

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 481

Chapter 481

Chapter 481 Grandpa Is Not In Good Health

When we stepped into the yard, we were met with the sight of James doing exercise.

Derek and I said hello to him politely.

James' face lit up in a bright smile when he saw us. "Oh, finally you brought my two great grandchildren here," he said.

When I had walked in, I noticed that there was someone else in the vegetable garden.

The sleeves of his white shirt were rolled up to the elbows, and he was digging in the garden with a hoe. When he heard our voices, he straightened up and looked at us.

James smiled and said, "Aaron arrived last night. He has been busy helping me with the digging for the whole morning."

I felt a little embarrassed to face Aaron after what had happened in his old house.

James took Edith from me. "Come here. Let me have a look at my sweet great grandson."

I said with a smile, "Grandpa, this is Edith. She is your great granddaughter."

I pointed at the kid in Derek's arms and said, "This is Dexter. He is your great grandson."

James laughed and played with Edith in his arms. "I urged you to have a baby earlier, but now you have two. That's just fantastic!"

I could tell that he was bubbling over with joy. However, I couldn't help but notice that he didn't look like he was in good health, like he had been previously. He looked fatigued and after he played with Edith for some time, there was sweat dripping down his forehead from the exertion.

I took my daughter from him so that he could take a seat and rest. Aaron also anxiously came to check on James' state.

After he took a seat on a chair, the old man comforted us with a reassuring smile.

"I'm alright. Don't worry about it. I am an old man. My body is definitely not as good as before," he said in an optimistic tone. We still, however, all had serious looks of concern on our faces.

After we were satisfied that he was fine, I handed Edith over to Derek and went to the kitchen to start cooking.

We did all the grocery shopping ourselves. I was familiar with James' kitchen, and I happened to be an apt cook. So, I prepared the meal with ease.

The warming sound of chatter and laughter could be heard from outside the window. The kids were having a great time, too.

As I cut and prepped the ingredients, I couldn't help but smile to myself.

"Do you need any help?" I suddenly heard a voice behind me.

My nerves seemed to tighten up all at once. Without turning to look at the man, I said, “No, thank you. You can go outside and spend time with Grandpa. Lunch will be on the table soon.”

Regardless of my rejection, the man behind me didn't move an inch.

After a short bout of silence, the voice spoke again. “Eveline, I...”

Suddenly, something occurred to me. I turned around and asked, “By the way, why didn't Charlene come with you?”

Aaron put his hands in his pockets and lowered his head slightly. He probably didn't anticipate that I would ask him such a question.

Awkwardly, and clearly overcome by embarrassment, he took his hands out of his pockets and walked over to the sink to wash the vegetables for me.

“She's away on a business trip at the moment,” he responded.

“Oh!” I said in acknowledgment and continued to cut the vegetables.

He picked up some of the vegetables and placed them in a colander in the sink. He turned the tap on to start rinsing them off. Water splashed off the fresh green leaves.

He put his slender, attractive hands into the water and said slowly, “Eveline, you've run the Jolly & Mayer Company so efficiently and profitably. I didn't expect you to realize your dream so soon. I'm genuinely very happy for your success.”

“Thank you,” J replied.

“No matter what you choose to do, the most important thing is to live a happy, fulfilled life. The rich and the powerful aren’t necessarily happy. Are you happy?” he asked.

I placed the julienned vegetables onto a platter, and answered him with a question.

“What about you? Are you happy?”

“I’m not happy!” He was straightforward and completely honest.

I was utterly flabbergasted. He then started to repeat his sentiments.

“I’m not happy with my current life. The medical school invited me to be a professor again and I agreed to take the job this time. Perhaps I am more suited for a simple working environment with an easy job,” I said.

I smiled and said, “Well, that’s excellent. You don’t need to be an angel in white, but you can cultivate countless angels.”

He looked at me and we smiled at each other. Sharing such a meaningful smile seemed to release all tension.

After that exchange, we didn’t discuss anything further. He picked and washed vegetables; I chopped, prepped and cooked. The only sounds were the splashing of water, the sizzling of the oil and the stir-frying sound of the vegetables once they were added to the hot pan.

The aroma of the delicious food overflowed from the kitchen and wafted all around.

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Chapter 482 You're So Lucky

Once the lunch was ready, everyone sat around the table.

“My granddaughter-in-law is capable of running a company, and she’s also a good cook. My God, Derek, you’re so lucky to have her!” James stared at the dishes with great interest, and he admired me even more,

Derek flashed him a smile, and then he looked at me with a passionate gaze.

