

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 54

Chapter 54 Are You Full

When I entered Derek's room with the bowl of porridge, I found that he had taken off his shirt. My eyes instantly glanced at his muscular upper body, and I didn't dare to look at it for a second time.

"I cooked some minced meat porridge. Do you like it?" Derek rested his hand behind his head, staring at me leisurely. "I enjoy whatever you cook for me."

Felix's remark earlier made me a little uncomfortable. So, I put down the bowl of porridge, intending to leave. However, Derek told me, "Can you feed me?"

I paused when I heard him say that.

Then, he showed me his bandaged right hand, implying that it was inconvenient for him to eat on his own right now.

That would indeed be a problem for him.

So, I took a deep breath, sat on the edge of the bed, and began to feed him. I made sure to blow on every spoonful to ensure that it wouldn't be too hot for his tongue.

I could feel him staring at me throughout the entire process. I didn't dare to look at him, or his body. I could only look at the porridge and the spoon. "It's a little salty," he remarked abruptly.

"Huh? Is it?" All the uneasiness and complicated emotions I had been feeling were dissipated by his words.

"If you don't believe me, try it."

Perhaps due to my absentmindedness, I tried the porridge with the spoon I used to feed him.

After having two spoonfuls of porridge, I said, "I have a sensitive tongue, and I don't think it's that salty."

When I tried to feed him again, Derek didn't open his mouth. Then, I noticed that he was smiling.

I suddenly realized something, and wondered if he disliked that I ate from the same spoon.

I blushed and told him, "Okay. I'll go get another spoon."

Right after I said that, I was about to stand up, but he held my hand and put the spoonful of porridge into his mouth.

He not only ate the porridge, but also licked the remains on the spoon.

Not a second later, he held my hand while continuing to lick the spoon and staring into my eyes. Somehow, his display was very arousing. Just seeing it made me blush and my heart begin to beat faster. Just watching him lick the spoon sent a tingle down my spine. If he wasn't holding my hand, I probably would've dropped the spoon by now.

"Eveline," he muttered.

"Hmm?" I was too nervous to speak.

Suddenly, he grabbed the back of my head, causing the bowl in my hand to slip to the floor and break.

The moment I fell to his body, he began to kiss me.

His kiss wasn't wild. To be honest, it was passionate and tender. And such tenderness was something that I could not resist.

Not long after, the door opened from outside. I wanted to jump away, but Derek held my head too tightly, and then he put his tongue inside my mouth.

"Oh! Sorry, guys. Please, continue." Felix sounded like he was amused by what he saw. He must've heard the sound of the bowl breaking and rushed upstairs immediately.

Soon, the door was closed again. Derek was kissing me with such skill, and I was getting weaker and weaker despite my efforts to push him away. At first, I resisted the kiss, but soon I found myself

regret drowning in this moment.

He kept on kissing me for a long time. The second he let go, we locked eyes. Both of us were catching our breaths after the kiss.

"Did you like it?" he asked, wearing a charming smile. I indeed liked it, but I didn't say anything. Derek let me lean against his chest. His stark naked chest was so close to my face that I could hear his heartbeat. It sounded very powerful. And as I listened to it, I gradually calmed down.

Derek paused and told me, "Eveline, you need to understand that everyone has a past. You have yours, and I have mine. Truthfully, before I met you, I didn't like

being in this house. It felt empty and lonely to live here alone. Do you remember the first time you cooked in the kitchen? I told you before that seeing a woman cooking

in the kitchen made me feel like I had a home. When I cooked with you in the kitchen the other day, I came to realize that this was indeed my home. I enjoy seeing you cook and wearing an apron. The mere sight of you doing it is so beautiful.”

It was worth noting that Derek had a way with words; or rather, he had a way with women.

These words made me forget about everything else. All I wanted to do was to put on an apron and cook for him. 1

“That day, when I was cooking with you in the kitchen, I suddenly felt that this was the life I wanted. Eveline, I want to live a happy life with you,” said Derek.

He was so honest. It was touching, and I appreciated this side of him.

I guessed that he must’ve figured out that I heard his conversation with Felix earlier, and that must be why he said those things to me.

I didn’t want to trouble myself with unnecessary details. After experiencing a failed marriage, I dared not dream of a passionate and romantic life anymore, but I still hoped to live a peaceful life.

I got up from him, intending to ask an irrelevant question. I had no idea why I wanted to do that. I must be out of my mind.

