

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 506

Chapter 506

Chapter 506 The Guitar

Derek and I didn't talk much after we returned home from jail.

After dinner, I went back to my room with Edith in my arms.

Edith had been sleeping with us for the past few days. Perhaps Dexter felt it was unfair that he came to our room with the nanny, and insisted on sleeping with us too.

I had no choice but to bring Dexter to our room and make the two kids sleep together.

It took me a long time to coax them to sleep. Moments later, the door opened, and I instinctively shut my eyes, pretending to be asleep.

The soft footsteps grew louder as Derek gently closed the door and went to bed.

I didn't know when I fell asleep, but it took me a long time to sleep because countless thoughts swarmed in my mind. When I woke up in the middle of the night, Derek was not in bed.

The room was dark, and the curtains were gently swaying with the winds.

I heard a clicking sound on the balcony, like the sound of a lighter.

I got out of bed, put on my slippers, and walked to the balcony.

It was late at night. Derek was sitting on the balcony, smoking.

The place looked dark, except for the fire on the end of his cigarette.

He took a puff of his cigarette and blew out rings of smoke.

I always had a feeling that something was bothering him as if an invisible net had trapped him and a mountain of weight was weighing him down.

“How does the cigarette taste?” | asked, walking to him. He looked up at me and back at the cigarette in his hand.

“Do you want to give it a try?”

His eyebrows shot up as he examined my face. Derek had a strange charm when he smoked; it always turned me on.

“Yeah.” I nodded.

He was taken aback for a moment before a slow smile stretched on his lips. He took out a cigarette from the case, lit it, and handed it to me.

I felt uneasy as I took it. I pinched the cigarette between my fingers and gently put it in my mouth as he did. 1

As I took a puff, the smoke went straight to my throat, leaving a burning trail in its wake. I choked and coughed as tears filled my eyes.

Derek stood up and patted my back, chuckling.

I was so embarrassed that I stuck out my tongue to alleviate the burning sensation.

When I finally calmed down, I gave the cigarette back to him. “It doesn’t taste good. Why are you so addicted to it?”

Derek took my cigarette and sat back on his chair. "Well, smoking is not always about the cigarettes." "It's about the mood," I chimed in.

He smiled and put the cigarette in his mouth. After a moment's silence, he took a drag and stared at the night sky. "It's like falling in love with someone. Sometimes people can't tell why they are in love with their partners or what's good about them. It's a strong emotional pull that people can't extricate themselves from."

I looked at him; the moonlight seemed to soften his features, and he looked more handsome than ever. "Are you talking about me?"

He looked back at me and arched an eyebrow. "What do you think?"

What did I think?

I had never been able to decipher what was going on in his complicated mind.

After smoking, he stood up and gave his hand to me. "Let's go back to the room."

We returned to the room and lay back on the bed. I could still smell the tobacco in his breath, even though the two kids were sleeping on the bed between us.

I just tried smoking and hated the scent and flavor of cigarettes. However, the scent of tobacco from his mouth seemed to turn me on.

The next day, early at dawn, I was awakened by the sound of soft music. Derek was no longer in bed.

I got up, opened the door, and went downstairs. When I came to the living room, the transparent glass door in the living room was open. I saw a tall figure in a white shirt standing in the yard with a guitar in his hands.

I once had a dream where Derek was sitting in the yard, singing, whilst strumming his guitar. My heart skipped a beat as the dream transpired before me.

I pinched my thigh.

It hurt. I was not dreaming.

The morning light flooded his body. He looked ethereal as he played the guitar.

I trudged out of the living room toward him as tears welled up in my eyes. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 507

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Chapter 507 I'm Willing To Sing For You

I still remembered that time, a very long time ago, when I touched that guitar. Derek's face then changed drastically. He looked angry that I touched that guitar. Honestly, I felt terrible at the time.

Later, Felix and Aaron explained to me that he didn't want anyone touching that guitar because of the memory of Sybil. He himself had never played the guitar since her death.

So it was amazing to say the least to see him playing the guitar right now.

He must have sensed someone behind him as he slowly turned around and faced me.

When our eyes met, he stopped playing for a moment. Then he resumed, singing in a deep and bewitching voice.

"Today, I saw the snowfall beneath the cold night, with a frigid mind drifting far away..."

Tears rolled down my cheeks as he sang.

I hurriedly covered my mouth, tears streaming down the back of my hand.

It was so unexpected. I had thought I would never hear him play the guitar or sing.

Derek didn't take his eyes off me as he sang this sad song. He himself had tears in his eyes.

I felt there was a deep sadness which he kept deep in his heart.

It broke my heart to see him like this. And I knew he needed my support and understanding.

He looked me straight in the eye as he played the last notes of the guitar. At this point, I was already drenched in tears.

Derek smiled at me bitterly.

It was still early and the sun was just rising behind Derek. The first rays of sunlight reflected on him.

