

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 92

[/ My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO: A Sweet Second Chance](#)
Chapter 92 I Should Have Seen It Clearly

Truthfully, I had been wanting to ask myself that same question.

I had been wondering if I did love Derek. But if I didn't have feelings for him, I wouldn't have been this hurt. And if I did love him, since when did I start to love him? Honestly, I had no idea.

Despite the fact that I didn't answer, Aaron seemed to have guessed my answer. A faint smile appeared on his lips as he fiddled with the pull ring of a can of beer.

"In fact, when Derek got expelled from the medical school, he wanted that to happen. Like I said before, he's not really interested in medicine," he said.

"But he didn't continue working on music either," I said with a forlorn voice.

Aaron opened another can of beer, but he didn't drink it right away. He then hung his arm on a chair next to him, exposing his attractive neck.

I wasn't sure how high his alcohol tolerance was, but I realized that his face had already turned red after drinking just one can of beer.

"Derek has always been quite talented at doing business. At present, he's a very successful businessman, so I guess he made the right choice," said Aaron.

But what about Derek's dream? I didn't ask Aaron that question. Perhaps that dream was already gone after Sybil was gone.

Oftentimes, young people would hold onto their dreams dearly in their hearts. But as time passed by, their passion would slowly dissipate. After they experienced a lot of things, the impulse to fight for those same dreams might never come back again.

And now, I could feel how distant Derek was from me. I should've seen it from the start, and I never should've expected anything from him. 1

This whole fiasco made me think that I must be so damned pathetic if men couldn't treat me seriously.

Later on, I drank a lot. Aaron probably understood how bitter I felt, so he didn't stop me from drinking. He even helped me open some cans of beer.

By the time I could barely see his face because of how drunk I was, the people at the next table began to quarrel. Not a minute later, they started a fight. One of them even smashed a bottle.

Since we were sitting close to them, when the bottle hit another person's head and broke into pieces, the shards of glass sprayed all over me. I blocked them in time, but unfortunately, some still grazed my face, and many of the shards fell onto my body.

Aaron reacted quick enough to pull me up from my seat, keeping me away from the fighting. "Are you okay?" I saw him frown when he removed my hand from my face.

"Have I been disfigured?"

Soon, I felt dizzy. My legs grew weak, and I couldn't stand firmly. But I was more worried about my face.

Aaron kept on staring at me as though he wanted to laugh.

"No, but there are shards of glass on your body. I'll have to clean them up. Don't move."

Having said that, he helped me sit on a chair by the side, and then he concentrated on picking up the glass shards by hand one after another. Some of them were all over my arms, the others were on my dress. He was very careful when he was doing it. Probably because he was worried that I might get hurt while he was removing the shards.

I froze, feeling embarrassed.

Once he was done cleaning me up, he draped his suit jacket over me and led me away from the commotion.

The food stall had been thrown into disarray. Once we were far enough from the stall, I heard the buzzing sound of police cars coming straight to where the fighting had ensued.

Aaron helped me towards the roadside and hailed a cab.

After I got in the cab, I leaned against the back seat, feeling feeble. Aaron followed me inside and sat next to me.

"Where are you heading, ma'am, sir?" the driver asked.

Aaron glanced over at me and asked, "Where do you want me to drop you off? Derek's house?"

I shook my head and replied, "No. I'd rather not go there."

Then, I heard Aaron say to the driver, "East District." Afterwards, he told the driver the specific address of the alley where my house was located. 1 Soon, the cab's engine started. I turned to Aaron, trying to see his face clearly.

"How did you know where I live?"

The light in the cab was dim, so it was hard to make out his face. I was still a little dazed, but I felt like he was smiling.

"You told me where it was," he replied flatly. "Did I?" I patted my head, wondering if I did. I couldn't seem to remember saying anything about my address. He grabbed my wrist to stop me from hurting myself. "You did." After getting off the cab, Aaron helped me walk into the alley. I wasn't sure if it was the ground's problem or it was just me, but I felt like I was walking over cotton. If he weren't there to help me, I probably would've stumbled onto the ground already.

I knew at that moment that I was hammered. I regretted getting this drunk, because I was so useless whenever I was like this.

Fortunately, Aaron was here to help me. It was incredible how I could trust him even though this was the first time we had met.

Suddenly, something that Derek had told me occurred to me.

"Derek told me that I shouldn't get drunk in front of strange men." I had no idea why I could remember his lessons so clearly.

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Chapter 93 I'm Not A Strange Man

"But I'm not a strange man," said Aaron. I giggled at his answer. "I know. You're Derek's cousin."

Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks to look me in the eye. "Eve, do you not remember me?"

Just when I was about to stagger my way up the staircase, I halted; not because of Aaron's question, but because I could see a beam of light illuminating the dark stairway.

Even though I was drunk, my intuitive sense was working fine.

I knew that it must be Derek.

A few seconds later, the light fell to the ground, and was soon overshadowed by his leather shoes.

Derek slowly made his way towards us.

Instinctively, I took a step back. And because I couldn't keep my feet steady, Aaron continued to support me.

"She is drunk," he said.

"I see," Derek muttered. "Thanks for your help, Aaron. You must be tired. You haven't had any rest since you got off the plane. You should go home and get some rest now."

While he was speaking, he took me from Aaron's embrace. I reacted violently, trying to push him away. But because I couldn't stand firmly, I collapsed. Fortunately, Aaron held me up just in time.

"I should escort her upstairs. If there's any misunderstanding, you can explain it to her once she sobers up," said Aaron.

"I don't think that would be appropriate," replied Derek. He still tried to embrace me.

