

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 401

Chapter 401 Why Can't You Stay

Chapter 401 Why Can't You Stay

As Alvaro stared at the badly cooked eggs on the plate, he scratched the back of his head awkwardly.

“As you can see, I’m not a very good cook, so make do with it.”

The eggs looked so oily. I shook my head and replied, “It’s far too greasy.”

In response to that, Alvaro pointed at the pot. “There’s some porridge in there as well. I remembered you ate some porridge yesterday, so I cooked some.”

A few moments later, eggs and bread were served on the table.

Alvaro told me that he had bought the bread from outside earlier this morning.

He pushed the fried eggs towards me. I thought that if I refused to eat some, it would frustrate him and make him lose all interest in cooking. Thus, I decided to have some.

Fortunately, the fried egg wasn’t too greasy when I ate it along with the porridge.

“Is it delicious?” he asked with eyes filled with expectations.

I swallowed the food in my mouth with difficulty and reluctantly said, “Yup.”

After receiving the praise, Alvaro looked so happy. Feeling good about his cooking, he decided to taste it for himself.

But after taking a bite, he grimaced. “My God, that tastes so bad!”

I chuckled at his reaction.

It was then that he took away the eggs in front of me, and handed me a piece of bread instead. “Here, eat this.”

I accepted it and began pondering on what I should say while eating.

During the meal, I cleared my throat.

“When are you going to let me leave?” I asked. Alvaro paused from chewing.

“Don’t even dream about it!” he said firmly.

His answer somewhat upset me. “You have no right to take away my freedom!”

Then, Alvaro took a bite of the bread as though nothing had happened. Without raising his head, he asked, “Why can’t you stay?”

As I stirred the porridge in my bowl, I asked back, “Why should I?”

He suddenly put down the bread, looking at me with a sullen expression.

I thought that he was about to lose his temper, but I didn’t expect that he’d smile all of a sudden. He stood up, and went to my side. He stood

behind me, put both of his hands on my shoulders, and then he leaned close to my ear.

His abrupt action made me kind of nervous.

He was so close to me that I could feel the warmth of his breath on my ear.

“Do you remember how my father asked your dad if we could be wed when we grew up?” he asked. I recalled that something like that had indeed happened in the past. But it had been so long ago that I’d almost forgotten about it.

I moved away from him, and pretended to be calm. “They were drinking back then. I’m sure it was just a joke. As far as I’m concerned, my dad didn’t take it seriously.”

But Alvaro had a different opinion. “Your dad once accepted me as his son-in-law, remember? He said that I was a diligent and reliable child.”

I pushed his hands away and rolled my eyes at him. “Well, my dad can’t exactly deny your claims now, can he?”

He curled his lips and sat back in his seat. However, the smile on his lips quickly dissipated. He then picked up the half-eaten bread he held earlier, but he didn’t continue eating it yet.

“Do you still want to go back to Derek?” he asked. “Yes,” I lied.

“I understand why he made that choice at the time,” I added.

“Do you really care about him that much?” Alvaro asked in a more serious tone. I could see in his eyes that he was getting upset.

I forced a smile and said, “Yes, I care about him a lot. And besides, my child needs a father.”

All of a sudden, Alvaro looked at me with a trace of sadness in his eyes.

A moment later, he looked down and said, “But he doesn’t care about you at all.”

I chuckled at his remark. “It doesn’t matter. All I know is that I care about him, and that’s enough for me.”

Suddenly, he threw the bread on the table.

“Fuck this shit. It tastes horrible. I’ll buy bread someplace else next time!”

Right now, I could guess that he might be thinking that I was cowardly and cheap.

Moments later, I noticed that he was much calmer than he was earlier.

“Will you hate me if I don’t let you go?” he asked. I gazed into his eyes and answered, “I will loathe you with every fiber of my being.”

He turned his face away, bit his lower lip, and raised an eyebrow.

“I’ll drive you home after breakfast.” It seemed that he had so much difficulty saying that.

He didn’t eat that much during the meal, and I only ate half of the porridge in my bowl.

After washing the dishes, he drove me back.

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Chapter 402 A Goodbye Hug

Chapter 402 A Goodbye Hug

While I was changing into my shoes at the door, I noticed a new pair of female slippers on the shoe rack. They still even had a tag on them. 1 Suddenly, I felt uncomfortable.

In our time in this world, we would be kind to many people, and be treated with the same kindness by many others as well. However, there would be times that we wouldn't be able to respond to another's kindness. Sometimes, it was inevitable to hurt someone. 1

I didn't ask Alvaro to drive me to the villa. Instead, I just asked him to drop me by the roadside after we entered the urban area. There was a small shopping mall there.

"I'll buy some of his favorite food and make him a hearty dinner at home."

I deliberately tried to make myself sound happy. As I got out of the car, Alvaro disembarked from it as well.

"Thank you for driving me here." With that, I began to walk away.

"Eveline," he said, attempting to stop me.

I turned around and saw him spread out his arms and wear a smile.

