

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 87

[/ My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO: A Sweet Second Chance](#)
Chapter 87 The Lead Singer

As I returned to my station, I kept telling myself that Shane was only purposely trying to sow discord between Derek and me. In truth, however, I couldn't bring myself to calm down. His words were still echoing inside my head. "I slept with his woman in the past, Eveline. That's why he also wants to do the same. This is his revenge."

So then, had Derek been pretending around me all this time? The warmth and the affection that we'd shared... Were they all fake?

I didn't have it in me to believe Shane's words. I couldn't bear to even try.

But then I remembered Sybil's photo being flashed on the big screen during Shane's wedding. I finally understood why she had looked so familiar.

I had seen a photo of Derek back at his grandfather's house, one where he was with a girl. I realized now that the girl was none other than Sybil. That old photograph was a far cry from the artistic pictures plastered on newspapers, though, so I hadn't been able to recognize her right away.

And then another realization came crashing down on me. I went up to my supervisor and asked to take a leave of absence, saying I wasn't feeling well. The moment I was granted permission, I fled the hospital and took a taxi back to the villa. .

I made a beeline for the cabinet in the living room and took out the tape lodged inside the old player.

There was a cover photo on the tape. It had a rather grainy quality, especially since they had had to fit five people in a single portrait, and the faces were somewhat blurry.

The Thorn Birds were a local band from about eight years ago. I had barely seen a poster of the group since their rise to popularity. The only thing I had to distinguish their appearance was this old, battered tape.

I used to think that Derek had a striking similarity to the lead singer of the band. Now that I had an idea about his past, I knew that it was, in fact, him.

I took out my phone and looked up some information on the Thorn Birds, but I couldn't find much. They were a local band, after all, and the Internet had yet to explode during their time. They had disbanded early, too.

I should have made the connection when I'd seen photos of a younger Derek with long hair at his grandfather's house. But the truth was, when I thought about the Thorn Birds, all I ever cared about was their songs, nothing else. I never imagined that Derek would have something to do with the band at all.

Now, if Shane had been telling the truth, then Derek must have held a grudge against Shane for a very long time.

No wonder Derek could call out Shane's name in the hospital when he met him for the first time. According to Shane, he didn't recognize Derek at that time.

As the reality of it all began to sink in, I felt my heart being ripped apart into pieces. My skin tightened around my body, and I could feel a dull, throbbing pain in my hollow chest.

I ran out and took a taxi to Dere International. People stared at me as I strode across the lobby and into the elevator. I went straight to the top floor.

One of Derek's assistants recognized me. She gestured at the meeting room down the hall and said that he was in the middle of a meeting. On impulse, I rushed over and pushed the door open, determined to settle matters once and for all.

It wasn't until I saw more than ten heads turn in my direction that I finally came to my senses.

At the head of the long table, Derek cocked his head to the side and blinked at me in surprise.

"I'm sorry," I said hurriedly. "Please continue."

I closed the door of the meeting room and decided to wait for him inside his office. A few seconds later, his assistant popped in to serve me a cup of tea.

Derek came twenty minutes later.

I had managed to calm myself while I waited, so when he walked toward me, I had a serene expression on my face. I was even smiling a little.

He tossed some documents on the coffee table and plopped down on the sofa with a weary sigh. He pulled me in his arms before he leaned back, and I didn't resist.

"What are you doing here? Did you miss me that much?"

Derek had no idea that I already knew the truth. He spoke to me in his usual languid and intimate tone.

"Hmm," I murmured. My arms had stiffened at my sides. I felt no inclination to return his embrace.

He sat up straight then, loosening his tie with a mischievous grin.

“Since you missed me so much, I should do the right thing and comfort you until you’re satisfied.”

Derek leaned over as he said this, and I quickly pressed my hands against his chest to stop him. For a brief second, I feared that my smile might falter, but I stubbornly brave facade.