“I agree. I must’ve done something really good in a past life to deserve this one,” he said. 1 James broke into laughter.

Meanwhile, Aaron smiled bitterly.

After having lunch, we all sat at the yard, and the old man played with the kids.

“Aaron, after you get married, you should have kids as soon as possible. You’re not any younger. Don’t delay the inevitable.”

We all knew what James meant, but he was able to say it with a smile. It was as if he didn’t even care that his death was drawing near.

Aaron just smiled at him in silence.

Moments later, we heard a knock on the door, and I went to open it.

To my surprise, it was Gifford and Belinda.

It was normal for them to visit James, but I had never seen them come here before. Perhaps they hadn't been here before, or maybe we just never ran into each other here. Thus, I was a bit surprised to see them here.

But judging by the look on their faces, they weren't too surprised to see me here.

When I let them in, I saw that they had brought gifts. Gifford approached James and said, "Dad, how are you?" The smile on James' face disappeared. "I'm well," he replied perfunctorily.

Belinda didn't even greet the old man. I could tell that she was well aware that James didn't like her, just as I knew well that they didn't like me.

They didn't come here until it was past lunchtime. It seemed that they didn't plan on having a meal here. James asked everyone to go upstairs and relax at the second floor living room. All of a sudden, the atmosphere became tense.

"If I hadn't called you, you never would've visited me." James didn't beat around the bush, and he glared at Gifford.

The latter didn't respond. No matter how arrogant this man was, he could never disrespect his father. We were all sitting on a sofa, and James was sitting alone on a rattan chair, facing the sofa.

"I'm glad that my grandsons and granddaughter-in-law are very competent and productive members of society now. I'm so proud of you all, and I'm sure people commend me for this.

I'm an old man now. Sooner or later, I'm going to bite the dust. There are things that I can't take away with me, so I've gathered you all here today to set things straight."

I already knew what James meant. He invited us all here today, so that he could make his last will and testament. Perhaps it scared him that he would suddenly die and not be able to do it in the future. Above all, maybe what he feared the most was that we would fight over the inheritance.

Honestly, hearing about it made me uncomfortable. "Grandpa, it's too early to talk about this. You have a long life ahead of you," I said.

Upon hearing my remark, James smiled at me. "Eveline, you always know how to put a smile on my face. You're lovely for trying to make me feel better, but all men eventually die," he bantered.

But even as he joked, I couldn't bring myself to smile. Aside from him, we were all wearing a stoic expression.

"I don't think any of you cares that much about inheriting anything from me, so I decided to donate all of my properties to charity."

James seemed to have lost all his strength after he said those words. Thus, he rested for a while. Amidst the quiet living room, his breathing was accompanied by a gurgling sound.

I just now realized that his health had become much worse than before.

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Chapter 483 It's Cruel

Back when Derek asked me to marry him, he told me that his grandfather had only two years to live at most. And now, it was two years since that day. When the thought crossed my mind, I began to feel worried. God could be so cruel at times. James was one of the kindest men I had ever had the pleasure of meeting. Someone like him should live a longer life.

Edith wriggled in my arms, and it seemed like she was about to cry. And just as I had expected, she broke into tears moments later.

As soon as she cried, Dexter followed. The twins were practically in sync.

James looked at them with a loving smile.

“It looks like my two great grandkids aren't happy about the news. Haha! Perhaps I should put up a trust fund for the twins, and also some for Aaron's future children. As for the rest of my wealth, those will be donated.”

For me and Derek, raising our kids wouldn't be a problem. I wanted to refuse the old man's kind offer, but Derek spoke first.

“Thank you, Grandpa.”

Aaron concurred, “Thank you, Grandpa.”

I understood why they agreed so readily. This was Grandpa's last wish. So, if we accepted it happily, it would make him really happy.

On the subject of inheritance, James didn't mention Gifford, let alone Lean. It looked like Belinda wasn't happy about this, either, but she had to hold back her displeasure.

That day, Gifford and Belinda left without having dinner. We, however, stayed the night and left on the next day.

I suggested that we take James to Sousen, so that he could live with us. After all, he wasn't in good health. I was really worried about leaving him here all alone. However, the old man insisted that he wanted to be alone and feel at peace.

Later, on our way back, Derek told me that he had already asked Grandpa to live with him long ago, but the old man refused. He said that Grandpa preferred to live a quiet, idyllic life.

Derek also said that the old man didn't have much time left, so we should just let Grandpa be, as long as he was happy.

