped Derek out, the latter couldn't even stand still and even spat out blood.

Upon seeing all the blood on the ground, I was scared out of my wits. I had no idea how we got into the police car, but we soon managed to drive him to Wonder Hospital. According to his test results, Derek had acute gastrorrhagia. The doctor said that it was fortunate that we managed to take him to the hospital in time. If he was even a little bit later, the internal bleeding would've been worse and the consequences would've been unimaginable. By the time Derek was sent to the ward, he was sober enough, but his face was deathly pale. On his right hand, there was an IV infusion injected. Never in our time together had I seen him this weak. I stood by his bed, staring at him blankly. The fear of losing him overcame my heart. As he lay in the bed, staring back at me, he reached out his hand and said, "Come here, my love."

I walked over and he urged me to sit on the edge of the bed. Then, he placed my hand over his heart.

"I really am okay, you know," he said. I felt a lump in my throat, and tears were welling up in my eyes. "The doctor said that your gastrorrhagia was definitely not an accident. He said that it's probably because you didn't take better care of yourself, and you didn't take your stomach pains seriously. That's why it got so bad today," I replied. A faint smile appeared on his lips as he maintained eye contact with me. "I'm a man, honey. Don't you think it'll be too weak of me to go see a doctor just because of a little

pain?"

"Everyone, even the best of us, is weak against illnesses! Look, this illness won't be merciful to you just because you're a man. Can you please take this more seriously?" I was so scared at the moment. His indifference to his condition only served to agitate me further. And the way he smiled so foolishly and weakly made me anxious. "How are you still laughing at a time like this?" I glared at him. He pulled me to his chest and muttered, "It makes me happy to see how worried you are about me, Eveline." I really was scared for him. I could still feel my heart racing every time I thought of what happened to him earlier. What would've happened if he didn't have enough strength to pull us over? What if he was outside on his own and nobody noticed that he was in pain? And what if... There were so many tragic possibilities that I didn't dare to think of them all. He held my shoulders, making me look at him. I noticed his Adam's apple bobbing slightly. "Come on, honey. Let your handsome husband comfort you." He clasped the back of my head, pressing it towards his face, and soon, we kissed. Perhaps due to how weak he was, his kiss felt so gentle. I responded to his kiss as gentle as possible, and channeled all of my concern into a long kiss. We didn't stop kissing until we heard someone cough lightly. The person at the door of the ward was Aaron. He was wearing a white gown. Derek didn't seem to mind getting caught, but I was actually embarrassed. Blushing, I stood up to grab a glass of water. With his hands in his pockets, Aaron walked in and looked at Derek. "My, my, cousin. You thought your body was made of iron, huh? Now, look at you, suffering in a hospital bed." Derek raised his head, seemingly wanting to sit up. Thus, I raised the head of the bed for him and handed him a glass of warm water. He laughed and scolded Aaron, "Shouldn't you be here to comfort me? I'm a patient, dude." As I listened to their conversation, I had a general idea why Derek's stomach problem got this bad.

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Chapter 176 A Perfect Match

Aaron spoke about Derek's past and how he almost never ate breakfast before. When he was still a child, his grandfather had diligently forced him to eat the first meal of the day. By the time Derek had grown taller than the old man, however, he no longer listened to his grandfather. Moreover, whenever he was upset about something, he would impose a hunger strike upon himself. Truly, his way of venting out his anger was borderline self-abuse. He had also taken to drinking down his sorrows during his teenage years. Derek never told anyone about his struggles. He just hid somewhere no one could find him and drank until he passed out. Given his stubborn streak, it went without saying that he often imbibed alcohol without eating anything. Even a simpleton knew that such habits would damage one's stomach. "All right, can you stop revealing all my dark secrets to my wife now?" Derek interjected at one point, turning to me with a sheepish smile. In all honesty, I was feeling very sorry for him after hearing about this stage in his life. He hadn't been properly cared for at a time when he had needed care the most. Not only was he unable to look after himself, he even had to resort to self-harm just to cope with his circumstances. I swallowed the lump in my throat and tried to hide my sorrow. "It turns out that you used to be rather childish." His smile turned genuine, if only a little. "I'm sure everyone got to be childish once in their lives." Soon, Charlene and Derek's assistant arrived to give a