“How about we go to Blue Sky tonight? I’ve been working hard lately. I’d like to take a break and relax.”

Although he looked taken aback by my sudden suggestion, Derek didn’t seem to suspect me. He smiled and caressed my cheek. “Honey, if you want to go out and have some fun, then of course I’ll go with you.”

The term of endearment rolled off his tongue so naturally, but all I could feel was a bitter sense of irony.

We headed for the Blue Sky just as night fell.

I called Louise over, and Derek called up his friends as well.

As soon as I got seated, I ordered two dozen black beer. Needless to say, everyone was quite shocked.

Derek’s face darkened ever so slightly. He reached out and felt my forehead. “You’re acting a little strange today?”

“Really?” I smiled innocently up at him.

This entire time, he had been wearing a perfect mask to hide his true intentions. If I wanted to protect myself, then I needed to do the same.

The night progressed, and I proposed a game of Truth or Dare. I saw Louise turn to me when I did, looking like she had seen a ghost.

I could tell she had never expected me to participate in such a bold activity.

I doubled down by asking for everyone’s opinion, and they all agreed. Finally, I fixed my eyes on Derek and raised an eyebrow.

He stared back at me and pondered for a while before giving me a tight smile. “All right.”

I swallowed the lump in my throat. My heart ached at his flawless delivery of a generous and indulgent lover, knowing that it was all an act.

I quickly averted my eyes and tried my best to rein in my surging emotions.

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Chapter 88 To Ask Him The Color Of His Underpants

We threw the dice around, playing a few rounds. It seemed that even God favored Derek because he was so lucky today. I, on the other hand, wasn't that lucky. Soon, it was my turn.

Without hesitation, I chose Dare. This was the decision I had made before the game even started.

The subject of the challenge was drawn out from a box. After reading it, Felix burst into laughter.

"Ask the first man to come in through the door about the color of his underpants." Once he read it out loud, everyone else at the table burst into laughter. 1

Louise looked embarrassed. It was as if she was worried about me.

Derek stared at me, chuckling. "If you don't want to do it, just choose Truth instead of Dare. Women have the right to break the rules of games." 1

"No, I'll do it." 1

When he heard that I refused, his reaction changed. As he looked at me, I picked up a glass of beer on the table, gulped it all down, and poured myself another half glass. Then, I got up and slowly walked towards the door.

A man happened to enter the bar at the same time. To my surprise, he was a handsome man.

He was wearing a white shirt, had one hand in his pocket, and a light gray suit jacket hanging over his other arm. He looked neat and refined.

"Hi, sir."

Upon hearing my voice, he stopped in front of me, staring at me in surprise.

Perhaps he was already thinking that I was one of those women who specialized in seducing men at such an occasion.

I thought that at this moment, everyone at the booth, including Derek, must be looking at me..

I was holding a glass in my right hand, and then I placed the other on his shoulder gently.

The fabric of his shirt looked great, and it was comfortable to touch. Slowly, I leaned closer towards him. Though he was a little tense, he didn't try to

avoid me.

In truth, I was a little nervous while I was doing it. This was the first time that I did something like this, so I was scared of being rejected.

Once I was barely inches away from him, I smiled and said, "Actually, here's the thing..."

"What game are you playing?" he asked. His voice was pleasant to hear.

Surprised, I looked at him and replied, "You're so smart!" Amused by my reaction, he shrugged.

"It wasn't that difficult to guess." Now that he had guessed the situation correctly, it was better to tell him the truth.

"We're playing Truth or Dare. I wanted to ask, well... um... what color your underpants are."

As I said that last part of my sentence, I was almost mumbling. The reasons being that the question was too embarrassing, and I was worried that he would feel too embarrassed that he would end up refusing to answer it.

But to my surprise, a faint smile appeared on his lips. "I'll tell you, but under one condition."

His smile was pleasant to see, but in a different form than that of Derek's. It was pure and bright.

"What's the condition?"

I was on guard the moment he said that he had a condition.

