

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 391

Chapter 391 Two Women

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About half an hour later, another car came up and pulled over behind the first car.

There was a woman being dragged out of the car. Just like me, she was tied and her mouth was sealed.

While she was being dragged by those awful men, she was making a fuss.

I didn't recognize her until she was close enough for me to see her face clearly. It was Becky!

Upon seeing me, she was stunned. Then, she fell into silence.

It seemed that she was comforted by the thought that she wasn't alone in this miserable situation. Soon, she was tied to a different tree near the edge of the cliff, around two meters away from me. Since they were keeping me and Becky hostage, it meant that Derek must be their target.

It made me wonder even more about what they could possibly want. I couldn't figure it out.

I just hoped that the person who orchestrated this whole farce wasn't Shane, because that man was beyond depraved, perverted, and greedy.

There were six of the kidnappers now. And they were drinking and eating together as if Becky and I weren't even there.

I turned my attention to Becky and saw that she was shivering from the biting cold.

Upon taking a closer look at her, I saw that she wasn't wearing much. It was winter, and yet she was wearing a leather skirt and a pair of silk stockings. All of her clothes were short and would barely fend off the weather.

A man with cropped hair picked up a beer bottle and gulped down more than half of it. When he put it down, he shouted, "Man, that Derek guy is so lucky! Both of his women are fucking beautiful!" After he said that, the other kidnappers looked at us.

Another man clicked his tongue and said, "Their beauties are different, and I'm sure they feel different, too!"

"That one right there is a star. Derek sure knows how to enjoy himself!" said another kidnapper.

"That's because he has the money to indulge in hedonistic pleasures. Zack, what do you have?"

"Derek's women are in our hands now. I may not have money, but I sure as hell can fuck these pretty ladies until they cry with pleasure!" said Zack, the man with cropped hair.

Those men were describing me and Becky like pieces of meat being displayed at a common market.

It was then that someone reasoned with the others. "Hey, stop that. Make sure not to do anything reckless. Otherwise, it'll ruin our plan." Zack was the most displeased with the rational man's words. He even stood up and walked towards us with a beer bottle in hand.

He eyed Becky up and down, and then he glanced at me. Upon seeing my face, a devilish grin appeared on his lips.

“I think this mature lady is good in bed. Otherwise, Derek wouldn’t marry her instead of the star, right?”

“That makes sense. Why don’t you try her out, so you’ll know just how good she is,” suggested someone.

The other men burst into laughter.

“Her boobs aren’t as big as the star’s, but they look all natural!” Zack remarked after leering at our breasts with his perverted eyes.

“How could you tell that they’re real?” asked another one.

“I’ll know when I touch them!” said Zack.

Then, he made his way towards me, rubbing his chin with his fingers. His gaze fell directly onto my breasts.

But before he could lay a hand on me, he was hit by a stone that came out of nowhere.

“You piece of...”

Just as he was about to curse, he bit back his words when he turned around and saw someone. In the distance, someone familiar was slowly walking towards us.

“A-Alvaro!”

The men who were previously laughing and talking all stood in attention.

The moon was dim tonight, so I could barely see the look on Alvaro’s face. All I could see was the cinder of the cigarette in his mouth.

He stopped in front of them, pointing at each of them one by one.

Alvaro hadn't even said a word, but they all seemed like they were scared shitless.

Then, he put his hands in his pockets and walked over.

“What are you doing here, Alvaro?” Zack put on a flattering smile.

Without even uttering a word, Alvaro gave him a powerful kick.

But it seemed as though Zack had no will to fight back. He wouldn't even dare to scream in pain.

It was then that I accidentally caught sight of the black silk flower on his chest, leaving me stupefied.

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Chapter 392 Blackmailing Derek

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“Who told you that you can decide what to do, huh?” Alvaro asked as he took away the cigarette from his mouth.

None of the other bastards that kidnapped us could utter a word.

Zack explained, “Alvaro, we all know that Derek was the one who did it. You've been really busy these past two days, and you've been in a bad mood since your family passed away. We were just trying to avenge you! We've already run a background check on those women. One is his wife,

and the other is his mistress. Just to make sure the plan goes well, we've brought both of them here. No matter which one he cares about, we have them both."

All of a sudden, Alvaro threw the cigarette onto the ground and kicked Zack several more times. Zack kept on backing away while trying to avoid Alvaro's attacks, and begging for mercy.

"Alvaro, please stop! I'm begging you, boss. I was wrong, okay?"

Zack backed away until he was with the others. Afraid of getting involved, the others also retreated. Alvaro stomped on a beer bottle on the ground, creating a loud crashing sound.

One of them wanted to clean up the mess, but Alvaro suddenly picked up the beer bottles and began throwing the bottles on a large boulder. The man who was about to pick up the bottles was so frightened that he fell on his backside.

One after another, Alvaro grabbed any beer bottle he could reach and smashed them all, including the unopened ones. Beer foam and broken bottles were flying in midair, and the loud sound was almost deafening.

