

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 421

Chapter 421 Pregnant With Twins

Chapter 421 Pregnant With Twins

Alvaro took me to the hospital.

After the ultrasonic diagnosis, the doctor smiled at me. “Congratulations! You are pregnant with twins.”

My heart took a sprint in my chest, and I was taken aback.

Seeing that I walked out of the room in a trance, Alvaro worriedly grabbed the diagnosis report from me.

“Twins!” He couldn’t hide his joy.

However, the next moment, almost as if he realized he shouldn’t express his joy, Alvaro clamped his mouth.

“They’re not mine. Why am I happy?”

I couldn’t help but laugh at the drastic change in his expression—it looked comical.

He looked grumpy at first and then burst out laughing.

This was the best news of my life. I had not only started a business but was also pregnant with twins. Life didn’t seem horrible now.

I had been busy with my business for the past few weeks, and I seldom had the time to think about Derek.

However, he was the first person that came to my mind when I looked at the diagnosis report. I missed him.

When I got home, I sat in front of the computer desk and stared at the sonogram. The hazy picture of the two fetuses brought mixed emotions to my heart.

Sleep eluded me that night.

I couldn't help but wonder what Derek was doing now. Did he miss me?

Would he be happy if he knew that I was pregnant with twins?

I had a sudden urge to listen to his voice. But I didn't dare to call him with my phone or the landline. It would reveal my whereabouts to him. So I called the familiar number through an Internet phone software.

My heart crashed against my ribs when the phone connected.

I heard the familiar deep, charming voice. "Hello..."

I covered my mouth to make sure I didn't make a sound.

I didn't say anything, and there was a moment of silence on the other end of the line.

Moments later, he spoke again.

"You must have dialed the wrong number. But it doesn't matter. I just want to talk to someone." He sounded drunk.

When I thought of his stomach issue, my heart ached.

“Do you know how to raise a cat? I have a cat. My wife has named it ‘Rolling’ because it likes to roll on the ground. She is smart, isn’t she? She loved the cat and used to take care of it. The cat had a good bond with my wife—it used to follow her everywhere. However, it has been sitting in a corner ever since my wife left. It doesn’t like me very much. What do I do? Do you think the cat misses my wife?” After a pause, he added, “Just like me.”

My heart squeezed at his words; tears filled my eyes. But I didn’t say anything.

Hearing his voice, I could picture what he was doing right now.

He must be lying on the sofa in the living room, holding his phone in one hand, and caressing Rolling with the other.

Perhaps he was surrounded by empty beer bottles. His neck would turn red every time he drank. He would habitually unbutton the top two buttons of his shirt, revealing his chiseled chest.

Derek always looked sexy and had an effortless charm about him.

He burped and continued, “I always imagine that one day, when I come back home, I’d be greeted with the delicious smell of food. Then, I would see her come out of the kitchen, wearing an apron, and smile shyly at me—just like every other day in the past as if nothing had changed. I wish all this was just a nightmare, and I’d wake up from it soon. But every day seems to get worse.

I miss her terribly, but I’m also afraid that I won’t be able to give her a stable life. If you have something, you are bound to lose something else.

However, regardless of the uncertainty, one has to take the leap of faith, right?"

After a long pause, he said, "I sometimes heard a knock on the door at midnight. I would run down, hoping that she was finally back to me. But there wouldn't be anyone. Have I lost my mind?" 5

I clamped my mouth as tears streamed down my face.

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Chapter 422 The Driver

Chapter 422 The Driver

I hung up the phone before I broke down.

His voice wrung my heart.

But I couldn't understand why he sounded so upset and said such things. Now that I was no longer with him, he didn't have to be in a dilemma anymore. He could live the life he wanted. Becky could cook his favorite food when he returned home from work and greet him with a smile. After all, she liked going to the kitchen and cooking for him.

I thought of the entanglement between me, Derek and Becky, and it seemed to gnaw my brain. Every cell in my body hurt.

I touched my stomach and realized two living creatures were growing there. They were my only hope in life—my reason to live.

I wiped my tears and inserted a U disk. I tried to get rid of all the complicated emotions in my mind and decided to concentrate on my studies. Perhaps I would see him again one day.

I just hoped I wouldn't feel inferior then.

I bought a car for work.

On the day I picked up the car, Alvaro accompanied me. He drove the car, and I sat in the passenger seat.

On our way, he turned and smiled at me. "I remember you haven't got your driver's license yet."