When he saw us off earlier, James reached out his hand from outside the window and touched my children's faces. Even though he was smiling, I really felt sad about this interaction and I even wanted to cry.

As the car's engine started, I stared outside the window.

James was wearing an old-fashioned white shirt. Although he was old, his back wasn't hunched. He still looked quite tough.

But the way he didn't move brought tears to my eyes. A few days later, Charlene came to my office.

Her hair was slightly curled, and she was wearing a beige dress that revealed her slender legs.

This was the first time I had seen her since she caught Aaron drunk and losing control of himself that night.

Moments later, she drove us to the seaside.

We strolled along the beach as the sea breeze blew gently. The air felt moist on my skin. The wind blew our hair and our skirts.

“Aaron told me that you were on a business trip.”

I came up with a topic just to break the awkward silence.

“Yup! I actually went to the capital,” she said with a smile.

We continued walking along the coastline for a while, and soon, we sat down.

I figured that I should give her an explanation. After all, they were going to get married. I didn't want her to feel uncomfortable or have any resentment towards me.

“Charlene, I know that you must be really angry about what happened that night. But, Aaron and I are just—”

“You don't have to explain yourself, Eveline. I know.” Charlene ran her fingers along her hair and combed it back.

She turned her gaze towards the open sea and said in a lighthearted manner, “Honestly, Eveline, I hated you a little before. After you left Sousen so suddenly, I felt happy. Somehow, I believed that given enough time, Aaron would soon forget you.”

As a matter of fact, I used to be so tough and I'd never humble myself for just about anyone. But in front of Aaron, I've done everything that I thought I'd never do.

But to my chagrin, he's like a tenacious rock. And I'm tired, Eveline; really tired.

Eveline, I've done my best, but I just can't make him see me. That's why I've decided to give up."

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Chapter 484 Despair

Charlene's voice sounded strange, so I looked at her. It was then that I found that she was shedding tears. She tried to wipe them away, but her tears just kept coming. All of her bottled up emotions finally bubbled to the surface, and she couldn't hold them back any longer.

It seemed that a deep sense of despair overwhelmed her.

"But... you're getting married in a few days," I said. Charlene shook her head. "I really want to be with him, but I don't want that kind of marriage. I don't want to force Aaron, nor do I want to force myself. I've already booked a flight to Los Angeles tomorrow."

I didn't know what to say at this point. Nobody knew whether they should get married or not. And no one could tell if they would live a happy life in the future. There was nothing I could say that would persuade her to persevere or give up.

“Does Aaron know?” I asked.

Charlene nodded in response to my question. “I’ve already spoken to him. And of course, he respects my choice. That’s just the way he is, and it’s part of the reason I like him.”

“What’s going to happen to Kevin if you leave? You’re all he has!” I replied.

Charlene wiped her tears away, turned her gaze towards the sea, and smiled.

“My father isn’t alone. He has his students. He has refused chances at being promoted multiple times. And six months ago, he volunteered to transfer to a mountainous area to become a volunteer teacher. Everyone is free to make their own choices. I believe that he has his reasons for doing what he did. All I want is for my dad to be happy.

I feel sorry for my dad. I failed to live up to his expectations and all of his teachings, and I haven’t been a good daughter. But I do believe that I shouldn’t be so pessimistic. I will return. Perhaps one day, I’ll finally feel better, and I won’t feel hurt whenever I see Aaron. Or maybe I’ll come back when I find true love that really belongs to me.”

Perhaps her choice was the right one. After all, it was unfair for her to marry a man who didn’t love her, and go through with a marriage that she was uncertain how it would end.

Now that I understood her point of view, I nodded. “Charlene, no matter what happens, I wish you all the best. I pray that you’ll find your happiness someday.” She turned her gaze towards me as her hair fluttered with the wind.

There were streaks of tears on her face, but a genuine smile was printed on her lips.

“Maybe that day will come. I don’t think God will be so cruel to me all the time.”

Charlene told me where Kevin was and hoped that I could visit him on my spare time.

The following day, I went to the airport to see her off; Aaron was there, too.

Charlene was wearing a long bohemian dress and a sunhat. She didn’t look sad at all. Instead, she was smiling brightly as though she was just on vacation. At this moment, she wasn’t the competent working lady she normally was. Her bright yellow dress made her look more feminine and even prettier.

After giving us warm hugs, she quickly walked to the boarding gate and waved us goodbye with a smile on her face.

But in spite of her smile, I saw the sadness in her eyes.

I would never forget how hard she cried the day before. I had only ever seen her cry two other times, and she was drunk at both times.