Those men were too scared to get too close or move too far. They were just standing a respectable distance away from Alvaro, keeping their heads down and letting shards of glass and dribbles of beer land on their bodies.

At long last, Alvaro had vented all of his anger. He bent forward, catching his breath.

I wasn't sure why, but I sensed that he was in pain. That man named Zack said that Alvaro's family was dead. Did he mean Alvaro's grandma?

As far as I remembered, the last time Alvaro took me to visit her, the old woman looked so energetic and full of life. Besides, Alvaro just asked me a few days before New Year's Eve to have dinner with them. How could it be ?

Alvaro remained motionless for a long time. It was as if he had used up all his energy and couldn't move anymore.

A moment later, Zack plucked up the courage to take a step forward. Cautiously, he said, "Alvaro, since you think we're wrong for doing this, I guess we should send them back."

"Shut the fuck up!" Alvaro cursed.

Confused, Zack wanted to ask why. But before he could get a word in, Alvaro said, "Call Derek! Now!" My heart skipped a beat.

Zack seemed to be stunned for a few seconds before nodding eagerly, ignoring the fact that he was just beaten up.

"Yes, boss! I'll call him right now."

He took out his phone and dialed Derek's number. "Derek, we have your wife, and your mistress. If you still want to see them alive, come here alone. Don't try to play any tricks on us. And if you even think of calling the police, we'll leave their dead bodies at the foot of the cliff for you to pick up."

I didn't know what Derek said over the phone, but I heard Zack snort.

"Money? Fuck that! Alvaro doesn't need money," he added.

After giving Derek our location, Zack hung up on him.

Slowly, Alvaro turned his attention to me, and I met his gaze.

His face was devoid of emotion, and I could feel him seething with despair from within.

I didn't want to show him any sign of weakness, so I turned my head towards the distance.

The top of the mountain was high, and all I could see was darkness.

The sky was like a huge black hole, slowly sucking up my hope, leaving only despair.

I had no idea what might happen tonight. And truthfully, I didn't want Derek to come here. Even if he wouldn't show up, I would be fine with that.

I didn't even care that I might die tonight, because I didn't want him to come here just to endanger himself and get blackmailed.

I no longer wondered why Gifford couldn't accept me as his daughter-in-law. It was because I was of no help to Derek, and I was just a burden to him. When I withdrew my gaze from the distant sky, I saw Alvaro sitting on a boulder just beside the edge of the cliff.

The boulder was placed so close to the edge of the cliff that it looked like it might roll down by accident at any moment.

But, Alvaro still sat there in silence like he wasn't even aware of the danger.

He was facing the horizon, smoking quietly.

For most of the time, he wasn't taking a drag from his cigarette. He just placed it on his mouth, letting it burn down to its end.

Just before the cigarette could burn out, he took out another one and lit it using the previous one. Then, he threw the used up cigarette down the cliff, and put the newly lit cigarette into his mouth. It was so cold on the cliff, so I kept on shivering and I could see that Becky was feeling cold, too. Alvaro, on the other hand, just sat on the boulder, feeling the cold breeze seep into his skin like it didn't affect him at all.

The other men were either sitting or standing, but none of them spoke.

After a long time, I heard a faint sound of a car's engine. I pricked up my ears, listening to the sound.

A car just arrived. Was it Derek?

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Chapter 393 You Can Only Pick One Woman

Chapter 393 You Can Only Pick One Woman

Moments later, the all too familiar car's headlights lit up the pitch-black mountain peak.

When I saw Derek's familiar face getting out of the car, my heart raced.

Upon seeing him, Becky was so excited that she started making noises.

"Alvaro, he's here," Zack shouted.

Alvaro didn't move. I figured he probably knew that it was Derek.

Meanwhile, Derek locked his eyes on me, walking towards me in a calm manner.

The moment he was about five meters away from me, a thin man stopped him.

“Derek, you’re early,” said the thin man.

“What the hell do you idiots want?” asked Derek. All of a sudden, I heard Alvaro chuckling as he jumped off the boulder.

“I want your woman,” he said.

The others were riled up by his words, and they all started to act lasciviously.

Two of the men smirked, walking towards us. One was approaching Becky; the other was heading towards me.

The man pinched my chin with one hand, forcing me to look up.

“Derek, behave yourself. Otherwise, we’re going to fuck them both until they’re dead!”

Derek kept his cool. His face remained undaunted, and he didn’t let their words faze him. “You wish!” he retorted.

Suddenly, Alvaro was enraged. He threw the half- smoked cigarette at Derek’s foot.

“What gives you the right to act so fucking arrogant, Derek? I haven’t even settled the score with your family about what happened that year, and now you owe me another life! Even if I destroy your whole family

right now, it won't be enough to compensate for everything I've suffered!"

I was shocked. What could've happened between them back then? And what did Alvaro mean by Derek owing him another life? Did his grandma's death have anything to do with the Sullivan family? Alvaro's words scared me.

In the face of Alvaro's accusation, Derek maintained his composure.

"I didn't blow up your tomb," he said.

Zack grabbed a thick stick from the ground, and used it to hit the crook of Derek's leg.

