

# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 231

[/ My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO: A Sweet Second Chance](#)  
Chapter 231 A Ceiba Tree

Becky stood motionless, but she wasn't as riled up as before. "I'll help you fulfill your dream," said Derek. Not a minute later, Becky finally reached out her hands to Derek and he cautiously took her down from the rock. Once they landed on the ground, Becky embraced him tightly. It was then that I remembered what she told me the other night. She claimed that she would show me just how much Derek loved her sister. And now, I realized that Derek was still very much in love with Sybil. It was probably the reason why he treated Becky this well. 1 Seeing something like this unfold before my eyes made me feel suffocated. I withdrew my gaze and lowered my head. Afterwards, I looked through the transparent glass beneath my feet and saw how dark the cliff below was. All of a sudden, I felt dizzy and my knees grew weak. A pair of arms held me from behind just in time to stop me from falling. "Are you okay?" said Aaron. 1 Derek turned his head to look at us. I couldn't see his expression, but I knew that he was still holding Becky and didn't let go of her. I must admit that I couldn't maintain my composure at the moment, and it wouldn't be appropriate to argue with Becky right now. Thus, I just wanted to escape.

"I'm afraid of heights; I want to go down," I muttered.

Aaron held my arms with a firm grip. "Okay. Let me help you."

After helping me get down, we passed by a guest room. He asked me, "Would you like to go in and get some rest?" I shook my head in response. "I'm relieved to see that Becky is fine. We should go. I don't think we're needed here." Aaron must've understood how I felt at the moment, so he just nodded. "Alright, let's go!"

After leaving the village, I got in his car and he drove away after that.

Not long after, the village disappeared in the car's rearview mirror. At the moment, my heart felt empty. A strong feeling of sadness began to overwhelm me

Did I meet the right person at the wrong time? What if I had met Derek before he met Sybil? Would he have loved me as much as he loved her?

"Eveline, you shouldn't worry too much. I believe that whatever Derek feels for Becky, it's not love." Aaron drove steadily as he said those words.

I leaned against the car window and exhaled out my sadness. "He loved Sybil so much that he ended up caring about Becky just as much." 3 Aaron let out a sigh, uncertain of what to say.

Suddenly, a particular tree caught my eye, and I exclaimed, "Stop the car!"

Aaron pulled over right away.

I got out of the car and went to the tree. It was a Ceiba tree. Though all of its leaves had fallen off, I still remembered it vividly. I raised my head, staring at the branches with mixed feelings as tears rolled down from the corners of my

eyes,

No matter how the surroundings had changed, I still remembered this particular tree. I was ten years old that year. It happened on a very late winter night. My parents hadn't come home yet. And since it was late, I had fallen asleep. But then, I heard a loud knock on the door t

door that jolted me awake. I thought it was Dad and Mom, so I ran to the door to open it despite how heavy my eyelids felt. At the door, I saw two tall policemen covered in snow. I followed them gingerly, unaware of what had happened. But when they looked at me with sympathy, I began to feel uneasy. The scene of the car accident was utter chaos. Even though it was almost midnight, there were still lots of people watching the commotion. The head of the truck had been badly deformed, and the snowy land ahead of it was littered with shards of glass.

There, a person lay in silence on the blood-stained snow. From a distance, I couldn't see the man's face clearly. But when I saw his dark blue uniform, I recognized him to be my father. With a heavy heart, I walked to my father's side and saw his badly mutilated face. At the time, I didn't want to believe that he was dead. This twist of fate was so cruel that it felt like a surreal nightmare. With every fiber of my being, I wished that it was just a dream. I wished that when I woke the next morning, I was snuggling under the warmth of my blanket. Suddenly, I heard the sound of a key being inserted into the doorknob of the front door. Hurriedly, I jumped out of the bed and ran out of the bedroom. It was then that I saw my father entering the house. Before he could shake off the snow covering his body, he put his hand into his pocket, and didn't take it out for suspense. He smiled at me and said, "Eve, guess what I bought for you!" Having lived for over twenty-six years, I had met different kinds of people. Each of them had a different smile, but out of everyone, my father's was the warmest. It was on that winter night that I had lost him forever, and I never saw his kind smile again. The police told me that my father had died on the spot, and my mother had been taken away in an ambulance, being rushed to a hospital. As I stood there, frozen by fear, I didn't know what else to do but cry. All I could remember was that there was a Ceiba tree on the roadside, and that my father had departed from this world; never to come back.

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Chapter 232 I Have Nothing

That winter night was a cruel dividing line that put an end to my happiness. The moment the sun rose again, I was forced to grow up overnight, and my life story was completely changed forever.