“Aren’t you even going to give me a goodbye hug?” He was always flirting with me. I ignored him and attempted to leave.

However, he grabbed my hand and embraced me tightly.

He was hugging me so tight that I almost suffocated.

“If Derek ever bullies you, know that you can come back to me,” he whispered in my ear.

I broke free from his grasp, turned around and hurriedly left without even responding to his words.

I walked around the shopping mall for a while, but I didn’t buy anything. By the time I went out, Alvaro’s car had already left.

As I walked along the road, I felt so conflicted. Naturally, I had no plans of going back to Derek. I still had pride, after all.

Perhaps I could compromise if the dispute involved just the two of us. However, it was a different story now that there was a third party in the picture. I had suffered through so much already. This time, I would rather leave with my head held high.

I wasn’t sure for how long I had walked. Suddenly, I noticed a car pull over beside me.

I stopped walking and saw the back door open. It was Derek who got out of the car.

This time, without hesitation, I began running away from him.

But he soon caught up with me and lifted me up. Ignoring my protests, he put me into his car. “Go!” Derek said to Timmy as the latter drove the car.

I pushed Derek’s hand away and began pounding on the door.

“Timmy, stop the car please. I want to get off!” Naturally, he wasn’t going to listen to me.

Derek kept me on my seat and lifted the partition between the front and back seats.

He was holding my hands tightly, his eyes were bloodshot, and he was breathing heavily.

Sooner or later, I would have to face him.

“Derek, let me go.” Right now, I was surprisingly calm. 1

After these past two days, I had become level-headed.

For countless times, I had imagined how I would react once I faced Derek again. I thought that I wouldn’t cry or break down. And I believed I would be calm enough to act as though his choice that night didn’t break me.

Sure enough, I didn’t care.

Based on his reaction, he seemed upset that I was so apathetic towards him. Then, he began to kiss me on impulse.

His lips were burning up, and his breath felt warm. I didn’t even try to struggle, for I knew it would be useless. However, I didn’t respond to his

kiss, either. I just clenched my fists and gritted my teeth, enduring whatever he was doing to me.

My unusual indifference and the fact that I was composed broke his spirit. He kept on kissing my lips, my cheeks, and my forehead, seeming like he was getting frustrated. In a hoarse voice, he said, “Honey, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry!”

“Mr. Sullivan, where are we heading now?” asked Timmy.

“Home,” said Derek.

“But, sir...” Timmy stopped midsentence.

“I said take us home,” Derek said sternly.

Finally, Timmy drove us to Derek’s villa. I wanted to get out from the other side of the car, but Derek carried me out of the car and walked into the villa. He placed me on the sofa and started kissing me again. But to his dismay, I didn’t respond to any of his advances.

The familiar environment brought tears to my eyes.

Somehow, I thought that I’d never see this place again.

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Chapter 403 Disappointed

Chapter 403 Disappointed

As I cried, Derek cupped my cheeks in his hands and kissed the tears streaming down my face. His face was pressed against mine, and it kind of felt unusually warm.

“Honey, I’m really sorry. I’m begging you, please don’t be mad at me, okay?” 2

“I’m not angry,” I said.

When I saw the joy on Derek’s face, I endured my sadness and continued, “I’m not mad at you; I’m disappointed. And disappointment is different from anger. Whenever I’m mad, I just want you to coax me. But now that I’m disappointed in you, I don’t want to hear whatever it is that you have to say. Now, I’ve begun to think rationally if we should even continue our relationship.”

Hearing my words, he collapsed beside me as he held me tightly. It was as if he thought that I’d run away if he were to loosen his grip even a little. “Honey, don’t be disappointed in me.” The sound of his voice showed his desperation.

He wouldn’t let me go even though I was practically shoving him away.

“Derek, what’s the point of you doing this? You don’t have to lower your pride and apologize to me. You’ve clearly realized how you truly feel, and I don’t blame you for that. I’ve already told you that if you meet someone you really like, you can just tell me and I’ll agree to divorce you. So, let’s just get a divorce.”

Only I knew just how much pain I felt at the moment.

“No, I don’t want a divorce! I’m begging you, honey! Please, forgive me. Don’t leave me. I will never agree to a divorce. Never!”

He embraced me tightly, burying his face on my neck. The warmth of his breath felt like fire to my skin.

Right now, he was like a pitiful child afraid of being abandoned. It was ironic, considering I was the one he abandoned.

I wanted to take his hand away from me, but when I touched his arm, my hand felt something wet and sticky.

Upon taking a look at my hand, I saw that there was blood.

“Derek, what... what’s wrong with you?” I tried to shove him away.

As he hugged me, he murmured, “Don’t divorce me, honey. I’m sorry.”

I struggled out of his arms, albeit with difficulty. He opened his eyes and grabbed my hand. “Honey, don’t leave... please! Don’t go.”

He frowned as though he was in great pain, and his voice was so faint.

I could feel that his arm was damp. But because his suit jacket was black, I hadn’t noticed that he had blood on him. When I opened his suit jacket and saw his white shirt, I found that it was covered in blood. His blood had stained both my clothes and the sofa.