At this time, he no longer looked like a man in his thirties but rather a teenager. With his white shirt with rolled up sleeves and his guitar, he looked like a sentimental soul.

I ran to him as fast as I could, tears blurring my sight. I hugged him with all my might, burying my face in his chest.

"I'm sorry!" I said in a broken voice.

Derek slowly lifted my head so our eyes met. His eyes were also filled with tears. He asked me with a slight smile, "Did it sound good?"

I nodded.

Without taking his eyes off mine, he said hoarsely, "If you like it, then I'm willing to play and sing for you." Each of his words at that moment touched me deeply, making me feel like a lump in my throat.

"You know, I've been a fan of a band for many years. The name of the band is Thorn Birds."

Hearing that, he pressed his lips to mine. Tears were flowing even more down my face at this point. When he kissed me, his lips quivered and I felt a deep sorrow in his kiss.

After the kiss, we then stood side by side in the garden, watching the sunrise.

I suddenly turned to Derek and asked, "How did you guys come up with the name Thorn Birds? What kind of bird is it?"

Derek put the guitar aside and held me in his arms, gently stroking my shoulder.

"A thorn bird flies all its life. When it is dying, it will find a thorny tree and stop there. It will then nail itself to the longest thorn and sing while bleeding. That is why it is called a thorn bird."

I was shocked to hear Derek's explanation. I would never have believed that there could exist such a bird. It was really sad, even the name.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan! Look!"

Jenna's surprised voice suddenly came from the living room.

Derek and I turned around then, only to see Dexter staggering on his short legs as he came towards us. "Oh my God! Dexter can walk now!"

I shouted excitedly, holding Derek's hand tightly. Sure, Derek didn't let his excitement show. However, I could see the joy in his eyes.

Seeing her brother walking, Edith giggled and began to move in Aimee's arms. It seemed like she wanted to try too.

Aimee finally put Edith down, but carefully protected the little girl with both hands. Just as Dexter did, Edith held the sofa first, and then slowly let go. She lifted her little feet one by one and followed her brother.

I couldn't describe how I felt at this moment. I was just overjoyed.

It was as if all the anxiety and uncertainty I felt had suddenly disappeared. The rising sun in the garden reflected the happiness and new hope that was growing in me at this time.

An immense joy warmed my heart.

Two months later, I finally got my own driver's license and could henceforth drive by myself.

I brought Tina to Jolly & Mayer Company.

Just like me when Lavinia first brought me to her beauty salon, Tina was shy and insecure.

I first took her to the dressing room and helped her comb her hair.

Tina seemed so embarrassed right now. "Eveline, let me do it myself," she said.

I smiled. "No, let me help you."

When I was done, her hair was tied in a bun, revealing her beautiful, young face.

I couldn't fail to compliment her on that. "Tina, you really have a beautiful face. Besides, you are only twenty years old. I really envy that youth I will never have again."

Tina smiled shyly.

"I know what you mean, Eveline. I'll do my best to improve myself now. I won't disappoint you."

At the end of October, I approached the medical school to arrange for my staff to have a course there. I wanted Jolly & Mayer employees to learn about the concept of recovery with traditional medicine.

I personally brought the first group of my staff there for the first lecture.

As soon as we walked through the doors of the medical school, enthusiastic students rushed towards us and led us to the multimedia building.

I suddenly heard some girls shouting in unison. "Mr. Hudson." My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 508

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Chapter 508 Prince Charming

I looked up and saw several girls jumping with excitement.

I followed their gaze and saw Aaron descending the stairs of the office building with a file in his hand.

He was wearing a clean white shirt. His sleeves were rolled up, revealing his expensive watch. The straight suit pants seemed to accentuate his figure. All in all, he looked handsome and charming. He somehow fit among the college students.

Aaron walked toward me, and I realized he must have already seen me.



“Mr. Hudson, I love you!” one of the girls suddenly shouted, making the others laugh.

Aaron shook his head and walked toward me as a faint smile stretched across his lips.

“Wow! Aren’t you a prince charming wherever you go?” I teased.

He smiled and shook his head. “No way. You’ve killed all my confidence.”

Aaron led me to his office. I saw a girl cleaning his desk.

Hearing the footsteps, the girl raised her head and turned to look at us.

“Mr. Hudson, I’ve cleaned the desk for you. Err... Ms. Stone!”

The girl turned out to be Gina.

I looked at her and smiled.

She put away the towel in her hand and walked out with a basin.

I looked around his office. The window was clean, and every corner of the room looked spotless.

I sat down in front of his desk and smiled. “Wow! Girls rush into your office to clean it every day, huh?” Aaron made a cup of coffee for me, sat down, and chuckled. “No, only Gina. She is very diligent.”

He turned the computer on and chatted with me for a while as he continued to type.

I thought his current working environment seemed a lot better than that in the hospital. People and things were less complicated here. He only interacted with college students and teachers. He seemed comfortable and at ease.

I felt he was finally relieved and had found the right job he liked. But I didn't know when he'd find the right woman.