The man lowered his head and said half-jokingly, "This is a very private matter, so only my girlfriend has the right to know about it. If you agree to be my girlfriend for a week, I wouldn't mind telling you."

It was obvious that he was flirting with me with the way he spoke, but even so, he was still a gentleman about it. He didn't appear obscene at all.

Since I was the one who provoked him to say such words, I was still calm right now.

"Are you kidding me?" I replied. "Oh? Is it that difficult to do?" There was still a smile on his face when he said that. "Not really."

I turned around and saw that everyone at the booth were craning their necks and watching me with excitement and curiosity. Only Derek was leaning against the sofa in the color Of His Underpants

with an unreadable expression under the light.

I wondered what he would look like if he decided to take off his mask.

When that thought crossed my mind, my heart was filled with overwhelming sadness.

"Fine. It's a deal." a

As soon as I finished speaking, the man placed his arm around my shoulders as if it were natural.

"Where are your friends?" I froze and pointed to the booth not far away. A faint smile appeared on his lips. "Since you're playing games, as your boyfriend, it's only natural that I accompany you." 1 This time, I was rendered speechless.

He then placed his arm around my waist and walked inside. I was feeling a little tense about this, but after taking a few steps, I finally asked, "So... what color are they?"

He turned his head towards me and chuckled, causing me to feel embarrassed. When I thought that he wouldn't answer, he said, "Dark grey. I'm wearing boxer shorts, size

L."

I was only asking about the color. He didn't need to tell me each detail! Thus, I couldn't help but imagine what he looked like in dark grey boxer shorts.

Everyone at the booth was looking at us. "What color?"

The surprise on Louise's face was probably because she couldn't believe that I successfully managed to seduce a man.

I lowered my head, averting my gaze from Derek, and muttered, "Dark grey."

Once I finished my sentence, Derek suddenly stood up, and so did Felix and Eric. The man next to me immediately withdrew his hand from my shoulder.

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Chapter 89 Cousin

I sensed from the tension in the atmosphere that something was wrong. It made me think that another fight was about to ensue and feel extremely nervous. However, the man beside me raised his hand and clasped hands with each of them, one by one. Finally, they all hugged each other and broke into laughter. "You came right on time!" Derek declared once he let go of the man. I was stunned to hear him say that.

The man chuckled and said, "As soon as I got off the plane, I turned on my phone and received your message that you're inviting me out to drink. It's only natural that I come here without even resting!"

1.

Felix slapped the guy on his back and chuckled, "Aaron, my man, you're finally back!

What on earth were they saying? Did they know each other?

Upon noticing my confusion, Derek said, "This is my cousin, Aaron Hudson. He's a top medical student who just came home from abroad."

It turned out that this man was the doctor good at cooking that Derek mentioned to me previously.

Aaron turned his attention to me, ready to say something. However, Derek suddenly pulled me over to his side.

"Aaron, this is my wife, Eveline. She's your cousin-in-law."

The way he spoke this time made it seem like he was announcing his ownership over me, but I already knew his purpose of marrying me, so I wasn't affected by his words. 1

Aaron looked at me in surprise. The elegant smile on his face had now disappeared. Moments later, a wry smile appeared on his lips.

"When did that happen? And why didn't you tell me about it?"

Even though he was talking to Derek, he was looking at me.

"The wedding hasn't been held yet, so I decided to hold off on telling you." When Derek sat down, he urged me to sit next to him.

After taking a seat, Aaron placed his suit jacket beside him, took out a cigarette and a lighter, and said, "I thought that God had arranged a romantic encounter for me as soon as I came back. But damn, I didn't think it was just a joke. "I thought that you would come home with a foreign girl in your arms," Felix bantered, placing a bottle of beer in front of Aaron.

Then, Aaron lit his cigarette and chuckled. "I prefer the beauty of our women over those abroad."