I was so scared that I began to tremble all over. “Derek, what happened to you?”

“Honey, don’t leave me,” he muttered.

My heart ached when I saw him at this pitiful state. I actually cared him a lot. How could I deceive myself?

I placed a hand on his forehead, and felt that it was so hot that I immediately withdrew my hand.

At this point, I was panicking, and my mind became chaotic.

What should I do now? Should I just leave without looking back?

But how was I supposed to leave him like this? He once saved me at my most trying moment. The least I could do was return the favor and try to save his life.

“Derek, hold on. I’ll call an ambulance.” I fumbled for my phone with trembling fingers.

“No, don’t! Don’t call an ambulance.” He held my hand, and I noticed that he had his eyes closed. Just then, the doorbell rang.

I ran to the front door and saw Timmy through the peephole, so I opened the door at once. Behind him was a man and a woman. They each had a box in hand.

“He refused to go to the hospital, so I decided to bring the doctor here instead,” said Timmy.

At once, I let them in as though I had seen a savior.

Timmy, the doctor, and the nurse moved Derek to the bedroom upstairs first.

“Where did he get wounded?” I stood there, panicking and uncertain of what to do.

“Excuse me. Could you prepare us some hot water, please?” the nurse suddenly said to me.

I nodded and went downstairs to heat up some water.

By the time I went upstairs with the hot water, they had already taken off Derek's suit jacket.

I saw just how much blood there was on his shirt and it made me feel weak. My hands and my feet felt numb at the sight of it.

The doctor was cutting his shirt from the cuff using a pair of scissors.

"Honey, don't go!" Derek said in a muffled voice as he looked at me.

At the same time, he reached out his hand to me. The doctor looked up at me and said, "Please calm him down."

"Got it." I walked to the other side of the bed and held Derek's hand.

Once his sleeve had been cut, the wound on his shoulder was finally revealed.

I covered my mouth, staring at the wound in disbelief.

Oh, my God! Wasn't that a gunshot wound?

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Chapter 404 The Gunshot Wound

Chapter 404 The Gunshot Wound

The doctor cleaned up the blood painted around Derek's wound, and then he concentrated on the operation. Meanwhile, the nurse acted as his assistant, handing him the tools that he needed from time to time.

Derek must be in so much pain right now. Though he had his eyes closed and he wasn't even wincing, the beads of sweat on his forehead betrayed his true emotions. And at times, I could feel him gripping my hand even harder. 1

When the doctor was about to take the bullet out, I didn't want to look at it, but I couldn't resist the urge to do so. Once it was taken out, blood oozed out from Derek's wound. :

Derek winced and groaned in pain. I helped him wipe the beads of sweat on his forehead. Afterwards, the doctor applied medicine to his wound and patched it up quickly.

He then handed me several bags of medicine and said, "These pills need to be taken orally. I've written down the proper way to take them. Make sure not to let his wound get exposed to water. Your husband is suffering from a fever right now, so ensure that he drinks enough water and eat light food only."

After accepting the medicine, I said, "I understand. I'll do that."

Soon, Timmy escorted them out. I noticed that he appeared to be worried. He glanced at Derek as the latter lay on the bed, and said to me, "Please take care of him."

Once they had left, I went back to the bedroom. Derek seemed to have fallen asleep already, but it looked like he was uncomfortable.

I walked to the bed and stared at his bandaged arm. I didn't understand how he ended up getting shot. It was then that I touched his forehead and

found that he was still hot. Thus, I brought a wet towel and placed it on his forehead.

“Honey!”

Derek shouted out of the blue; his eyes widening with horror.

The moment he saw me, he breathed a sigh of relief and grabbed my hand.

“Oh, thank God you’re here, honey!”

Perhaps due to severe blood loss, his face was as pale as a ghost right now. He was staring at me so intently that it made him look like he was afraid that I’d leave or disappear if he weren’t looking. “Now that you’re awake, you should take your medicine.”

I withdrew my hand and went to get the medicine and a glass of water. Then, I helped him sit up and take his medicine. Afterwards, I helped him lie back down.

As soon as I put down the glass of water, he held my hand again and locked his eyes on me.

“I’m so sorry that I broke your heart, my love.” I didn’t want to be swayed by his words, so I acted indifferent towards him.

“Let’s not talk about that right now. Just focus on taking care of your wound,” I said.

“Okay,” he said, still unwilling to let go of my hand. “How did you get shot?” I asked.

Derek fell silent for a moment. Then, he said, “It’s inevitable for businessmen to make enemies, so it’s not surprising that some people want me dead.” Though I didn’t know much about business, I knew that competition was inevitable in the business world. However, I thought that nobody would be crazy enough to literally kill off their competitors. I thought he was lying to me, but I decided not to ask any more questions. Since he didn’t seem to want to tell me the truth, I was certain that I wouldn’t get a truthful answer out of him.

Derek kneaded the back of my hand with his thumb. “Why do you look thinner? Have you not been eating well?”

I ignored his concerned sentiment, involuntarily placing my other hand on my belly.