Charlene had gone abroad, and I wondered if they were still in touch. However, I didn't ask about it.

On a sunny Sunday afternoon, Derek and I sat in the living room and watched TV after lunch.

The entertainment channel revealed the news about Becky's marriage to a wealthy man. They also telecasted photos of her wedding.

The groom didn't look young. He was a little plump with tiny eyes and seemed like an ordinary man. However, the wedding seemed opulent. Becky looked elegant in her wedding dress. She held his arm and flashed a bright smile.

I thought she had finally got the life she wanted.

I turned to look at Derek. He was peeling grapes for the children.

Our two kids were standing in front of Derek. As soon as he fed one, the other pounced on him. Derek hurriedly fed the two to make sure they didn't feel left out. He was busy with the kids that he ignored the news about Becky's wedding.

After eating grapes, the two children played around the coffee table. As the two giggled and ran around, Dexter shouted the word, "Dad". We both exchanged glances and turned to look at our son. Dexter continued to shout, "Dad".

Derek beamed with joy. He picked Dexter in his arms and kissed him all over his face.

"Good boy! My son!"

However, seeing her father cuddle Dexter, Edith seemed unhappy. She tugged at his pants and cried sadly.

Derek squatted, picked Edith in his arms, and placed the two kids on his lap.

“My sweet girl and darling boy! Daddy loves you both!” After a while, the nannies took them to the yard to get sunlight.

Derek sat beside me.

“Why are you quiet? Are you jealous of your son and daughter? Come on, let me make it up to you.”

He leaned closer to kiss me.

How could I be jealous of my children? I knew he was only trying to take advantage of me.

I shyly pushed him away.

“No, Aimee, Jenna, and the two kids are outside.”

He pressed a soft kiss on my cheek. Derek hadn't shaved for the past few days, and the stubble seemed to poke my skin.

His hot breath blowing against my skin aroused me. I tried pushing him away but finally yielded to him.

I tried my best to shrink back on the sofa. The armrest seemed to block us from the view of our children. Considering my children were right outside, I felt guilty even though I was only making out with my husband. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 509

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Chapter 509 Uncover The Scar

After kissing me for a while, Derek hugged me and pressed his forehead against mine. “Honey, the children will turn two next year. Let’s go for a holiday then.”

The mere thought of going on a vacation with my family made my heart flutter with joy. “Okay.” I nodded.

Life seemed to get better, and the warm days made everything look more beautiful.

I didn’t want to recall the pain of the past.

I felt it was better to look forward in life than let the memories of the past haunt me.

We were in the last days of autumn, and winter was just around the corner. The four of us spent most of our times in the yard.

The sun was warm and bright—the perfect weather to have fun outdoors.

Derek was playing the guitar and singing. Our two children stood in front of him with innocent smiles on their faces as they looked at their father in awe. “Twinkle, twinkle, little stars...”

Our children chuckled and clapped their hands.

“The books say that music can develop children’s intelligence.”

Derek smiled at me. “My children should be smart. I don’t want them to become toppers or achieve accolades. I just want them to have a happy childhood.” I rolled my eyes at him even though my heart fluttered with joy.

Just then, Jenna came to tell me that someone had come to see me.

However, before she could finish speaking, someone pushed her away. I looked up and saw my aunt striding toward me.

“Eveline, tell me what happened to your father. His father is involved in your dad’s death, isn’t he not?” Ruth bellowed as she dragged me from the chair and pointed at Derek. She was a look of pure rage.

It had been a few months since Gifford was sent to jail. Derek and I had a tacit understanding about slowly sealing the painful past. But my aunt broke in and mercilessly uncovered our scar.

Derek put down his guitar and slowly stood up. His smile dropped. All traces of happiness vanished from his face as he glared at my aunt.

I shook off Ruth’s hand.

“Aunt Ruth, since you’re asking this question, I assume you are aware of the entire story—including the final result. There is no point in talking about the past over and over again. It’s all over.”

Ruth didn’t come alone. My cousin Abram also followed her in.

“Eveline, my mother, and your father are siblings. How could she not be upset after finding out that her brother was killed? How can she let it go? How could you live with the son of your father’s murderer?” Hearing that, Ruth stomped her foot and burst into tears.

“My poor brother and sister-in-law were killed mercilessly. I can’t tolerate this.”

Ruth pounded her chest and cried. Her every word was like a needle stabbing my heart.

I knew that Derek must be hurting inside.

“Enough!” I bellowed.

Ruth gasped and stopped crying. She looked at me and wiped the tears off her face, looking like an innocent, broken victim.

“Aunt Ruth, you didn’t seem upset even when my father died—you didn’t even shed a tear. Why are you pretending to be upset now?”

I had been a timid girl in the past. Therefore, my direct question seemed to surprise my aunt.

After snapping out of her astonishment, she continued to talk about how much she loved my father and the special bond she shared with him.