This particular Ceiba tree was the same one that year. Now, things had changed. Each time that I remembered that fateful night, my heart would ache. As I put my hand on the truck, I said, "My father had a car accident at this very intersection." "Eveline," Aaron muttered behind me in a choked voice. "I've lived a difficult life all these years. The reason why I often get bullied must be because I don't have my father around to support me. If Dad could see me now, he'd think that I'm pathetic." I kept my hand on the tree trunk and felt an overwhelming sadness. I could no longer compose myself, so I collapsed and began to cry. "I'm not any richer than Becky. I have nothing. Nothing!" "Who said you had nothing?" Aaron asked as he grabbed my arm all of a sudden. I stared at him blankly with tears in my eyes. I could tell that he was trying to suppress his emotions, and I felt his particularly gentle gaze. It seemed that he pitied me. "Let's go somewhere." After he said that, we got in his car and left this sad place. The road at night was unimpeded. Inside the quiet car, I could hear Aaron's heavy breathing and he was driving much faster than before. I could sense he was anxious. His fingers were fidgeting on the steering wheel from time to time, revealing just how agitated he was. When the car finally stopped, I noticed that we were in a seemingly unfamiliar place. When I noticed the gilded characters at the gate, I finally realized where I was. Aaron had taken me to Happy Elementary School, the primary school I used to go. This school looked so different than it did in the past. Aaron turned on the lights inside his car and rolled down the window, letting the cold air seep in. He put one hand over the window, and the other on the steering wheel. He stared at the school gate, smiling as if he was reminiscing his past. "Once upon a time, there was this little girl who scored a zero because she couldn't find her pencil while she was taking an exam. In truth, her pencil was in the hand of her desk mate, but she didn't dare to say anything about it. After school, she cried all the way home. The sound of her crying was so annoying. I hated walking with her, because it seemed like I was the one who bullied her. But I couldn't bring myself to leave her alone. I was afraid that others wouldn't be able to stand her incessant crying and end up beating her up." I stared at Aaron and pictured the scene he described. Gradually, it became clear in my memory.

Even though he said the little girl was annoying, a smile formed on his lips.

"That little girl was so stupid. She was so timid that she wasn't even brave enough to ride a bike. I had to carry her around on my bike. She was always wearing dresses during the summer, and it always worried me that the hemline of her dress would get caught into my bike tires.

She was also sentimental. I once grabbed a butterfly for her and stored it in a bottle. Later on, when the butterfly died, she became so sad. She insisted that I bury that butterfly with her." Aaron cleared his throat and couldn't resist the urge to laugh. Infected by his laugh, I began to chuckle while crying at the same time. "Once upon a time, there was this little boy who would always lend me an umbrella whenever it was raining. He always ended up getting wet and he got scolded when he went home. He ate less than girls, so he would always give me a carton of milk for breakfast." As I was crying, I could feel my nose being clogged, and I was speaking nasally. Aaron took out a tissue to wipe away my tears and said in a soft voice, "Why are you crying? Are you not happy to see me? Why do

you look so heartbroken to see me?" I took the tissue from his hand, wiped my tears and laughed. I pretended to be angry and glared at him.

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Chapter 233 What's Wrong With Your Neck

"That's too bad. Why didn't you tell me that you are my old friend Aronson? How would I know that Aronson is actually you, Aaron? You are too bad." Aaron smiled. "I think it's good to let you know me again in a new light." Aronson was my childhood friend. He was several years older than me and lived in the same alley. We used to go to school and come home together every day until he transferred to another school in eighth grade. I never saw him again after he and his family moved out. Men usually witness drastic changes in their looks and physique with age. I couldn't recognize him. "Wait a minute." Aaron suddenly got out of the car.

After a while, he returned with an ointment tube in his hand. "Look at me." He hooked his fingers under my chin and gently lifted my face.

I obeyed him and looked up. He leaned over and examined my neck. "What's wrong?" I asked, the awkwardness evident in my voice. "Don't move," he said. After a while, I felt his cold fingers against my neck. "What's wrong with your neck?" he asked as he gently applied the ointment. My neck? My eyes widened as realization washed over me. "Nothing at all," I muttered. I didn't like talking behind someone's back, even though Becky wanted to strangle me to death.

Although I didn't say a word, Aaron seemed to understand what had happened. He closed the ointment tube and examined my face. The proximity and his piercing gaze made me uncomfortable.

"Eveline, you can't endure everything in silence. You have to stand up for yourself. Besides, don't say that you have nothing again." He paused and looked at me. His lips parted as if he wanted to say something but held back

his words.

