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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 399 -400

Chapter 399 Are You Caspar's Son

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The moon was brighter than usual tonight. My eyes swept across the ruins of the tomb. There were several fragments of the tombstone scattered on the ground. Amidst the scattered stones, there was a particular fragment that had a photo on it. I got up and walked over there. I picked up the fragment, swept away the dust on it, and stared at the photo carefully.

The person in the photo looked so familiar to me. After pondering on it, my eyes lit up.

"Is this... Caspar?"

I looked back at Alvaro and asked, "You're Caspar's son?"

Alvaro smiled at me, making no attempt to deny it. Back when I was really young, my dad had a good friend named Caspar Barton.

Dad often invited Caspar to our house for a drink. Oftentimes, Caspar would bring his son to our house. He usually called the boy "Alva." Now that I had recalled it, I gathered that boy must be Alvaro.

I had forgotten what he looked like at the time, and his appearance had changed dramatically since then. Aside from his appearance, his entire disposition in life had changed as well.

At the time, Alvaro barely ever spoke and he never took the initiative to play with other kids. Usually, I wouldn't play with him unless my father asked me why I wouldn't play with Alva. I

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And even when we were playing together, Alva didn't talk much. He was an obedient child. He would play whatever the other kids wanted to play and he would never object to our opinions.

It had been two decades since then. At this moment, I couldn't believe that the timid Alva in my memory was now the glib yet handsome Alvaro.

Though he was timid, there were times that he was bold.

There was one thing he did that left a lasting impression on me. I could still remember that moment vividly.

Back then, I, Aronson, Alva and several other children in the neighborhood were playing in the alley. Suddenly, someone shouted, "Snake!" All of us were scared silly. Only Alva didn't run away. Instead, he grabbed a brick, hurled it at the snake, and stepped on the brick. The snake tried to wriggle away from beneath the brick, but it couldn't escape. Soon, an adult arrived and caught the snake.

From then on, we all admired Alva and were impressed of his courage. And because we all admired him, he gradually joined our group. Thoughts of my childhood amused me and I couldn't help but giggle.

"Why are you so happy?" asked Alvaro.

With a grin on my face, I replied, "You were such a dull boy before. How did you turn into a sly fox?" Upon hearing the question, Alvaro laughed too. A second later, the smile on his face disappeared.

"IT had no choice," he said.

His answer rendered me unable to smile anymore. He was right. Growing up was a process of constantly falling down and standing up; wiping tears while moving forward. And at times, people were forced to change.

"I'm going to tell the Sullivan family to repair the tomb for me, and Gifford has to bow in front of my father's tombstone," Alvaro said before we left.

It was then that we drove back. When we passed by a pharmacy, I asked him to stop.

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“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“My appetite has been too low recently. I was hoping to buy some medicine for my stomach,” I answered.

“I’ll go buy it for you,” he said, ready to get out of the car.

However, I stopped him. “No, it’s okay. I can go by myself.”

He didn’t insist upon it, and just told me that he’d wait for me in the car.

After buying some medicine, I went back to the car.

Instead of driving back to his grandma’s house, Alvaro drove us back to his villa.

Upon opening the door, he said to me, “There’s a TV in the living room, and I have Wi-Fi. You won’t get bored here.”

I stood frozen at the door.

“Come on in,” he said when he saw that I wasn’t moving.

“It wouldn’t be appropriate for me to stay here,” I responded with a straight face.

He pulled me in and closed the door.

“Derek has already abandoned you. If you don’t stay here, where else will you stay and cry your eyes out?”

Then, he took out a pair of slippers and said, “No woman has ever been here, so all I have are men’s slippers. I forgot to buy some slippers for you earlier. I’ll just buy you a pair tomorrow.”

With that, he walked inside, took off his coat and threw it on the sofa. Then, he picked up the remote control and turned on the TV.

I changed into the slippers and walked in. However, I didn’t sit down.

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As he sat cross-legged on the sofa, changing the channel on the TV, he glanced over at me. Suddenly, he put on a smile, got up, and walked towards me.

Though I felt much closer to him after knowing that he was Alva, seeing him smile at me like that still frightened me.

I retreated from him until my back was pressed against the railing of the stairs, and there was no more ground for me to move back to.

He placed his hands on either side of my body and leaned closer towards me.

“Why are you so scared of me? Are you worried that I’m going to fuck you?”

I pushed his hands away, nervously running up the stairway.

“I’m going to sleep!” I shouted.

He didn’t go after me. Instead, he just asked me from behind, “Don’t you want to watch TV?”

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 400

Chapter 400 Bad Timing

Chapter 400 Bad Timing

Ignoring Alvaro’s question, I went upstairs. There, I opened the door to one of the rooms and went in. Once I had closed the door, I leaned against it and felt flustered.