"Go away!" I roared, leaving him stunned. Soon, I got rid of Aaron, staggered towards the staircase, and leaned against the wall.

"Both of you go. I can go upstairs by myself."

I thought I really could do it by myself, but before I could even take one step forward, my legs collapsed from beneath me. Derek held me just in time with one arm, lifting me up without saying another word.

I began to struggle to break free from his grasp. "Let go of me, Derek!" But he didn't. Instead, he held me tighter and said in a patient voice, "If you don't want to see me any longer, I'll leave as soon as you enter the house." Thus, he carried me upstairs, took out the key from my purse, opened the door, and put me to bed.

I wasn't unconscious. Truthfully, I just didn't want to look at him, so I kept my eyes closed.

He sat on the edge of my bed for a while before he finally walked out. I thought that he was leaving already, but he soon came in with a cup of water in hand.

"There isn't any warm water, so I just heated some. I blew on it already, so it's not hot anymore."

He helped me up in order to get me to drink some water, but I kept my mouth shut. I could sense that he was annoyed, since his breathing seemed to have gotten a little heavier.

Since I refused to drink water, he drank it himself.

But when he finished drinking, he put down the cup and got on top of me. He started kissing me and delivering water into my mouth through his.

I choked on the water and coughed violently because I didn't want what he was doing

He helped me up and patted me on the back to alleviate my discomfort.

After I stopped coughing, I tried to push him away again. "Didn't you say that you'd leave as soon as I've entered my house? What are you still doing here?"

Derek grabbed my shoulders, glaring at me. "Do you not remember what I told you before? You shouldn't get drunk in front of strange men. Why did you do it again?"

He must've heard my conversation with Aaron.

I smiled, but I wasn't sure if it was mockery or bitterness that I felt.

"Strange men? Do you mean Aaron? If that's your definition of a stranger, then you're also a stranger to me. I married you without even getting to know you. I am so damned stupid!"

Derek swallowed his agitation. "Do you regret it?"

I nodded, resisting my desire to cry. "I do regret it. I didn't have to get married. I never should've married a man who didn't love and just wanted to use me!"

Soon, I fell back down on the bed, and I could feel that my tears were about to fall.

Derek leaned over, cupping my cheeks with his hands. He seemed intent on trying to kiss me again.

I turned my face away to avoid him, but I was so drunk that I couldn't escape him. He quickly got on top of me again, as he jammed his tongue into my mouth eagerly. It was as if he was trying to make me submit to him, one way or another.

I couldn't breathe because of his kiss. I had no idea how long it lasted, but when I finally had the chance to breathe, I chuckled wryly at him. "Right. You not only wanted to use me, but you also wanted to sleep with me. I'm just a tool to fulfill your desires!"

Right after I finished speaking, I sensed that Derek was stupefied. He pinched my chin, glaring at me. "Eveline, do you really have to do this?" he asked.

I shook off his hand and stared at the ceiling.

"Derek, I don't want to see your face right now. If you don't want me to hate you even more, just leave, okay? I'm having a migraine right now, and I don't want to talk! I just want some God damned sleep!"

He fell into silence. After a while, the weight on my body disappeared, and I soon heard him leave the room. Moments later, he seemed to have come back, followed by the sound of a cup being put on the table. "I'm leaving, Eveline. Once you wake up, let's talk about this properly."

He stood there for a while longer, waiting for my answer. And since I wasn't responding, he finally walked out the door and closed it behind him.

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Chapter 94 I Want To Talk To You

When I was the only one left in the room, I finally opened my eyes and turned my head. I noticed that the glass of water on my bedside table was still steaming. My eyes felt moist, as if the steam was causing me to shed tears.

What did he want to talk about? The divorce? Maybe he would apologize to me and say that he shouldn't have taken advantage of me?

The following morning, I woke up early with a scathing headache. Fortunately, I managed to get up.

The moment I turned on my phone, I received a message from Seagull. "Eve, I hope that each time you cry in the future will be due to tears of joy," he said. Truthfully, I wasn't sure if I would ever have the fortune of crying with joy again.

The glass of water that Derek poured for me last night was still sitting on the bedside table. I poured some warm water into the glass and drank it up. Afterwards, I went to work without having anything for breakfast.

As soon as I arrived at the hospital, Derek called me. I set my phone on silent mode, tossing it aside and ignoring it.

While I stood at my post, I took a few deep breaths to perk myself up.

Each time a woman would get hurt because of a relationship, it would serve as a motivation for her to become stronger and more independent. Even without a man, a woman must learn how to live well.

Moments later, the emergency line rang and I quickly answered the call.

"Hello, this is the emergency hotline of Wonder Hospital. What's your emergency?"

"I need help!" I could sense from the voice of the man on the other end of the line that he was panicking.

As soon as I heard his plea for help, my heart skipped a beat. I hurriedly tried to calm him down. "Sir, please calm yourself down. Could you tell me exactly what's going

on?"

"Several of my friends have been killed. I'm hiding right now. I'm so scared," he replied.

"What?" I sprang to my feet as sweat broke out of my forehead. "Could you please tell me your location right now? How are your friends doing? We'll send an ambulance and call the police for you right away!" The man seemed to be trembling as he spoke. "I'm in WarFrame. I'm so scared. Save me!"

I was stunned by his statement. And when he sensed my silence, he began to break into laughter. It was then that I realized that I was speaking to Felix.

Realizing that I had been fooled, I was so angry that I threw curses at him. "Go to hell!" With that, I hung up on him.

Brenna stared at me, shocked by my reaction.