I was sitting only a few seats away from him, so I could smell the faint scent of his cigarette. It was light, and quite different from the scent of the ones that Derek preferred to smoke.

"So, what's up with you guys? Are you playing some drinking game? I'll join you," said Aaron.

I took a swig from my glass of beer and retrieved my other hand from Derek's hand. After putting down the glass, I told Aaron, "Sure. Let's continue the game, shall we? I don't think I'll be so unlucky every turn!" Perhaps Aaron's arrival had ruined Derek's good luck. This time, he rolled a bad one, so it was his turn to choose.

With glee, Louise asked, "So, what's it gonna be, Derek? Truth or Dare?"

Derek took a drag on his cigarette. "I'd rather drink."

As he took a bottle from the table, I pressed it down.

"I made the rules. Drinking isn't allowed according to the rules I made. Are you choosing to break the rules?" I asked.

Derek stared at me, slightly narrowing his eyes. He withdrew his hand from the bottle of beer.

"Fine. I choose Truth."

Just as I had expected, he would never choose Dare, so he'd probably opt for Truth. Everyone was staring at me now. They were probably all curious about what kind of question I would ask him.

I took a deep breath, looking into Derek's eyes.

"Are you only with me just to take revenge on Shane?"

I saw that his face tensed up, and the hand that was holding the cigarette began to tremble. Some of the ashes of his cigarette fell to the floor.

The bar was noisy, but at this very moment, our entire booth fell eerily quiet.

Derek soon appeared agitated while pursing his lips tightly. Moments had passed, but he still hadn't said a word. The air seemed to have dropped several degrees.

I felt like there was a heavy stone above my chest, almost suffocating me. Since he wasn't answering, it only meant that he acquiesced in it. I understood it now.

The glass in my hand slipped down and shattered upon impact. Suddenly, I got up, wanting to leave this place. But Derek grabbed my wrist. I lowered my head and saw his Adam's apple bobbing up and down, but in the end, he said nothing. I There was nothing he could say that could fix this, Louise stopped me and asked, "Eve, why did you ask that question? Has there been some sort of misunderstanding?"

I shook off Derek's hand, ignored Louise, and ran before my tears could fall. She kept on calling my name from behind me. I ran so fast that I ended up bumping into a lot of people along the way. Once I had run out of the bar, I still didn't stop. It kind of looked like I was being chased by a ghost. When I heard a set of hurried footsteps behind me, I ran even faster.

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Chapter 90 Were They In Love

"Wait!"

I recognized the voice as Aaron's, so I stopped running and wiped the tears from my face. Then, I looked at him with slightly red eyes.

"What are you doing here?"

He ran towards me with his suit jacket in hand, catching his breath.

"My girlfriend is upset. It's only natural that I comfort her," he bantered.

I looked behind him and noticed that Derek wasn't there.

I didn't want to admit it, but disappointment was written all over my face.

"You've only just seen your cousin and friends in a long time. You should stay with them and bond with Derek for a little longer." Aaron shook his head and put one of his hands into his pocket.

"Honestly, I'm not really comfortable in a noisy place. Besides, I just got back. I have plenty of time to bond with him."

I turned around and began walking like a living corpse.

"Where are you going?" asked Aaron. "For a walk," I replied concisely.

"Sure." After saying that, he followed me along the way.

"Are you hungry?" he suddenly asked after we had walked for a while.

I looked at him and he smiled awkwardly at me. "Well, I'm hungry. I came to the bar the moment I got off the plane. I haven't even had dinner yet. Do you mind grabbing dinner with me?" he asked.

I didn't refuse his offer. Only I knew the reason why I agreed to have dinner with him.

He asked me what I wanted to eat, but right now, I didn't have any appetite. When I noticed a food stall across the street, I just pointed at it.

Derek had told me that his cousin obtained his doctorate in medicine abroad, and was a great cook. I guessed that he must be picky with food, so I thought he would loathe the idea of eating from food stalls. But to my surprise, he agreed without hesitation. We soon found a place to sit down. He placed his suit jacket aside, slowly rolled up his sleeves, and smiled at me. "It's been a while since I got back. I really miss the food of my hometown. You know, I think about how delicious the food here all the time!"