"So? I can't drive, so I will hire a driver. As a boss, you should know how to use people. You were the one who said that, remember?"

He arched an eyebrow and smiled at me. "You look like a boss now."

"I am." I gladly accepted his praise.

When I got back, I asked my secretary to publish the recruitment advertisement. Several people came to apply for the job in the afternoon.

"I have my 4th degree black belt in Taekwondo." When I was about to enter my office, I stopped and turned to look at the woman with short hair.

"Hire her," I said.

The woman looked up at me in surprise and politely thanked me.

Although she wasn't Louise, her 4th degree black belt and short hair reminded me of her. The woman looked pure and polite but not humble.

There were many similarities between her and my best friend, so I developed an instant fondness for her.

“What’s your name?” | asked.

“Ady Natt,” she answered.

I appointed Ady as my driver and gave her the key to my new car.

One day in June, I was reading customer information and feedback in my office.

Just then, I saw a pair of hands with half-curved sleeves rest on my desk.

I raised my head, and my gaze settled on the white shirt first.

I was in a daze. The white shirt brought countless thoughts to my mind; it reminded me of someone else in the white shirt.

Just then, Alvaro waved his hand, snapping me back to reality.

“Wow! The way you’re staring at me is indeed flattering. But you should at least blink your eyes. Am I that handsome? You make me shy.”

“Don’t get cocky!”

I pushed his hand away and continued to read the documents.

“You are always busy. I have to make an appointment to invite you for a meal.”

“Stop making fun of me.] have just started and still have a lot to do,” I said, skimming through the papers.

He suddenly closed the folder in front of me.

“No matter how busy you are, you should never skip a meal. Don’t forget that you are pregnant now. Don’t strain yourself.”

I glanced at the clock and realized it was time for lunch.

I didn’t mind skipping meals, but I didn’t want my babies to starve.

I followed Alvaro out of the office, and Ady immediately came to our aid.

“We don’t need to drive two cars. You can come with me,” Alvaro said to me.

I nodded and looked at Ady. “You go and have lunch. I’ll take his car.”

She nodded and shot a look at Alvaro.

I thought he would take us to a restaurant. But to my surprise, he drove into a villa community.

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Chapter 423 Recipes for Pregnant Women

Chapter 423 Recipes for Pregnant Women

“What’s going on? Why have you brought me here?” I asked.

He stopped the car in front of a villa and smiled at me. “This is my place. You’re pregnant, so you shouldn’t eat at restaurants. Home food is the

best. I've got groceries, so I'm going to cook for you." As we entered the house, he asked me to sit on the sofa and rest. Then, he went to the kitchen.

I looked around his villa. The decoration and style looked similar to that of his house in Sousen. 1

A book lying on the transparent glass coffee table caught my attention. "Recipes for Pregnant Women" was written on the cover. 1

There were pen marks on different parts of the book, and some pages were dog-eared.

I heard the sound of running water and the clattering of plates in the kitchen.

I got up and walked to the kitchen.

Alvaro was leaning over the kitchen counter, his sleeves rolled up, as he washed the crucian carp. I leaned against the kitchen door and couldn't take my eyes off him.

Seeing him this way brought memories of the past. Derek was slicing the fish in the kitchen with his sleeves rolled up.

It felt as if the air had stopped flowing. I didn't know that something as simple as cooking would look beautiful when Derek cooked.

It happened one year ago, but the memory was vivid even now.

It wasn't love at first sight. But his charm gradually won me over.

I remembered how I felt when he was around. "Are you attracted to me again?"

Alvaro's teasing words brought me back to reality.

He was placing the processed crucian carp into the oiled pan. After frying on one side, he quickly flipped the fish to the other side.

Alvaro didn't even know how to cook eggs before but was cooking like a chef now.

After a while, he placed several dishes on the table. My eyes widened when I saw the crucian soup, steamed eggs with clams, celery, shrimp, and fried broccoli. I couldn't help but smile as I remembered he had bookmarked these recipes in the book. After lunch, I sat on the sofa to rest.

Alvaro washed the dishes and sat beside me. He took out a cigarette. However, after a moment's hesitation, he put it down, leaned on the sofa, and turned on the TV.

"Wouldn't it be inconvenient for you to continue living in Doctor Swain's house?"

He was right. I was going to give birth to twins, and it might be troublesome for him.

"Well, can you help me find an apartment? I'll move out as soon as I find a suitable one. I'm not looking for anything too big. A small, cozy apartment at an affordable rent would be enough." "You can live here, and I won't charge any rent," he offered.