When I noticed the way she looked at me, I turned my head, only to realize that the director of the human resources department was standing behind me with a long face.

"Eveline, your attitude is problematic for customer service. This is the emergency hotline. All the calls being made here are calls for help. Why are you telling people to go to hell? What do you think the patient's family would feel if they heard you just now? Your terrible service can and will affect the reputation of Wonder Hospital!"

"It's not like that, sir! He was..."

"Enough. I don't want to hear your explanation. Write a self-evaluation before you get off work. I want to know how dedicated you are to your job," the director commanded before turning around and leaving.

And so, I sat back on my chair, leaned against the backrest of the chair, and let out a sigh.

“Eveline, it really is your fault. You need to acknowledge that.” Brenna was usually very kind and considerate towards me, but even she was blaming me for what happened.

With pleading eyes, I replied, “But, Brenna, that man was prank calling me.”

Then, she broke into laughter. “It’s natural that people would prank call us sometimes. I’ve worked for so many years here, and I’ve seen all kinds of people. Even if they’re rude, troublesome, or just downright annoying, we need to maintain our composure and be professional. It’s our job, Eveline. Remember that.”

I put my hand on my forehead, and placed it down right afterwards. “I understand. It really was my fault, huh? I shouldn’t have lost my cool. I’ll write a self-evaluation later.”

After a while, the phone rang again. I adjusted my mood and made sure that I was prepared before answering the phone.

“Hello, this is Wonder Hospital.”

“It’s me.”

A familiar voice resonated from the other end of the line. I was so surprised that I immediately hung up.

As Brenna sat beside me, she frowned and asked, “Eveline, what’s the matter? Are you still not feeling well? You don’t seem like you’re fit to work right now.”

Before I could answer her, the phone rang again. I didn’t even dare to reach for it. Brenna looked at me, seeming as though she had no intention of answering it either. Thus, I had to answer the call.

“Eveline, wait!” Derek shouted anxiously, seemingly afraid that I would hang up on him again.

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and said, “This is the emergency hotline of Wonder Hospital, not a private number. Could you please stop holding up our lines? What if there’s a real emergency happening right now?”

“Eveline, I just want to talk to you,” he replied. “There’s nothing left for us to talk about,” I responded. Brenna probably understood the context of our conversation from my words. Thus, she smiled at me and went to do something else. “Eveline, listen to me. If you hang up on me again, I’m going to keep calling you until you agree to talk to me,” Derek remarked. I didn’t expect him to be this stubborn and thick-skinned.

“Just come home and let’s talk about this, okay?” he pleaded.

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Home, huh? I used to think that his villa was my home.

I knew that escaping this problem wasn’t a solution so I finally agreed.

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Chapter 95 How Much Do You Want

After I got off work and got out of the hospital, I heard someone calling for me. I looked towards the person uttering my name and saw Timmy.

“Ma’am, Mr. Sullivan is currently preoccupied at the moment, so he asked me to pick you up after work,” he said.

I sneered. If he was so busy, then why did he keep on calling the emergency hotline? Did he even have the time to talk to me?

Despite my annoyance, I got in the car. Once I was inside, Derek sent me a message.

“Honey, I have an important meeting right now, so I might come home a little late. Wait for me, okay? I’ll come back no matter how late it is.”

I could feel his sincerity from this message alone. I had no idea what sort of explanation he would give me. It made me wonder if he would finally tell me the truth or just continue weaving another web of deception.

When I got back to the villa, I sat on the sofa, waiting for him. I wasn’t in the mood to cook right now, and I left the lights off. About an hour later, dusk had fallen, but he still wasn’t home.

As I began to feel restless, the doorbell suddenly rang.

Didn’t he bring a key?

When I went to open the door, I was stunned.

The person standing at the door was none other than Derek’s father, Gifford Sullivan.

The first time we met, my only impression of this man was how stern he was.

I knew that he was not very pleased with me.

In my opinion, Derek had no need to doubt the legitimacy of his relation to Gifford. He seemed to have inherited his good looks from his father. And whenever he was being serious, he would exude a daunting pressure that could overcome the people around him, much like his father did.

At the moment, Gifford wasn't saying anything. He was just staring at me from head to toe, but it was enough to humble me.

"Dad," I uttered, merely out of politeness and respect.

He averted his gaze from me and walked forward. I had to make way for him, so as not to bump into him.

"Do not call me 'Dad'. I will not accept you as my daughter-in-law, since you married my son without my approval."

Despite the calmness of his voice, it still left me stunned.

When I finally got ahold of myself, he had already sat down on the sofa.

As he looked around, examining the place, it made me think that this might be the first time that he had come here.

No matter how terrible my relationship with Derek was at the moment, I was still his wife. And even if Gifford refused to acknowledge me, I couldn't just let him feel like he was left out in the cold at Derek's house.

Thus, I poured him a glass of water and carefully placed it in front of him. However, I didn't dare to call him "Dad" again. "Please, have some water, sir," I said.

He raised his head, examining my face again. Upon feeling his oppressive gaze, I lowered my head like a person waiting for the verdict of her trial.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

Stunned by the question, I looked back at him and asked, "What? What do you mean?"

Slowly, he lit a cigarette, showing his undisguised contempt for me.

"Eveline Stone, twenty-six years old, a nursing graduate from Souden Medical School. After you graduated, you worked as a nurse for Virtue Hospital. Your ex-husband used to be a doctor for the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department of Virtue Hospital, but he was fired not long ago," said Gifford.

As I looked at him in surprise, I asked another question. "You had me investigated?"