Then, I withdrew my hand from his, and stood up. “I’m going to cook. What do you want to eat?”

He stared at me and replied, “Cook whatever you wish to eat. I’ll eat anything you serve me.”

The doctor had told me that Derek should maintain a light diet for the time being, and I wasn’t very fond of greasy food right now, so I decided to make some pumpkin porridge.

Derek’s shoulder was badly injured, and it was inconvenient for him to move his arm around, so I had to feed him myself.

After helping him get up and lean against the headboard, I began to feed him; all while he was staring at me.

If I recalled correctly, something similar happened before.

I could still remember what he told me that day. “Eveline, I really want to live a happy life with you.” When that thought crossed my mind, I felt a lump in my throat, and my vision became blurred with tears.

“The porridge has gotten cold. I’ll get some more from the pot.”

I immediately sprang to my feet, for I didn’t want Derek to see that I was in tears.

However, he pulled me down and urged me to sit. He then took the bowl from my hand, placing it on the bedside table. He urged me to lean against his chest and planted a kiss on my head. It was as if he was comforting me in his own way.

“I don’t want to eat anymore. I just want to hug you,” he said.

Truthfully, I missed the warmth of his embrace. But every time I thought of how he chose Becky over me, my heart would break and I would be pulled back to reality by my rationality.

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Chapter 405 I Don’ t Want A Divorce

Chapter 405 I Don’t Want A Divorce

I pushed him away, and gathered enough courage to speak in a decisive manner.

“i’ll be sleeping in the guest room. Once you’ve recovered, we can get a divorce by then.” Suddenly, Derek grabbed me using his uninjured hand.

He pulled me down to the bed, forcing me to lie down. Then, he took the opportunity to get on top of my body.

He had both of his hands on my waist, and pretty soon, blood appeared on the white gauze covering his injured arm.

“Your wound!” I exclaimed.

Derek ignored his bloody wound, staring at me with unblinking eyes. His stubborn, deep gaze seemed to see right through me.

“I don’t want a divorce, and I will never agree to it,” he said firmly. 1

The sight of the expanding bloodstain on his bandages made me feel pity for him. I didn’t want to admit it, but my feelings were so obvious.

“Can you please lie down? I’m not going to talk to you if you keep acting like that,” I said, trying not to show him that I felt bad for him.

Derek pursed his lips, staring into my eyes with all the sadness in his heart.

“Okay, but you’ll have to lie down with me.”

Right now, he was acting like a stubborn kid. If I refused his request, he would certainly not lie down. It didn’t seem like it mattered to him how much blood he had lost from his wound, and he looked determined to threaten me by punishing his own body.

In the end, I surrendered to his will. I let out a sigh and said, “Fine, but you’re not allowed to touch me.”

Derek nodded with a satisfied smile.

“I merely want to hug you. I promise, I’m not gonna do anything more than that.”

Thus, I lay on the bed beside him. It was then that he embraced me in the way he always used to.

T let out an exasperated sigh.

“Derek, be honest. Don’t you think we’re not suitable for each other?”

In response to my question, he hugged me even tighter. I could feel the warmth of his breath on my neck as he spoke.

“No couple is perfect. In love and marriage, both parties should just try their best for the other person.”

I shook my head at him. “We’ve been trying to make it work for a long time, Derek. Honestly, I also believed that we could make it work given enough time, but it turns out that we’re not really suited for each other.”

“You’re wrong. I believe we are,” he said.

I was rendered speechless.

It was then that he started pleading to me again. “Honey, please don’t be so quick to disdain me. I know you’re disappointed in me, but give me a few days. I’ll give you a big surprise. All I’m asking for is a few days. Please?”

All I could do at this moment was to sigh in silence.

Actually, I had pondered about this matter before. My marriage with Derek was completely different from the disastrous one I had with Shane.

When I broke up with Shane, I loathed him with every fiber of my being. But Derek was different. He had treated me well, and he gave me a chance to be happy. Though he brought me stress and pain at times, I could never bring myself to hate him. Even when he chose Becky over me that day, I still couldn't hate him. I was just disappointed. After all, he didn't marry me because he loved me.

So, even though I found out that I wasn't the most important person in his life, I couldn't hate him. I just hoped that he and I could end our relationship peacefully.

However, I thought of the baby in my womb. It made me feel sad that it would grow up without a father.

But I knew that it wouldn't be appropriate to use our child to tie him up and influence his decision. "Derek, there's a gap between dreams and reality. Even if it's just a small dream, it can still be far from reach at times."

He rubbed his chin against my hair and said, "Having a gap isn't terrible. It means that people can work towards their goal, step by step. And sooner or later, given enough effort and determination, one can reach this dream."

A bitter smile appeared on my lips as I recalled something in the past.