The attack was so swift and hard that Derek didn't expect it. The pain was so immense that he was forced to drop to his one knee on the ground. "You fucking liar! Do you think we're a bunch of idiots? It wasn't a coincidence that you showed up there. And don't you tell us that you just went for a ride there in the wee hours!"

Derek was bent on knee with his head down. It seemed that he wanted to stand up, but he couldn't.

It almost broke my heart to see him in pain.

Becky also seemed agitated when she witnessed what was happening. However, she couldn't say anything and she could only make muffled noises.

Derek was a proud man. He'd rather get beaten down than bow before someone else.

If he weren't worried about me and Becky, he'd probably let all hell break loose and fight them all with reckless abandon.

About a minute later, he finally managed to prop himself up by putting his hands on his knees.

At last, he managed to stand tall.

“Give me two days and I’ll find out the truth behind what happened. Rest assured that I’ll give you a proper explanation by then,” Derek said, looking at Alvaro.

Even though he had gotten hit, he was still able to stay level-headed. It was like a compromise.

Zack snorted, rhythmically dabbing the thick stick in his hand.

“Why should we believe you? You’re just trying to buy some time!”

As soon as Zack finished his sentence, Alvaro said, “Fine. I’m giving you two days, Derek. No more than that.”

Zack and the others were surprised by Alvaro’s response. It was as if they disagreed that Alvaro agreed so readily.

But then, a sinister smile appeared on Alvaro’s face.

“However, I’m only going to let you take one of these women back. And as for the other one, I’ll push her down the cliff to avenge my family.” The way he said it was so casual, but he looked like a demon straight out of hell.

Becky was so frightened that she began to cry. All the sounds coming from her were muffled, but I could sense that she was indeed scared.

“Push me down to avenge your family,” said Derek. With widened eyes, I shook my head repeatedly.

“No! It won’t be any fun if you die. The game isn’t over yet, Derek. We still have to play it.” Alvaro snorted.

Then, he turned around and pointed at us, gesturing to the two men standing beside us.

“Give them one minute to fight for their chance to live!” Alvaro commanded.

Understanding his command, the men tore off the tape from our mouths.

It was then that we heard Becky’s cries.

“Derek, I don’t want to die. I don’t want to die like my sister did. Please! Help me!”

Considering how young she was, it was understandable that she was this afraid.

I was afraid of death, too. But when I heard Becky’s cries, I clammed up.

In the end, I bit my lower lip, unable to utter a word.

Becky, on the other hand, incessantly pleaded for her life and cried, fearing that Derek might not choose her and leave her to die.

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Chapter 394**

Chapter 394 Time To Wake Up

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I fell silent. Alvaro stared at me for a while with narrowed eyes before he turned around to flash Derek a cold smile.

“So, what do you think, Derek? Have you decided who to save?”

Derek didn't say anything, but he was looking at me.

I couldn't see his face that well, but I could sense the hesitation in his eyes.

I was still standing at the edge of the cliff, but my heart had already fallen to the bottom.

The moment I sensed the hesitation in Derek's eyes, I knew that I'd lost.

Becky had been incessantly crying ever since the tape was removed from her mouth, but I seemed to hear nothing other than the harsh whistling of the wind. The tension up here was stifling.

I felt like a century had passed before I finally heard Derek's voice again.

“Let Becky go!”

He had made his choice at last. My heart ached at his response, but I also felt a sense of relief. Truthfully, I had already guessed what his choice would be. Even if he had more time to think about this, his answer wouldn't change. 1

But honestly, the heartbreak wasn't as painful as I had expected. I just felt pity for myself.

After Derek made his choice, I kept my head down and didn't want to look at him. I didn't know if he even shot me a glance after his choice. Perhaps he felt guilty about his choice. I didn't want to see self-blame in

his eyes. One remorseful look from him could give me countless flights of fancy, which I shouldn't be having.

I shouldn't be having any fantasies anymore. It was time to open my eyes to reality.

During a literal life and death situation, my husband chose to save another person. This time, I realized that I should no longer deceive myself. At the moment, I was devoid of emotion. I didn't have any overreactions. I didn't utter a word, and I didn't even cry.

As a matter of fact, I had long wanted to know who Derek cared about more. This question had been lingering in my heart for a long time. And today, he finally gave me the answer.

After Becky was untied, she threw herself into Derek's arms, crying hysterically.

I sneered. Why was she crying? She was safe now. I was the one who should be crying.

But I was not going to do it. I finally believed the saying that when people were extremely disappointed, they wouldn't have any tears to shed.

"Eveline..." Derek muttered my name, but then he stopped as if something had choked him.

"Fuck off!" Alvaro growled.

"Back the fuck up, Derek! You've made your choice!"

Moments later, I heard the sound of a car driving away.

I kept my head down, for I didn't want to see Derek driving away with Becky. Even if this might be the last time that I'd see him, I still wanted to keep a little dignity for myself.

"It looks like Derek likes his mistress more than you!" said someone before breaking into laughter. "Fuck off! All of you!" Alvaro roared in a voice louder than before.

