

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 36

Chapter 36 I Was Not Kidding

I had no idea for how long I had been sitting on the cold, harsh road. At long last, I saw a figure hiding downhill

He was far away and it was dark, but I recognized him. It was Derek

I didn't expect that he'd wake up so early.

He saw me from a distance and stopped the bicycle right by my side. "Are you hurt? What happened? Did you fall down?" he asked, sounding quite worried.

For some reason, tears welled up in my eyes. He bent down, placed one hand on my shoulder, and the other under my legs. He wanted to pick me up, but I pushed him away. It was then that he froze for a moment. "Eveline, why did you run away? Do you think I'm irresponsible or something?" I wasn't looking at him, so I had no idea how he looked like right now, but I could feel how anxious he was. "You don't have to take responsibility for what happened. You were drunk. It was an accident."

I had never thought of letting him take responsibility for this mistake. The only reason I ran away was because I had no idea how to face him. But now that I was facing him, I needed to make myself look calm and indifferent.

Derek turned me around, looking into my eyes.

"Do you remember what I said at the hospital that day?"

Sometimes, women could be quite sensible. For some reason, I had a vague idea of what he wanted to say, but I pretended not to know and did not answer.

"I said that if he were to divorce you today, I would marry you tomorrow," said Derek.

"I don't usually remember jokes." I said while chuckling awkwardly.

In a sullen voice, he replied, "I wasn't kidding."

A bitter smile appeared on my lips as I let out a sigh. "Stop it, Derek. We're both adults. You couldn't control yourself when you were drunk and made a mistake. What's the big deal? I never asked you to take responsibility for me!"

Suddenly, he tightened his grip on my shoulders, causing me to feel a little bit of pain.

"I want to marry you not just because I slept with you. When I said those words at the hospital that day, I wasn't just spouting nonsense. I meant it,"

he said, emphasizing that he meant it.

"I want to marry you not just because I slept with you. When I said those words at the hospital that day, I wasn't just spouting nonsense. I meant it." he said, emphasizing that he meant it

Finally, I raised my head and stared into his eyes calmly. But why?"

Then, he let go of my shoulders and sat down beside me. He took out a cigarette and lit it up, frowning ever so slightly. It wasn't difficult to tell that he was a little agitated

"My grandpa is suffering from terminal lymph cancer. The doctor said that he had two years left to live at best. My grandfather told me that he wanted to see me get married in his lifetime

This was the first time he ever mentioned anything about his family to me. As a matter of fact, I really didn't know much about him, let alone his family "Derek, I'm a recently divorced woman. What would you want from me?" I asked.

He chuckled at my response, narrowing his eyes at me with a cigarette between his lips. "What's so wrong about being divorced? Eveline, why do you have so little confidence in yourself?"

He was right. I had very little confidence in myself, and I wasn't that confident about marriage, either. I had been hurt badly, so I had to be more cautious with every step I would take from now on, lest I get hurt again. Besides, I was still wondering who that woman was over the phone the other day.

Moreover, who was that person he greeted "happy birthday" as he held me in his arms?

"I think you should get married to someone you like. Marriage is a decision you make for a lifetime. It's not a game," I remarked.

like being with you, so I want to marry you." His words were straightforward and domineering. What he said was that he liked being with me, not that he liked me. But I had to admit that my peaceful heart had been disturbed by this man. But I was no longer a teenage girl, so I wouldn't fall for his words easily.

"That's not love," I responded listlessly.

Derek supported his forehead with his hand that held a cigarette, looking a little tired.

"Eveline, if you take everything too seriously, you'll end up getting burnt out. Falling in love is a process. You first need to like someone, and then you'll one

day fall in love with them if you like them enough. Even if I tell you that I love you right now, you probably wouldn't believe it, would you?"

I also believed that falling in love was a process. At the time, I wanted to believe that Derek and I would go through that process. In fact, the night we first met, I felt as though I had died and my flesh and bones had been tattered to pieces. It took Derek a long time to pick up each of my broken being one by one and

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ghan 35 W Walkind then he pieced together a new me. Naturally, I was grateful to him because of that.