"Back when I was still in school, Lulu liked the pumpkin pies made by Lang's Bakery the most for breakfast. However, they were really expensive. The pumpkin pies in other stores or supermarkets were sold for fifty cents each piece, while the ones made by Lang's Bakery were sold for two dollars each. Once, Lulu gave me a piece of pumpkin pie from Lang's Bakery. The moment I tasted it, I realized just how different it was from the ones that cost only fifty cents. That's why I always craved its taste. But at the time, pumpkin pies like those were a luxury

for me. My family was destitute, so I had to save as much money as I could. It was impossible for me to even spend two dollars to buy a small piece of pumpkin pie. That's how life is like most of the time, Derek. Dreams are one thing, but reality is another."

Derek held my hand tightly. "Honey, that time is different from now. Because now, you have me." Sadly for him, I didn't want to rely on him anymore.

"Lang's Bakery has become a listed company now. From a small store of only several square meters, they've become a success. At the time, they probably never even imagined that their business could become a huge success one day. That's why, you can have dreams. As long as you work hard enough, you can make that dream happen," Derek continued.

"I can never win against you in a debate, huh?" I said helplessly.

Derek chuckled at my response. "Don't overthink everything. You can think about what your dream is and what kind of life you want to have. We still have a long, fulfilling life ahead of us. We can take our time. Someday, we'll reach the destination you've been dreaming of."

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Chapter 406 He Is An Enigma

Chapter 406 He Is An Enigma

I didn't think I'd be able to talk to him calmly now after what happened on the mountain's peak. It was incredible.

I didn't know when we stopped talking and when he fell asleep.

I touched his forehead and found that his fever had gone down.

I didn't sleep well at Alvaro's place last night, and my eyes were begging me to sleep.

Lying on the familiar bed in my bedroom and his warm embrace made me feel secure. But I couldn't bring myself to enjoy this sense of security anymore because I didn't want to get addicted to it. However, my eyes grew heavy, and I drifted off to sleep.

Later, I was awakened by the loud thunder. I reached out my hand and fumbled over. But the bed was cold and empty. Surprised, I sat up and looked around.

It was raining heavily outside, accompanied by the occasional rumble of thunder.

I got out of the bed and searched the entire villa for Derek but didn't find him anywhere.

I opened the door of the villa and felt the rush of the cold breeze hitting me.

His car was not in the yard. I wondered if he had gone out.

He was still injured. Where could he go?

I took out my phone to call him. But I heard his phone ringing upstairs.

I quickly followed the ringtone and returned to our bedroom, only to find that his phone was still under the pillow.

He hadn't taken his phone with him, which meant he had gone nearby and would come back soon. However, the way he left made me feel that he was deliberately hiding something from me.

He was an enigma—a mystery I would never understand.

I was tired of trying to figure him out.

It was pouring outside. Unable to sleep anymore, I walked to the balcony.

The dampness in the air made me shiver.

I hugged myself and looked into the distance. It was difficult to see through the rain.

All traces of sleep fled, and I became more sober than ever.

I remembered how desperate I was to have a child when I went to the hospital for an examination a few months ago.

However, I couldn't fully enjoy my pregnancy because it wasn't the right time to have a baby. I was neither happy nor excited about it.

I gently caressed my stomach as a thousand thoughts and emotions swarmed in my mind. Although things were complicated, I told myself that we should give each other another chance. After all, my child deserved love and care from its father as well.

About half an hour later, I finally heard the sound of a car.

I stood still on the balcony.

If it were in the past, I would have run downstairs and opened the door to welcome him.

But I didn't want to be like this anymore. I didn't want to be a woman whose life revolved around her husband. Women had much more to do and achieve in life other than being with their partners. One shouldn't

become dependent on men because when they lost their love, it would seem like the end of the world.

“Eveline!”

I heard Derek’s anxious voice. He probably went to our room and saw that I wasn’t there.

I turned around and walked into the room. He breathed a sigh of relief, strode toward me, and swept me into a tight embrace.

His clothes and hair were damp.

“Honey, I thought you had left.” He didn’t bother hiding the panic in his voice.

“It’s raining heavily. Where have you been? The doctor advised you to keep your wound dry,” I said noncommittally.

He let go of me and smiled.

“Don’t worry. Only my coat is a little wet.”

“You are injured. How did you drive?” I asked.

He smiled. “I can drive with one hand. Besides, it’s a small injury. No big deal.”

He lifted his arm and showed me a shopping bag. “I went to buy this.”

The logo on the cover caught my attention. He had bought me food from Lang’s Bakery.

“As long as you want to eat, I will buy it for you regardless of how bad the weather is,” he said, staring into my eyes.

His sweet words made my heart stutter. I became emotional.

He handed the bag to me. “Taste it. See if it’s as good as before.”

I thought I had to at least take a bite considering the lengths he had gone to buy me food in the rain. But the moment I took a bite of the bumpkin pie, my stomach churned. I quickly grabbed the trashcan and threw up.

“What’s wrong? Does it taste bad?” Derek hurriedly handed me a glass of water and patted my back.

I took a sip of water and took deep breaths. “I have a stomachache.”

“How about I take you to the hospital?”

I shook my head. “No. It’s nothing serious.”

“If you don’t want to eat, don’t force yourself,” he said.