None of his lackeys dared to utter another word. They just got in their cars and left quickly.

In the end, only I and Alvaro were left on the mountain's peak.

He stood with his hands akimbo. He had his back to me, but I could sense his anger.

It was strange that I could remain calm. Even though my heart was aching, I felt a sense of tranquility coursing through my body. It was so odd that it was almost unnerving. 1

After a while, Alvaro turned around and untied the ropes shackling my body.

I had been tied for too long and it was so cold, so my entire body felt numb. As soon as I was free, I could barely keep myself standing.

Perhaps Alvaro noticed that I was trembling, so he took off his coat and draped it over me.

Afterwards, he put me in the car and fastened the seatbelt for me.

Seconds later, he sat in the driver's seat, rolled up the windows on both sides of the car, and cranked up the heat in the car. However, he wasn't in a hurry to start the car.

“You said you wanted me to die to avenge your family. Why didn’t you throw me off the cliff?”

I wondered why my voice was so hoarse even though I wasn’t sad about what happened.

I gazed into the distance through the car’s windshield.

When I first looked at the dark, distant sky, all I felt was desperation and desolation.

And true enough, I was desperate.

Alvaro was looking at me, and I felt his gaze. But I didn’t look back at him. I just focused on the night sky in silence.

After a long time, he said, “Where’s the fun in that? Living people are more interesting.”

Having said that, he started the car and drove off the mountain.

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Chapter 395 Atonement

Chapter 395 Atonement

Alvaro drove to his grandmother’s house and stopped.

“Get out of the car!” he said, leaving the car first. I didn’t move yet. I just stared at the gate of his grandmother’s house.

In the darkness, the entire yard felt cold and was enveloped in sadness.

Alvaro opened the door for me. "Get out of the car," he said.

Finally, I decided to disembark from the car. When I followed him in, I was practically dragging my feet. It felt like I had come here to atone for the sins of the Sullivan family.

The lights in the living room were on, and I saw a portrait hanging on the wall at a glance.

Though I had only met her once, his grandmother was a kindhearted woman. And now, she had suddenly departed to the next life. Until now, it felt like I was in a dream.

"That day, I invited you here, but you refused me. Now, even if you want to have dinner with my grandma, you'll never have that chance again," said Alvaro, stopping in his tracks.

He must've noticed that I had been staring at his grandmother's portrait.

Now that I thought back on it, I regretted my decision back then.

I didn't think that this would happen, nor did I anticipate that it would happen so fast.

With a bitter smile, Alvaro continued, "To be honest, I really shouldn't have been so softhearted towards you at the time. And I shouldn't have lied to Grandma that you're my girlfriend. Ever since she met you, she'd been hoping that we could visit her together more often. She even hoped that we could get married soon. If I hadn't lied to her, she wouldn't have died with so much regret, would she?"

Alvaro was right. If his grandmother didn't have such hopes, she wouldn't have felt so desperate and regretful before her death.

There was an old incandescent lamp in the living room glowing dimly.

I could even see the wire in its bulb.

The lamp wasn't moving, but I felt like it was floating in the air.

And soon, the yellow light filled my vision. Seconds later, I collapsed.

The moment I fell down, I felt a pair of strong arms catch me. After that, I blacked out.

When I woke up again, everything that I saw was unfamiliar to me.

The old bed frame, the uneven walls, tattered wardrobe, a table with peeling paintwork, and the old-fashioned incandescent lamp hanging from the ceiling.

The quilt draped over my body smelled of soap, almost as if it was carrying the smell of the first ray of sunshine in the morning.

It reminded me of the days I spent with my parents in our warm, cozy home.

Ever since that tragic accident, all the good things in my life had disappeared.

As I grew up, I changed over and over during the process of getting hurt, cheated on, and betrayed. And gradually, the once innocent girl I used to be just became nothing more than a distant memory.

“Let Becky go!”

That sentence kept resonating in my mind. Even in my dreams, it kept playing over and over, disturbing every moment of peace I had.

After I heard a creak, the door was pushed open. Alvaro walked in with a bowl in his hand. As I was still lying in bed, he glanced at my face.

“Oh, you’re awake?” he asked.

I didn’t say anything. We must be in the house of Alvaro’s grandmother.

It was already bright outside, so I gathered that it was already the next day. However, I didn’t know what time it was.

He put down the bowl on the table, walked to the bedside and said, “You fainted. I found a doctor in the village to examine you. He told me that you might have hypoglycemia. What kind of life have you lived with Derek? And what have you done to your body?”

I thought that I didn’t care about Derek anymore and that I could easily let this go, but when I heard his name again, my heart ached. It was as if a crown of thorns were gripping my heart.

As I sat upright, I felt weak and lightheaded.

“He treats me really well. I’m a twenty-six year old woman, but he made me begin dreaming and fantasizing of unrealistic things like a young girl,” I answered.

“Well?” Alvaro sneered.

“If he really treated you well, then why didn’t he choose you instead of that other woman? How could he leave you there to die?”

His words were so blunt that I felt suffocated. “Stop mentioning him,” I responded.