Most of the time, she was brave and magnanimous. This was the first time that I had ever seen her cry so hard when she was sober.

I knew why she was hiding her sadness beneath a smile today. Since they broke up peacefully, there was no need to shed tears. And since this was a farewell, she probably wanted to leave Aaron a beautiful, cheerful image of her.

And of course, her biggest reason must be that she didn't want him to feel guilty that she was miserable, and she didn't want Aaron to blame himself for her departure. 2

With all my heart and soul, I believed that someone else would come to understand her sensibility and tenderness.

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Chapter 485

Chapter 485 This Is My Boyfriend

A few days later, it was already the date of Aaron and Charlene's supposed wedding had it not been cancelled. But it also happened to be the day of Megan's birthday. Megan invited us to Blue Sky for her birthday party.

After work, Derek called me to say that Eric had invited us to a party. I believed that it was the same party as Megan's. However, Derek said that he needed to deal with something, so I went there with Ady first. Once we were at Blue Sky, Megan and Eric came to greet us.

They led us to a booth, and there, I found that Aaron was already seated.

He looked at us and flashed us a smile. "It appears that I'm the most punctual of all."

If his wedding had pushed through, this party would've been his.

A few moments after we sat down, Megan's friends arrived one after another. Derek was the last to arrive. Now that everyone was here, the

birthday girl, Megan, sprang to her feet, cleared her throat, and glanced at Eric shyly.

“I’d like to introduce everyone to my boyfriend, Eric Daly. Well, it’s a popular name, so I’m sure you all know him well.”

Upon hearing her introduction, I burst into laughter. Meanwhile, Aaron and Derek were holding back their laughter.

Embarrassed, Eric picked up a bottle of wine and poured a glass for everyone.

He was displeased when he heard that Aaron didn’t want to drink any.

“Aaron, why don’t you want to drink? Everyone else is drinking! Come on, dude. I’ll pour some for you.” Aaron placed his glass upside down on the table and replied, “I’m not feeling well, and I’m not in the mood to drink. Forgive me for my rudeness, buddy.” Though Eric was dissatisfied with his explanation, he didn’t try to persuade him.

“You’re not feeling well and not in the mood to drink, huh? If your wedding ceremony had pushed through today, I’m sure you wouldn’t have refused a single drink tonight,” Eric blurted out.

Right after he said that, an eerie silence ensued. Realizing that he had said something stupid, Eric chuckled awkwardly.

“Fine. If you don’t want to drink wine, go ahead, buddy. Just drink whatever you want. The important thing is that everyone has a good time, okay?”

In the middle of the party, I went to the ladies’ room with Ady.

“Alvaro, come on. Keep drinking!”

Upon hearing that, I turned my gaze towards the direction of the voice and saw Alvaro sitting in a booth nearby.

It appeared as though he had drunk a lot. His face was red, and so was his neck. Several buttons of his shirt were unbuttoned, revealing his pecs.

The moment I looked at him, I saw that he was looking at me, too.

It seemed that he had already noticed me.

Seated next to him were two curvaceous and scantily clad women. They were wearing low cut short skirts, sitting very close to Alvaro. Their fair legs were rubbing against his legs, and they were feeding wine to him.

“Come on, Alvaro! Drink it all!”

After exchanging glances, Alvaro smirked and said, “Feed it to me.” It seemed as though he was already inebriated.

The two women smiled back at him. One of them drank the red wine in her glass, slowly putting her red lips close to his mouth.

It was then that I turned around and went towards the ladies’ room.

After walking for a few steps, I realized that Ady wasn’t following me. And when I turned around, I noticed that she was still standing at the same spot she was just now. Her eyes were locked on Alvaro, and her hands clenched into fists but loosened up just as quickly. It took a few moments, but she finally withdrew her gaze from him and followed me.

Once I finished going to the washroom, I passed by Alvaro’s booth. This time, I didn’t glance at him. I just quickened my pace and walked back to my seat.

Eric was the one who arranged Megan's birthday party, and he had scheduled a lot of romantic activities.

I used to think he wasn't a romantic person, and he was boring, but it turned out none of those were true. It was just that he hadn't met a person that could make him romantic before.

In the end, everyone aside from Aaron drank so much. Halfway through her drink, Ady suddenly got up and left. Everyone seemed to be having fun so they weren't aware of it, but I was.

Driven by curiosity, I followed Ady.

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Chapter 486 Does That Mean I Can Fuck You

Just then, I saw that the two women helped Alvaro leave the booth.