Aaron's face was inches away from mine. I could smell the faint scent of his perfume that was different from Derek's. The atmosphere in the narrow space became ambiguous all of a sudden. Just then, my phone blared, breaking the awkwardness. I saw Derek's name flashing on the screen. Before I could answer the call, Aaron snatched my phone.

He pressed the answer key and leaned back on his seat. "Hi Derek." "Yes, Eveline is with me." "I'm sorry, I won't send her back for the time being. You deal with Becky first." I didn't react until he hung up the phone. Although he sounded calm, and there was not a trace of anger in his voice, I could sense his domineering aura. It seemed like he was ordering Derek. Before I could say anything, Aaron

switched off his phone as well as mine. "I'm sorry, but I thought you wouldn't want to go home now. Am I right?" he asked, eyeing me with concern. He was right. Going back home would only make me unhappy, but I didn't say anything. "Would you like to go to my house or get a room in a hotel? It's up to you," Aaron suggested. My face flushed with embarrassment. "Well, if you think it's inappropriate to stay in a single man's house, why don't you stay in a hotel?" Aaron explained to make sure I didn't misunderstand his intention. After a brief moment of embarrassment, I smiled, and so did he. In fact, Aaron was a gentleman. I would never misunderstand his intentions. Moreover, knowing that he was my childhood friend made me feel safe and comfortable. "I don't think you'd be able to sleep well tonight. How about I take you somewhere nice?" Judging from his tone, it sounded like a good place. But I didn't expect he would take me to a video arcade. It was open all night, so the place was bustling with people. He changed the game currency and handed it to me. I looked at the currency in my hands and smiled sheepishly. "I don't know how to play."

He sat in front of the game console and smiled at me. "I don't know either. But I don't think

it's difficult to learn."

Later, the two of us slowly figured out the game and ended up playing every game in the arcade.

Aaron told me to let go of everything because nothing could change even if I thought about it all day long. After all, life was fleeting, and we decided to forget everything and make the most out of the present

The games seemed to take my mind off all the worries and problems. The more I played, the happier I was. I didn't feel tired even after playing all night.

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Chapter 234 To Help You Is To Help Myself

The people in the video arcade gradually left. Aaron and I were the only ones playing without any intention of leaving. When I moved my head sideways, Aaron took out his phone and aimed it at me. "Don't take pictures of me." I covered my face with my hands, revealing only my eyes. I didn't want to be photographed. He clicked the picture anyway and smiled at it, looking pleased with himself. "It's rare to see you smile happily. I want to keep this picture." I glanced at the clock on the wall: it was already seven in the morning. People began to arrive at the arcade.

I accidentally turned my head. My body froze when I saw who it was. The man walked toward me with a cigarette in his mouth. An evil smile emerged on his face as he looked at me.

It was Alvaro.

He tilted his chin to one side, and I understood his gesture. "Excuse me, I need to use the washroom," I told Aaron. "Okay, we will leave after you come back." I followed Alvaro to the corridor outside the washroom.

Alvaro blew out a ring of smoke and smiled at me. "You're still in the mood to play games." "What do you want?" I glared at him. "Do you want to know the missing girl's whereabouts yesterday?" He smiled. I obviously knew who he was talking about. With a cigarette in his mouth, Alvaro took out a small bag from his pocket and handed it to

me.

"Take a look at it." I glanced at him and back at the bag. There was a stack of photos in it. My eyes widened in astonishment when I saw the first picture. In the photo, Becky was sitting in the car. I instantly recognized the license plate number of the car. It was the same car that had followed me the other day. It seemed obvious that she had gotten into Gifford's car. My heart was racing in my chest. I couldn't wait to see the rest of the pictures. The next one was a picture of Becky getting out of the car. I recalled the last text Gifford had sent me the other day. "Don't worry. You'll leave very soon."

The unexpected change in Becky's behavior and the message made my body tremble with fright. "How did you get these photos?" Although I seemed calm on the surface, a fire was raging in the bottom of my heart. Alvaro leaned against the railing, tilted his head and smiled. "It's no big deal. I just gave him the taste of his own medicine." "Why are you helping me?" I asked. Alvaro took the cigarette from his mouth and blew out a puff. His face became stern. "To help you is to help myself." I couldn't understand his intentions. A thousand questions and doubts swarmed in my head. After a moment's thought, he continued, "Well, I heard that Lean's case is going to come for hearing. I believe Derek won't forget his promise." Derek had said that it was impossible to get Alvaro's brother out of prison at the same time as Lean. It was a delaying tactic that he signed that agreement. I stared at him without saying anything. He was a dangerous person and seemed to know everything about me and Derek. Seeing that I was silent, he lowered his head and approached me. Just as I looked up, he blew a ring of smoke against my face. I instinctively stepped backward. The smoke seemed to suffocate me. I clamped my mouth and began coughing. Anger surged through my veins. I waved my hand to ward off the smoke and glared at him. However, he grinned happily, exposing his pearly teeth. "Can't you defeat a little girl? You silly girl! I can't believe you're still as stupid as in the past. Don't you have brains?" The way he insulted me made my blood boil, so I didn't catch the special message in his

words.