But it wasn't until later that I found out that love was a luxury in his world.

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Chapter 37 1 Slept With You Because I Wanted To Marry You

"Why do we keep on sitting out here in the open where the cold wind can torture us instead of sleeping in our cozy tent? Don't you think we're being idiots?" Derek suddenly laughed at himself.

It was amazing how I could just sit out here and chat with him peacefully after what happened earlier

"Why are you even here? You could've kept on sleeping and pretended like nothing happened," I said sounding annoyed.

Derek looked at me, and held my hand after a while.

"Because I was afraid that you'd take things too hard. When I woke up. I didn't see you. And when I came out of the tent, I couldn't find my bike anywhere. I thought of how terrible you are at riding a bike, so it frightened me that I'll have to pick up your corpse at the foot of the mountain."

This time, his hoarse voice sounded very agitated and worried.

It was then that tears rolled down my cheeks.

I remembered how he rushed down the slope really fast earlier. Perhaps he wasn't even using the brake. He was probably so anxious at the time.

Then, he threw away his cigarette, took off his jacket, and draped it over me. He embraced me, gently kissing my tear-soaked cheeks with his warm lips. Each act that he did was so gentle.

"Eveline, I slept with you because I wanted to marry you, not the other way around."

Despite how touching his words were, I was still hindered by what he said after we had sex. When he muttered "happy birthday", I knew in that moment that he had someone in his heart already

But I couldn't resist how kind and warm he was towards me.

"Come on, I'm taking you to the hospital," he said abruptly.

I declined his offer, but he still called Timmy to pick us up.

Once Timmy had driven the car here, Derek stashed the two bicycles into the trunk, and then he carried me into the back seat. There, he sat with me, and held me in his arms throughout the entire journey, making me feel that I was taken good care of.

Soon, we arrived at the hospital. Once my wounds had been treated, he personally drove me home and took me upstairs.

After placing me on the bed, he put his hands on both sides of my body, staring at me with unblinking eyes.

"What is it?" His intense gaze somehow frightened me.

"Let's go to the city hall after you woke up." The way he spoke didn't seem like he was joking.

I looked at him, pursing my lips in silence:

"Well? Say something, will you?" Derek shook my arm.

However, I remained silent, feeling conflicted by this turn of events. I wasn't going to lose anything from marrying him, but I knew that he loved someone else.

I was well aware that I shouldn't hope to win his heart, but I was merely a woman. Us, women could sometimes be too greedy in love.

Upon hearing what he said, I suddenly clammed up.

My reaction seemed to amuse him.

"Why would you choose me? You must have a lot of choices," I asked.

I then gathered my courage to look into his eyes, for I wanted to hear the whole truth. His playful expression disappeared as he stared into my eyes seriously. "Do you want to hear the truth

I nodded in response.

“Because you are simple,” he said.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

As Derek sat on the edge of the bed, he raised his head slightly.

“Unlike other women who are far too complicated, you’re simple. Being with you is comfortable, and easy. That’s why I want to marry you. It has nothing to do with anything else,” he said in a calm voice, making himself clear.

However, his words only served to disappoint me.

Few people could analyze a relationship so clearly.

Someone who was too rational in a relationship would become a terrible partner.

I had no idea that the day after I crawled out of the tomb of my crappy marriage with so many scars, I would get married again on an impulse

I finally agreed to his proposal of marriage not because he had slept with me, but it was due to his grandfather’s wish, his honest view of love, and my growing feelings for him. This time, I believed that I could slowly fall in love with him.

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Chapter 38 Don’t Waste Time On Someone Insignificant

I didn’t expect to see my horrible ex-husband, Shane, whom I had just divorced yesterday, in the city hall. What a coincidence! The second Derek’s car arrived at the entrance of the city hall, my eyes were locked on someone before I got out of the car.

There was a woman who disembarked from the car in front of us. It was Vivien. She was wearing a sleeveless short dress, and she strutted along while her snow-white breasts almost popped out of her dress.

