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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 269 - 270

## **Chapter 269 The Ruthless Attack**

We hadn't had such fun at our house in a long time. In fact, I missed Aaron living with us. It was lively and pleasant. Our house was filled with laughter all the time. Most importantly, Aaron was in charge of cooking, and I would rest happily. "How have you been studying?" Aaron asked me during dinner. "Well, I spend all day learning to drive." I smiled sheepishly. "New things happen every day, so I haven't made any progress. Someone like me who isn't smart in studies will never become a scholar." Hearing that, the two of them laughed. Derek smiled. "It doesn't matter if you aren't intelligent. All you have to do is work hard. You know, diligence makes up for stupidity." I remembered Alvaro also saying the same to me. I didn't know if Derek had talked to Alvaro about something or if it was some kind of a business deal. But judging from his mood ever since he came home, I realized it was nothing serious. After dinner, Aaron volunteered to wash the dishes. He was always a diligent man. I quickly grabbed the plate and shook my head. "Forget it. You'd better watch TV. You seldom come here. I don't want to exploit you too much." I quickly washed the dishes and went out. The two were playing chess instead of watching TV. I sat aside and watched them play. I didn't want to admit that I didn't understand the game, so I pretended I understood it. Just then, the doorbell rang, and I ran to open the door. It was Derek's father. I didn't expect to see him here. We hadn't met each other ever since I exposed that he had used Becky. Gifford didn't look good. As soon as I opened the door, he pushed me aside and strode in. His eyes were red with fury. He looked like he wanted to eat someone alive. I sensed something was wrong, so I quickly followed him inside. Gifford grabbed the fishbowl from the cabinet and threw it at Derek. The fishbowl hit Derek's head and fell on the coffee table before rolling into the floor and shattering into pieces. Blood dribbled from Derek's forehead. My heart was crashing in my chest. I was too terrified that I rushed over and took out a tissue to wipe the blood. Derek calmly held my hand and comforted me, "I'm fine." Blood was gushing out of his head. How could he tell me he was fine? "Uncle, you..." Aaron sprang to his feet and looked at Gifford in confusion. But Gifford was seething with rage. He frantically looked around the house for something to attack Derek again. "If there is a problem, why don't you sit down and talk?" I gathered my courage and tried persuading him, but he turned a deaf ear to me. His gaze settled on Derek's arm rod. The next moment, he grabbed it and darted

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toward Derek. How could a father beat his son like this? What could have Derek possibly done to make his father want to beat him to death? Derek was a strong muscular man. Gifford was old and didn't stand a chance to defeat his son. However, Derek stood there, motionless, with no intention of dodging or fighting back. It looked like he was ready to accept the attack. Without thinking, I threw myself on Derek to protect him.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 270

### Chapter 270 Enduring The Pain

The arm rod hit my shoulder with full force. Although I was wearing thick clothes to protect myself from the cold, it didn't shield me from the attack. A sharp pain coursed through my shoulder. Moments later, my entire left side turned numb. I bit my lip to stop myself from crying. The excruciating pain was nothing compared to Derek's bleeding forehead. "Eveline!" Derek pulled me closer in his arms. I could hear the panic in his voice. I looked up as his blood dripped down on my face. However, Gifford was still seething. He raised his hand to hit Derek again, but Aaron grabbed the arm rod in time. "Uncle, calm down." Gifford tried pulling it back but failed miserably. Aaron's grip was too tight, and the older man had no choice but to give up. He growled and pointed a trembling finger at Derek. "Little brat, take that land back now!" I couldn't understand what he was talking about. Aaron and I exchanged glances. It seemed obvious that Derek knew what his father meant. Blood continued to dribble out of the wound from his forehead. The calmness on his face made him look intimidating. "The land is already sold; I can't take it back," he said calmly. Perhaps it was his stubbornness that infuriated Gifford. He rushed over to Derek, wanting to assault him bare-handed. But Aaron gripped Gifford's waist from behind "Uncle, hitting him won't solve the problem." Gifford raised his leg to kick Derek. However, he couldn't reach him and ended up hitting the coffee table, sending the cups shattering to the floor. Two fishes were thrashing on the coffee table. I grasped my aching shoulder and looked at Gifford. The situation was way out of control. Just then, Gifford's eyes rolled up. He fell back against Aaron, gasping for breath. "Uncle, are you okay?" Aaron quickly placed him on the floor. I was so terrified that my body refused to move; I didn't know what to do. After summoning, the strength, I quickly rushed to him. At that moment, I completely forgot what Gifford had done to me before and only wanted to make sure he was fine. Derek and his father shared a

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complicated relationship, but it was not as bad as tonight. My body was shaking with fear. Although Derek didn't like his father, he still cared for him. After all, his family was important to him. That was why he didn't bother fighting back tonight. If Gifford got hurt or even died because of the anger, the guilt would continue to haunt Derek all his

life.

"Call an ambulance!" Aaron said.

I took out my phone and made a call right away. The ambulance arrived in less than five minutes. We got into the ambulance, and Aaron followed us to the hospital in his car. The doctor was frightened to see the blood on Derek's head and wanted to treat his wound right away, but Derek insisted he should examine his father first.

Gifford got better as soon as we arrived at the hospital. The doctor inquired us about his condition and examined him. Later, we came to know that intense anger and stress had caused his blood pressure to flare up, resulting in his fainting. But the doctor assured us that it was nothing serious. The doctor cast a knowing look at Derek. "Young man, don't be too impulsive. Sometimes you have to be patient and endure the problems." Derek didn't say anything. I knew how patient and enduring he had been tonight. I took Derek to have his wound treated. When the doctor cleaned the blood on his forehead, I saw the wound. The nurse warned him to endure the pain while she was applying the medicine to his wound. I understood how painful it must have been. However, Derek didn't flinch or frown. His face bore no expression, almost as if he had become numb. This wasn't his first head injury. Since I met him, he had already injured his head twice. However, this time, his father had attacked him. I couldn't bear to watch him like this. I knew he was strong enough to endure physical injuries. However, the pain was not in his head, but in his heart.

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