Before I could retort, he continued, "Denzel told me that you have made great progress in driving. I guess it's true that diligence makes up for stupidity." I clenched my fists and glared at him. His repeated insults infuriated me. When I came to my senses, he took back the photos, flashed a smile at me, and left. "Eveline!" I heard Aaron's voice from behind. I turned around and saw Aaron

staring at Alvaro with wide eyes. "Do you know him?" I shook my head. "No, I don't. He was trying to sell some stuff to me." Aaron withdrew his gaze. It looked like he believed me. 1 "All right. Let's go."

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### Chapter 235 Love Is Like The Sand In Your Hand

Aaron and I left the arcade and found a restaurant to have breakfast. My mind was in a mess as I couldn't stop thinking about the pictures Alvaro showed me earlier. "What are you thinking about?" Aaron seemed to notice that I was absent-minded. I blinked and returned to my senses. "Does the Flash Village have anything to do with Dere International?" Aaron put down his fork, wiped his mouth with a tissue, took a sip of water, and looked at me. "You can say that they have nothing to do with each other, but you can also say that they are connected." "What do you mean?" I was curious. Aaron leaned back, took out a cigarette from his box, and lit it. "The Flash Village belongs to my uncle. That place used to be my uncle's mining factory, but eventually, the place lost its value. However, it formed a very unique geographical environment because of the long-term mining activity. Therefore, my uncle built the Flash Village there. However, most parts of the place are artificial to make it seem more appealing nowadays." Everything seemed to make sense now. The Flash Village belonged to Gifford. No wonder the staff there called Derek Mr. Sullivan with respect instead of addressing him as their boss. Becky's appearance in the Flash Village didn't seem like a mere coincidence, judging from the photos that Alvaro showed me. Just as I probed it further, Aaron took our phones from his pocket, he had switched off earlier, and placed them on the table.

I spent a peaceful, serene night and had no idea what Derek was up to. Did he bring Becky home? Had he called me again? Was he worried about me, or did he not care about me? Was he worried about me the same way he was worried about Becky all night? Aaron looked at our phones and smiled. "I guess our phones will have many missed calls as soon as we turn them on."

He picked up his phone and turned it on. Sure enough, there were many text messages. After a while, his phone rang. He glanced at me, picked up the phone, and told Derek the address. After hanging up the phone, Aaron took a deep breath and looked at me. "Eveline, love is like the sand in your hand. The tighter you hold it, the faster you will lose it. The easier you get it, the lesser you'll cherish it." I stared at him in a trance and finally understood his good intention. Just as we came out of the restaurant, a Maybach stopped in front of us. The car window rolled down, and Derek's bloodshot eyes stared at me. "Get in the car," he said. I stood still because I didn't want to compromise easily. Derek sat in the car and waited for me. Seeing my reluctance, he rubbed his face and let out a weary sigh. "Eveline, I'm exhausted. After searching for Becky, I ended up looking for you all night." He leaned back on his seat and closed his eyes. The exhaustion was evident on his handsome face. I couldn't bear to look at him like this. Aaron walked toward the car. He rested one hand on the car window and bent down to look at Derek. "Eveline is also a woman. She is just more sensible and considerate

than Becky. She doesn't deserve to be ignored or hurt this way." His words hit the nail on the head. My eyes widened in surprise. I looked at Derek and realized that he was just as shocked as I

was.

Aaron was right. I was more concerned and sensible than Becky. I would never be as reckless as she was. When Derek looked at me again, there was a trace of guilt in his eyes. I didn't have the heart to look at him, so I opened the door and sat on the passenger seat. "Let's go home," I said calmly. Aaron handed the ointment to Derek. "There is a wound on Eveline's neck. Don't forget to apply the medicine twice a day." He looked at me and back at Derek as a smile emerged on his face. "If you don't remember, call me. I will apply the medicine for her." Derek took the ointment and glanced at my neck before his eyes met mine. But I looked away. "See you." Derek nodded at Aaron and started the car.