report on the state of the company. Derek sat on his hospital bed and listened to every word with rapt attention before poring over the documents they had brought and signing a few pages. He was very meticulous when it came to company affairs. At that moment, it seemed like he had transformed into his cold and untouchable persona, a far cry from the sullen teenager I had just been hearing about. Charlene stayed for a while, and only got up to leave when it was already past business hours. "I didn't drive here," she said in a teasing tone, her eyes on Aaron. "Would you mind giving me a ride, Dr. Hudson?" Aaron had been leaning against the window, but he now straightened up. He took off his white lab gown and draped it on his arm before flashing a debonair smile. "It's no problem, of course." I padded over to the window as soon as they left, and waited until they appeared downstairs. They were walking side by side, chatting and laughing freely all the way to the parking lot. "What are you looking at?" Derek's voice suddenly came from above me. I whirled around, startled, to find him standing right behind me. He still looked so tempting, even in a simple hospital gown. "Why did you get out of bed?" I asked. He snaked his arms around my waist and leaned close. "Your husband is only suffering from his stomach; he isn't completely disabled."

We turned back to the window. "Don't you think that they make a perfect match?" Derek craned his neck just in time to see the two familiar figures disappear in a corner. "Wait, what's going on? Are you trying to play the matchmaker here?" I pulled back to narrow my eyes at him. "Can't I?" Derek pressed a kiss on my temple. When he spoke again, he sounded oddly sentimental. "You can, of course. I won't stop you. But you and I both know that feelings are very important in a match. If those two somehow fall for each other in the future, you won't even have to try to bring them together. If the opposite happens, then your efforts will only go to waste. Even if they do date, without sincere feelings, they are bound to break up in the end." I already knew all of this. I had something Derek didn't, though—a woman's intuition. And I could easily tell that Charlene had feelings for Aaron. "Bystanders usually see things more clearly than the key players themselves," I said emphatically. "Sometimes, the parties involved need a little nudge from the audience to point them in the right direction." I heard Derek chuckle softly. "Well, then. I wish you success!" For dinner, I bought some light porridge. Derek made a quick meal of it and went to sleep. I was so bored with nothing to do, so I decided to take a walk outside and get some fresh air. As I passed by the small pantry at the end of the hall, I spotted a man fetching some hot water from the dispenser. His back was toward me, but I felt a vague sense of familiarity. He filled his kettle and walked to the other side of the corridor. He didn't notice me at all. Before I knew it, I was following him down the hall and into a ward. He left the door ajar upon his entry, affording me a look inside.

A woman was lying in the hospital bed. He set the kettle down on the side table and helped her sit up. Then he proceeded to open a lunch box and feed her small bites of food. "Eveline?" The woman squeaked. It took her a while, but she finally took note of my presence.. Her voice jolted me back to my senses, and only then did I realize that I was frozen by the door, staring blankly into their room. The occupants of this ward were none other than Shane's parents. I knew that Shane's mother had been ill. Now that she was admitted to Wonder Hospital, her health must have seriously worsened. I gingerly stepped inside. Shane's father carefully put the lunch box down, then sat to the side in silence. His wife's gentle gaze had never left my face. "Eveline, come and have a seat." I had no idea why I even came in. Perhaps it was the pull of our past relationship. They used to be my

in-laws, after all. I settled on the chair at the foot of the bed. "How are you?" I asked in a quiet voice. Shane's mother sighed. "Not good, I'm afraid." A dull ache rose at the pit of my stomach as I thought about all the pain and vengeance that had

transpired between me and Shane. We might have slept on the same bed in the past, but now, we were no more than bitter enemies. As it turned out, it appeared that it was his parents who suffered the most, even after our cursed marriage.

They were already getting old, yet Shane's mother was gravely ill, with only his father to take care of her. It broke my heart to see them like this.