The food was a little spicy, so the tip of his nose was sweating. Embarrassed, he wiped it with a tissue, and unbuttoned the two topmost buttons of his shirt.

"Honestly, it's been a long time since I ate spicy food the last time. They kind of frighten me now. In fact, before I went abroad, I used to love spicy food. They were my favorite!"

I noticed how slender his fingers were, so everything he did made him look elegant and refined.

The food stall wasn't as quiet as a high-end restaurant, and some of the other customers were lacking in breeding. People at the next table were drinking and chatting like nobody else was around.

I stared at the beer bottles they put on the ground one after another, and suddenly said to Aaron, "I want to drink beer."

He was stunned by my suggestion, but he nodded in agreement anyway. "Oh? Sounds great. It's my treat, then!"

He called over the waiter and ordered several cans of beer.

I opened a can and drank more than half of it before putting it down.

As he ladled some food into my bowl with a spoon, he said, "It's easier to get drunk on an empty stomach. You should eat something first."

I didn't respond to his remark. In all honesty, I just wanted to get hammered. Once I was drunk, I wouldn't have to think about anything, and I wouldn't feel so damned sad.

"Do you know who Sybil is?" I asked.

Aaron seemed to be surprised by my question. He put down his fork and smiled wryly. "I know her all too well."

Upon hearing him say that, I immediately stared at him, hoping to know more about Sybil from him.

He seemed to understand what I wanted, so he leaned back on his chair, took out a

cigarette from his cigarette packet, and lit it.

"Can you tell me about Sybil and Derek?" I asked, still maintaining eye contact. The way he smoked was a little different from Derek. Aaron kind of seemed like he wasn't a regular smoker, and he was doing it so elegantly.

Derek, on the other hand, usually took deep drags and exhaled thick clouds of smoke. He looked particularly manly and cool whenever he was doing it.

"Well, what do you want to know?" asked Aaron.

I wanted to know a lot about them. Perhaps everything pertinent, even. In fact, Derek had always been a mystery to me. "Derek used to be the lead singer of Thorn Birds, didn't he?" I asked.

Aaron nodded affirmatively. "Yep."

"Um... Were they in love?" I could feel my heart trembling when I asked the question.

"Back then, I could tell that Derek loved her very much."

Despite how simple that sentence was, it was enough to shatter my heart. It felt so painful that I could hardly breathe.

Just then, my phone began to ring. It was from Louise. Somehow, it disappointed me to see her name instead of the one I was hoping to call me.

She asked me where I was, but I didn't tell her the truth. I just told her I was fine and that there was no need to worry about me.

After hanging up on Louise, I stared at my phone blankly.

Ever since I ran out of the bar, Derek hadn't even called me. I wondered if he was still thinking of a way to explain his side to me. Or perhaps he just continued playing because he didn't care about me.

"What about Sybil? Did she love him?"

Although I knew that it would break my heart to hear the truth, I still wanted to know the answer.

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Chapter 91 She Was Lacking In Confidence

Aaron was holding a cigarette 'in one hand, and a can of beer in the other. After taking a sip, he said to me, "From what I've seen, Sybil's love for him was no less than that of Derek's love for her. But she was lacking in confidence, and she was self-abased."

Those qualities sounded like my traits...

Perhaps no matter how excellent a woman could be, she would always feel insecure around Derek, let alone a divorced woman like me.

"Truthfully, before we knew Sybil, she was already a bar singer, and she was a little famous. However, the night clubs ten years ago were still a bit chaotic. Female singers would often get molested by some drunken customers, so their job was usually looked down upon. One day, Derek could no longer stand to see it happen, and fought with a customer that molested Sybil. That was how they got to know each other."