"No," I answered bluntly.

He examined my face for a while and said, "Then I'll charge rent."

I looked at him and shook my head sternly. "No." The next moment, he sprang up to his feet and pinned me down on the sofa.

“What are you doing?” I stared at him nervously. Although I got along well with him, his volatile temperament frightened me.

He pressed his arms on either side of my body and stared into my eyes. He looked unhappy.

I gulped as his gaze shifted between my belly and my face.

“Why are you nervous? You are pregnant. What can I do to you?”

“Move away. Stop it!”

I pushed him away, and he sat back on the sofa. In fact, Alvaro never hid his thoughts. He was a straightforward yet strange man. I understood what he wanted but I always pretended that I didn't.

I gulped and leaned back on the sofa as awkwardness filled the air.

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Chapter 424 Sabotage

Chapter 424 Sabotage

In the afternoon, Alvaro dropped me at my office. Just as I walked in the corridor, I saw Ady step out of my office.

She was taken aback as if she didn't expect me to return soon.

“The water dispenser outside ran out of water. I was thirsty, so I went to your office to fetch water,” she explained calmly.

I looked at her hand; she was indeed holding a cup. “It’s okay.” I smiled at her.

I walked into my office and looked around.

The room had simple decoration, and I could see everything at a glance.

I had locked all the important documents in the drawers. The computer was encrypted, and I couldn’t find traces of anyone breaking in.

Therefore, I trusted that she had come just to get water.

A few days later, Alvaro found a small apartment for me. It was fully furnished, and I developed an instant fondness for it. Apparently, the owner was in urgent need of money, so he wanted to sell the house.

I loved everything about the apartment—it fulfilled all my needs, and I liked the aesthetic of the place.

Moreover, it was pretty close to the beauty salon. Therefore, I bought it without hesitation.

The day before I moved into the apartment, I specially invited Doctor Swain and his family for dinner to express my gratitude.

When I started my business, Doctor Swain invested two hundred thousand dollars, which was the sole capital for my start-up.

I arranged for a check of five hundred thousand dollars for Doctor Swain—it was the first sum of bonus. However, he refused to accept it. He said he would not talk about repaying the money until I became stronger and gained a firm foothold in the beauty industry.

Doctor Swain and his family took me in and helped me when I had nowhere to go. No matter how far I went, I’d never forget them. They were my benefactors and family.

Sometimes in the dead of night, I would think God was compensating for all the pain and torture I had endured for the past twenty-seven years. One morning in early August, I suddenly received a call from my secretary.

After listening to her nervous report, I immediately rushed to the beauty salon.

I gasped in shock when I reached the place. Just as she said, the door of my beauty salon and the ground in front of it was splashed in red paint. At first, I thought it was blood. Later, I realized someone had splashed paint all over.

I scanned the surroundings calmly.

All the employees stood aside nervously, surrounded by passersby. The reporters had also arrived and were clicking pictures.

A reporter saw me and hurried forward. “Ms. Stone, who do you think is behind this?”

“I think only the Chinston police can answer this question,” I said.

“Ms. Stone, your brand, Jolly Beauty Salon, has attained success and glory in a short time. Everyone is in awe of your growth rate. Do you think your competitor would have done this?” Why bothered asking? I sneered in my heart. Although I was annoyed and frustrated, I forced a smile at the reporters.

“I don’t think so. The business people in Chinston are all friendly and broad-minded. I don’t think they would have done such a vindictive thing to me. Moreover, competition is healthy. It enables a business to

rise and flourish. Our competitors push us to work harder and get better. I thank every competitor.”

Just as I spoke, my gaze fell on a woman in the opposite street.

She was leaning against a sports car, looking at me. This woman was the one who had given me a tough time at the wine party that night. Her name was Mandy Gorman.

A slow smile emerged on her face.

“Ms. Stone, you are a public figure in Chinston. Everyone is curious about the father of your child. Why don’t we get to see him?” another reporter asked.

I frowned. “I want you to respect my privacy. This is my personal issue. I don’t have the necessity to...” “It’s me!”

A voice from the crowd caught my attention.

The reporters spun around and pointed their cameras at the crowd to see the source of the voice.

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Chapter 425**

Chapter 425 I’ m The Child’ s Father

Chapter 425 I’m The Child’s Father

With his hands in his pockets, Alvaro walked toward me with a lollipop in his mouth.