After taking a drag on his cigarette, he chuckled. "Your father was a truck driver, but he died in a car accident over a decade ago. Your mother, as a result of the accident, became an invalid. She died in Virtue Hospital in June just this year. You've been poor since you were a child, so you probably know how important money is. In order to survive, poor people like you usually just pursue money."

He was right. The rich desired to live a lavish life, but poor people like myself just wanted to survive.

But that didn't necessarily mean that we would earn money by hook or by crook! Even though we were poor, we had pride and dignity.

"Do you think I married Derek for his money?" I asked, enduring the pain in my heart.

Gifford broke into a hearty laughter, seeming like he had heard something preposterous.

"So, if it's not for money, do you mean to say you married him for love? Miss Stone, you're not just from a poor family, you're also a divorced woman. But I'm not looking down upon you or anything of the sort. Derek hasn't gotten close to any woman for years, but here he is, suddenly in a relationship with you. That just means you're not so simple."

I couldn't help but laugh at his remark. "Do you think I'm trying to deceive your son?"

Gifford leaned against the sofa and seemed like he was savoring his cigarette. "Perhaps you're not just after his money, but also for other purposes. Derek is a businessman, and doing business is similar to fighting on a battlefield. Even though he doesn't like it when I meddle in his affairs, he's still my son. I will not allow people with ulterior motives to stay by his side."

I scoffed at him and responded, "You've already convicted me of a crime that I did not commit! I can tell that no matter how hard I try to explain myself, you'll never believe me."

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Chapter 96 My Love Is Priceless

Gifford flicked the ash from his cigarette and subconsciously took the glass. Just as he was about to take a sip, he probably remembered that it was I who poured the water, so he put it down again.

"You have your own purpose, and so does Derek. Do you think he really likes you?" he asked. "Women are standing in line to marry him. Why do you think he chose you? Miss Stone, he has deliberately chosen you to piss me off. He wasn't looking for the perfect match for him but found a divorcee instead because he knew it would drive me mad. All these years, he has blamed me for not accepting that woman who sang for a living."

I finally understood why Derek chose me.

Gifford spoke a lot, and only this part made sense.

Derek had chosen me not only to take his revenge on Shane but his father as well. I was a mere stone that helped him kill two birds at the same time.

"Please don't say that. I neither want to rely on him nor do I need his money. I'm leaving now."

I couldn't take it anymore. I turned around and ran upstairs. After packing all my things, I went downstairs with my suitcase.

Gifford was still sitting there, staring into the distance. Wisps of smoke floated in the air as if he hadn't moved.

I wanted to leave without saying a word, but I remembered something and stopped in my tracks.

Seeing that I suddenly stopped, he probably thought I was reluctant to leave, so he mocked, "Are you still unwilling to give up? How much do you want?" His voice bore no emotion, almost as if he had expected it.

I turned around and smiled bitterly.

"My love is priceless. Besides, every job in this world is valuable. What's wrong with being a nurse? And it wasn't shameful for Sybil to sing in the bar. Some people are born rich, and others struggle to make ends meet. But money isn't the only thing in the world. Although I'm poor, I don't do any evil things to get money. I don't steal anything. I work hard to earn, and I'm proud of that. And Derek..."

A lump formed in my throat. I took a deep breath to get a grip of myself and looked at Gifford.

"If you don't want others to love him, then you better love him and keep him happy."

Although Derek is wealthy and can buy everything with money, it doesn't mean he has everything. Money can't buy everything in this world."

I knew that Derek had been longing for his father's love.

Gifford looked at me intently and fell silent. I could tell he was in deep thought.

I grabbed my suitcase, turned around, and walked out of the villa.

I had never been lucky; life had always forced me to be a deserter. I had once again left the place that gave me happiness. However, my self-esteem was my biggest asset. I couldn't let anyone or anything destroy it.

I then took a taxi.

I couldn't go back to my house because I knew Derek would definitely come and look for me. Therefore, I called Louise and asked for her new address.

I leaned against the car window and looked out as tears rolled down my cheeks. I had a glimmer of hope in my heart when I promised to have a talk with Derek. If he had a reasonable explanation, I might forgive him in a heartbeat. But his father's every word broke my heart. I lost all hopes of making peace with him.

A beam of light from afar blinded my vision. I recognized it was Derek's car. He was driving at lightning speed.

Was he driving in such a hurry to see me? I peeked out of the window to catch a glimpse of him. But his car had disappeared out of my sight.

I clutched my chest as it felt as if a weight had settled on my heart. The pain was insurmountable.

I took my phone and scrolled down the contact list. After a moment's hesitation, I finally made up my mind to blacklist his number.

My mind was spinning. After what seemed like forever, the taxi stopped at the destination. Louise was waiting for me at the gate of the community.

She took my luggage and studied my face. "What happened? Why have you moved out all of a sudden?"

I couldn't answer her question. She perhaps figured that I had cried, so she led me into the house without questioning me further.

Louise asked if I had dinner. I didn't want her to cook for me, so I lied that I'd already eaten.

I took a shower and went to bed but couldn't sleep. Derek's face flashed in my mind every time I closed my eyes.

Louise was worried. She kept asking me what had happened, so I told her everything -including the information I got from Aaron as well as my conversation with Derek's father.

"God, his father seems like a heartless man!" Louise grunted.

I rubbed my throbbing temples and sighed. "It doesn't matter. It's a mistake, after all. I should have understood it earlier."

"What makes you say that Derek is in a relationship with you only to take revenge on Shane and his father? I don't think that's true. He is nice to you; I don't think he is faking it. His concern and care seem genuine." I bit my lip, trying hard not to cry, and watched the champagne-colored curtains sway with the gentle breeze,

"I don't know what's true and what's not. I am exhausted, Louise. I don't want to find the truth. We aren't destined to be together. There is no point in wasting my time trying to figure out what went wrong."