His words reminded me of the violent incident I had witnessed in Blue Sky.

That meant, at the time, Derek wasn't angry just because one of Layne's drunken men had spoken ill of Sybil, but also because he had molested Cindy. Seeing that drunken man do that to Cindy reminded Derek of his past with Sybil.

Their relationship must be so unforgettable that his emotions would still be easily ignited by a similar scene after so many years.

"When Derek was admitted to the medical school at the same time that I did, he was actually forced to do it. Grandpa was a doctor, so he hoped that all his children and grandchildren could learn medicine as well. Personally, I liked learning about medicine, but Derek wasn't the least bit interested in it. He was passionate about music more than anything else. Thus, he set up a band and played gigs during his

spare time. He even insisted on letting me join them as well.”

My eyes widened with surprise as I stared at Aaron. “You were also a member of Thorn Birds?”

Perhaps due to my overreaction, he was somewhat embarrassed. Afterwards, he flicked the ash off his cigarette and said, “Yup. I was the drummer and the lyricist.” “Wait! You’re the one who wrote ‘Live On’?” I exclaimed.

Aaron smiled at me and nodded.

I had always been moved by that song. It gave me the power and strength to continue on my path for growth. That song had always been there for me, giving me the motivation I needed to push through. And now, the lyricist was sitting right in front of me. I was so surprised by this. I truly admired him. As of this moment, I had temporarily forgotten all that was making me upset.

“Damn, Aaron! That song is my favorite song of all time. I kind of get the feeling that it was made for me, you know?”

After taking a drag on his cigarette, he glanced over at me with gentle eyes and replied, “I’m just glad someone liked it.”

“Don’t take this the wrong way, but you don’t look like a drummer,” I said frankly.

Aaron raised an eyebrow at me and chuckled. “Is that so? Then what kind of musical instrument do you think fits me?”

After a moment of contemplation, I replied, “I think a violin, or a piano would suit you better. *Maybe* not exactly those two, but something similar could work just as well. I’ve always pictured drummers to be wild.”

“Wild?” He seemed to be amused by the word.

He picked up the can of beer and drank the remaining half of it. While he was drinking it, his Adam’s apple was bobbing up and down. After putting the can down, he said, “You never know, I might have a wild side that you just haven’t seen yet.”

I pictured him playing the drums with a wild appearance, and it made me frown. I shook my head and responded, “It’s kind of hard to imagine.”

Aaron chuckled and leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table. Then, he looked at me with renewed interest.

“So, based on what you’ve said, that means I chose the wrong hobby, huh? Derek is an incredible guitarist. Do you think it suits him?”

When he mentioned the guitar, it reminded me of a bad memory.

That guitar was the reason Derek frowned at me for the first time. Now, I understood that Derek got upset seeing the guitar because it reminded him of Sybil.

Once more, I felt saddened. "I've never seen him play the guitar before. He told me that he could

Aaron crushed the cigarette butt in the ashtray and let out a sigh. "After Sybil died, Derek never wanted to play the guitar again, so the Thorn Birds disbanded."

So... Derek still hadn't moved on from Sybil, huh?

Shane had told me that Derek wanted to bed his woman, because he had slept with Derek's woman. But weren't Sybil and Derek in love with each other? How could she sleep with Shane?

"What happened between Sybil and Shane? Why did she end up committing suicide?" I asked.

Aaron shook his head this time. "Derek is the only one who knows anything about that, but he doesn't want to tell us. But he beat up Shane the day after Sybil died. We just assumed that her death had something to do with Shane. He almost broke every bone in Shane's body at the time. If the other students hadn't called the school administrators over, Derek probably would've done something worse to Shane. Due to the gravity of the matter, Derek ended up getting expelled from the school."

Hearing the story only saddened me more. I opened another can of beer and drank all of it. Once I put down the can, I realized that Aaron had been staring at me with a complicated expression. It was as if he was staring at someone familiar.

"Do you love him?" he asked me.