“Eat something,” said Alvaro.

I stared at the large piece of meat in my bowl, and it only made me feel nauseous.

“I don’t want to eat,” I said.

“You have hypoglycemia. You need to eat. Do you want to die or something?”

Somehow, Alvaro sounded like he was pissed off. I didn’t respond.

“You really don’t want to eat?” he asked.

Though he looked like he was annoyed, I could still feel his kindness.

“I really don’t want to eat. I just want to leave,” I said resignedly.

With his hands on his hips, he stared at me with a sullen gaze.

“Don’t you want to eat? Well, I’m fine with that. But if you want to leave, I’m afraid that’s not gonna happen.”

Having said that, he walked out of the room.

He slammed the door so hard that dust shook off from the door frame and began swirling in the air.

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Chapter 396 If You Don't Eat, I'll Eat You Up

Chapter 396 If You Don't Eat, I'll Eat You Up

I got up, walked to the window, and gazed at the scenery outside.

There were villagers passing by the path in front of the house from time to time. Willows on the pavement had begun to sprout. And there were two kids playing under a tree. Later on, they were called back home by their family.

I had no idea for how long I had been standing by the window, but I only came to my senses when the door finally opened again.

“Why aren't you lying down?” Alvaro asked, standing a few paces away from me.

I gripped the hem of my clothes, and spoke in a soft yet determined voice.

“If you don't need me to die to avenge your family, please let me go.”

I could see the displeasure on Alvaro's face; perhaps it was even anger.

“Where are you even gonna go? Are you still planning on going back to Derek?”

I endured the pain in my heart and said, “I may have lost everything, but I still want to live with the last bits of dignity I have left. Even if I don't go back to Derek, I can't stay here either. Just because I've been abandoned, doesn't mean I should become a loose woman. It's not necessary for me to depend my life on a man.”

I looked down, avoiding eye contact with Alvaro. “You’re too weak to leave right now, Eveline. What if you collapse outside?” he asked.

I stared at him, visibly surprised.

I had thought that he would get angry with me or even use force to keep me here. But to my surprise, he was trying to reason with me, and I could see the concern in his eyes.

“Let’s just have a meal first.”

Having said that, he left the room without asking for my opinion. Soon, I heard the sound of someone cooking in the kitchen.

After having stood for a long time, my legs felt numb. Thus, I went back to bed and sat down.

A few moments later, Alvaro brought some food into the room.

He placed the dishes on the table and handed me a plate.

“Here, have something to eat.”

The smell of oil coming from the food made me feel nauseous. I didn’t take the utensils from him and let out an exasperated sigh. “Look, I’m really not in the mood to eat.”

Alvaro’s hand holding the plate froze in midair, and his chest started heaving violently.

“How could you torture yourself over a man who chose another woman and abandoned you to your death?” he shouted.

Simultaneously, he threw the plate in his hand to the floor.

Then, he pressed me onto the bed and began to kiss me violently.

I tried my best to push him away, but I was too weak to even nudge him.

Alvaro ignored my protests against his advances. He was kissing me and biting my lips so hard that I thought my lips would break. It hurt so much! Then, he pried open my mouth, but I gritted my teeth, preventing him from doing it. Unexpectedly, he clasped my chin so hard that I was forced to open my mouth. He took advantage of this and shoved his tongue into my mouth.

His unfamiliar breath and the strange, slippery feeling inside my mouth made me feel humiliated. I knew that no matter how hard I tried to resist, it would be fruitless. He was strong enough to do whatever he wanted to me.

As tears fell from my eyes, I surrendered myself to him.

But suddenly, Alvaro stopped. He let go of my lips, staring into my eyes and gasping for breath.

I tried to hold back my tears, but they still burst like a broken dam.

As he bit his lower lip, I saw a glimmer of regret in his eyes.

At this moment, his desire to fuck me disappeared, and he was much calmer.

He then wiped my tears away. His actions were gentle, but the sound of his voice was domineering. "If you don't eat, I'll eat you up."

It was then that he helped me up and handed me a plate and a fork again.

"Come on. Eat up."

Judging by the way he spoke and the look on his face, he was serious about his threat.

I took the plate and fork, walked to the table, sat down, and started eating.

He pushed the pork chop to my side of the table and said, “Have some meat.”

Upon seeing the oily pork chop, my stomach churned at once. 2

I put down the utensils and rushed to the trash can, retching.

I had missed several meals, so there was no food in my stomach right now. All I could throw up were liquids, but I still wanted to vomit.

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Chapter 397 Pregnant

Chapter 397 Pregnant

Alvaro looked at me and frowned. “What’s wrong? Don’t you like the food?”

I didn’t say anything. Sweat beaded my forehead, and I felt queasy. It felt as if something was clutching the muscles of my stomach and wringing it out.

He handed me a glass of water. I rinsed my mouth and managed to stand up.

He poured me another glass of warm water.

“Are you pregnant?” 1

Hearing that, I choked on the water and coughed violently.

“Oh God! Calm down!” He patted my back.