He was looking down while the women supported him up. It seemed that he was really drunk, given that he was babbling nonsensical stuff while walking.

“Drink! I want to keep drinking!”

When the women brought Alvaro to a corner, Ady quickened her pace to follow them.

I stopped at the corner and saw Ady blocking their way.

“You shouldn’t do this, Alvaro. These women are...” Ady remarked.

Though she didn’t finish her sentence, it wasn’t difficult to guess what she meant.

Those two women with him were sluts. 1

Clearly, they were annoyed by Ady’s remark.

“Who do you think you are? This is none of your business!” 2

“Are you jealous? You just feel envious of us!”

“Sorry, bitch, but look at yourself. Then, look at us. We’re gorgeous!”

“Fuck off!” Alvaro roared all of a sudden.

Having heard that, the two women shot Ady a triumphant glance.

“Did you not hear what he said? Alvaro just told you to fuck off!”

“I’m talking about you two! Now fuck off!” Alvaro brushed the women aside, visibly enraged.

Now that the women weren’t supporting him up, he staggered backwards, unable to steady himself. Fortunately, Ady held him up just in time.

Seemingly unwilling to leave, the women stood there, trying to appease Alvaro.

“Alvaro,” they muttered in a mincing tone.

“Are you deaf? I said fuck off!” Alvaro growled.

I wondered if he was angry because those women demeaned Ady.

This time, the sluts couldn't say another word. They just shot Ady a glare before storming away.

"You're clearly drunk. Let me take you home." Ady supported Alvaro and was about to leave.

All of a sudden, he pressed her against the wall.

He propped himself on the wall using one hand, and pinched Ady's chin with the other.

"Since you don't want me to have sex with them, does that mean I can fuck you?" 2

Ady stared into his eyes, unfazed by his reaction.

"If you want to do it, I don't mind," replied Ady. Alvaro was shocked by her response. But the next moment, he began to kiss her passionately.

The kiss was so wild. He was holding her chin, leaving her no chance to escape him.

Ady frowned slightly. It looked like she was unable to withstand his passionate kiss, but the way she closed her eyes displayed that she was feeling good.

With every passing second, their kiss became wilder. Alvaro's hand that was on the wall was now on Ady's shoulder. And with just a bit of force, her shoulder was exposed.

Alvaro slid his hand into her open collar, and at the same time, he removed his other hand from her chin and clasped her waist.

Ady threw her arms around his neck, seemingly enjoying their intimate moment. This time, she was kissing him back.

Alvaro kicked open the private room next to them, and soon, they entered the room while continuously kissing each other. Not long after, the door was slammed shut.

When I finally came to my senses, I went back to where I was.

Aaron had already left, and the others were completely hammered. They were lying on the sofa in a more casual posture, and their speeches had no filter.

Meanwhile, Derek was leaning against the sofa, smoking. He had a few drinks, but not too much that it made him drunk.

I sat beside him, held his arm, and leaned on him. "Let's go," I whispered to his ear.

Derek put down his crossed legs, put out his cigarette, and put his arm around me.

After saying goodbye to Eric and Megan, we left the bar.

Derek was unable to drive since he had drunk a few, so he called a chauffeur.

Along the way, my stomach growled. Considering that we were in the closed environment of the car, the sound resonated.

Derek glanced at me and asked, "Are you hungry?" Awkwardly, I nodded in response.

He grinned at me and caressed my hair.

“Once we get home, I’m going to cook for you.” 1

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Chapter 487

Chapter 487 Kiss

By the time we got home, the nannies and the kids had already gone to bed. 1

Derek rolled up his sleeves, opened the fridge, and told me that he’d cook noodles for me.

While he was cooking, I watched him.

Men were so charming whenever they were cooking. Derek was even more attractive than most men, and I couldn’t take my eyes off him.

The thought of what he was doing for me really warmed my heart. In order to show my appreciation for him, I wrapped my arms around his waist from behind.

His waist was quite muscular. I could feel his well-toned abs even though he was wearing a shirt.

All of a sudden, his body tensed up.

I heard the sound of noodles being put into the pot, followed by the sound of boiling water.

It was then that Derek turned around and pressed me against the kitchen countertop, kissing me passionately.

I was able to hear the noodles being boiled just a second ago, but when our lips touched, my mind went blank, and I could barely hear anything.

My body was earnestly responding to the pleasure of his kiss. I wrapped my hands around his neck and kissed him back.

The tenderness of his kiss intoxicated me and eventually aroused me.

