

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 389 - 390

Chapter 389 He Is Crazy

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“Get some rest. I may not care about you, but I’m not bad enough to curse you.”

Having said that, I was set to leave but Vivien called out to me.

“Eveline!”

I stopped in my tracks and looked back. I could tell that she hadn’t said what she really wanted to say.

Vivien put on a straight face and said, “Be careful of Shane. He’s gone mad. I know he hates me, but he hates you even more.”

I remembered what Shane did right after he reappeared, and for that, I must admit that Vivien was right.

“You’re right. He’s mad.” With that, I opened the door and left.

Just as I had expected, Timmy was at the door, waiting for me. It seemed that he never even left. On my way back home, I remembered what Vivien told me.

Shane hated me? What right did he have to hate me? Shouldn’t I be the one to hate him?

That bastard aborted my child, and I might never have another child again! And he consented to my mother’s operation on my behalf without my permission, even though it had a low success rate. That meant he indirectly killed my mother. He spread my nude

photos and extorted fifty million dollars from Derek. All of those were more than enough reason for me to hate him with every fiber of my being!

Though it was true that we made him pay for everything he'd done while we were in Goldelta, that bastard, Shane deserved it. What gave him the right to retaliate against us? He didn't have a fucking right to hate me!

Everything went fine over the next two days. I'd been worried that Alvaro would do something about the fact that the tomb he built had been blown up. But it seemed as though he wasn't going to do anything for the time being.

Since I had Timmy chauffeuring me around, Derek's mind was at peace each time I went out. I knew what he was worried about. He was staying vigilant against two people; Shane, and Alvaro. On the evening of the next day, Timmy picked me up from Lavinia's beauty salon.

Normally, this particular road was smooth sailing, but today, there was a traffic jam.

Timmy habitually reached for a cigarette, but found that his cigarette packet was empty.

Since he couldn't smoke while we were stuck in a traffic jam, he appeared to be a little restless. His fingers were tapping on the steering wheel, displaying his uneasiness.

He had been driving me around in his car these days, so I was well aware that he was a heavy smoker.

"Do you want me to get out of the car and buy you a pack?" I asked.

Upon hearing my question, Timmy smiled meekly. "It's okay, ma'am. I'll go buy it myself."

He pulled the car over. Then, he got out of the car to go buy a packet of cigarettes, asking me to wait for him in the car.

As soon as he got out of the car, I received a strange phone call.

"Hello? Am I speaking to Mrs. Sullivan?"

Very few people would call me Mrs. Sullivan. Thus, I was suspicious of the caller, and couldn't help but feel nervous.

"Yes, it's me. What is it?"

"Mr. Sullivan had a car accident at the intersection of the Samson Road. Would it be convenient for you to come here at once?"

The caller's words scared me to death.

"Is the situation grave?" I asked.

"We're not yet certain, ma'am."

The intersection of the Samson Road that the man mentioned was around twenty meters ahead from where I was.

I didn't have time to tell Timmy, so I got out of the car and rushed to the spot.

At the time, I was almost certain that the cause of the traffic jam was the accident.

I kept on running, for I wanted to get there as soon as possible. However, at the back of my mind, I was very scared that I might see something that I would never be able to accept.

The moment I saw from a distance that there were lots of people surrounding the intersection and a large part of the front of a truck had been badly damaged, my legs began to tremble.

I went straight to the crowd. But before I could get close to them, a man suddenly appeared and grabbed my wrist.

"Mrs. Sullivan, your husband has been taken to the hospital on an ambulance. Hurry up, ma'am! You'll need to sign his operation consent form!" As a matter of fact, this person already sounded suspicious to me. However, he kept on urging me to get in the car. I was so worried about Derek's safety that I went into the car without careful reconsideration.

As I sat in the back seat, I noticed that there was a man in the back seat with me, and the passenger seat was also occupied.

The man who urged me to get in the car slid into the driver's seat and quickly drove away.