He was a famous figure in Chinston. Therefore, all the reporters knew him.

Thus, when he admitted that he was the father of my child, the reporters immediately surrounded him to question further.

Hearing that, Mandy stood straight as if she had seen a ghost and stared at him in disbelief.

“Mr. Barton, really? Is Ms. Stone pregnant with your child? Have you secretly married her?” Alvaro smiled at the inquisitive reporters and grabbed my hand as if declaring his ownership of me.

“Yes. I have even quit smoking for my child,” Alvaro said intently.

Hearing this, Mandy angrily kicked the car. Then, she opened the door, got in, and drove away.

The reporters wanted to ask more questions, but Alvaro put his arm around my shoulder and smiled at them. “Well, that’s it for today. My wife is tired. I don’t want you to disturb her anymore.” As soon as we left the reporters’ sight, I shook off Alvaro’s hand and glared at him.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” he asked even though he knew the answer.

“Why did you say that? You have created a big misunderstanding.”

“If you don’t tell the truth, no one will know it’s a misunderstanding.” He shrugged nonchalantly. “Besides, if I didn’t say that, how would you have answered their question? What would the reporters write?”

I went back to my office and sat down dejectedly. Alvaro followed me in.

“Well, I’m sorry I said that without asking you,” he said softly. “Let’s drop the topic. Have you ever thought about who might have splashed the paint at the door?”

I glanced at him and sighed.

“I’m afraid I have to ask you that question. If I’m not wrong, it was probably your romantic affair that got me into trouble.”

He frowned as he analyzed my words.

“Wow! You have too many romantic affairs that you can’t even tell who might have done it,”

I teased.

“Bullshit!” he cursed.

“I am a decent man who doesn’t go around fooling around with random women. However, considering my good looks and charm, women tend to come after me. It’s strange, but you’re the only woman who loathes me.”

I burst out laughing.

“I don’t loathe you. I know you are a treasure and many women covet you. How could I ever loathe you? Judging from what happened today, it’s easy to tell how powerful those women are. So you better stay away from me. I already have enough enemies and don’t want women to hate me because of you.”

Alvaro leaned closer and snickered.

“Now all the people in Chinston think that you are pregnant with my child. If you want me to stay away from you, everyone would start calling me an unfaithful man.”

I rolled my eyes at him. He was a shameless man, after all.

A few days later, I was going through the information about the potential franchises submitted from various cities. By the time I finished reading the entire document, it was already dark.

I turned off the computer and walked out of the office, feeling exhausted.

Ady had been waiting for me.

After driving for a while, she stopped the car. “What’s wrong?” I asked.

“I feel something is wrong. I’ll go out to have a look.”

She got out of the car, and I followed her.

“Flat tire,” Ady said.

I checked the time and let out a weary sigh. “It’s too late now. How about we leave the car here and call a mechanic to fix it tomorrow? Let’s take a taxi home.”

The moment I finished speaking, I saw several men walking toward me from all directions.

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Chapter 426 Danger

Chapter 426 Danger

Ady grew alert as she realized they were targeting us. Therefore, she threw herself in front of me to shield me.

“Please get in the car first!”

Meanwhile, the men darted toward Ady and started to fight with her.

She thwarted the men’s attacks and tried her best to keep them away from me. Although she was a good fighter, the men outnumbered her. She couldn’t defeat the burly men who were pouncing on her like wild beasts.

“Stop! How much do you want?” I tried to negotiate with those men.

They stopped attacking Ady and turned to look at me.

“We don’t want money. We want your life!” one of them barked before fighting with Ady again. Suddenly, a man hit her head with a stick, knocking her to the ground.

One of the men took the opportunity to walk toward me. I wrapped my arms around my belly and stepped back.

He grabbed me and threw me to the ground.

My back hit the hard concrete, and I felt a piercing pain in my belly.

“Ms. Stone!”

Ady cried anxiously.

The man lifted his foot to step on my belly, but Ady pounced on him.

Another man suddenly pulled out a knife and stabbed Ady’s back.

“Watch out!”

I shouted weakly, but it was too late. I saw the knife pierce into Ady’s back—blood gushed out and soaked her clothes. 1

“Ady!”

The blood continued to spread out on Ady’s back. The man pulled the knife back, and I saw blood dripping from its tip.

Just as the man waved the knife to stab her for the second time, Ady turned around and kicked him. The knife fell from his hand and landed on the ground with a bang.