Suddenly, I heard the kitchen door being opened. Feeling nervous, I wanted to back away from Derek. But he seemed to have known that I would react this way, so he clasped the back of my head, continuing to kiss me and leaving me no chance to retreat.

Not long after, the kitchen door was closed again. "I'm so sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan! I just wanted to get some water to make some milk for the kids," the nanny explained from the other side of the door. Because we were still kissing, neither Derek nor I responded.

When the long passionate kiss finally came to an end, the noodles inside the pot had already been cooked into a paste.

We exchanged glances and burst into laughter.

Derek grabbed a carton of milk from the fridge and urged me to go outside.

"Wait in the living room. I'll cook again. It'll be ready soon."

He then cleared his throat, seemingly feeling awkward.

“Drink the milk first and try not to disturb me. I’m easily distracted when you’re around.”

I stared at him with a smirk on my face while I sipped on the carton of milk using a straw.

Derek planted a kiss on my forehead before going back to the kitchen.

About ten minutes later, he finally finished cooking the noodles. He brought two bowls of steaming noodles to the table, one for himself and one for me. We sat across from each other, eating and smiling at each other.

At this moment, I felt ecstatic. It was the kind of happiness that would put a smile on your face without you knowing about it.

After we finished eating, he went to wash the dishes. Meanwhile, I sat on the living room sofa, and waited for him to finish washing dishes before going upstairs together. However, I drifted into sleep.

In a daze, I felt that I was being carried by someone. I knew that Derek was the one who was carrying me, so I continued sleeping soundly in his arms.

Gently, he put me on the bed and crawled into the bed, hugging me from behind. I could feel the warmth of his breath on my ear.

“Honey, are you exhausted? Try not to tire yourself out too much, okay?”

I nuzzled against his chest, hugged him back and replied, “Okay.”

That night, I was able to sleep well. However, I could still feel the person beside me tossing and turning, and seemingly unable to fall asleep.

When I opened my eyes in the morning, I saw him staring at me as his head rested on his hand.

“Are you awake?” His voice sounded hoarse, and he appeared to be tired.

“Why are you awake so early? Didn’t you sleep well?” I asked.

Derek rolled his eyes at me. “Last night, I really wanted to have sex with you, but I figured you were exhausted, so I didn’t have the heart to keep you up. But now that you’re awake and full of energy, I want you to make it up to me.”

He then got on top of me and began to kiss me. Having sex this early in the morning wasn’t new to us anymore, but each time we did, it felt fresh.

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Chapter 488 The Earthquake

It was a fresh, happy beginning of a day.

However, just as we hugged each other and were reluctant to part, the bed suddenly shook.

The cup on the beside table trembled and fell to the floor.

“Earthquake!”

Derek and I shouted at the same time.

Just as we jumped to our feet, the intense tremor stopped.

We quickly got dressed. The two nannies came out with our two children and some necessities.

“This villa should resist earthquakes, but let’s leave to a safer place,” said Derek.

When we walked out of the villa, we saw people had already gathered outside.

The ground shook several times at different intervals. The tremors were pretty strong outside. However, the villa had a strong foundation, so it didn’t suffer any damage.

The news soon spread on the Internet. The epicenter of the earthquake was in Boshaw.

My mind instantly flitted to Kevin, who had gone to Boshaw as a volunteer teacher. Therefore, I asked Derek to drive us to Boshaw.

When Charlene left, she had given me Kevin’s accurate address.

As soon as we reached Boshaw, I heard the news that the primary school in the mountain area had collapsed. My knees grew weak, and panic wracked my nerves.

The roads on the mountain were narrow and bumpy; traversing the terrain was risky. Therefore, we got out of the car and walked along the road. It had rained last night, so even walking across the muddy roads seemed difficult.

Someone in the village saw me trudging across the roads in my high-heels, so she brought me a pair of sneakers.

The village chief pointed at the ruins and said it was the Boshaw Primary School. A chill ran down my spine.

The rescuers and villagers were working on the scene. Two hours later, Lean joined us.

He stared blankly at the ruins. Moments later, he finally snapped back to his senses, picked up the shovel, and began to dig.

Several children had died in the earthquake. When we found Kevin, we saw that he had protected two children. The two children had survived, but he, unfortunately, had lost his life.

My blood ran cold when I saw his body covered with mud and soot. His outstretched hands had been a safe haven for the two children. My eyes grew hot as tears rolled down my cheeks.

“Dad, Dad!”

Lean held Kevin’s body and sobbed like a child.