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Chapter 97 Not Deeply Involved At that moment,

Louise's phone rang. She held it up to show me the caller ID. Derek's name was flashing on her screen. "Don't tell him I'm with you," I said nervously. Louise nodded once before pressing the answer and loudspeaker buttons.

"Louise, is Eveline with you?"

My breath caught in my throat at the sound of Derek's voice. I clutched the quilt tightly to my chest.

"No, why?" Louise replied. "What's wrong?"

Derek was silent for a moment. When he spoke again, his voice had turned an octave lower. "Eveline is with you, isn't she? Otherwise, you wouldn't be this calm after learning that she's missing."

Louise glanced at me. "No, she isn't. Maybe she's at her old house."

"I'm standing right at the door of her old house." Derek sighed. "Eveline, our marriage has nothing to do with anyone else. It's between us, and the two of us only. I won't allow anyone else to meddle in our affairs. I said that I would spend the rest of my life with you, and I meant it. Once you've cooled off, please come home. I'll be waiting for you."

I'd always known that he wasn't an idiot. And I could hear the certainty in his tone. He knew that I was with Louise, and that I was listening in on his call.

Louise gestured for me to speak, but I could only bite my lip and stare at the screen as tears filled my eyes.

She pulled back her hand and spoke to the receiver. "All right, I understand. If she contacts me, I'll relay your message to her."

After hanging up, Louise tried to persuade me again. "I still believe that Derek is a good man. I'm sure he doesn't regard your relationship as a trifle or a passing fancy. Although you feel uncomfortable as he still misses the woman he loved in the past, at least it means that he is very faithful to the one he loves, right? No matter how much he might miss her, the woman is already dead and their relationship is in the past. He will move on sooner or later. Besides, he has you now. It's obvious that he really loves you."

I shook my head vehemently. "None of that matters at the moment. It's simply impossible for us to get back together. It's not that hard to choose between a lover and one's family. We're not even that deeply involved with each other to begin with.

Louise snorted and turned over.

"Well, I agree about it not being a difficult choice. But if it were me, I would definitely choose the person I love without a shred of hesitation. As you know, I'm not very close to my father. If you really think about it, Derek and I are quite alike in that sense. More importantly, though, he did just say that he won't let anyone get between you two. Don't you see that he's trying his best to assure you?"

Truth be told, if he really had to choose between his family and the woman he loved, I hoped that he would choose the former. After all, I knew what it was like to be deprived of the chance to take care of one's parents in their old age.

I tossed and turned in bed, unable to fall asleep. Unbeknownst to me, Derek had actually left Sousen in the dead of the night. I had no idea when I'd finally managed to nod off. Next thing I knew, I was waking up in the early hours of dawn.

The bedroom window was left open, and the cold wind had kept blowing all through the night. I felt the chill seep into my bones, making me slightly dizzy as I got out of bed.

the day, she told me to just skip work and get some rest. I readily agreed, since I had a hunch that Derek might go to the hospital to look for me.

I locked the door and padded over to the living room. When I checked my phone, I found there was a message from the account "A Cat That Likes Eating Fish".

“Eveline, I won’t be bothering you in the next few days. I will give you the time and space you need, so you don’t need to hide from me.”

I had put Derek’s contact number on the blacklist yesterday, but I had completely forgotten to do the same with his WhatsApp account.

I struggled with myself for a while, unsure of whether to delete our chat records altogether or not. In the end, I decided not to, especially after reading through our flirtatious banter. Those days in Qinben were still fresh and vivid in my mind, yet at the same time, it felt like they had happened so long ago.

I trusted that he would keep his word and not bother me for now, so I deemed it all right to go to work as usual.

The moment I stepped foot inside the hospital, I felt the strange tension in the air. Doctors in lab coats were running back and forth across the outpatient lobby, as if something urgent had happened, or was about to happen.

I had barely settled down at the hotline center when Brenna came up to me and handed me a white gown.

“Here, Eveline, put this on quickly. We’ll have a meeting in the outpatient lobby in ten minutes.”

I opened my mouth to ask a question, but Brenna was gone in the next second. I could only stare after her as she rushed away.

We’d never worn lab gowns before; the higher ups had not required us to do so. We didn’t have direct contact with the patients, anyway. So for them to suddenly ask everyone to don the gowns, something big must have happened.

I quickly slipped into the white gown and hurried out to the lobby.

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Chapter 98 The New Doctor

People were sprinting to the lobby from all directions. I tried to run, but my feet were wobbly, and my head began to spin. Only then did I remember that I hadn’t eaten or drank anything since last afternoon.

Strangely, I didn’t feel hungry at all.

As I headed to the lobby, my heart leaped to my throat. I stopped in my tracks when I spotted Shane.

He was wearing his doctor's coat as he headed downstairs with the others. I caught him looking at me. His gaze was fixed on me but he didn't stop walking. Just as I was about to turn around, he suddenly grabbed my arm.

"Why do you look so pale?"

I turned around and sneered at him. "Doctor Hayes, congratulations! It looks like rules are different for powerful people. You have gotten back to work so soon. But it's funny that you care about me." 3

I shook off his hand and walked toward the lobby.

The people had lined up in two rows, leaving a passage in the middle. Several nurses were standing in the front, holding bouquets in their arms, eyeing the door expectantly. I wondered if they were waiting for someone important.

Just then, Brenna pulled me into the line.