“Eveline, how could you say that? Your father and I are siblings—born to the same parents. We obviously loved each other. J] didn’t know the cause of his death back then. How can I feel at ease after knowing that he was killed?”

It’s appalling that you’re with the son of the man who killed your father. Your father won’t rest in peace, Eveline. You’re betraying him.”

Both my aunt and my cousin continued to say that Derek was the son of my father’s murderer. They wanted to complicate the relationship between me and Derek and ruin our lives again.

“How much do you want?” Derek asked coldly. Hearing that, Ruth stopped crying. The expression on my aunt’s and Abram’s faces changed.

Obviously, Derek knew what they were thinking.

But Ruth was a smart woman. Although Derek had offered to give her money, I knew she wouldn’t directly ask him. “Can money bring the dead back to life?” she snorted. “Do you think you can bribe us with money? Your father killed my brother.”

“One hundred thousand dollars. Is that enough?” Derek ignored her and made a deal. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 510

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Chapter 510 The Ring

There was a flash of joy on Ruth's face, but she quickly concealed her expression.

"Your father killed my brother. And now, you have married Eveline, and she has given birth to your children."

Ruth looked at me reproachfully.

"Eveline, I know you are wealthy now, but you should never forget your origins. You should remember how your father died!"

"Two hundred thousand dollars," Derek said calmly. Ruth's eyes widened. She swallowed hard and looked at Abram.

Two hundred thousand dollars was not a small sum of money for them.

I, too, understood why they were making a big fuss. These people never cared about me in the past. Their sudden concern irked me. I didn't want to give them even a penny.

"I will give you two hundred thousand dollars only because you're Eve's aunt. Don't try testing our patience. Otherwise, you won't get even a penny," Derek added.

I knew Ruth wouldn't make a fuss anymore. However, she had been too fierce and righteous a while ago, so I knew she wouldn't accept it right away.

As expected, she began to justify herself.

"You can't blame me for panicking and getting agitated. Think about it. Who would remain calm after finding out that their brother was killed? Moreover, you two are married and have kids. I can't let the children suffer. I just hope you're nice to Eveline. The poor girl has suffered ever since she was a child. Please don't hurt her anymore."

I couldn't stand her hypocrisy, so I immediately filled a check of two hundred thousand dollars.

"Ruth, you and J are not related in any way anymore. With the two hundred thousand dollars, I'm severing all ties with you. If you make a fuss again, I won't spare you. Do you understand?"

Ruth opened her mouth to retort as she reached out for the check. However, I quickly withdrew my hand. Fearing that the check would fly away, Ruth took it and left with Abram right away.

I angrily stomped my foot. The two had ruined my mood.

However, Derek didn't seem concerned. He sat down, picked the guitar again, and began singing for our children.

The sky became cloudy, and a gust of cold breeze brushed against us. I quickly went upstairs to get coats for our children. Since Derek was also wearing a thin T-shirt, I stopped and got his coat as well.

As I picked up his coat, I found something in his pocket. Out of curiosity, I took it out.

It was a small jewelry box. I opened it and saw a beautiful diamond ring inside.

I wondered why he had secretly bought a diamond ring.

It wasn't my birthday, Valentine's day, anniversary— or any other day that required a gift.

I put the ring back into his pocket and went downstairs with the coat.

Derek wore his coat without mentioning the ring. After the two kids played for a while, the nannies took them into the house for a nap.

Ruth's words upset me, and the ring in Derek's coat seemed to confuse me. I was in a daze as I tried to figure out why he had bought the ring.



Just then, Derek started a beautiful song, snapping me out of my thoughts.

“The girl on the other side, look at me, look at me...” His soulful voice pulled my heartstrings. I knew he was singing to cheer me up.

After the first few lines, the song slowed down. Derek stepped closer to me; his face softened as his eyes bore into mine.

“I’ll take you to fly around the world; a world with no worries, pain, or despair. Beautiful roads lie ahead, so let’s burn the bridges and go wandering together to a world of eternal happiness. I need no money, nor expensive clothes cause my heart is full of hopes. With you by my side, darling, I’m the richest man in the world.”

The song was simple yet sweet. His every word seemed to express how much he loved me.

As the song ended, he strummed the guitar and looked at me. “Honey, I’ve been thinking about something for a while.”

The love dazzling in his eyes made my scalp prickle. “What?”

“I owe you a wedding!”

My mouth popped open in shock. So, he bought the ring to propose?

However, he didn’t take out the ring. Perhaps he was waiting for a better opportunity or had planned something else to ask me out. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 511

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Chapter 511 The Complaint

A few days later, there was an incident at the company. I was working in my office when suddenly my assistant stormed in. She informed me that there was a hot dispute going on between two female customers and that one of them was very aggressive and wanted to complain to me at all costs.

I followed my assistant to the main store and it was only then that I realized that the aggressive customer who wanted to complain to me was Becky.

Now that she had found herself a rich man, she was completely different from a few months ago. She was covered with luxury from head to toe.