He didn’t bother hiding his true feelings anymore. Lean was no longer the frivolous young man—he was, now, a child who had lost his father.

Although he was away from Kevin for several years, he still loved his father and shared a strong relationship with him. Kevin always doted on him. As we walked across the place, I saw that Kevin’s dorm room in the school was also drilled out. As I scanned across the tattered room, my eyes settled on a pile of things in a corner. I looked closer and found a battered diary.

I bent down, dusted it off, and flipped across the pages. My eyes widened when I accidentally saw my name.

All the things were piled up beside the ruins. Lean cried and packed Kevin's belongings.

I looked around and secretly put the diary into my bag. The excavation process soon ended, and Lean finished packing all of Kevin's belongings. We took Kevin's body back to Sousen and placed him in a funeral room. Charlene was on her way back. I knew she would want to see Kevin for one last time.

Panic and despair had spread across the entire city. The earthquakes had frightened everyone for the past two days.

I didn't go to the company the next day.

After breakfast, Derek went to work, and I went upstairs. I took out the diary from my bag, walked to the balcony outside, sat on the chair, and quietly opened it.

My stomach had been churning with anticipation and unease. That was why I didn't open the book as soon as I came home. Recalling Kevin's words, I felt he had always known something but was reluctant to openly say it. People usually spilled their hearts out in their personal diaries, so I decided to read it.

After reading Kevin's diary, I sat on the balcony the entire morning.

The sun was blazing in the sky, but my body was trembling as if the blood in my veins had turned cold. At noon, the nanny asked me to have lunch.

I couldn't move. My mouth went dry. I cleared my throat and said, "You eat first. I don't want to eat now." After sitting there for a while, I went out with the diary.

My heart was racing with unease. Therefore, I went to my father's tombstone and kneeled before it.

My knees hit the hard slate, but I didn't feel pain because I had become numb. My body shivered as I felt cold all over.

I trailed my fingers across my dad's picture on the tombstone. He looked young and handsome.

I often saw his smiling face in my dreams.

Although I wasn't born to a wealthy family, I had a happy childhood. I'd rather live with my parents in a small house than in a luxurious house without them. But my life collapsed overnight.

All my life, I thought it was an accident and blamed God for being cruel to us. But after reading Kevin's diary, I understood it wasn't an accident.

**My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch
Chapter 489**

Chapter 489

Chapter 489 Kevin's Diary (Part One)

"Since I married Belinda, rumors about her have been making their rounds. In fact, in quite a short period after we got married, I had come to the realization that I made a mistake.

There are a lot of things that I am aware of in respect of this gossip, but I just pretend like I don't know. Further, having a daughter and a son, one after the other, didn't make our relationship stronger and more stable, but actually placed it on shaky ground.

When I felt down, I also started to drink. That night, she went out with our son and didn't return even though it was already very late. My daughter is excellent at reading expressions so she probably picked up that I was in a terrible mood. That was why she went to cook. She's so small—not taller than the stove. But she stood on a stool and acted like an adult. When I saw how considerate my little girl was, my heart melted like butter. I took the spatula from her hand and we made noodles for the two of us. We each wolfed down a bowl.

I had a little wine during the meal. It was getting pretty late and Belinda was still nowhere to be seen. I was so drunk that I managed to pluck up my courage to do something about the situation. I told my daughter to go to bed early. Then I put on an overcoat and went out. I was set on going to find her. I knew exactly where she was.

Mr. Sullivan, the owner of the quarry, built a house beside it. He stayed there most of the time.

The quarry was a place where men worked. Every worker there had a dirty face after a hard day's labor.

Belinda pays quite a bit of attention to hygiene yet she still frequents the quarry every other day or so. I would be dumb if I couldn't tell that something fishy was going on. I just pretended not to know so that I could give my children a complete family.

That day, something happened in the quarry, and the workers all left early. I saw the light in the Sullivan home and felt a little befuddled.

Even if Belinda was inside, what could I do? Was I supposed to go in and declare that Belinda was my wife? Was I to get into a full-on altercation with that man? Or should I have just accused her of all her mistakes in my role as her husband? Or perhaps we'd get into a fight that got out of hand and we'd create a huge mess?

In the end, I didn't decide on what I would do but instead approached the house, one deliberate step at a time. The sounds of my footsteps were masked by the snow, so I managed to get closer stealthily.

A faint sound of chatter could be heard emanating from the room with the light on. Somehow, I managed to walk to the window of the room and stopped in my tracks.

That night, I overheard some terrible truths from where I stood outside the window. I heard about the tragic car accident of the Stone family, and the real father of Lean.