She seemed to be in a chipper mood as she held onto Shane’s arm along the way. It seemed that he had managed to appease her. “Eveline, I’m the one by your side now. Hold your head high, and straighten your chest,” Derek remarked in a calm voice.

I looked back at him, and met his silent gaze.

He must've taken a shower this morning, since his hair was still a little wet. Today, he was wearing a formal suit. His white shirt was free from wrinkles, and the cuffs were slightly upturned. From the looks of it, his wristwatch was certainly valuable. No matter what angle I looked at him from, he looked devilishly handsome.

He must've noticed Shane and Vivien, too, considering that he implied I still looked hurt whenever I would see them together.

Derek was right. Someone as excellent as him was about to be my husband. Other people would certainly be jealous, and I should be proud!

Now that I had run into those two idiots, I merely needed to face them.

Once we got out of the car, we bumped into each other at the entrance of the city hall.

Since I had already seen them earlier, I was much calmer, while they weren't faring well. I could tell that they were shocked to see me here.

"Eveline, what are you doing here?"

As Vivien spoke, she tightened her hold on Shane's arm, seemingly afraid that I would take her damned man away from her.

A faint smile appeared on my lips as I held the arm of the better man beside me.

"I'm here to do what you two are about to do."

Shane looked at me and Derek, as if he refused to believe that Derek would actually marry me.

Meanwhile, the look of envy and reluctance on Vivien's face turned into disdain.

"I didn't expect that someone out there would want an old pair of worn-out shoes."

"I'm here to do what you two are about to do."

Shane looked at me and Derek, as if he refused to believe that Derek would actually marry me

Meanwhile, the look of envy and reluctance on Vivien's face turned into disdain.

"I didn't expect that someone out there would want an old pair of worn-out shoes."

I was already accustomed to Vivien's verbal abuse, so it didn't faze me in the slightest. Due to the fact that she likened me to a pair of worn-out shoes, Derek was insulted as well. I was worried that such insults would come up every now and again.

I looked at Derek with apologetic eyes, and found how sullen he looked. He appeared to be on the brink of losing his temper.

Personally. I'd rather not have him lose his temper on these scumbags. Instinctively. I tightened my grip on his arm, glancing over at Vivien. "You know, I may be a pair of worn-out shoes, and you may be new, but you're going to be worn by the same smelly feet that wore me out."

Vivien was so angry because of my remark that she could hardly breathe. However, she couldn't come up with a rebuttal.

This time, when Derek looked back at me, his gaze softened.

"Let's go. Don't waste time on someone insignificant," he remarked.

Indeed, these people had nothing to do with me anymore. They were certainly insignificant.

Thus, I averted my gaze from the scumbags and walked into the city hall, arm in arm with Derek. Soon, Vivien and Shane followed us in

Today seemed to be a good day. There were lots of people coming in to register for marriage, and there were others waiting in line for varied purposes.

The second we stepped foot in the hall, a young man in business attire approached Derek, showing his respect to the latter.

"Hello, Mr. Sullivan! Right this way, please. We're aware how precious your time is, so we've arranged someone to handle the marriage registration procedures for you," said the young man.

Under the crowd's envious gazes, Derek and I walked through the green channel.

I felt so proud. And at the same time, this man by my side became even more mysterious to me.

Once we had sat down, I glanced at him from time to time. Despite the special treatment he received, he looked quite indifferent.

Once the staff had gone through the formalities for us, I saw how frustrated Vivien was through the glass window. She must've been pissed that we got special treatment and they didn't. At this moment, she was at odds with Shane. He was trying to appease her, but it didn't seem to be working

Seeing Shane so henpecked by this women made me feel sorry for him. Once he had lost all his

DURDUTIH Gant Waste Time On Soomed insignificant self-esteem in front of Vivien, would he still think that the choice he made today was the right one?

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Chapter 39 Because Your Husband Dotes On You

When the staff handed me the marriage certificate. I was locked in a suspension of disbelief.

Derek and I had become a legally married couple! It was so crazy how I got a marriage certificate with another man, twenty-four hours after getting divorced

But I didn't regret doing it. Ever since Derek appeared in my life, I had experienced a fun and exciting life

It seemed that my life was changing for the better because of him.

