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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 401 - 402

## Chapter 401 Why Can't You Stay

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As Alvaro stared at the badly cooked eggs on the plate, he scratched the back of his head awkwardly.

"As you can see, I'm not a very good cook, so make do with it."

The eggs looked so oily. I shook my head and replied, "It's far too greasy."

In response to that, Alvaro pointed at the pot. "There's some porridge in there as well. I remembered you ate some porridge yesterday, so I cooked some."

A few moments later, eggs and bread were served on the table.

Alvaro told me that he had bought the bread from outside earlier this morning.

He pushed the fried eggs towards me. I thought that if I refused to eat some, it would frustrate him and make him lose all interest in cooking. Thus, I decided to have some.

Fortunately, the fried egg wasn't too greasy when I ate it along with the porridge.

"Is it delicious?" he asked with eyes filled with expectations.

I swallowed the food in my mouth with difficulty and reluctantly said, "Yup."

After receiving the praise, Alvaro looked so happy. Feeling good about his cooking, he decided to taste it for himself.

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But after taking a bite, he grimaced. "My God, that tastes so bad!"

I chuckled at his reaction.

It was then that he took away the eggs in front of me, and handed me a piece of bread instead. "Here, eat this."

I accepted it and began pondering on what I should say while eating.

During the meal, I cleared my throat.

"When are you going to let me leave?" I asked. Alvaro paused from chewing.

"Don't even dream about it!" he said firmly.

His answer somewhat upset me. "You have no right to take away my freedom!"

Then, Alvaro took a bite of the bread as though nothing had happened. Without raising his head, he asked, "Why can't you stay?"

As I stirred the porridge in my bowl, I asked back, "Why should I?"

He suddenly put down the bread, looking at me with a sullen expression.

I thought that he was about to lose his temper, but I didn't expect that he'd smile all of a sudden. He stood up, and went to my side. He stood behind me, put both of his hands on my shoulders, and then he leaned close to my ear.

His abrupt action made me kind of nervous.

He was so close to me that I could feel the warmth of his breath on my ear.

"Do you remember how my father asked your dad if we could be wed when we grew up?" he asked. I recalled that something like that had indeed happened in the past. But it had been so long ago that I'd almost forgotten about it.

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I moved away from him, and pretended to be calm. "They were drinking back then. I'm sure it was just a joke. As far as I'm concerned, my dad didn't take it seriously."

But Alvaro had a different opinion. "Your dad once accepted me as his son-in-law, remember? He said that I was a diligent and reliable child."

I pushed his hands away and rolled my eyes at him. "Well, my dad can't exactly deny your claims now, can he?"

He curled his lips and sat back in his seat. However, the smile on his lips quickly dissipated. He then picked up the half-eaten bread he held earlier, but he didn't continue eating it yet.

"Do you still want to go back to Derek?" he asked. "Yes," I lied.

"I understand why he made that choice at the time," I added.

"Do you really care about him that much?" Alvaro asked in a more serious tone. I could see in his eyes that he was getting upset.

I forced a smile and said, "Yes, I care about him a lot. And besides, my child needs a father."

All of a sudden, Alvaro looked at me with a trace of sadness in his eyes.

A moment later, he looked down and said, "But he doesn't care about you at all."

I chuckled at his remark. "It doesn't matter. All I know is that I care about him, and that's enough for me."

Suddenly, he threw the bread on the table.

"Fuck this shit. It tastes horrible. I'll buy bread someplace else next time!"

Right now, I could guess that he might be thinking that I was cowardly and cheap.

Moments later, I noticed that he was much calmer than he was earlier.

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“Will you hate me if I don’t let you go?” he asked. I gazed into his eyes and answered, “I will loathe you with every fiber of my being.”

He turned his face away, bit his lower lip, and raised an eyebrow.

“I’ll drive you home after breakfast.” It seemed that he had so much difficulty saying that.

He didn’t eat that much during the meal, and I only ate half of the porridge in my bowl.

After washing the dishes, he drove me back.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 402

### Chapter 402 A Goodbye Hug

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While I was changing into my shoes at the door, I noticed a new pair of female slippers on the shoe rack. They still even had a tag on them. 1 Suddenly, I felt uncomfortable.

In our time in this world, we would be kind to many people, and be treated with the same kindness by many others as well. However, there would be times that we wouldn’t be able to respond to another’s kindness. Sometimes, it was inevitable to hurt someone. 1

I didn’t ask Alvaro to drive me to the villa. Instead, I just asked him to drop me by the roadside after we entered the urban area. There was a small shopping mall there.

“I’ll buy some of his favorite food and make him a hearty dinner at home.”

I deliberately tried to make myself sound happy. As I got out of the car, Alvaro disembarked from it as well.

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"Thank you for driving me here." With that, I began to walk away.

"Eveline," he said, attempting to stop me.

I turned around and saw him spread out his arms and wear a smile.

"Aren't you even going to give me a goodbye hug?" He was always flirting with me. I ignored him and attempted to leave.

However, he grabbed my hand and embraced me tightly.

He was hugging me so tight that I almost suffocated.

"If Derek ever bullies you, know that you can come back to me," he whispered in my ear.

I broke free from his grasp, turned around and hurriedly left without even responding to his words.

I walked around the shopping mall for a while, but I didn't buy anything. By the time I went out, Alvaro's car had already left.

As I walked along the road, I felt so conflicted. Naturally, I had no plans of going back to Derek. I still had pride, after all.

Perhaps I could compromise if the dispute involved just the two of us. However, it was a different story now that there was a third party in the picture. I had suffered through so much already. This time, I would rather leave with my head held high.

I wasn't sure for how long I had walked. Suddenly, I noticed a car pull over beside me.

I stopped walking and saw the back door open. It was Derek who got out of the car.

This time, without hesitation, I began running away from him.

But he soon caught up with me and lifted me up. Ignoring my protests, he put me into his car. "Go!" Derek said to Timmy as the latter drove the car.

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I pushed Derek's hand away and began pounding on the door.

"Timmy, stop the car please. I want to get off!" Naturally, he wasn't going to listen to me.

Derek kept me on my seat and lifted the partition between the front and back seats.

He was holding my hands tightly, his eyes were bloodshot, and he was breathing heavily.

Sooner or later, I would have to face him.

"Derek, let me go." Right now, I was surprisingly calm. 1

After these past two days, I had become level-headed.

For countless times, I had imagined how I would react once I faced Derek again. I thought that I wouldn't cry or break down. And I believed I would be calm enough to act as though his choice that night didn't break me.

Sure enough, I didn't care.

Based on his reaction, he seemed upset that I was so apathetic towards him. Then, he began to kiss me on impulse.

His lips were burning up, and his breath felt warm. I didn't even try to struggle, for I knew it would be useless. However, I didn't respond to his kiss, either. I just clenched my fists and gritted my teeth, enduring whatever he was doing to me.

My unusual indifference and the fact that I was composed broke his spirit. He kept on kissing my lips, my cheeks, and my forehead, seeming like he was getting frustrated. In a hoarse voice, he said, "Honey, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!"

"Mr. Sullivan, where are we heading now?" asked Timmy.

"Home," said Derek.

"But, sir..." Timmy stopped midsentence.

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"I said take us home," Derek said sternly.

Finally, Timmy drove us to Derek's villa. I wanted to get out from the other side of the car, but Derek carried me out of the car and walked into the villa. He placed me on the sofa and started kissing me again. But to his dismay, I didn't respond to any of his advances.

The familiar environment brought tears to my eyes.

Somehow, I thought that I'd never see this place again.

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