He avoided the blocked road ahead and went to a particular path, driving very fast.

A few minutes of being in the car, I realized that the route the driver had taken was wrong, and I started to get suspicious.

“Which hospital is he in? And who are you?” Nobody answered me. The man who pulled me into the car earlier was wearing a devilish grin.

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Chapter 390 Where Are You Taking Me

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I was getting agitated. I tried to open the car door, only to find that it had been locked. 1

“Stop the car! I want to get out!” I kept on slamming on the door, showing them just how anxious I was.

The man in the back seat pulled me back, visibly annoyed. “Sit the fuck down!”

Just then, my phone rang inside my bag.

I figured Timmy was calling me because he didn't see me in the car.

But before I could react, the man next to me took my bag away.

I wanted to grab it, but he passed it to the man in the passenger seat. The guy in the passenger seat took out my phone and powered it off.

I knew that I wouldn't be able to beat all three men by myself, so I forced myself to calm down. “Where are you taking me?” I asked.

“We're taking you camping! Hahaha!” The driver broke into a maniacal laughter.

Upon hearing his remark, the others broke into laughter, too.

The driver patted the steering wheel repeatedly, and said, "I never expected that this woman would be so fucking easy to deceive!"

As the car drove out of the downtown area, I remained silent throughout the entire journey.

It was better to save my energy and wait for the right time to escape than to _ struggle meaninglessly.

Outside the window, night fell.

After driving for a while, the driver finally pulled over on a quiet road.

Soon, the man in the passenger seat got out of the car and opened the door on my side. He and the man sitting next to me worked together to tie me up, sealed my mouth, and put me down on the back seat.

"Let's grab something to eat," said the driver. Seconds later, they locked the car doors, humming and whistling as they walked away.

Once they were gone, I tried my best to break free from my shackles and tried to make some noise, so that the passersby could hear me. Sadly, I was bound too tightly that I couldn't move at all. I couldn't even kick the door to make noise. At this point, beads of sweat formed on my forehead. Moreover, this place looked isolated. I couldn't even hear anyone passing by.

I was starting to get desperate. Later on, I lay flat on the seat, surrendering to my fate.

Who the hell were those people? Did Shane hire them? Or maybe Alvaro? Was it someone else who was trying to blackmail Derek?

About half an hour later, it was completely dark already, and my kidnappers had just come back. Everyone went back to their respective seats. The man in the back seat moved me a little to make room for himself. After I sat up, I moved closer to the door, for I didn't want to get too close to him. Amused by my reaction, the man cast me a curious gaze.

Soon, the car started. I saw on the monitor that it was already 7:10 PM.

During this time, Derek would already be on his way home after work.

Timmy must've informed him already that he couldn't find me.

I knew that Derek was scared that this sort of thing might happen to me, so he assigned Timmy to be my bodyguard and chauffeur. But he probably didn't anticipate that I'd fall into a trap while Timmy was away buying a packet of cigarettes.

The kidnappers drove me all the way up a mountain. When they reached the top of the mountain, they finally stopped.

One of them opened the door and dragged me out. Because my hands and legs were tied, I couldn't stand firm, so I stumbled to the ground.

The snow in the urban area had almost melted, but there was still a thin layer of snow on the mountain road.

Since it was night, it was chilly on the mountain. Two of the men held my arms, dragging me to the edge of the cliff and tying me to a tree.

Then, all three of them grabbed a few boulders that they could sit on.

"We've completed our task. How are the others doing with theirs?"

"Eh, let's just wait and see what happens. It's still early."

Judging from their words, it seemed that there were also other people working with them. What on earth were they planning to do to me?

One of them went to the car and fetched several bags of food.

They peeled peanuts, ate drumsticks, drank beer, and laughed while eating. I didn't get any useful information from them while they were chatting. The wind was howling at the edge of the cliff. I felt so cold that my limbs went numb.