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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 426 - 428

Chapter 426 Danger

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Ady grew alert as she realized they were targeting us. Therefore, she threw herself in front of me to shield me.

“Please get in the car first!”

Meanwhile, the men darted toward Ady and started to fight with her.

She thwarted the men’s attacks and tried her best to keep them away from me. Although she was a good fighter, the men outnumbered her. She couldn’t defeat the burly men who were pouncing on her like wild beasts.

“Stop! How much do you want?” I tried to negotiate with those men.

They stopped attacking Ady and turned to look at me.

“We don’t want money. We want your life!” one of them barked before fighting with Ady again. Suddenly, a man hit her head with a stick, knocking her to the ground.

One of the men took the opportunity to walk toward me. I wrapped my arms around my belly and stepped back.

He grabbed me and threw me to the ground.

My back hit the hard concrete, and I felt a piercing pain in my belly.

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“Ms. Stone!”

Ady cried anxiously.

The man lifted his foot to step on my belly, but Ady pounced on him.

Another man suddenly pulled out a knife and stabbed Ady’s back.

“Watch out!”

I shouted weakly, but it was too late. I saw the knife pierce into Ady’s back—blood gushed out and soaked her clothes. 1

“Ady!”

The blood continued to spread out on Ady’s back. The man pulled the knife back, and I saw blood dripping from its tip.

Just as the man waved the knife to stab her for the second time, Ady turned around and kicked him. The knife fell from his hand and landed on the ground with a bang.

Despite the wound on her back, Ady continued to fight. However, the men swarmed around her.

The cruelty of the incident transpiring before my eyes made me sick. The men continued to attack Ady without feeling any shame or remorse.

Ady tried her best to stop them from approaching me, but she was a human after all. The ruthless men knocked her to the ground.

“Stop it! I know someone has hired you to attack us! How much did they give you? I’ll pay double the price. Please take us to the hospital, and I promise to give you the money right away.”

I endured the pain in my belly and tried my best to negotiate with them.

“To the hospital? We’ll send you to hell.”

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The men looked at us and cackled like maniacs. They looked pleased with themselves for defeating two women.

“How much do you want? Quote a price.”

Money didn't seem important at the moment. I wanted to save the two babies in my womb. I would give anything to protect my little ones. Hearing that, the men exchanged glances as if tempted by my offer.

The pain worsened with every passing minute, but I tried my best to remain calm and continued to persuade them.

“You would be in deep trouble if 1 died. My husband won't spare you. If you take us to the hospital, I will give you enough—you all can live a comfortable life without working again.”

As soon as I finished speaking, I felt something warm gush out of my lower body and trickle down my leg.

I knew my water broke, and I had to go to the hospital right away. Otherwise, my babies would die.

I grabbed the pant of the man closest to me and begged, “Please, take me to hospital.”

The man lifted his leg and kicked me. When he was about to kick the second time, I heard sirens blare from afar.

“The police are coming. Let's go! Maybe the bastard in the woman's belly is meant to die,” one of them said.

The men sprinted at full speed. My eyes grew blurry, and I slowly began to lose consciousness.

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Chapter 427 The Babies May Not Be Saved

Chapter 427 The Babies May Not Be Saved

Sometime later, I sensed that I had been picked up. The ambulance wailed incessantly.

“Eveline, hold on!” an anxious voice desperately called out to me.

Those three simple words caused me to burst into tears.

Was I trapped in an illusion?

Why could I hear Derek’s voice?

Through my blurred vision and _ foggy consciousness, I could sense a crowd of people surrounding me. I heard the sharp tinging sounds of metal instruments being placed onto a porcelain surface.

Throughout this whole ordeal, there was always a broad, large hand enveloping my hand in a supportive hold. The warm touch felt so familiar. “The patient is in a very dangerous situation. Her amniotic fluid has drained and the womb has suffered a massive hemorrhage. There is a possibility that the babies may not be saved.”

The serious and authoritative voice must have come from the doctor who was about to perform the surgery on me.

“Don’t worry about the babies. Just ensure that my wife is fine.” The voice was steady and full of conviction.

No, no!

How could he give up on the children?

Didn’t he know that these two little lives were his own children?

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"Honey, hold on. What do you want to say?" he whispered in my ear in a clear voice.

I tried with all I had to open my eyes but all I could make out was a blurred figure before me. The only thing that felt real was the warmth of the hand holding mine.

"Derek, the children are yours. You can't give up on them," I said weakly.

"I don't want children. Honey, I just want you. Don't be afraid. I won't let anything bad happen to you."

He held my hand tightly and was completely bereft of his usual calmness and composure. Panic, fear and helplessness were mixed in the tone of his voice.

"Save my children! Save my children!" I kept murmuring.

I was not sure if I had mustered enough strength for my voice to be heard or not.

Derek held my hand and comforted me.

"Honey, be good. We can have other children, but I can't live without you."

But it hadn't been an easy feat for me to have fallen pregnant with the twins. I wouldn't have the opportunity to fall pregnant again. I really didn't want to lose them. I couldn't bear it.

"Honey, don't drift off to sleep. Listen to me. You are going to be fine."

Derek was doing his utmost to keep me conscious but I could feel myself getting more drowsy and muddled by the minute.

The sound of his voice and the warmth of his hand started to gradually feel further and further away.

I recalled so much from the past.

I remembered Souse and everything that happened between Derek and me.

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I recalled the recording I had received before my wedding day and the photo of Derek and Becky that had shattered my heart to pieces.