"Brenna, what's the matter? Wow! Look at the decoration. It looks grand," I asked.

"Our hospital has hired a young talent for a high salary. He has just returned from abroad after finishing his studies. I heard that many hospitals had also offered him a job with a competitive salary. However, our Wonder Hospital managed to hire him after a lot of effort. We need to hold a grand welcome ceremony for him to express our gratitude."

When I turned around, I saw Shane standing behind me. He obviously seemed uninterested.

He was an arrogant, competitive man. Shane himself was a new employee of the hospital but he was now standing with his colleagues to welcome another talent. It would rub his ego for sure.

I felt dizzy as I waited with the others.

The women couldn't restrain their excitement and began gossiping. "I heard the new doctor is not just talented, but handsome as well."

"I don't know which department he will work for. But if I get a chance to work with a handsome man, I will never be late for work nor leave early."

"Don't have your hopes high. An excellent man like him might already have a girlfriend or is perhaps married. Who knows?"

Hearing that, the women gasped in horror.

Just then, a woman squeezed through the crowd and winked at them excitedly.

"I just heard that the handsome man is still single."

The women regained their enthusiasm and eagerly looked at the door. They behaved like a bunch of teenagers waiting for their crush.

I stood at the end of the line with no interest in being a part of the drama.

Derek was also a talented, handsome man, but it didn't matter anymore.

Moments later, there was a sudden commotion near the door, followed by thunderous applause. The women gushed and squealed with joy.

Just then, I saw a slender figure walking forward. The sunlight blazing overhead cast a silhouette around him. Two figures in white coats accompanied him.

"Wow! He is so handsome!" I heard the women gush as he walked forward.

My curiosity piqued. I, too, wanted to see the handsome man. But my vision grew blurry; everything looked hazy. My feet became jelly.

I knew I would pass out any moment but tried my best to hold on. I reminded myself not to cause trouble at such a critical moment.

I saw the blurry silhouette of the man getting closer. My head grew heavier, and my legs gave away. Just as I was about to fall, I tried to hold Brenna. But I lacked the strength to even move a finger.

Just as I was about to hit the floor, I saw Shane step forward. However, someone caught me faster than him.

Before I could see the face of the person, I quickly lost consciousness. 2 When I woke up, I found that I was lying in a private ward in Wonder Hospital.

"You're awake!" Hearing the voice, I turned my head and saw Brenna smiling at me. "Thank God, you have woken up. I don't know if you're lucky or unlucky, but you are the first patient Doctor Hudson had attended to after returning from abroad."

"Doctor Hudson?" 1

"Yeah. The handsome guy who has just joined our hospital!" said the young nurse who entered the ward.

I hadn't seen the nurse before, and I didn't remember offending her. But judging from her expression, I could tell she didn't like me.

She changed an infusion bag for me and took out a ball pen. "You fainted at the right time. Dr. Hudson held you in his arms and carried you to the ward. Of all the people in the hospital, you are the first person to catch his attention. I don't

think he would forget you, so it is worth it even though you are hospitalized," the nurse said as she scribbled something on the paper.

I was at a loss for words. Perhaps the nurse believed that my fainting in the lobby in front of everyone was a blessing in disguise.

Once the nurse left, Brenna gently touched my arm. "Rest well for a few more days. You young girls don't know how to take care of yourselves. Do you think you're made of iron?"

Brenna always treated me as her younger sister, which made me feel warm.

Just then, I remembered the nurse mentioning the doctor's name.

Wait! The new doctor's surname was Hudson, and he had just come back from abroad. Could it be Aaron?

"Is the name of the new doctor Aaron Hudson?" I asked.

"It's me," said a pleasant voice of a man.

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Chapter 99 Regret

I turned my head and saw Aaron leaning against the doorframe with his hands in his pockets, smiling at me. 1

He was in his doctor's scrubs. It would be unfair to say that his choice of clothes made him look good because Aaron looked handsome even in his doctor's scrubs.

"Do you know Dr. Hudson?" Brenna looked at me and back at Aaron with wide eyes.

Aaron walked up to me and smiled. "Yes."

Brenna reminded me to rest well and returned to work. Aaron pulled a chair and sat beside the bed.

"Don't tell Derek," I said as the thought crossed my mind all of a sudden.

Aaron looked at me with a faint smile. "I knew you wouldn't want me to tell him, so I didn't. Besides, he is on a business trip. It would take a couple of days for him to come back."

I nodded in understanding. No wonder Derek told me that he wouldn't bother me for a few days.

Aaron picked the diagnosis report, skimmed through the pages, and placed it back on the table.

"Eveline, I didn't expect you to welcome me in such a special way."

The nurses had been deliberately passing by the ward ever since he came to the ward.

Thinking of what the nurse said earlier, I smiled bitterly. "I didn't intend to do so. Now, all the women in Wonder Hospital regard me as their enemy. You'd better stay away from me. Otherwise, these women would attack me. I will end up having a hard time.

And..." I tried to sit up. "I don't think I should stay in the hospital. It's a waste of time and medical resources."

Aaron pressed his hand on my shoulder and stopped me. "I recommend you to stay here for a few more days. You are too weak. Health is one's most valuable asset, and you have to take care of it. You are a patient now. You have to listen to your doctor."

He went on and on, trying to persuade me to stay in the hospital for a few more days. I had no choice but to listen to him.

After Aaron left, I rested on the bed and looked out of the window. It was dark outside, and quietness pervaded the ward.

I didn't want to think about what had happened between me and Derek. I hoped for the medicine to help me sleep. As expected, my eyes grew heavy, and I drifted off to sleep.