I put down the glass, gasping for breath. My mind was a mess.

I closed my eyes and calculated when I last got my period. My cycle was delayed this time. I had always dreamed of having a child. I should be happy about being pregnant but couldn't now. There shouldn't be such a coincidence. Perhaps the pain was just the protest of my empty stomach.

“All right. What would you like to eat? You have to eat something.”
Alvaro was worried.

I shook my head. The mere thought of food made me sick. I didn't feel like eating anything.

Later, Alvaro gave me a box of milk and said. “You shouldn't go to bed with an empty stomach. Drink this if you don't feel like eating.”

After he left the room, I forced myself to drink the milk.

I picked up my bag from the table and took my phone.

After a moment's hesitation, I turned it on.

There were several missed calls, but all of them were around six or seven last evening.

It meant Derek hadn't called me since he took Becky away with him. 1

I felt sad and dejected. But on second thought, I realized I shouldn't care about this. Nothing could make me sadder than his decision to save Becky instead of me.

I put my phone aside and lay on the bed. I felt weak but couldn't fall asleep.

My mind was a mess. Memories of the past, and the time I spent with Derek inhabited my thoughts. The night I met Derek for the first time flashed in my mind.

If he hadn't heard my cries and come back to me, perhaps life would have been different.

I couldn't stop thinking about what would have happened to me if I hadn't met Derek that night. Maybe Shane would have caught up with me. I might have gone back with him, accepting all his unfair conditions, and he would have kicked me out like a stray dog in the end.

My acquaintance with Derek had helped me to keep my head high during my battle with Shane. I had also taken revenge on him to my heart's content.

Derek didn't owe me anything, but I was indebted to him right from the beginning.

Alvaro cooked vegetable porridge for dinner. It was bland and had less oil, so I drank a bowl of it. When the night fell, Alvaro said he would take me out for a walk.

He drove to the land beside Flash Village.

I remembered coming to Flash Village when we were looking for Becky. The place was brightly lit that night, but it looked dark now, as if no one was there.

I saw the ruins beside Flash Village under the moonlight.

Alvaro walked into the ruins, and I followed him. After taking a few steps forward, he came back and held my hand.

I tried to wriggle out of his hold, but he held my hand tightly.

He ushered me forward and stopped at a small open space.

He finally let go of me, dusted off a stone, and asked me to sit down before he plopped on another stone beside me.

I didn't understand why he brought me here, but I was curious as to why he had built a tomb in this place.

“Who is this tomb for?”

“My father.”

In the past, Alvaro had always avoided my questions about the tomb. However, he gave me an honest answer today.

Noticing his desire to talk, I sat down.

**My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch
Chapter 398**

Chapter 398 Memory

Chapter 398 Memory

Alvaro picked up a thin branch and drew circles on the ground at his feet. The sand blew with the gentle breeze.

“You know what? Flash Village wasn’t like this in the past. Gifford started his business with a quarry.”

I nodded. Aaron had told me about it.

“My father worked in his quarry for about three or four years. On a cold, wintry night, when my younger brother and I returned home after school, I saw my grandmother lying weakly on the bed. My mother was sitting on the doorstep, crying. A neighbor told me that my father had died. But I didn’t believe it because he was fine that morning. I still remember him asking me and my brother to study hard before we left for school. Well, people who haven’t experienced loss can’t understand how I felt at that time.”

“IT can understand,” I said.

I could understand how he felt upon hearing the news of his father’s sudden death. The day the two policemen took me to the scene of my father’s accident was deeply etched in my heart. I saw my father lying in the snow. It felt like a dream, and I refused to accept that he was dead. How I wish it had just been a dream.

Alvaro looked at me and smiled bitterly. Perhaps my understanding comforted him.

“Everyone told me that my father was crushed to death by a rock when they exploded the mountain. But I’ve always felt that my father’s death wasn’t as simple as that.”

“Why?”

“Because when we went to the funeral house and saw my father’s dead body, I saw he had lost one of his legs. If he was smashed to death, he might have been mutilated, but it was impossible for him to lose a limb.”

I had to admit that his analysis was reasonable. “Then how do you think he died?”

Alvaro tilted his head and stared into the distance as if lost in thought.

“I don’t know. I suspect he was killed during the explosion, and his leg was blown off during the accident. My brother and I searched the entire quarry to find the missing leg, but we couldn’t find it anywhere. Over the years, I’ve used to have dreams about him. Every time I woke up, I would feel his lingering presence by my side. I thought his soul was unwilling to leave this realm because he had lost his leg. So I wanted to bury him in the place he died.] thought his missing leg would be somewhere in the quarry, and he would rest in peace when he found it.”

It must have happened many years ago because Alvaro seemed calm when he talked about it. However, the hatred in his heart was still obvious. “Maybe it was really an accident. You don’t have to hate the entire Sullivan family for that. I don’t think any boss would want his workers to die,” I said.

Alvaro snorted with disdain. “He obviously wouldn’t want any of his workers to encounter an accident because he has to compensate for it. Gifford is a stingy man. My father had been his faithful worker for several years and died in his quarry. But he refused to give us even a penny as compensation. My mother was disheartened and even committed suicide by drinking pesticide when we got home.”