As I looked around the room, I realized that something was wrong. This seemed to be the room where Alvaro took a shower and changed his clothes last time. This was probably his

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bedroom. Thus, I immediately turned back and opened the door, only to find that Alvaro was leaning beside the doorway.

Awkwardly, I swallowed and asked, "Which room will I be staying in?"

He was leaning against the door frame now, propping himself up with one hand, and had a smile on his face. "You're already in my room. If you want to sleep here, I don't have a problem with that. I can share my bed with you."

I rolled my eyes at him. "Stop messing around!" The smile on his face disappeared and he stopped joking. He stepped aside and opened the door of the opposite room.

"You can stay in this room," he said.

I walked into the room at once. It looked like Alvaro wanted to go in with me, but I closed the door before he had the chance.

Then, I heard a knock on the door. "Hey, I wasn't done talking to you."

I gritted my teeth, opened the door a little, and shot him a cold glance.

He had his hands in his pockets and a smile on his face.

"Actually, I just wanted to tell you that if you're scared of the dark, ghosts, or if you're having nightmares in the middle of the night, my door is always open. You're welcome to sleep in my arms anytime."

"Screw you!" I slammed the door at his face.

I could hear him laughing on the other side of the door, as well as the sound of his fading footsteps. It was then that I locked the door, walked into the bathroom and took out a pregnancy test stick that I'd bought in the pharmacy earlier.

After putting the stick into a container, I watched as my urine poured into the container. Right now, I was feeling very conflicted.

I wasn't sure if I was nervous, expectant, sad, or afraid. Perhaps I felt all of it.

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Upon seeing two clear red bars on the pregnancy test stick, I leaned against the cold wall of the bathroom, staring at myself in the mirror and feeling desolate.

Fate truly loved to play tricks on people. This child came at the worst possible time.

As I lay on the bed, I didn't turn on the light. With a wide-eyed gaze, I stared at the dark ceiling, involuntarily putting my hands on my abdomen. If Derek had known that I was pregnant with his child, would he have made a different choice back then?

As a matter of fact, I had already made up my mind the moment I suspected that I might be pregnant.

Even if Derek and I would go on separate ways, I was determined to keep the child. It would be my mental support and an important reason for me to push forward and keep on living.

Perhaps because I had slept too much during the day and I was in an unfamiliar environment with too many things running in my mind, I couldn't fall asleep.

I didn't even hear Alvaro coming upstairs.

It was midnight, though I wasn't aware of what time it was, and I was still wide awake when I suddenly heard some noises coming from downstairs.

I got out of bed and walked to the window. There, I saw Alvaro driving away.

It was so late. Where was he going?

When I went downstairs to check the front door, I found that it had been locked from outside.

I wondered if he was worried that I'd sneak away while he was gone.

Knowing that I couldn't leave, I went back to my room and lay back on the bed.

Then, as time passed by, I fell asleep. By the time I opened my eyes, it was already dawn.

I received a message from Alvaro.

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“Are you awake? I bought you a new set of toiletries. I was worried that I’d wake you up, so I left them at the door. You can go ahead and grab them once you’re awake.”

I got out of bed and opened the door. I saw a cup on the floor. It had a tube of toothpaste, a toothbrush, and a towel in it.

After picking them up, I walked into the bathroom, freshened up and went downstairs.

There was nobody in the living room. I could hear someone moving in the kitchen, so I went there. Upon reaching the door, I saw Alvaro preparing breakfast.

I wasn’t surprised to see him cook, for I had already seen men cook before; for instance, Aaron and Derek. They were both good cooks.

But Alvaro was a lot different. He didn’t look like someone who often cooked. While he was cooking, he was checking his smartphone. He was so focused on what he was doing that he didn’t even notice that I had entered the kitchen.

“How to make the fried eggs soft and smooth?” I read what he had typed into his phone.

Startled, he turned around and saw me behind him. He quickly put his phone away.

“Holy crap! How did you manage to get behind me without making any noises?”

he asked, slightly blushing.

I knew that he was trying to hide his embarrassment beneath his unhappy tone.

I shrugged at him. “My footsteps were audible. You were just too focused on your phone to hear me,” I answered.

He stared at me with bulging cheeks. The embarrassment on his face had not yet dissipated, and it looked like he was thinking of what to say. I pointed at the frying pan and said, “If you don’t take out those eggs, they won’t be soft, nor smooth.”

Upon hearing that, he turned off the stove and immediately removed the eggs from the pan using a spatula.

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When I saw how panicked he was, I felt the urge to laugh, but I stifled myself.

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