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Chapter 177 A Person That Had Been Dead For Eight Years

"Does Shane know that you are in this hospital?" I enquired. Shane's mother responded, "Shane called me a few weeks ago and said that an opportunity came up for him to go overseas and he wouldn't be able to come back to visit often. Perhaps because the charges for overseas calls are very high, he doesn't want to call us often. I didn't want him to worry about me so I didn't let him know about my current state." He had gone overseas? I sneered internally. Shane's mother suddenly held my hand and said, "Eveline, I know you have divorced Shane. If you hadn't left all of a sudden that night, he may have kept deceiving us and hiding the truth from us. You are a good girl, Eveline. Shane is an unfortunate person to have lost you. But, he has turned over a new leaf now, and it seems that he's quite successful. He transferred a large sum of money to us recently. Otherwise, how would I have afforded treatment in such a good hospital? Eveline, I have rebuked him. If he did something wrong, I think he has also realized he was wrong. Are you able to forgive him and give him another chance? His father and I won't cause you any trouble. You two just need to take care of yourselves, okay?' If Shane had known that he was wrong, he wouldn't have done all those things to hurt me. I slowly pulled my hand out of the older woman's grasp and a shadow of a smile appeared on my face. "The most important thing for you now is to take good care of yourself." Something came to my mind and I asked, "Did you change your phone number?" She nodded. "Actually, it was Shane who changed it for me. He said my previous phone number wasn't working, so he changed it for me. By the way, why are you here? Did you come to visit someone?" she asked me. I paused for a few seconds and nodded with a smile. "Yes, my husband has a stomachache and has also been hospitalized here." Obvious disappointment flashed through her eyes and she nodded ever so slightly. As I was leaving, I stopped at the door and looked back. Shane's father continued to carefully feed her. I could guess that the food was already cold by this point. Although I hated Shane, I still felt uneasy when I saw the pitiful situation of the old couple. Maybe this was fate. People wouldn't ever be able to conclude for themselves whether they were actually happy or sad, regretful or satisfied, until the very day they died. When I went back to Derek's ward, I didn't turn on the light. I walked quietly to another bed with the intention of going to sleep. "Sleep here," Derek suddenly

called out in the darkness. He was awake! I didn't hesitate for an instant. I went over, lifted the covers and got under. He stretched out his arms and pulled me snugly into his embrace. The ward was saturated with the scent of disinfectant. It was a little strange to sleep in each other's arms in such an environment. During the course of the night, footsteps could be heard walking close by the ward and then away from the ward quite clearly, from time to time. Perhaps Derek was drained of energy or just feeling weak, but he fell asleep in a heartbeat. His breaths were even and long. I, however, couldn't fall sleep. I touched his face and looked at his drained expression. Silently, I felt sorry for him. We both used to be devoid of love, but now we had become each other's lovers and no longer had to lick our wounds on our own. Gradually, we became highly significant parts of each other's lives. I couldn't help holding him tighter out of affection and could feel his heartbeat and his breath tickling my skin. I was deeply touched by the fact that we were whole together. The moonlight shone through the window and fell on the windowsill. I had no idea of time. The sharp sound of message incoming was heard from his phone which was on the bedside table. At first, I didn't move at all. Then, however, the phone chimed again. I slowly sat up and reached for his phone without disturbing his sleep. Before I clicked on the message, I saw the name of the sender and my hair stood on end all over my body. The phone slipped out of my hand. The phone fell silently onto the bed sheets. I bit my tongue to prevent myself from screaming out loud. I took a look at Derek. Perhaps the medicine the doctor had administered to him had a hypnotic effect because he was still sound asleep. In a matter of a few seconds, my whole body was swept by a gust of frigid air, and every muscle was trembling and numb at the same time. Staring at the bright phone screen, I managed to collect myself after about a minute. Then, I picked up the phone once again. Sybil?! How could a person that had been dead for eight years suddenly send a message? There was only one sentence to the message: "You'll receive a big surprise next month. Be ready!" Judging from the tone, it was not the first time they had contacted each other. But this was overwhelmingly horrifying! I checked the phone number and found no message record. I guessed that Derek had deleted the message history. I deleted this message, put the phone back in the place it had been initially and then tucked myself back into bed. Even though the duvet was tightly wrapped around me, I still felt a chilly sensation all over my body, and the sound of my own chattering teeth was quite audible. What was the truth? Was Sybil still alive? But how could that even be possible? The news had reported on her death on a large scale at that time. And if Sybil was not dead, how could Derek have suffered for so many years? And how could he have carefully made those plans to avenge her death? But if she was dead, why was there such a message? Were there really ghosts in the world? I couldn't make head or tail of this whole thing. If Sybil was still alive and they kept in touch with each other, then who was I to him? In his sleep, Derek reached out and held me tighter in his arms. His tired face had a look of innocence, which made me feel sorry for him. This time, I decided to pretend to know nothing and wait and see how things happened. There had been many times that I thought something terrible had happened, but in the end, it turned out to be misunderstandings. I didn't want to jump to conclusions as I had done previously. And I didn't want my marriage to be as vulnerable as a piece of paper which could be easily blown away by a gust of wind caused by others.