My eyes widened in horror. That was when it dawned on me that Alvaro and I had a miserable past.

“Let bygones be bygones.”

“No.” Alvaro’s eyes darkened.

“I planned to let bygones be bygones after I took this land and built a tomb for my father. But I can’t let it go now. My grandmother collapsed the moment she heard someone had blown up my father’s tomb.”

“I don’t think it was Derek who did it,” I said. Alvaro gritted his teeth. “Even if it’s not him, it must have been his father. Not everyone can get explosives. Gifford ran a quarry in the past and had even got approval documents for the use of explosives. Although he closed the quarry later, I won’t be surprised if he kept the explosives.” Unable to retort anymore, I lowered my head.

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Chapter 399 Are You Caspar’s Son

Chapter 399 Are You Caspar’s Son

The moon was brighter than usual tonight. My eyes swept across the ruins of the tomb. There were several fragments of the tombstone scattered on the ground. Amidst the scattered stones, there was a particular fragment that had a photo on it. I got up and walked over there. I picked up the fragment, swept away the dust on it, and stared at the photo carefully.

The person in the photo looked so familiar to me. After pondering on it, my eyes lit up.

“Is this... Caspar?”

I looked back at Alvaro and asked, “You’re Caspar’s son?”

Alvaro smiled at me, making no attempt to deny it. Back when I was really young, my dad had a good friend named Caspar Barton.

Dad often invited Caspar to our house for a drink. Oftentimes, Caspar would bring his son to our house. He usually called the boy “Alva.” Now that I had recalled it, I gathered that boy must be Alvaro.

I had forgotten what he looked like at the time, and his appearance had changed dramatically since then. Aside from his appearance, his entire disposition in life had changed as well.

At the time, Alvaro barely ever spoke and he never took the initiative to play with other kids. Usually, I wouldn’t play with him unless my father asked me why I wouldn’t play with Alva. 1 And even when we were playing together, Alva didn’t talk much. He was an obedient child. He would play whatever the other kids wanted to play and he would never object to our opinions.

It had been two decades since then. At this moment, I couldn’t believe that the timid Alva in my memory was now the glib yet handsome Alvaro.

Though he was timid, there were times that he was bold.

There was one thing he did that left a lasting impression on me. I could still remember that moment vividly.

Back then, I, Aronson, Alva and several other children in the neighborhood were playing in the alley. Suddenly, someone shouted, "Snake!" All of us were scared silly. Only Alva didn't run away. Instead, he grabbed a brick, hurled it at the snake, and stepped on the brick. The snake tried to wriggle away from beneath the brick, but it couldn't escape. Soon, an adult arrived and caught the snake.

From then on, we all admired Alva and were impressed of his courage. And because we all admired him, he gradually joined our group. Thoughts of my childhood amused me and I couldn't help but giggle.

"Why are you so happy?" asked Alvaro.

With a grin on my face, I replied, "You were such a dull boy before. How did you turn into a sly fox?" Upon hearing the question, Alvaro laughed too. A second later, the smile on his face disappeared.

"IT had no choice," he said.

His answer rendered me unable to smile anymore. He was right. Growing up was a process of constantly falling down and standing up; wiping tears while moving forward. And at times, people were forced to change.

"I'm going to tell the Sullivan family to repair the tomb for me, and Gifford has to bow in front of my father's tombstone," Alvaro said before we left.

It was then that we drove back. When we passed by a pharmacy, I asked him to stop.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"My appetite has been too low recently. I was hoping to buy some medicine for my stomach," I answered.

“I’ll go buy it for you,” he said, ready to get out of the car.

However, I stopped him. “No, it’s okay. I can go by myself.”

He didn’t insist upon it, and just told me that he’d wait for me in the car.

After buying some medicine, I went back to the car.

Instead of driving back to his grandma’s house, Alvaro drove us back to his villa.

Upon opening the door, he said to me, “There’s a TV in the living room, and I have Wi-Fi. You won’t get bored here.”

I stood frozen at the door.

“Come on in,” he said when he saw that I wasn’t moving.

“It wouldn’t be appropriate for me to stay here,” I responded with a straight face.

He pulled me in and closed the door.

“Derek has already abandoned you. If you don’t stay here, where else will you stay and cry your eyes out?”

Then, he took out a pair of slippers and said, “No woman has ever been here, so all I have are men’s slippers. I forgot to buy some slippers for you earlier. I’ll just buy you a pair tomorrow.”

With that, he walked inside, took off his coat and threw it on the sofa. Then, he picked up the remote control and turned on the TV.

I changed into the slippers and walked in. However, I didn’t sit down.

As he sat cross-legged on the sofa, changing the channel on the TV, he glanced over at me. Suddenly, he put on a smile, got up, and walked towards me.

Though I felt much closer to him after knowing that he was Alva, seeing him smile at me like that still frightened me.

I retreated from him until my back was pressed against the railing of the stairs, and there was no more ground for me to move back to.