I looked at him and pointed at the pies.

“Why don’t you eat them all?”

He was stunned, and I added, “You bought them from such a distant place. We can’t waste them.” After a while, he smiled. “Okay, I’ll finish them.” While he ate, I washed my face and brushed my teeth. When I came out of the bathroom, I saw that he had eaten all the bumpkin pies.

I turned and went to sleep in the guest room. But Derek quickly strode over and blocked the door. “Just sleep here.”

Seeing the determination in his eyes, I sighed and went to bed without saying anything.

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Chapter 407 Something Happened

Chapter 407 Something Happened

Derek was in the bathroom, brushing his teeth and washing his face using just one hand.

Meanwhile, I was lying on the bed, my back to the bathroom door.

Moments later, he came out of the bathroom. I felt the duvet being lifted up, and the part of the bed behind me sank down. Then, he wrapped his arms around me again.

I didn't move and pretended to be asleep.

All of a sudden, he began to kiss the back of my head, slowly moving down to my earlobe and my face. I could feel his hand moving across my body. "I'm tired," I told him.

Thankfully, he didn't go any further. He just lay behind me, holding my hand. With relief, he said, "If you're tired, go to sleep."

Truthfully, I was exhausted, but the sound of thunder and rain was too loud and it rendered me unable to fall asleep.

The change in a certain part of his body notified me that he was suppressing his desire to have sex. I figured he was still awake.

Suddenly, I heard the doorbell rang. I had no idea what time it was, but it seemed like whoever at the door was very anxious.

Derek removed his hand from me, took out his phone, and turned on the access control system. I turned over to look at his phone screen.

Even though the person at the door had been drenched in rain, I could still recognize her.

I got out of bed faster than Derek could and ran downstairs.

Once I was at the door, I opened it and saw Louise standing at the doorstep looking like a drowned chicken.

“Evel”

Her voice sounded hoarse.

I pulled her in and closed the door behind her.

I remembered the online warrant when I saw Louise’s state at the moment. I had a bad feeling about this.

“Lulu, what on earth happened to you?”

As Louise wiped the water on her face, she said, “Layne has been caught by the police.”

Though I had already guessed it, I was still shocked when she said it. Right now, I had no idea how I could comfort her.

She looked up at Derek who was standing at the stairway. “Eve, sorry to have bothered you in the middle of the night,” she said to me.

IT held her hand and replied, “What are you talking about? Let’s get you out of those wet clothes first, okay?”

I took her to the guest room, prepared the bathwater for her, and then went back to my room to find a pair of fresh pajamas for her.

“Lulu, you must be freezing. Why don’t you take a hot bath first to warm yourself up?”

I led her into the bathroom and turned on the heater.

“I’m okay. I ran all the way here, and I don’t feel that cold,” she answered.

Then, she took off her clothes and went into the tub. Meanwhile, I grabbed a towel and squatted beside the bathtub, helping her wash up.

“What’s going on with you, Lulu?”

Louise submerged into the tub. The water was right up to her neck. The rest of her hair from the neck down was now soaked in water, and her necklace was partly visible under the rippling water wave.

After recalling what happened, she looked into my eyes.

“In truth, Layne and I never left Sousen because I was scared that we would never be able to come back in the future. He also told me that we shouldn’t leave because my father was in Sousen.” It never even occurred to me that they’d been staying in Sousen this whole time.

“Where have you been living all this time?”

“We’ve been living at this quaint little place that Layne found in the mountains. He told me it was safe, so I believed him. I thought nobody would ever find us there if we lived there for the rest of our lives.

However, a police regiment suddenly showed up tonight and surrounded our place. I couldn't figure out how they found that place." Justice was a relentless, unforgiving force. I knew that justice would soon catch up with Layne, but I never expected it to be this soon.

Louise cupped a handful of water and splashed it onto her face, letting it stream down her chin.

"Numerous cars appeared at the foot of the mountain. Layne is perceptive, and he knew that something was about to happen. He asked me to escape separately, but I refused. He was so angry at the time, and he'd never been that angry at me before. The situation was dire and urgent at the time, so I figured it would be better to do as he said. I took the opposite path he took. Upon my arrival at the foot of the mountain, I saw him being taken into a car by the police. I wanted to go after him, but my rationality stopped me. If I were to go after him, his sacrifice would be in vain, and he'd only get mad at me. After watching all those police cars drive away, I came all the way out here to see you."

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Chapter 408 I' ve Got Some Results

Chapter 408 I've Got Some Results

Although Louise seemed calm while telling the story, I could still feel her hands tremble with fear. As she finished the bath, I decided to sleep on the same bed with her.

Louise stared at the ceiling with wide eyes.

“It doesn’t make sense. How could anyone know where Layne and I were? It’s a deserted place. No one else was there,” she said.

“Don’t overanalyze things. Even if Layne was taken into custody, he hasn’t been sentenced yet. Let’s wait and see. Even if he was found guilty, I’m sure we can reduce the punishment,” I comforted her. Louise shook her head. “Layne told me earlier that he would be sentenced to death if he got caught.” My heart leaped to my throat when I heard that. I didn’t know what to say.