“Are you full?”

Derek was stunned by my question, and it brought a smile on his face. Suddenly, he pulled me closer to him and whispered in my ear, “I’m not full. So, how are you going to satisfy your husband?” Right after he said that, he put his hands under my blouse.

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Chapter 55 Waiting For Me

His hot breath brushed against my face. I didn’t expect him to take advantage of me by deliberately twisting my words. I pushed him away and jumped to my feet, awkwardly tucking my hair behind my ears. “Felix and Eric are still downstairs. I’ll go and take care of the dishes.” I crouched down and began to pick up the broken fragments of what used to be a bowl. “Be careful,” Derek cautioned. “Just use a broom to sweep the pieces away.”

My heart warmed. I went to fetch the broom and did as he suggested before going downstairs.

I found Felix and Eric lounging on the sofa, apparently done with their meal.

Later, when I came out of the kitchen after cleaning everything up, Eric was out on the balcony. But Felix was still in the living room, brooding on the sofa.

I walked over and sat at arm's length beside him.

"You think I'm not good enough for him, don't you?" I asked with a smile.

Felix looked shocked by my sudden question. He plucked the cigarette from his mouth and blinked at me. After a while, though, he started to return my smile.

"You must have heard what I said a while ago. Just take it as some bullshit talk. I was likely out of my wits after all that happened today. Please don't take it to heart. Honestly, it's good that he has you with him. We were always afraid that he would keep refusing to get married and would just die a lonely old man."

Die a lonely old man? That sounded pretty heavy and just a tad too much.

Derek was a brilliant man, an excellent catch. Women were bound to chase after him wherever he went. Why would he end up alone for the rest of his life?

But Felix didn't say anything more. He put his cigarette back between his lips and frowned, obviously back to his brooding.

"Do you have a crush on Louise?" I asked him bluntly.

He narrowed his eyes at me and didn't answer right away. I could see the hesitation on his face.

"She called me a piece of scum," he finally said, his voice self-deprecating. "I'm sure she doesn't like scum like myself."

I pursed my lips and studied him. "Felix, I know Louise looks tough on the outside, but she's actually very fragile and insecure. If you're not actually in love with her, then it's best for you to just stay friends. I don't want to see her get hurt."

He flicked his cigarette on the ashtray and forced a tight smile. "Why? Do you also see me as a piece of scum who doesn't deserve her?"

I instantly shook my head and rushed to explain. "That's not what I meant at all."

This time, there was a mocking edge to Felix's smile.

"I know. I've looked into her. She is the daughter of a rich family, while I'm just a good-for-nothing playboy who runs a nightclub. We're not the same kind of people." It was then that I realized I had said something rather terrible. I tried to explain again.

"I'm sorry, Felix. Please don't misunderstand my intentions. I didn't mean anything else, I really didn't. It's true that Louise's family is rich, but you and I both know that she doesn't let the fact get into her head. She doesn't even act like an heiress. Her insecurity stems from her father. When his business finally began to prosper, he divorced her mother and married a woman who was only a few years older than Louise. That's why she's always so skeptical about love. Even so, I believe that a person's sincere feelings will be able to move her one day."

Felix said nothing. He finished his cigarette in silence before standing to grab his coat. "Well, I don't know if I'm in love with her or not. To be perfectly frank, I'm rather insecure myself. I also want to be sincere, but I'm not sure if I'm really capable of it. I'm scared, too. But since the odds are against me, anyway, I might as well nip it in the bud. Louise is a vibrant and charming woman. I do like her, and I take it as an honor to be her friend. I'm better off pursuing my libertine ways."

He sounded like he had utterly given up on Louise, on himself. Remorse washed over me. I shouldn't have said anything to him.

"I'm leaving now," Felix said. "You should head upstairs and take good care of Derek."

Eric came in from the balcony right on cue, and prepared to leave with Felix. "No, wait a minute!" I blurted out. Felix stopped in his tracks and hung his coat over his shoulder, but he didn't look back at me.

"I have something else to say." "Go ahead." He took a deep, impatient breath, acting like a petulant child.

"First of all, I want to tell you that Louise has never been in love before, simply because she doesn't believe in love. She may seem mature and sophisticated, but she's actually quite simple-minded and inexperienced."

I noticed Felix stiffening after hearing my words. I soldiered on.

"Secondly, although she is good at fighting, she never fights for someone she doesn't care about."