Despite the wound on her back, Ady continued to fight. However, the men swarmed around her.

The cruelty of the incident transpiring before my eyes made me sick. The men continued to attack Ady without feeling any shame or remorse.

Ady tried her best to stop them from approaching me, but she was a human after all. The ruthless men knocked her to the ground.

“Stop it! I know someone has hired you to attack us! How much did they give you? I’ll pay double the price. Please take us to the hospital, and I promise to give you the money right away.”

I endured the pain in my belly and tried my best to negotiate with them.

“To the hospital? We’ll send you to hell.”

The men looked at us and cackled like maniacs. They looked pleased with themselves for defeating two women.

“How much do you want? Quote a price.”

Money didn't seem important at the moment. I wanted to save the two babies in my womb. I would give anything to protect my little ones. Hearing that, the men exchanged glances as if tempted by my offer.

The pain worsened with every passing minute, but I tried my best to remain calm and continued to persuade them.

“You would be in deep trouble if I died. My husband won't spare you. If you take us to the hospital, I will give you enough—you all can live a comfortable life without working again.”

As soon as I finished speaking, I felt something warm gush out of my lower body and trickle down my leg.

I knew my water broke, and I had to go to the hospital right away. Otherwise, my babies would die.

I grabbed the pant of the man closest to me and begged, “Please, take me to hospital.”

The man lifted his leg and kicked me. When he was about to kick the second time, I heard sirens blare from afar.

“The police are coming. Let's go! Maybe the bastard in the woman's belly is meant to die,” one of them said.

The men sprinted at full speed. My eyes grew blurry, and I slowly began to lose consciousness.

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Chapter 427 The Babies May Not Be Saved

Chapter 427 The Babies May Not Be Saved

Sometime later, I sensed that I had been picked up. The ambulance wailed incessantly.

“Eveline, hold on!” an anxious voice desperately called out to me.

Those three simple words caused me to burst into tears.

Was I trapped in an illusion?

Why could I hear Derek’s voice?

Through my blurred vision and _ foggy consciousness, I could sense a crowd of people surrounding me. I heard the sharp tinging sounds of metal instruments being placed onto a porcelain surface.

Throughout this whole ordeal, there was always a broad, large hand enveloping my hand in a supportive hold. The warm touch felt so familiar. “The patient is in a very dangerous situation. Her amniotic fluid has drained and the womb has suffered a massive hemorrhage. There is a possibility that the babies may not be saved.”

The serious and authoritative voice must have come from the doctor who was about to perform the surgery on me.

“Don’t worry about the babies. Just ensure that my wife is fine.” The voice was steady and full of conviction.

No, no!

How could he give up on the children?

Didn’t he know that these two little lives were his own children?

“Honey, hold on. What do you want to say?” he whispered in my ear in a clear voice.

I tried with all I had to open my eyes but all I could make out was a blurred figure before me. The only thing that felt real was the warmth of the hand holding mine.

“Derek, the children are yours. You can’t give up on them,” I said weakly.

“I don’t want children. Honey, I just want you. Don’t be afraid. I won’t let anything bad happen to you.”

He held my hand tightly and was completely bereft of his usual calmness and composure. Panic, fear and helplessness were mixed in the tone of his voice.

“Save my children! Save my children!” I kept murmuring.

I was not sure if I had mustered enough strength for my voice to be heard or not.

Derek held my hand and comforted me.

“Honey, be good. We can have other children, but I can’t live without you.”

But it hadn’t been an easy feat for me to have fallen pregnant with the twins. I wouldn’t have the opportunity to fall pregnant again. I really didn’t want to lose them. I couldn’t bear it.

“Honey, don’t drift off to sleep. Listen to me. You are going to be fine.”

Derek was doing his utmost to keep me conscious but I could feel myself getting more drowsy and muddled by the minute.

The sound of his voice and the warmth of his hand started to gradually feel further and further away.

I recalled so much from the past.

I remembered Sousen and everything that happened between Derek and me.

I recalled the recording I had received before my wedding day and the photo of Derek and Becky that had shattered my heart to pieces.

Hadn't Derek said that he didn't love me? So why was he worried then?

After a long time, I seemed to hear the sound of a baby crying.

The cry seemed to come from a distance, but it easily stirred the emotions in my heart.

I found that I was crying again.

A set of warm lips kissed me and my tears running down my cheeks.

I opened my mouth but I wasn't sure if I made a sound.

I wanted to tell Derek that he finally had a son and a daughter.