When we were finished, Shane and Vivien were still waiting in line.

Perhaps feeling upset about the special treatment we got, she cast me a scornful glance, and said, "You're just a nobody. Eveline! If you plan on changing your life through marriage, you'll soon realize how naive you are."

It only took me twenty-four hours after my divorce to get married again, so it wasn't surprising she thought of me like that.

But she was merely a mistress a day ago, so why was she so proud of her shotgun marriage?

In all honesty. I'd rather not waste my breath responding to this whore. Suddenly, Derek asked me, "Eveline, how big is your old house back in the alley?"

I had no idea why he suddenly asked me that. "Around eighty square meters or so. Why do you ask?"

"I heard that that area will soon be developed, and your house will be part of the demolition. I'm guessing you'll earn a lot from the compensation they'll offer you. It's probably at least three million dollars as well as a new house." Derek responded calmly.

A development? What demolition? I'd never heard any of that.

Right after they heard what Derek had said, both Shane and Vivien were shocked.

Jealousy and hatred were so apparent on Vivien's face, while Shane looked a little regretful.

If he knew that my shabby old house was so valuable, he probably wouldn't have rushed to divorce me.

Naturally, I knew that it wasn't true. The only reason Derek said that was to help me make them upset.

Suddenly, he placed his hand on my shoulder.

"I'll ask a lawyer to notarize your properties later. I don't want anything that belongs to you, but know that what's mine is yours now. Take whatever I have as you like."

I was dumbfounded by his words. "Why would you offer me something like that? Isn't that going to cost you so much?"

CHAT TELL You Hubunda da ye with a devilishly charming smile, Derek replied in a hoarse voice, "Because your husband dotes on you!"

His words were so touching and sweet that even my ears turned red in an instant

Upon hearing the word "husband", it reminded me that our relationship had now changed.

At that moment, I received all sorts of gazes. Most of them were of jealousy. Perhaps they thought that an ugly duckling like me didn't deserve to be with a prince charming like Derek. But in spite of all that, he showed how much he doted on me in front of all those people.

Once we were back in the car, I kept on staring at the marriage certificate. Up until now it still felt surreal to me. Suddenly, he grabbed it from my hand and smiled. "Don't just stare at our picture all the time. Your husband is right here, so just look at me as much as you want!"

I took a deep breath and looked at Derek, trying to suppress my inner restlessness. "Derek, you talked so big earlier. My house is to be demolished? They were so frustrated earlier! Sooner or later, they're going to find out the truth. What are we going to do then? Are you going to drive an excavator to demolish the alley yourself?"

Derek pinched my face, breaking into laughter.

"I wasn't kidding. It was all true," he said.

"How are you so sure?" I stared at him suspiciously.

Without answering my question, he smiled, started the car, and said, "Let's go pack up your things at your house."

"Why?" I wasn't sure what he meant by that

Derek put his hand on my head, caressing my hair

Eveline, you're my wife now. Do you really want to keep living in that old house? I'm not going to let my wife suffer."

It was then that I knew how romantic Derek was. He was so good at coaxing women.

After a moment of silence, I forced a smile and said, "You married me to fulfill your grandfather's wish. I know that. I'll act accordingly in front of your family. You've helped me a lot, so I must help you as well. You don't need to feel like you owe me, and you don't have to feel pressured to make my life comfortable."

Suddenly, Derek floored the brake. As a result, I lost my balance, staring at him in surprise.

He fell silent while looking at me. Moments later, a wry smile appeared on his lips. "Those who know me, know that I rarely treat a woman well. I treat you well, not because I slept with you, but because I enjoy your company. Like I said to you that night, I don't like seeing you in pain. Eveline, you may have gone through so many hardships in the past, but from now on, those terrible days are over. None of that is because we're married now. It's all because I want to be good to you."