Felix did turn around then, his movement slow and almost shy. The knot between his brows gradually eased, and the corners of his lips curled upward. He looked like he just had a sudden epiphany.

"Bye, now." He slung an arm around Eric's shoulder and they both left.

I trudged up the stairs, remembering what Derek had said earlier. I was a little apprehensive to enter his room, so I padded quietly to my own bedroom.

He had said that he was dizzy. Perhaps he had already fallen asleep.

I reassured myself that this was, indeed, the case, and went to the bathroom for a shower.

When I was finished, I wrapped myself in a bath towel and opened the door of the bathroom to a distressing sight.

Derek was standing at the doorway, one arm braced against the frame. He wasn't wearing a shirt

More importantly, he looked like he had been waiting for me.

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Chapter 56 Wipe Your Husband

Derek eyed me from head to toe, making me feel uncomfortable.

"Why haven't you gone to sleep yet?" I tried to stay as calm as possible. "I'm sweating all over, and it's making me restless."

I squeezed from his side, inevitably rubbing against his body. I pointed at the bathroom and told him, "Then go take a shower." He showed me his bandaged hand and pointed at his head. "You want me to take a shower in this state?"

"So, what should we do?"

For some reason, he looked a little pitiful. I wondered if he wanted me to bathe him.

"Help me wipe my body," he said bluntly. I thought he was asking for too much. Although we were a legally married couple, we weren't that close yet.

Some part of me told me that he must've noticed my reluctance.

He suddenly pinched my cheek and said, "I'd rather not make things difficult for you, so I'm just going to bathe myself."

Thinking that his wound might get infected by the water, my head ached and then I decided to do it for him.

“Forget it. I’ll help you wipe off your sweat.”

Slowly, Derek turned around. For a moment, I saw a triumphant smile on his face. It was as if his plot had succeeded.

I went to the bathroom to get some warm water. And as the water flowed, I felt really conflicted.

He was sweating all over his body, and there were still traces of blood in some places. If I didn’t clean him properly, he might get sick. The problem was that there was no other person in the house that could help him cleanse himself. Because I was his wife, I must do it without hesitation.

It took me a while, but I finally persuaded myself to grab a towel and the basin of warm water, and walk out of the bathroom.

The moment I saw him standing by the bed, I almost threw the basin of water I was holding.

He had taken off his pants, leaving only an underwear on. As he stood by the bed, the look on his face made it easy for me to figure out that I could do whatever I wanted to him. It was so damn tempting!

I put down the basin, drenched the towel and wrung it. I took a deep breath, as if I were heading into a battlefield.

I began to wipe his face, down to his chest, and then his back. I tried to pretend like I wasn’t interested in his muscular body, and told myself that I was merely taking care of a patient.

“Now, it’s time to wipe my lower body.” Derek’s voice resonated in my ears, and I felt like I was about to explode.

I held the towel, subconsciously gazing down. I could feel just how much my face was burning.

When I had no idea what to do, he suddenly took my hand and guided it down to his underwear, slowly pulling his briefs down.

His palm felt warm, and the feeling of his breath beside my ear felt even heavier. I felt as though my heart was just ready to leap from my chest. I had no idea why I couldn’t resist him.

Suddenly, Derek’s phone rang, breaking the intimate moment.

We looked at each other at the same time and I saw fire in his eyes.

When he picked up the phone and said “Grandpa”, the intimacy and heated tension between us disappeared. Since the old man called in the middle of the night, I gathered that it must be because there was bad news.

"Sure. I'll be right there." This time, Derek looked serious. All the desire in his eyes earlier was gone. "Hey, what's the matter? Did something happen to your grandpa?" I stared at him, worried about his state of mind.

Derek nodded. "Grandpa said that he accidentally slipped and couldn't get up today. Fortunately, his neighbor helped him to the bed, but he's unable to move right now."

As a nurse, I had knowledge of some common illnesses.

"You shouldn't underestimate something as simple as falling when it comes to the elderly. At worst, they might have a stroke! But considering how your grandfather was still able to call you, that just means he's okay," I said.

Derek frowned and said, "Let's pack up some clothes. We're going to the countryside."

"You're taking me with you?"

He cast me a glance and added, "Grandpa said that he wanted to get to know his granddaughter-in-law."

I didn't hesitate. I quickly packed up some clothes and got in the car with him.

We should've visited his grandfather sooner, instead of going to the old man after he had an accident and called his grandson about it.