At that moment, I felt as if I had walked thousands of miles. I was just so exhausted.

The moment I heard the baby crying, I couldn't bear it anymore and fell asleep.

I felt like I had a long dream.

In my dream, I walked through several places. Sometimes in Sousen, sometimes in Chinston. Sometimes I was on the balcony in the villa and other times, I was in his car. Just like he had done on several occasions, he drove with one hand on the steering wheel and he held my hand with his other.

It seemed like a lot of things hadn't happened. We were still exactly how we were before.

The scene changed. IJ revisited my childhood.

At that time, the alley I lived in was bustling and many people lived there.

Back then, my parents had still been alive. I was the apple of their eyes.

I walked out with my schoolbag slung across my back when a voice called me from downstairs. "Eve, hurry up. We are going to be late!"

I hopped and skipped downstairs. Aronson was waiting for me beside his bike.

He pushed the bike and I walked alongside the other side of it.

We walked through the alley, which was scattered with puddles all over.

My father's truck was parked at the entrance of the alley. He sat in the driver's seat in a particularly imposing manner.

He started the vehicle and waved at me with a smile. He told me to walk faster so as not to be late.

All of a sudden, my heart was filled with endless panic. I wanted to tell him not to leave and that he would be in danger if he did, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't make a sound.

My father's truck was moving farther and farther away. I ran at full speed and chased it. I fell several times on the hard road, and finally, all I could do was watch in despair as my father's truck disappearing from my sight.

"Dad, don't go! Come back! Dad!" I shouted in my heart.

"Eve, go back quickly. Good girl. I can't go back. You have to be strong and live well. I will protect you."

My father's voice was so ethereal, as if it came from another world.

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Chapter 428 You' re Finally Awake

Chapter 428 You're Finally Awake

"Dad!"

I broke into tears, shouting in the direction that my father had disappeared to.

"Honey, wake up!"

A familiar voice called out to me, pulling me out of that horrible nightmare.

As I slowly opened my eyes, the first thing I saw was Derek's bloodshot eyes.

His eyes were brimming with worry, pity, and joy altogether the second I opened my eyes.

"Honey, you're finally awake!" The sound of his husky voice was riddled with excitement.

He held my hand, pressing the back of my hand against his lips. Then, a tear fell from his eyes and onto the back of my hand. It felt warm to the touch.

"Have I not woken up from my dream?" I asked in a soft voice. 1

Derek kissed the back of my hand again as tears continued to stream down his cheeks.

When I thought of the long dream I had, I remembered that a voice in my dream was telling me about giving up on my children.

Panicking, I grabbed Derek's hand. "Where are my kids?"

"Don't worry, the kids are fine. They've both been taken by the nurses for their baths. You can see them later," he said.

I breathed a sigh of relief and then I closed my heavy eyelids.

Everything would be fine with me, as long as my kids were safe.

Soon, I drifted into sleep once more. Later on, I was awakened by the sound of my babies' cries.

Upon opening my eyes, I saw that Derek was still sitting on the edge of

the bed, holding my hand and staring at me as though he had never left the spot.

“The babies are crying!” I remarked weakly. Stubbornly, Derek held onto my hand and replied,
“Just let them cry. They’ve been torturing you, after all. What ungrateful kids we have!”

However, the sound of my children’s cries was stressing me out so much that I could feel my nerves wracking.

“I want to see them,” I said; firmly this time. Derek nodded in response. He took the two children from the cots next to my bed, and put them beside me.

I turned my head, staring at the babies wrapped in tiny blankets. And the moment I laid eyes on them, tears fell from my eyes.

Somehow, I thought that I’d never have the chance to see them.

God knew just how much I abhorred the idea of giving up on them. They had stayed in my womb for so long, and I could feel every movement they made inside me; from every turn of their body, right down to the kicking of their legs.

I had been really looking forward to seeing them. God, they were so small and pure. Their eyes were closed, and they only opened their mouths to cry. And each time they did, they would cry together. The sound of their sweet little cries brought joy to my heart, and I was practically laughing through tears.

They were probably hungry already. But since I didn’t have any breast milk yet, we had to feed them powdered milk for the time being.

After Derek fed my kids, they finally drifted into slumber.

It was then that I remembered Ady.

“Where is Ady? Is she okay?”

“She’s fine, but she’s had about a dozen stitches,” said Derek.

Not long after I asked about Ady, she came to see me in my room.