When I opened my eyes again, it was still dark outside. A strong stench of alcohol wafted in the air. I let out a startled gasp when I saw the familiar figure standing at the head of the bed.

"What... what are you doing here?" I instinctively shrank. My heart was drumming in my chest.

"I came to see you." The lights in the ward were turned off. The faint light from the corridor illuminated Shane's face.

The darkness of the place and the eerie sight of the man brought back the memories of the night at Tonyin. I could feel my heart racing in my chest.

"Eveline, are you afraid of me?" Shane's voice, echoing across the silent room, sent a shiver down my spine.

I wondered if he would do something crazier because Derek had tricked him badly.

I braced myself and became more alert. "I'd obviously be scared of the person who was cruel enough to kill his own child." Shane and I were all alone in the ward. Moreover, he was drunk. I didn't want to say anything extreme and annoy him.

Shane slowly plopped on the chair beside the bed. He rubbed his forehead and sighed with frustration.

"In fact, I also regret it."

Regret? Did I hear it wrong? I sneered at him.

Although his short marriage with Vivien had been exciting, it had also made him pay a heavy price. But I would never forgive him for all the things he had done just to marry her.

"But regret changes nothing," I said coldly. Shane remained silent for a while. Then, he took out something from the pocket of his white gown.

"I found this at home a few days ago." It was the diary I had maintained when I was pregnant. I was eagerly expecting my child and paid immense attention and care to my diet, sleep, and medication.

"Eveline, you really loved that child, didn't you?" Bile rose in my throat. How dare he mention the child now?

"You still have me in your heart, don't you? I don't believe that you have fallen in love with someone else so soon," he said, grabbing my hand all of a sudden.

I knew his marriage with Vivien had frustrated him. He was desperate to regain his self-esteem as a man by getting back with me.

Just as I was about to shake off his hand, I accidentally saw a shadow outside the door.

Seeing that, I didn't try to break free and continued to endure his vice-like grip

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Chapter 100 I Just Wanted To Piss You Off

"Eveline, I know you still love me. You were only with Derek just to piss me off, right?" Shane held my hand tightly, leaning closer and closer towards me.

The smell of alcohol when he spoke wafted into my nose, leaving me disgusted of him. I stared at the motionless shadow on the floor outside the door for what felt like an eternity before I finally decided to speak.

"Yes, I wanted to piss you off. When you were with Vivien, you were showing off your stupid love all the time! I couldn't stand the sight of you two. I hated you for treating me like a used piece of meat."

Every word that shot out of my mouth at this moment seemed to be tearing me apart, and my heart felt like it was being forcefully ripped in two.

Upon hearing my response, Shane suddenly sat on the bed, and hugged me.

"Eveline, I was so stupid. I'm sorry for everything. I never should've hurt you. Please, forgive me. I know that you miss me, too, right?"

Once more, I stared at the shadow on the floor, and muttered, "I do."

The following moment, the shadow disappeared and the sound of footsteps coming from the corridor became further and further.

Shane was so drunk at this moment. He held the back of my head with one hand, and leaned over as if he was intending to kiss me.

But I felt so disgusted of him that I couldn't stand to pretend any longer. Thus, I pushed him away.

Shane swayed in a drunken stupor before he could stand firm. He looked at me, and asked, "What's the matter? Didn't you say that you missed me? Or were you just fooling me?" I didn't dare to say another word, for fear that I might infuriate him. After a while, Shane held my hand again. "Eveline, let's start over." I turned my face away from him. Looking directly at him for a second longer might make me feel sick.

"You're drunk. We should talk about this once you've sobered up."

I was so scared that he might do something irrational while he was drunk. Fortunately, he didn't do anything unforgivable. He just stood there for a while before nodding in agreement. "Sure. Get some rest, Eveline. I'll see you again tomorrow." Off At last, he left and the ward was quiet once again.

I felt like all of my energy had been drained and I fell back to the bed, trying not to let my tears fall.

Ever since I was a child, I had been indecisive. But this time, I hoped that I could be brave and decisive.

Moments later, I heard a commotion coming from outside the ward. Some people were running back and forth in hurried footsteps, seeming as though something had happened. I had no idea why I suddenly felt uneasy about this. When the nurse on duty came to make her rounds of the wards, I asked her about it and learned that someone had smashed the window glass downstairs and ended up hurting his hand.

"His hand was so bloody and frightening. He is a handsome gentleman, so I have no idea why he would do something so impulsive," said the nurse.

It took me a while before I finally had the courage to speak. "Were his injuries serious?"

"Not really." Before leaving, the nurse smiled at me and said, "Luckily, his face didn't get hurt. Otherwise, it would be a pity to tarnish something so handsome."

Once the nurse had left, I couldn't fall asleep. Later on, I received a message from Seagull.

"Eve, are you asleep?" "Not yet," I replied.

I remembered that he told me that he was coming back to Sousen, so I asked, "When are you coming back?"

It took a while before he responded, "Eve, I may not come back for the time being. There are some matters that I have to deal with personally. They don't want to let me go, so they increased my salary. The offer was really tempting, so I decided to

stay for a while longer."

It was a pity to hear him say that. I had no idea what to tell him, so I just sent him a pouting emoji.

"Anyway, Eve, I sincerely hope that you can be happy every day. Good night, and sweet dreams!" he answered.

I had no idea why, but each time I spoke to Seagull, it would calm me down.

"Thanks, Seagull. I wish the same for you."

Early the next morning, Aaron came to see me at work and measured my blood himself.

"Did you sleep well? How are you feeling?" he asked. "I don't feel anything particularly serious," I remarked.