When she saw me, she crossed her arms over her chest with a provocative smile on her face.

“Ms. Stone, I see your company, Jolly & Mayer, is very popular. Apparently I have to make an appointment to line up just for skincare!”

Hearing what Becky said, I turned to the store manager, who turned to me, looking helpless.

I looked back at Becky and said coldly, “Of course you have to make an appointment. This allows us to take better care of our customers. At Jolly & Mayer, the rule is first come first served. If we take clients who have not made an appointment in advance, it will be chaos here.”

Becky looked at me with an expression of contempt. Like an arrogant rich woman, she casually picked up a card with two fingers.

“I just bought a diamond membership card here today. I have never had the opportunity to experience the services of Jolly & Mayer Company, and I want to experience it now. Must I make an appointment?” The store manager turned to me helplessly and explained, “Ma’am, here’s what’s going on. All the other cosmeticians are busy right now. Seeing that there was a senior cosmetician who seemed free, Ms. Nash wanted to get a facial. But the problem is that Ms. Owen had made an appointment at this time last week, and the senior cosmetician was waiting for her. Ms. Owen arrived on time for her appointment. However, and despite all our explanations, Ms. Nash did not want to hear anything and insisted on being taken care of first.”

It was only then that I glanced at the woman in her forties sitting on the couch.

Although she was also involved in this matter, Ms. Owen kept her composure throughout. She was just sitting there flipping through a magazine in silence.

I cast an indifferent glance at Becky before heading over to Ms. Owen. Then I politely held out my hand. "Nice to meet you, Ms. Owen," I said with a smile. Ms. Owen then put the magazine down and stood up gracefully. Then, she shook my hand with an elegant smile on her face.

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Stone."

"Ms. Owen, how does Mayor Guzman feel about the facial mask I gave you last time?" I asked with a smile.

"Oh, he feels very good about himself. He's been bragging all over that he looks years younger since he started using it. I also think his skin is much more toned now. Besides, he asked me to thank you personally. He said you are a young woman with a very bright future."

I turned around then and saw the embarrassed expression on Becky's face. Without a word to her, I said to the store manager, "Give me the appointment record."

She hastened to bring it to me. When I was done perusing the record, I glanced at my watch.

"Ms. Owen has made an appointment for 2 pm, and it's already 2:50 pm. We've delayed her for nearly an hour.

Ms. Owen, I'm really sorry about this incident. To apologize, we offer you the service for which you made an appointment today free of charge, and so for three sessions. You can make an appointment at any time to take advantage of it. If you're not in a hurry, I can arrange for someone to take care of you right away."

Ms. Owen was very satisfied. She smiled and said, "No wonder Jolly & Mayer grew so fast. Ms. Stone, you really have a gift for customer relations."

Following what I said, the store manager directly arranged for someone to come and take care of Ms. Owen.

I then walked over to Becky. Her expression right now was a stark contrast to her arrogant attitude earlier. She realized she had made a big mistake.

I said lightly, "Ms. Nash, thank you for trusting Jolly & Mayer Company. In the future, try to make an appointment three days in advance, so as not to delay your time and ours. Besides..."

I walked closer to Becky and whispered in her ear, "There are so many rich people who come here to do their body treatments. So I'm not impressed by you. It doesn't benefit you to spend your husband's money while embarrassing him."

She looked embarrassed and scared. Contrary to her habits, Becky said nothing afterwards. She knew she had offended a big shot today.

By the time I went back to my office, it was already half past three.

When I entered my office, I immediately saw a large bouquet of blue roses on the desk.

In fact, Derek and I hadn't made our relationship public until now. Because of this, many people thought I was still single. So it was very common for me to receive bouquets of flowers from suitors.

I took the bouquet of flowers and pulled out the beautiful card inside.

It read, "Honey, would you like to have a candlelight dinner with me?"

He left the address of the restaurant on the back of the card.

This gentle attention from Derek quickly dispelled the bad mood caused by Becky. I removed the violets that were in the vase on the desk and put the blue roses in there instead.

The sweet smell of roses wafted through my office and filled my lungs, filling me with a deep sense of well-being. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 512

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Chapter 512 The Last Date

It was almost time to get off work. I took out my makeup bag and fixed my makeup.

Derek had formally invited me to dinner for the first time. I had a vague understanding of what he had planned to do. Although I was a little nervous, I was eagerly looking forward to it.

After work, I drove straight to the restaurant and followed a waiter to the private room he had booked. The floor of the room was covered with rose petals. Candles, wine, and champagne were arranged on the long table, and a soothing, romantic number played in the background.

But Derek hadn't come yet.

My stomach became queasy. I felt stupid for arriving earlier than him. "Should I leave and wait for him to come first?"

God, why am I overanalyzing everything? We are husband and wife. I could wait for him, and he could wait for me," I muttered to myself.

After thinking it through, I pulled out a chair and sat down.

The candlelight cast a soft glow on my face. Although the candles were placed at the far end of the room, it felt like they were burning me, making my blood gush through my veins.