She was wearing a hospital gown, and she was deathly pale.

The moment she entered the room, she glanced at Derek as he stood in front of the window.

“How are you feeling, Ady?” I asked.

Ady walked to the side of my bed and flashed me a smile.

“I’ve seen better days, but I’m fine. A knife that small isn’t enough to kill people.”

“Thank you so much for saving me, Ady!” I said. Later on, when Ady left, Derek went to the bed and sat down again.

“Does Ady work for you?” I asked, looking at him. He held my hand and replied, “You needed someone to protect you. I can’t rest easy knowing that nobody’s looking after you.”

“That’s my business,” I said. 1

Right now, I was stifling my emotions. I still vividly remembered everything that happened on the day I left Sousen. Even until now, those memories still haunted me and made me feel sad and miserable. Derek let

out a deep sigh. “It’s still my business, because we’re not divorced yet. Like it or not, you’re still my wife.”

I looked him dead in the eye and responded, “Yeah, you’re right. We haven’t even divorced yet. The marriage certificate is dragging you down, so you’re here to get a divorce, aren’t you? Give me the divorce agreement and I’ll sign it.”

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 429

Chapter 429 I Don’ t Believe That You Don’ t Miss Me At All

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Derek rubbed the back of my hand and stared at me helplessly with bloodshot eyes.

“Honey, I miss you so much! I don’t believe that you don’t miss me at all,” he said.

Yes, I did! Of course, I sorely missed him.

Each time I felt feelings of missing him overcoming me, I would become morose and couldn’t fall asleep. Gradually, I learnt to bottle up my emotions for him and hide them in the deepest recesses of my heart. I utilized every minute of my time developing my career, enriching my life and increasing my intellect to make myself look like a woman who didn’t need the love of a man.

Yet he suddenly appeared before me like this, when I was weakest and needed him more than anything.

Such a reunion felt just like the first time I met him. He pulled me out of the deepest despair, warmed me and filled me with the prospect of hope.

The very moment he appeared, it was as if the feelings I had for him in my heart had grown feet and started to jump up and down. As the blood flowed from my heart and through my body, so did the feelings, newly renewed and now engulfing my every cell.

I thought I had trained myself to deal with this well over the past few months, and that I would be indifferent when I saw him again.

But it was not the case.

His casual comment made me cry without any volition of my own.

Derek reached out a hand and wiped the tears on my face away, gently and carefully. There was a trace of pity in his eyes when he did this.

“Honey, don’t shed any tears. Put the problems between us aside first. You are still very weak. Let’s talk about anything else after you recover.” His deep and affectionate eyes were like whirlpools, shaking my will power.

It seemed like one more look at him would make me willingly become lost in his tenderness.

Flustered, I averted my eyes away from him and shook my head to bring myself back to reality.

“I don’t want to say anything, and I don’t want to go back to the old days. A three-person tug-of-war was too draining. I quit. Please let me go,” I said. Derek sighed and looked at the two children in the cots next to my bed.

“Do you want the children to have no father?”

His words sliced through my heart like a hot knife through butter.

The reality of the situation was so ruthlessly cruel. Even if I wanted to cauterize my relationship with him as soon as possible, it wouldn't work, because we had children now.

I didn't know if the twins also felt the grief I experienced and whether they also felt helpless and weary, but just then, I heard one of the babies cry suddenly.

The other immediately also started to cry. Perhaps it was my maternal instinct but I became very worried when they cried. I wanted to get up immediately to attend to them.

Without warning, a sharp pain in my lower abdomen caused me to cry out in a weak voice. Derek held my shoulders gently.

"Don't move. You had a C-section. You have a deep incision across your lower abdomen," he said. I reached out to touch my belly. It was flat with a thick bandage covering it.

Derek stood up and walked to the children. He bent down and patted them gently. His eyes fell on the children's faces with the light of a father's love glowing in them.

It was not until they stopped crying and fell asleep that Derek sat down again.

"Honey, I was really afraid that you wouldn't wake up. It's so good to talk to you now."

His voice was hoarse, and my heart was already aching so intensely.

I had to admit that I had always been a sentimental person. This was inherent in the core of my genetic makeup. No matter what kind of person I became, I couldn't change this.

I also admitted that I loved him. No matter how much he had hurt me, no matter how long we had been separated, my love for him had not dwindled in the least bit.