“He asked me to abort the baby several times. He was afraid that I might not be able to take care of the child alone if the police caught him. He also said I could remarry someone else and live a happy life without this baby. I just thought he was panicking but never knew his nightmare would come true. Layne wouldn’t have ended up in such a situation if he hadn’t cared about my father’s business. Layne said he wasn’t involved in such an unethical business for several years. He had never been interested in this work either. He’d completely quit this business before marrying me. He wanted to start a new life with me and turned into a better man.”

People tended to make mistakes in life. But some mistakes were so big that they left an indelible scar, turning people’s lives upside down.

“Lulu, do you want to keep this baby?” I asked, swallowing my emotions.

“Of course. Why not?” Louise answered without hesitation.

“Eve, you know what? I was not afraid of anything when I ran away. The only thing that scared me was losing my child.”

Louise was stronger than I thought. She wasn't overwhelmed by what happened to her. On the contrary, she kept her cool and believed she would get back to Layne soon.

When I woke up the next morning, I saw Louise staring at the ceiling with wide eyes.

I didn't know if she woke up early or had been up all night.

Just as I went out of the bedroom, Derek happened to come out at the same time.

I raked my eyes over him. He was wearing a loose coat. People who didn't know the truth would never tell that he was injured. However, his face was still ashen.

I quickly made breakfast, and we sat down to eat. However, we didn't talk much during the meal. Perhaps Louise sensed something was wrong. She pulled me to the balcony after breakfast.

"Eve, what's going on between you and Derek? You guys seem distant."

I would never tell what happened on the mountain's peak that night. Her life was no bed of roses. I didn't want her to worry about me. "Nothing happened," I replied.

Louise looked at me, concern evident in her eyes. "Eve, finding a good husband is God's gift. Even if one finds their right match, not everyone is lucky enough to grow old together with the love of their life. You should cherish your marriage."

People thought that Derek and I were getting along well and loved each other. However, only we knew that our marriage was far from perfect. Sometimes, we fought without even knowing what the problem was.

“Enough about me. What are you going to do about Layne?” I asked.

“Well, I can’t visit him until they pronounce a sentence,” Louise replied, blowing out a loud breath. “I have to go to the law firm and find a reliable lawyer. Only he will have the right to visit him!”

After a while, Louise left. I stood at the door, thinking about what she said.

I didn’t know when Derek stood behind me. I snapped out of my thoughts when he put his hand on my shoulder.

“I’ve been investigating the destruction of the tomb for the past two days. I’ve got some results.” I turned to look at him. “Who did it?”

It was his father, wasn’t it?”

“Let’s go somewhere first,” he said.

I knew he was hiding it from me on purpose. Finally, I changed my clothes and went out with him.

Although he was injured, he skillfully drove with one hand.

I leaned against the window and looked out all the way.

The car finally stopped at the gate of Souden Psychiatric Hospital.

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Chapter 409**

Chapter 409 The Person Who Blew Up The Tomb

Chapter 409 The Person Who Blew Up The Tomb

Seeing where we had arrived, I had a bad feeling about this.

After getting out of the car, Derek held my hand and led me inside.

This was the first time that I'd stepped foot in a place like this. Being in a psychiatric hospital was scary for me, so I didn't reject the sense of security his palm offered me.

In addition to several buildings, there was a large open area surrounded by an iron wire fence. There were many people playing there, and they were mostly patients with mental disorders. A few moments later, two patients began to fight with each other. A doctor and a nurse immediately pulled them apart.

Upon seeing that there were _ strangers approaching, some of them began to giggle or chuckle maniacally, while others made all sorts of strange facial expressions and movements. were patients. I used to be a nurse, so I knew I shouldn't be discriminating against them. But I would be lying if I said that being in an environment such as this one wasn't unsettling for me.

All of a sudden, I locked my gaze on a particular person.

The man staring at me as he placed his hands on the iron wire fence was Shane.

He looked a lot more normal than the other patients. He was just standing by the side, quiet and oddly unencumbered.

But when I remembered what he did after he reappeared, I knew that he indeed belonged here. Shane was staring at me with a weird smile on his face. The sight of it scared the shit out of me. Suddenly, he loosened his

grip on the iron wire fence and made a gesture in the air. It was as if he was painting my curves or trying to touch me. He stuck out his tongue, obscenely moving it around like he was attempting to seduce me.

I felt so disgusted by him that all the hair on my body stood on their ends. Then, I turned around and ran away.

After getting in the car, Derek said to me, "He's the one who blew up the tomb."

Based on his current psychological state, I believed it was plausible that he did it. He was a madman now.

But compared to the others, he was smart. At the very least, he might've done a background check on the Sullivan and Barton families, and was aware of the feud between both families. That was probably why he blew up that tomb to intensify the conflict.

"Why were you there that night?" I asked Derek. Instead of answering my question, he lit a cigarette.

"Would you mind not smoking here?" I said.