What he meant was that he was good to me, not because I had helped him, nor because we

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BO THughund Of You were husband and wife, and perhaps his reason wasn't borne out of love, but he simply wanted to be good to me

As a matter of fact, he actually had a reason, but I didn't know about it until many years later

I didn't think it was a good idea to move in with him, but Derek said he was afraid that his family would drop by to check on him. If they found out that his wife wasn't living with him, it could spell trouble

Th the end, I agreed to move in with him in the villa he took me to when I was drunk.

Throughout the entire journey. I was being troubled by one thing

Would I have to sleep on the same bed as him? Although we were a legally married couple, our affections for each other still hadn't reached that point. It would be too awkward to sleep together.

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Chapter 40 Everything Here Is Yours

Although we had already had sex, it was merely a drunken mistake. Our marriage was a snap decision. As a matter of fact, I wasn't ready to get married again. And because of that, I couldn't bring myself to step foot inside the villa's door. Suddenly, Derek reached out to hold my hand, patiently leading me in. Once I had entered the magnificent living room again, he put down my suitcase, staring straight into my eyes "From today on, you are now the hostess of this house. Everything in here belongs to you," he told me

Even though it was actually happening, it all felt so surreal to me. It made me think that I was having a dream.

Derek walked towards me, putting his hands on my shoulders as he leaned closer to my ear. "Including me," he whispered.

His words rendered me flustered, causing me to take a step back. I had no idea what he meant by that. Perhaps he was implying that we would share the same bed

I wasn't sure if he noticed what I was embarrassed for. Suddenly, he said, "I'll take your stuff upstairs for you. You can sort them out later by yourself. Since you have your own habits regarding your daily necessities, just put everything where you want them to be."

With that, he carried my suitcase upstairs, and I followed him, still feeling awkward.

Which room will I be staying in?" I had been holding that question back, but I finally asked it once I reached the last step on the stairway.

Derek paused, put down the suitcase, turned around, and walked towards me.

Upon seeing him drawing closer, I panicked I wanted to back away from him, but I miscalculated my step, causing me to almost fall down. Fortunately, he caught me right in time. As he held onto my waist, I tightly grasped his clothes to ensure that I wouldn't fall.

When I felt uneasy because of his gaze, I suddenly heard him snicker.

"Eveline, you're already a married woman, but here I find that you're even more timid than a virgin."

Since I was able to stand firm now, I gently pushed him away. His banter left me feeling a little embarrassed.

I tucked my hair behind my ears, visibly uneasy. "No, I just think things are moving too fast between us."

"Isn't that a good thing? Most women prefer that their husbands move fast, right? Do you prefer it the other way around? Well, we can try to do it slower some other day." Derek misunderstood every word I said, but I could tell that he did it on purpose: Now, I understood that there were many sides to this man. Whenever he was being serious, he always wore a steely gaze, making it hard to approach him. But whenever he was being carefree, he was capable of nonchalantly throwing double entendres and dirty jokes. His banter always caught me off guard, and I felt embarrassed each time he flirted with me.

"Can't you be more serious, Derek?" I said, rolling my eyes at him.

"Am I not being serious enough? The topic I brought up is just a normal topic between married couples, isn't it? I'm very serious about this."

I took a deep breath, feeling as though I was being suffocated by the fact that his breath was seeping into my skin.

Not long after, Derek stopped teasing me and continued carrying my suitcase into a room: Once there, he opened the door of the room, and put down my suitcase.

"This will be your room. This is the one you slept in last time, remember? Of course, there are many other rooms available. Should you prefer a different room, you can choose whichever one you like."

I felt relieved to hear that. I didn't want to be picky.

"Oh, it's okay. This room is good, so I'll just stay right here," I said.

Derek leaned against the wall, took out a cigarette and lit it. After taking a drag, he turned his attention to me.

"I'll be staying in the next room. If you ever feel scared or lonely when you're sleeping alone, my door is unlocked for you twenty-four hours a day. You're welcome anytime."

The smile on his face never wavered, and he looked quite calm and serious. If one didn't hear what he just said, they might not figure out that he wasn't being serious when he brought up the topic.

Having said that, Derek told me that there was something he needed to deal with, so he left the room and asked me to stay at home and rest.