Derek looked at me again and sighed heavily. "Honey, let me take good care of you and fulfill my duty as a husband and a father," he said firmly. In fact, as a husband, he did a good job most of the time. I never denied it. Perhaps he didn't belong to me, and I greedily wanting more from him was a kind of sin. That was why God punished me by making me suffer so much.

Just then, the door of the ward was kicked open quickly and with no warning whatsoever.

A woman's begging could be heard from the door. "Alvaro, it hurts. Please forgive me, Alvaro..."

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Chapter 430 It's Time To Pay The Piper

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Alvaro had the woman by the hair, his hand ruthlessly dragging her in the room. He pushed her inside, shutting the door to the crowd of gathered onlookers.

The woman's burgundy hair was a disheveled mess—the red strands falling over her face as she kept begging for mercy.

Her pleas were met with a solid kick from Alvaro. She reeled from the force, her knees bending from under her in front of the bed.

Alvaro had barely begun. He yanked at the woman's hair, forcing her neck backward and revealing her face.

But the truth was all that had been unnecessary. I did not need to see her face to know that she was Mandy.

Derek lifted the head of my bed.

“I'm sorry, Eveline. I was wrong. Please forgive me Mandy had always carried her vanity with her. She was endlessly fixated on how she looked. Now, as she looked at me with fearful eyes, dark streaks of mascara ran down her cheeks and her hair stood out in messy clumps. She was a pitiful sight. All the while, she kept begging me for mercy. I felt nothing but coldness.

“Do you have a knife?” I turned to Alvaro.

The man was visibly stunned by my words, his eyes looking at me in confusion.

I returned my gaze to Mandy. My voice was cold and without pity as I spoke, “Bring me one. I am going to kill this woman myself. I'll apologize at her grave later.”

The fear in Mandy's eyes turned into panic. She begged desperately for her life.

“Please, Eveline. I'm sorry. I won't do it again, I swear.”

Alvaro pulled at her hair again, his face full of cruelty.

“I don’t normally lay a hand on women, but I wouldn’t mind dealing with this one. She’s not human. She’s closer to an animal,” he spat.

There was a resounding slap as his hand fell heavily on her face.

He did not stop at one. The blows landed repeatedly on Mandy’s face, turning her skin red and swollen.

She covered her face with her hands, trying to soften the force of each hit. “Alvaro, please stop. I’m sorry. Please, it hurts!”

I was far from satisfied with just this. The slaps she received barely scratched the surface of my anger. Had I been holding a knife, I would have already plunged it into her flesh.

Derek had managed to save Ady and me in time, but a second longer and my children would have been dead.

“Alright. Start talking. How did you buy them off? What did you tell them? Did you ask them to kill me and my children?”

Mandy shook her head wildly and said, “No, no. I just wanted to scare you. I never told them to kill you!”

I snorted at her words. “Why? Because I’m your competitor? Just look at how low you are, throwing away the last shred of your dignity for money?”

Mandy looked at Alvaro with trembling eyes before lowering her head. “I didn’t want Alvaro to fall in love with you. I didn’t want you to have him, or his child. I couldn’t bear the thought of it.”

My eyes went furtively to Derek, who was standing by the window. There was no change on his face at Mandy's words.

Was it that he didn't buy it, or that he just didn't care?

After blurting out the truth, Mandy gathered her courage and looked directly at Alvaro. "Alvaro, I have always liked you. I've said it many times before. You know that. What is it that you see in her and not find in me? I don't understand..." "You'll have plenty of time to think about it in prison," I said coldly.

Mandy's head shot up, her eyes widening with horror and disbelief. She crawled nearer to me and grabbed my hand with her trembling ones.

"I don't want to go to jail. Please, Eveline. I'm begging you. I'm too young. I can't spend my whole life behind bars. Please, let me go. I won't ever bother you again."

I wrenched my hand free from her grasp, finding her touch repulsive. I could barely even look at her.

"You became a murderer the moment you decided to try and kill me. You are young and successful, Mandy, but look at what you turned yourself into. You have no one to blame but yourself. It's time to pay the piper."

Just then, a knock came from the door.

Alvaro walked to the door and opened it. Several policemen were already standing in wait outside. They went straight to Mandy, one of them showing her his badge.

"Mandy Gorman, you are suspected of intentional injury. You will have to come with us."

Mandy looked at the police officers, her body slumping weakly. There was nothing else she could say now. She did not protest as she felt the cool metal of the handcuffs on her wrists. Her eyes went to Alvaro, giving him one last lingering look as the officers led her away to where nothing but bleakness awaited her.