He was stunned and confused by my remark. After all, I never stopped him from smoking before. But even so, he still stubbed out the cigarette like I requested him to.

"That night, he sent me a message, saying that he had some dirt on you. He definitely did it to lure me there," Derek explained.

It was indeed something that Shane would do. But for some reason, I thought that there was something off about this.

“Since he sent you the message, that means you should’ve known by then that Shane was the one who destroyed that tomb. Why didn’t you tell Alvaro about it?” I asked.

Patently, Derek responded, “It was true that Shane sent that message, but it didn’t necessarily prove that he blew up the tomb. I knew that he was very suspicious, but I needed to prove it first. I wasn’t able to find any evidence at the time, so I knew I couldn’t convince Alvaro yet.” 2

It was then that he held my hand again.

“Honey, don’t be mad at me, okay?”

I withdrew my hand and turned my face away. He had explained everything to me clearly, but I still couldn’t forget the fact that he chose Becky over me in a life and death situation.

I didn’t attempt to ask him about it, nor did he offer up any explanations.

I just told myself that I’d give him one last chance. But honestly, I didn’t trust him as much as I did before.

Soon, Derek drove us back to the villa. Once there, we found that the door was open.

As soon as I stepped into the door, I saw a familiar pair of ladies’ boots on the shoe rack. When Derek saw them, his face turned grim. There were some noises coming from the kitchen. After a while, Becky appeared in an apron.

Upon seeing me, she looked like she had seen a ghost.

“Eveline, you’re okay! Thank God!”

she stammered against her will.

I walked in, step by step, staring at her with a frigid gaze.

I must admit that she was indeed a good actress. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that she'd be deserving of an Oscar award for Best Actress.

But right now, I didn't have any energy to antagonize her.

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Chapter 410 You Win

Chapter 410 You Win

“Didn't you say that you lost the key?” I scoffed. Becky shrugged. “I did lose it but found it yesterday.”

She was an expert actor who lied through her teeth without showing the slightest bit of nervousness.

I suppressed my anger and smiled bitterly. “Little girl, you've won!”

Then, I turned around and darted upstairs, but Derek stopped me.

“Becky, go home now!” shouted Derek.

“Derek, I'm cooking dinner. It's not ready yet,” Becky said pitifully.

“Forget it. You better leave the key and go home.” The firmness of his tone surprised me.

“Derek, what’s wrong with you?”

Becky pouted as tears welled up in her eyes.

She not only looked innocent while crying but beautiful as well.

I would give her a full score for her acting.

“Becky, you have to grow up and be independent. You have realized your dream and become successful now. Don’t disturb me anymore. I have my family to take care of and the woman I want to protect,” he said, shifting his gaze between Becky and me.

Derek had been telling the sweetest things to me for the past few months, and his every word tugged at my heartstrings. However, I was calm this time.

I silently watched Becky’s cries grow louder with time.

“Derek, what happened? You promised to take good care of me at my sister’s grave. Have you forgotten that?”

“You are eighteen years old. It’s time for you to be independent. Even your parents can’t take care of you for a lifetime. You have to rely on yourself.” Becky removed the apron, took out the key, and threw them both on the sofa, crying.

“Derek, you’ve changed!” With that, she stormed out of the house.

I felt his hand holding mine was a little wet now. “She has run out of the house, crying. Aren’t you afraid that something might happen to her?” I asked, shrugging casually.

However, he didn’t answer me.

I knew he was still worried about Becky.

I withdrew my hand from his hold and went upstairs. But he pulled me into his arms and held me tightly.

“Honey, marry me!” His voice was thick with emotion.

Before I could react, he went down on one knee, took out a ring from his pocket, and handed it to me.

“Honey, marry me. I’ll give you the wedding you want.” 2

I understood that he wanted to marry me in a proper ceremonial way.

Everyone dreamed of a grand wedding, and I was no exception.

But the divorce and my second marriage taught me a huge life lesson; I became more realistic. I didn’t care about the wedding grandeur. All I wanted was stable marriage.

I didn’t answer him, but my heart was racing in my chest.

Derek’s attitude toward Becky and his proposal moved me. I almost convinced myself to forgive him this time and live a happy life with our child. But I was afraid that history might repeat itself. I didn’t want to get hurt again.

My silence made him a little flustered. He stood up and hugged me tightly.

“I was thinking about proposing to you in a few days after finishing my work but couldn’t wait. Honey, I knew women dream of having the perfect marriage—a grand wedding. | want to fulfill all your dreams and make you happy. I’ll give you whatever you want. I’ll make sure you

don't face any grievances in the future. Your happiness is the reason for my existence. Will you marry me?" I stared at him in silence. Derek held my shoulders and shook me, his gaze burning into mine.

"Honey, say yes! Please."

I saw the desperation in his eyes.

"Say yes. Please?" 1

He kissed me.

My agreement or disagreement wouldn't change the fact that we were already married.

The vulnerability in his eyes made my heart stutter.

A voice in my belly urged me to say yes to him. Everyone wanted a happy life, and I was no exception.

I was tired of the constant pain and struggle.