Was he going to propose to me? He had said that he owed me a wedding.

I turned into a young girl all over again, on her first date, feeling both excited and nervous.

I checked the watch for the first time: it was six forty -five. Derek had asked me to come to the restaurant at seven.

I thought he would be here soon.

My palms grew sweaty. I noticed some of the candles were askew, so I stood up and gently moved them.

It was seven, but he hadn't come yet.

The clock continued to tick. I had been waiting for half an hour, but he didn't come. Every moment's delay made me uncomfortable.

A waiter came in and asked me if he could serve dinner. I told him that I was waiting for someone, so he left.

I unlocked my phone to call Derek. However, my finger froze on his name in my contact list. I was hesitant to call him.

I decided to wait longer. Derek was a punctual man. He wouldn't be late unless he didn't have a choice. Perhaps he was caught up with something.

He must have spent a lot of effort decorating the room. Therefore, I was sure he would come. And even if he couldn't make it, I knew he would call and inform me. I found various reasons to convince myself, but the uneasiness in my heart seemed to grow stronger with every passing minute.

It felt like I was sitting on pins and needles, but he hadn't come yet. Panic wracked my nerves.

I finally called him, but no one answered.

"Why isn't he answering my calls? Is he in a meeting? Or has something happened to him?"

I couldn't remain calm anymore.

Just as I stood up to go to the company to look for him, the door flew open, and he entered the room.

It was the end of autumn and the advent of winter. It was cold. But he was wearing only a thin white shirt; his coat was resting on his arm.

"Sorry for making you wait." He walked in.

I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw him. My racing brain finally slowed down.

"It's okay. I didn't wait long."

He had probably informed the waiter before coming in. Soon, the waiter entered the room with the dishes. He sat down opposite me and hung his coat on the chair. "Are you hungry?" he asked without explaining why he was late. "Eat something first."

He filled the glass with wine and drank it. Then, he poured another glass.

The candlelight cast long shadows on our faces, so I couldn't read his expression in the dim light. But something seemed wrong.

"Why don't you eat something? Don't you like the food?" he asked, examining my face.

I shook my head. "It's delicious."

"That's good." Derek emptied the second glass of wine as well.

He continued to drink without eating anything.

"That's enough. Stop drinking too much. Your stomach hasn't healed yet," I said.

Derek smiled at me. Seeing his unfocused eyes, I could tell he was a little tipsy. “My stomach is fine now. I’ve recovered.”

Then, he reached out for the bottle again, only to find that it was empty. Therefore, he opened the second bottle.

“What’s wrong with you? Are you upset? Did something happen in the company?”

He didn’t answer my questions. Instead, he filled his glass again.

After drinking it all in one gulp, he put down the glass and leaned back on his chair. Despite the cold weather, I could see beads of sweat on his forehead. He unbuttoned the first two buttons of his shirt and opened his collar.

“Are you happy with the decoration here today?” he suddenly asked me.

There was a strange glint in his eyes as if he was hiding something from me. But I couldn’t tell what it was.

“Good,” I nodded thoughtfully.

“I’m glad you like it. I want a good ending.” My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch  
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Chapter 513 We Are Over

I was absolutely flummoxed. “Ending? What do you mean?”

He sat up straight and rested his hands on the table. He looked at me more gravely than before and loudly affirmed one deliberate word at a time. “WE ARE OVER!”



In my mind, there seemed to be a clap of ominous thunder. I was completely shocked and just stared at him with a vacant look on my face. My voice was so light and meek that I couldn't even hear myself.

"Why?"

He pursed his lips and stared off into the distance as if he were contemplating something or the other. After an inordinately long period, he finally opened his mouth.

"Does it matter whether there's a reason or not? Our relationship starts without a reason, and there is no reason when it ends."

His nonchalant attitude made my nose involuntarily twitch.

I couldn't believe what he had just said. He had been so kind to me. His kindness gave me the strength to overcome the obstacles and made me indulge in happiness. He had said that he owed me a wedding. How could I believe that he would change his mind so fast?

"Don't make fun of me. It's not funny," I said.

I didn't dare to look into his eyes because his eyes were so serious at that moment that they actually made me feel flustered.

"Eveline, I'm dead serious. We'll see our lawyers tomorrow to finalize a divorce," he said matter-of-factly.

I could clearly see that he was serious. He didn't look like he was joking in the least bit.

My heartbreak was so intense that I almost felt like I heard my heart physically crack and shatter in my rib cage.

"But why? We have gone through so much. It's not easy for us to start a peaceful life after this. I don't want this to end between us," I said imploringly.

I didn't mind being humble before him.

At this moment, there was only one thought in my mind: I didn't want to end it. I couldn't break up with him. I wanted to live with him for the rest of my days. "Do you really care about what Ruth said that day? In fact, you don't have to worry about it. Ruth and I..." I started.

"No." He interrupted me with frigid mercilessness. "It's no one else's business. This is between you and me."