Once he finished reading my blood pressure, he didn't leave right away. He seemed to have thought of something that made him chuckle.

“When I got here today, I heard people say that someone smashed the glass window downstairs with his bare hands last night. I was wondering who would do something so reckless, so I checked the treatment records from last night. It turned out to be Derek. He said that he’d be back in a few days, but he came back so soon. What happened? Did you two have a fight last night?”

I froze at the revelation.

When I imagined how Derek smashed the glass window, I felt like my hand was hurting, too.

Why on earth would he do that? Even if he had heard my conversation with Shane, he wouldn’t have done that. Didn’t he marry me for the sole purpose of taking revenge on Shane?

Seeing that I wasn’t responding, Aaron explained, “Don’t get me wrong, Eveline. I didn’t tell him anything about your condition, and I did hear that he won’t be back until a few days later. I really didn’t expect that he’d come home yesterday.”

“Is... he alright?” I asked, still a little dazed.

Aaron smiled at me. “There’s no need to worry. Based on the treatment record I checked, nothing serious happened to him. It was just a mild skin trauma. Something like that isn’t a big deal for Derek. He’s often reckless, and it’s a common occurrence to see him get injured.”

I had seen him act reckless and violent, but he wasn’t being reckless for my sake at the time.

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Chapter 101 I Want To Start Over With You

Not long after Aaron had left, Shane arrived bringing breakfast with him. “Eveline, I brought you something to eat.” Then, he placed the food on the bedside table.

I looked at him as if he were a beast. After all, this man had never been so considerate to me before.

Shane probably understood what I was thinking based on my reaction. A faint smile appeared on his face. “What’s the matter? Are you surprised? Eve, I’m serious about starting over with you.”

This time, I looked at him with mixed feelings in my heart.

If he had treated me like this when we were together, we never would've ended up like this. Sadly, he had already hurt me beyond retrieve. My love for him had now become hatred, and it would never change again.

"You should know that Derek has ill intentions towards you," he added.

"Do not speak of him in front of me," I replied abruptly. Afterwards, I said nothing more.

"Eveline, please think about my offer. I'll wait for your answer for as long as it takes," said Shane.

I still didn't say anything. Once he had left, I still couldn't calm down.

He told me that Derek had ill intentions, but whatever it was Shane was doing right now was certainly just for revenge. I wasn't stupid. I could tell that that was his intention from the start.

I was annoyed that I got caught up in their pathetic feud. This made me wonder what they must think of me. Perhaps to them, I was nothing.

After I was discharged from the hospital, I moved back to my old house from Louise's. Derek didn't come to see me, and he hadn't logged into his WhatsApp account "A Cat That Likes Eating Fish" again.

Now, aside from our marriage certificate, we were like strangers.

On the other hand, I was frequently meeting with Aaron. After all, we were now working for the same hospital. I would always run into him when I went to eat at the hospital's canteen.

He would always sit with me, which made a lot of women hate me. He even helped me pick out the coriander from my plate without saying a word. Normally speaking, something like that would occur only between lovers. But even so, he did it so naturally.

"How did you know I didn't like coriander?" I asked, visibly surprised.

Aaron smirked and said casually, "Most women hate its taste. I was merely guessing.

"Well, you guessed right," I muttered.

When I looked up, I noticed many envious stares and hateful gazes directed towards me.

If things were to go on like this, I might not be able to work here any longer.

So, the following day, I made sure to go to the canteen a little later. Fortunately, there weren't many people left.

Once I had bought my meal, I went to the beverage counter to purchase a drink.

"What would you like to drink? It's on me." A familiar voice reached my ears. When I turned around, I saw Shane standing behind me with a plate in his hands. After he said that, I didn't take anything.

The moment I sat down, someone put a bottle of coke in front of me. It turned out to be Shane, and he sat across me.

Two nurses at a nearby table had just finished eating. When they stood up and took their plates with them, one of them passed me by. That nurse's plate swayed and some of the food residue splashed over me.

"Oh! I'm so sorry. I didn't mean for that to happen," said the nurse.

She appeared to be sincere. Though I knew she did it on purpose, I couldn't blame her for what she did. Thus, I told her it was fine.

Shane got up, walked to my side and wiped me with a tissue.

"I can do it myself." I'd rather not have him touching me.

But Shane still insisted on helping me wipe my clothes. However, oily stains were nothing like water. The stains on my clothes were too obvious, and it was difficult to wipe them off.

Suddenly, someone handed a white gown to me. When I turned around, I saw Aaron.

"Here, put this on," he said.

I took the gown from him. Then, he put down his plate and sat next to me. He then took the bottle of coke away from me and replaced it with a bottle of milk.

"You shouldn't drink too much sodas. Otherwise, you'll suffer from osteoporosis," he remarked.

Shane went back to his seat, frowning.

Moments later, Aaron began to eat his food. I peeked at him, wondering if he knew that I was hiding from him.

"Why are you so late?" I asked, making it seem like a casual question.

After swallowing a mouthful of food, Aaron chuckled. "Yeah, it's a coincidence, isn't it? You're late as well!"

Shane seemed to feel uncomfortable and left out, so he immediately went on his way.

During the meal, many nurses would put fruits in front of Aaron. Soon, grapes and apples piled up in front of him.

I was sitting right next to him, but they all ignored me. Being treated like I was air made me feel so depressed.

Moments later, Aaron handed me one of the apples. Frightened of the consequences, I waved my hand in refusal.

“Please, don’t do that. I’ve already made so many enemies because of you. Doing that will be the nail in my coffin!”