I didn't know that Belinda had hidden so much from me. It turned out that my wife was so vicious and vile. They had planned all these terrible things themselves. I was so shocked that my feet seemed to be fixed to the spot. I couldn't move.

As soon as Belinda opened the door, she saw me. She was terrified out of her wits. But she was smart and reacted quickly. She knelt down in front of me and begged me not to tell anyone.

I was too shocked to come to my senses at that moment. I didn't know how I managed to bring her back home that night.

When we went home, she pulled me into the bedroom, kissed me and begged me to have mercy since she had her own problems. She vowed that she would never ever see Gifford Sullivan again. She promised that she would live a good life with me.

It was the first time she had so assertively and actively tried to initiate sex but I had zero interest at all. In the end, I pushed her away.

I looked at her pitiful, pathetic appearance and couldn't bear it. Even if she wasn't faithful to me, she was still the mother of my children and the woman I! loved. Even if Lean is not my biological son, he hadn't done anything wrong. How can I let the two children find out about everything and suffer?"

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Chapter 490

Chapter 490 Kevin's Diary (Part Two)

"After a few days, I calmed down and eventually made the decision to keep quiet.

During this time and for the first time ever, I actually genuinely felt that Belinda was a good housewife. She cleaned the house, cooked scrumptious meals, bathed the kids, braided Charlene's hair, and tutored them when it came to their homework. The kids were so happy. I was almost captured and taken by this kind of warm, wonderful atmosphere.

So I had decidedly buried all the secrets for my own selfish motive.

Eveline was a very sensible girl. I felt sorry for her, because she shouldered everything that shouldn't have to be borne by someone at her tender, young age. I felt sorry for her, sympathetic towards her and also consumed by guilt.

Although she lived a hard life now, she still managed to be simple, compassionate and family oriented. Perhaps hiding the truth wasn't such a bad thing for her because, if she avoided it, she wouldn't live a life wherein she was full of hatred. Her world could still be pure and her heart would be able to love. Moreover, even if she knew everything, what could she change? She couldn't change a single thing.

I helped her with her study and her life in general. I gave her all the love I had. I even wanted to adopt her but I was afraid that my gesture would be too obvious. Other people would likely notice and discover that something was wrong.

Hardship forces people to mature. I was glad that she had been working so very hard to get out of the sorrow and live an active life.”

“Since I knew the truth, I seldom had sex with Belinda. I always felt uncomfortable and guilty of being happy, because the little girl named Eveline was suffering. Belinda behaved herself for a few years, but I knew that she had never really broken it off with that man. I didn't care about it anymore though. I just wanted her to come back home every day.

My marriage with her was in name only. I did everything solely for the sake of the children. I hid her sins back then for the sake of the children, and now I endured everything silently also for the children. But as time went on, she crossed the line and often stayed out all night long. Perhaps she became comfortable because she believed I wouldn't let the truth out for the sake of the kids.

Such a marriage was utterly absurd. I didn't want to live in such absurdity for the entire duration of my life. Moreover, the children had grown up and could rationally judge the situation for themselves. So I offered to divorce her and set her free. After all, it was meaningless to

keep a soulless woman tied to me. She left. Charlene was left to me and she took Lean away with her.

That night, I got drunk out of my mind. I bawled my eyes out in my room. I felt like I was a loser. I didn't even know why I was crying. After all, it was me who offered to divorce her since we found being together intolerable. I wanted to let her go and I also wanted to free myself. I probably cried for the wasted, absurd years I had spent with her.

Charlene knocked on my door and called out to me. I wiped my tears away hurriedly in case she saw me crying, and I didn't turn on the light when I opened the door so she wouldn't be able to make it out. Charlene hugged me and said, "Dad, you still have me!" At that moment, I found that I just didn't have the willpower to hold back the tears.

That night, the family of four became two, but we still had to live life and move on."

"That night after so many years, I met Eveline again. I was shocked to know that she was married to the eldest son of the Sullivan family. Was the God of destiny making fools of people ?

The eldest son of the Sullivan family was a capable young man indeed. He built himself up from nothing, all on his own strength. He was mature and steady, and seemed to be a fine character.] couldn't say with any degree of certainty that Eveline and he wouldn't be happy, but I always felt that God's arrangement was too ironic.

But now that things had come to this point, what else could I say in the circumstances ? I could only wish that the Sullivan family members would treat her well and repay all the debts they owed her with love. I also hoped that the truth would become a permanent secret buried by time."