He spoke slowly as if he was afraid that I couldn't hear or understand him clearly.

Before I had come here or seen the setup in the room, I was filled to the brim with expectations. I expected him to propose to me since he had said he owed me a wedding previously. But what I heard now truly disheartened and disappointed me.

I picked up the wine on the table and poured myself a glass with some urgency. Because my hands were shaking uncontrollably, copious amounts of the wine spilled out of the glass.

After drinking a glass of wine, I could feel the spicy zing in my throat, but it didn't suppress the pain in my heart.

"Is there anything wrong between us?" I asked in anguish.

He took out a cigarette and lit it up. The smoke quickly blurred my sight and I couldn't see his expression clearly.

"There were barriers between us, more specifically, your father and mine."

Hearing his heavy voice, my eyes started to fill with tears.

"But that's neither your fault nor mine, right?"

“I know, but it weighs heavily on my conscience,” he said grimly.

My heart ached. I still couldn't bring myself to accept that this was the end of the road for our relationship.

“Who said he only had me now? Who asked me never to leave him? Who said we would go on a trip together next year? Who said he owed me a wedding?” My questions caused him to frown. He simply poured another glass of wine and gulped it down. Then he put the glass down with a heavy thud.

“You left for more than half a year last year, but you said the children were mine. Eveline, do you think this is a credible story?”

I stared at him in utter disbelief and all color drained from my face in an instant.

“What... What did you just say?” My voice was trembling.

He took a drag of his cigarette and said, “I said, let's get divorced.” My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 514

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Chapter 514 You Still Have Me

I broke into a wry laughter. “Did you mean what you said, Derek? How could you be so cruel?”

Derek closed his eyes, rubbing his temples.

“Eveline, you know that I never change my mind once I make a decision. We're both adults. I just wish for you to be free and live a good life. If there's anything you want, just tell me, and I'll do my best to help you out.”

I grabbed my purse, stood up, and shot him a forlorn glance.

“What do you think I want right now? I want you and I want us to be together forever. Is that at all possible?” Derek held the cigarette in his mouth, averting his gaze from me.

I glanced at the romantic decorations in the room and thought of how ironic they were. With that in mind, I chuckled, and went to the door with my purse in hand.

The moment I reached the door, I turned around and saw Derek picking up a bottle of wine and drinking it by himself. He wouldn't even look at me. Upon seeing that, I smiled bitterly and left.

And as soon as I walked out of the room, I found Timmy leaning against the wall near the door. Lowering my gaze, I quickened my pace, for I didn't want him to see that I was crying.

“Allow me to drive you home,” he said from behind me.

I sniffed and replied, “No, thanks.”

At first I was walking briskly, and then I began to run. I just wanted to leave here as soon as possible.

Since Derek was determined to divorce me, I shouldn't feel conflicted about leaving him. In all honesty, I didn't want to cry, but I couldn't control my tears.

By now, my makeup was probably ruined already. Along the way, many people were casting curious glances at me. I had even lost my high heels and ran barefoot, but I didn't care about how I looked right now.

Once I stepped foot outside the restaurant, I bumped into someone.

“I'm sorry!”

I lowered my head and apologized. Afterwards, I attempted to leave but the person I bumped into stopped me.

“Hey, where are you going? I’ll drive you home.” Upon hearing the familiar voice, I looked up at him and saw that it was indeed Alvaro.

He took a closer look at my face and frowned.

I fumbled for the car key in my purse with trembling hands.

“No, it’s okay. I drove here myself.”

I tried to walk forward, but he grabbed my hand again. “You’re too emotional to drive right now. Why would you still insist on driving by yourself? Do you want your kids to lose their mom?”

These words sounded harsh to me, but they worked. In the end, I decided to agree to his offer.

My kids were already going to lose out on having a complete family. I didn’t want them to lose me, too. No matter how horrible my fate would become, I must stay strong.

A cold gust of wind blew by, making me shiver. I was barefooted outside the restaurant, so I could feel the cold seeping into the soles of my feet.

Alvaro looked down at my bare feet before picking me up. Then, he carried me to his car and put me into the passenger seat.

He didn’t ask me where we were going. He just started the car and drove slowly.

Outside the window were dazzling neon lights. Right now, they were too harsh on my eyes, and it made my eyes feel sore.

I barely drank anything, but I felt inebriated. I was dazed at the moment. Everything that happened tonight felt like a dream, and at the back of my mind, I hoped that it really was just a dream. Unfortunately, I knew that it wasn’t, because my heart was hurting. The pain felt so intense that I felt like my chest was about to implode.

After a long time of pondering blankly, I said, "Take me to Jolly & Mayer Company."

Soon, the car stopped at the gate of my company. From where I was sitting in the car, I could see Lavinia's statue.

She was the woman that I admired the most. She had lived a free, happy life. Perhaps she also experienced marriage and love, but in the end, she had no man around her.

"Women can live even without men,"

I murmured as I stared at Lavinia's statue.