He placed his hands on either side of my body and leaned closer towards me.

“Why are you so scared of me? Are you worried that I’m going to fuck you?”

I pushed his hands away, nervously running up the stairway.

“I’m going to sleep!” I shouted.

He didn’t go after me. Instead, he just asked me from behind, “Don’t you want to watch TV?”

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Chapter 400 Bad Timing

Chapter 400 Bad Timing

Ignoring Alvaro’s question, I went upstairs. There, I opened the door to one of the rooms and went in. Once I had closed the door, I leaned against it and felt flustered.

As I looked around the room, I realized that something was wrong. This seemed to be the room where Alvaro took a shower and changed his clothes last time. This was probably his bedroom. Thus, I immediately turned back and opened the door, only to find that Alvaro was leaning beside the doorway.

Awkwardly, I swallowed and asked, "Which room will I be staying in?"

He was leaning against the door frame now, propping himself up with one hand, and had a smile on his face. "You're already in my room. If you want to sleep here, I don't have a problem with that. I can share my bed with you."

I rolled my eyes at him. "Stop messing around!" The smile on his face disappeared and he stopped joking. He stepped aside and opened the door of the opposite room.

"You can stay in this room," he said.

I walked into the room at once. It looked like Alvaro wanted to go in with me, but I closed the door before he had the chance.

Then, I heard a knock on the door. "Hey, I wasn't done talking to you."

I gritted my teeth, opened the door a little, and shot him a cold glance.

He had his hands in his pockets and a smile on his face.

"Actually, I just wanted to tell you that if you're scared of the dark, ghosts, or if you're having nightmares in the middle of the night, my door is always open. You're welcome to sleep in my arms anytime."

"Screw you!" I slammed the door at his face.

I could hear him laughing on the other side of the door, as well as the sound of his fading footsteps. It was then that I locked the door, walked into the bathroom and took out a pregnancy test stick that I'd bought in the pharmacy earlier.

After putting the stick into a container, I watched as my urine poured into the container. Right now, I was feeling very conflicted.

I wasn't sure if I was nervous, expectant, sad, or afraid. Perhaps I felt all of it.

Upon seeing two clear red bars on the pregnancy test stick, I leaned against the cold wall of the bathroom, staring at myself in the mirror and feeling desolate.

Fate truly loved to play tricks on people. This child came at the worst possible time.

As I lay on the bed, I didn't turn on the light. With a wide-eyed gaze, I stared at the dark ceiling, involuntarily putting my hands on my abdomen. If Derek had known that I was pregnant with his child, would he have made a different choice back then?

As a matter of fact, I had already made up my mind the moment I suspected that I might be pregnant.

Even if Derek and I would go on separate ways, I was determined to keep the child. It would be my mental support and an important reason for me to push forward and keep on living.

Perhaps because I had slept too much during the day and I was in an unfamiliar environment with too many things running in my mind, I couldn't fall asleep.

I didn't even hear Alvaro coming upstairs.

It was midnight, though I wasn't aware of what time it was, and I was still wide awake when I suddenly heard some noises coming from downstairs.

I got out of bed and walked to the window. There, I saw Alvaro driving away.

It was so late. Where was he going?

When I went downstairs to check the front door, I found that it had been locked from outside.

I wondered if he was worried that I'd sneak away while he was gone.

Knowing that I couldn't leave, I went back to my room and lay back on the bed.

Then, as time passed by, I fell asleep. By the time I opened my eyes, it was already dawn.

I received a message from Alvaro.

"Are you awake? I bought you a new set of toiletries. I was worried that I'd wake you up, so I left them at the door. You can go ahead and grab them once you're awake."

I got out of bed and opened the door. I saw a cup on the floor. It had a tube of toothpaste, a toothbrush, and a towel in it.

After picking them up, I walked into the bathroom, freshened up and went downstairs.

There was nobody in the living room. I could hear someone moving in the kitchen, so I went there. Upon reaching the door, I saw Alvaro preparing breakfast.

I wasn't surprised to see him cook, for I had already seen men cook before; for instance, Aaron and Derek. They were both good cooks.

But Alvaro was a lot different. He didn't look like someone who often cooked. While he was cooking, he was checking his smartphone. He was so focused on what he was doing that he didn't even notice that I had entered the kitchen.

"How to make the fried eggs soft and smooth?" I read what he had typed into his phone.

Startled, he turned around and saw me behind him. He quickly put his phone away.

"Holy crap! How did you manage to get behind me without making any noises?"

he asked, slightly blushing.

I knew that he was trying to hide his embarrassment beneath his unhappy tone.

I shrugged at him. "My footsteps were audible. You were just too focused on your phone to hear me," I answered.

He stared at me with bulging cheeks. The embarrassment on his face had not yet dissipated, and it looked like he was thinking of what to say. I pointed at the frying pan and said, "If you don't take out those eggs, they won't be soft, nor smooth."

Upon hearing that, he turned off the stove and immediately removed the eggs from the pan using a spatula.

When I saw how panicked he was, I felt the urge to laugh, but I stifled myself.