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Chapter 178 A Dream

On the day that Derek was discharged from the hospital, he eagerly shed his hospital gown and changed into his pristine business suit. Timmy drove us back to the villa. The door was open when we arrived. Aaron should be at work at this time. Had he somehow forgotten to lock up when he'd left? – I stepped into the threshold and found a woman sitting on the sofa. All the strength left my body then, and I dropped everything I was carrying to the floor. The woman looked up at me. No, in fact, she was looking straight at the man behind me. She was gorgeous, and exuded an air of elegance. She looked even better than her photos on the newspaper. The moment her eyes fell on Derek, a smile bloomed on her face, making her look even more radiant and charming. Was she really alive? I had a nightmare unfolding before my very eyes. As for Derek... I turned to him in a daze, desperate to see his reaction. He didn't glance at me at all. It was as if I had become invisible in his eyes. He strode forward, each of his steps full of purpose and resolve. At that very moment, he could see nothing and no one but Sybil. a "Derek."

My heart broke as I uttered his name. He still didn't look at me. Sybil rose from the sofa and ran to him with open arms. They crashed into each other in a tight embrace, shutting out the rest of the world. And then she was kissing him. Derek made no move to refuse. Instead, he responded passionately. It was a long and torrid kiss, which I supposed was expected between lovers who had been parted for a very lengthy period. I slowly approached them, even as my body felt like it was being stabbed by countless daggers. I felt the hot stream of tears that flowed down my cheeks. They finally ended their kiss. Sybil leaned her head on Derek's chest and shot me a smug and taunting look. "Why are you still here? If you have any ounce of dignity left in you, you should just go and disappear quietly. I am the one Derek loves." I ignored her and just stared up at Derek. Even if he really wanted to divorce me and drive me away, I still wanted to hear it come from his lips. He did look at me then, but his usual tenderness was gone. Now, he looked indifferent and distant, making me feel like some stranger he was trying to dismiss. "The one I've loved all this time is Sybil. It was always her, and it will only be her." The pain I felt was so great, it was physical. I curled up and let out a bloodcurdling wail. All of a sudden, I felt something warm rub against my cheek. I opened my eyes. Derek was there, peppering me with kisses. "Did you have a nightmare? You were weeping in your sleep." He flicked an errant tear with his thumb and kissed the spot on my face. Was it all a dream? I reached up and touched my cheeks. Sure enough, they were wet with tears. My throat felt tight, too, and I could barely breathe through my clogged nose. So it had all been just a dream. But it felt so real. Their actions, their expressions, they were so vivid. Derek leaned close again and kissed my eyelids. "Aren't you supposed to feel safe with your husband sleeping right beside you? How could you have a nightmare in this state? Or is it because your husband doesn't make you feel safe at all?" "Do you love me?" I countered directly. I could tell I sounded clingy, and that my eyes were pleading. He blinked twice, his eyelashes fluttering gently. The corners of his lips lifted ever so slightly as he ran his thumb across my lower lip. "Stop asking such stupid questions," he murmured softly. In the end, he

had managed to dodge my question. The doctor had advised him to stay in the hospital for a few more days. Derek had only been eating porridge lately, so I decided to go home and make some hearty soup. I stood by the stove as the pot bubbled away, mindful of any possible spill. I was perpetually restless, but I couldn't seem to help it. My thoughts kept coming back to that dream and message. I was so lost in my own head that I accidentally brushed against the burning pot. I yelped and jumped away, then ran over to the sink to put my hand under the tap. Though the heat soon subsided, it still left a scalded mark on my skin. I finished up and divided the soup into two portions before pouring them into separate thermoses. Then I changed my clothes and took a taxi back to the hospital. I first dropped by the other ward to give a thermos to Shane's mother. She was fast asleep, but her husband stood up when I entered the room. "I made some soup. When she wakes up, please let her drink some." Shane's father accepted my offer, albeit with a conflicted expression on his face. He had never been a talkative person, but he mustered a thank you before seeing me off.