"Well, look on the bright side, Eveline. You still have me," Alvaro said, suddenly grabbing my hand.

I withdrew my hand and avoided his affectionate gaze. I remembered that he once shared a passionate kiss with Ady at the bar the other day, so I asked him,

"What about Ady? You need to take responsibility for her. Do all men enjoy playing with women's feelings?" Alvaro's hands rested on the steering wheel as he leaned against the back of his seat and raised his head. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 515

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Chapter 515 Hurt

I was surprised at first, but I soon realized that it made sense.

For some reason, I always felt that Alvaro was Ady's old flame. It turned out that they used to be married. I recalled how deep Ady's gaze was whenever she looked at Alvaro, and that she told him in the bar that night, "If you want to do it, I don't mind." She didn't say that she still loved him, nor did she do anything radical, but I could tell that her feelings for Alvaro had been carved into her bones.

"She still loves you. Don't let down a woman who loves you with all of her heart," I remarked, leaning against the window.

Suddenly, Alvaro leaned over and made me face him by holding my shoulders. He was staring at me intently.

“What about a man who loves you wholeheartedly? Are you even willing to give him a chance?”

I couldn't answer the question, nor did I have the courage to meet his gaze.

I had fully experienced how it felt to be hurt, and I didn't want anyone else to feel the same.

Alvaro seemed to have figured out my answer, so he just smiled bitterly and let me go.

He leaned back in his seat, opened the window, and lit up a cigarette.

“If I don't love the person, no matter what he does for me, I can't force myself to love him back. How will I ever live up to his expectations?”

I replied, looking away.

Perhaps in many ways, I was right. Derek didn't love me, did he? That was why he could remain calm even as he said those words to me.

“If you don't have a place to go for the time being, you can stay at my house.”

Having said that, Alvaro added, “Don't worry, I won't do anything to you. I may have feelings for you, but I'm not going to violate you or anything.”

I shook my head in response. “Thank you, but right now, I just want to go to my company. Only Jolly & Mayer Company's existence can make me feel like I'm not such a loser.”

Just before I could open the door and leave, Alvaro stopped me. "Wait."

He then drove to the shopping mall nearby and asked me to wait in the car for a while. After parking his car, he walked into the shopping mall.

Minutes later, he came back with a box in hand.

He opened the door of the passenger seat and took out a pair of flat shoes from a shoebox that he seemed to have bought. They were quite exquisite. One glance and I could tell that they must've cost a fortune.

Alvaro squatted down, lifted my feet, and was about to put the shoes on for me.

That was when I realized that I wasn't even wearing any shoes.

"I can do it myself."

I wanted to withdraw my foot, but he held it tightly and continued putting the shoes on for me.

Even though he never asked me what size my feet were, he managed to buy a pair of shoes that was just right for me.

As he stared at the shoes on my feet, he smiled with satisfaction.

"Your feet are beautiful, so any shoes would look good on them. Try not to wear high heels too often. It's not good for your feet," he said.

This pair of shoes was made with high-quality materials, and it was really comfortable to wear. I was grateful to him, so I expressed my gratitude sincerely. Not long after, he drove me back to my company. When I got out of the car and bade him farewell, he told me that he'd leave after finishing his cigarette. Once I was in my office, I looked out the window, only to find that his car was still parked under the streetlamp.



Around ten minutes later, he finally drove away.

It was late now, and it was raining. Feeling worried about Dexter and Edith, I decided to call Jenna. She told me that the children went to bed early today and said that I didn't have to worry.

Truthfully, I also wanted to ask her if Derek had gone home. But in the end, I couldn't get the words out of my throat.

Even if he got drunk, I was sure that Timmy would look after him, so he'd be fine.

Even though Derek had hurt me so much, I still worried about him.

I lay in the lounge of my office for the entire night, but I couldn't fall asleep. This whole situation was so out of joint. I couldn't understand how things turned out this way.

Later on, I started to feel sleepy, and had some messy dreams. I couldn't remember my dreams vividly. There were so many people and stuff happening in my dreams, and they were so chaotic.

The next morning, I woke up really early.

I washed up, sat in front of the mirror, and stared at my reflection.

People's faces often betray their emotions. Whenever people were sad, they would look haggard. I was no exception to that rule.

Thus, I took out my makeup kit and put on some makeup.

Derek said that he would divorce me today, and he said it so firmly. I shouldn't be so shameless as to continue badgering him.

If we'd really go through with the divorce, I wanted to look my best self. I didn't want to show up there looking haggard. And I'd rather not look like an abandoned woman, even though it was the truth. Once I was almost done with my makeup, my phone rang. The caller ID "Honey" showed up on my screen, and it only made my heart ache again.

The moment I picked up the call, he asked, "Where are you?"

I told him that I was at Jolly & Mayer Company. He told me that he'd pick me up, and that we should go to the law firm together.

It was still so early in the morning, and yet he couldn't wait to divorce me. 2