Hadn't Derek said that he didn't love me? So why was he worried then?

After a long time, I seemed to hear the sound of a baby crying.

The cry seemed to come from a distance, but it easily stirred the emotions in my heart.

I found that I was crying again.

A set of warm lips kissed me and my tears running down my cheeks.

I opened my mouth but I wasn't sure if I made a sound.

I wanted to tell Derek that he finally had a son and a daughter.

At that moment, I felt as if I had walked thousands of miles. I was just so exhausted.

The moment I heard the baby crying, I couldn't bear it anymore and fell asleep.

I felt like I had a long dream.

In my dream, I walked through several places. Sometimes in Sousen, sometimes in Chinston. Sometimes I was on the balcony in the villa and other times, I was in his car. Just like he had done on several occasions, he drove with one hand on the steering wheel and he held my hand with his other.

It seemed like a lot of things hadn't happened. We were still exactly how we were before.

The scene changed. IJ revisited my childhood.

At that time, the alley I lived in was bustling and many people lived there.

Back then, my parents had still been alive. I was the apple of their eyes.

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I walked out with my schoolbag slung across my back when a voice called me from downstairs. "Eve, hurry up. We are going to be late!"

I hopped and skipped downstairs. Aronson was waiting for me beside his bike.

He pushed the bike and I walked alongside the other side of it.

We walked through the alley, which was scattered with puddles all over.

My father's truck was parked at the entrance of the alley. He sat in the driver's seat in a particularly imposing manner.

He started the vehicle and waved at me with a smile. He told me to walk faster so as not to be late.

All of a sudden, my heart was filled with endless panic. I wanted to tell him not to leave and that he would be in danger if he did, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't make a sound.

My father's truck was moving farther and farther away. I ran at full speed and chased it. I fell several times on the hard road, and finally, all I could do was watch in despair as my father's truck disappearing from my sight.

"Dad, don't go! Come back! Dad!" I shouted in my heart.

"Eve, go back quickly. Good girl. I can't go back. You have to be strong and live well. I will protect you."

My father's voice was so ethereal, as if it came from another world.

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Chapter 428 You're Finally Awake

Chapter 428 You're Finally Awake

"Dad!"

I broke into tears, shouting in the direction that my father had disappeared to.

"Honey, wake up!"

A familiar voice called out to me, pulling me out of that horrible nightmare.

As I slowly opened my eyes, the first thing I saw was Derek's bloodshot eyes.

His eyes were brimming with worry, pity, and joy altogether the second I opened my eyes.

"Honey, you're finally awake!" The sound of his husky voice was riddled with excitement.

He held my hand, pressing the back of my hand against his lips. Then, a tear fell from his eyes and onto the back of my hand. It felt warm to the touch.

"Have I not woken up from my dream?" I asked in a soft voice. 1

Derek kissed the back of my hand again as tears continued to stream down his cheeks.

When I thought of the long dream I had, I remembered that a voice in my dream was telling me about giving up on my children.

Panicking, I grabbed Derek's hand. "Where are my kids?"

"Don't worry, the kids are fine. They've both been taken by the nurses for their baths. You can see them later," he said.

I breathed a sigh of relief and then I closed my heavy eyelids.

Everything would be fine with me, as long as my kids were safe.

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Soon, I drifted into sleep once more. Later on, I was awakened by the sound of my babies' cries.

Upon opening my eyes, I saw that Derek was still sitting on the edge of the bed, holding my hand and staring at me as though he had never left the spot.

"The babies are crying!" I remarked weakly. Stubbornly, Derek held onto my hand and replied,

"Just let them cry. They've been torturing you, after all. What ungrateful kids we have!"

However, the sound of my children's cries was stressing me out so much that I could feel my nerves wracking.

"I want to see them," I said; firmly this time. Derek nodded in response. He took the two children from the cots next to my bed, and put them beside me.

I turned my head, staring at the babies wrapped in tiny blankets. And the moment I laid eyes on them, tears fell from my eyes.

Somehow, I thought that I'd never have the chance to see them.

God knew just how much I abhorred the idea of giving up on them. They had stayed in my womb for so long, and I could feel every movement they made inside me; from every turn of their body, right down to the kicking of their legs.

I had been really looking forward to seeing them. God, they were so small and pure. Their eyes were closed, and they only opened their mouths to cry. And each time they did, they would cry together. The sound of their sweet little cries brought joy to my heart, and I was practically laughing through tears.

They were probably hungry already. But since I didn't have any breast milk yet, we had to feed them powdered milk for the time being.

After Derek fed my kids, they finally drifted into slumber.

It was then that I remembered Ady.

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"Where is Ady? Is she okay?"

"She's fine, but she's had about a dozen stitches," said Derek.

Not long after I asked about Ady, she came to see me in my room.

She was wearing a hospital gown, and she was deathly pale.

The moment she entered the room, she glanced at Derek as he stood in front of the window.

"How are you feeling, Ady?" I asked.

Ady walked to the side of my bed and flashed me a smile.

"I've seen better days, but I'm fine. A knife that small isn't enough to kill people."

"Thank you so much for saving me, Ady!" I said. Later on, when Ady left, Derek went to the bed and sat down again.

"Does Ady work for you?" I asked, looking at him. He held my hand and replied, "You needed someone to protect you. I can't rest easy knowing that nobody's looking after you."

"That's my business," I said. 1

Right now, I was stifling my emotions. I still vividly remembered everything that happened on the day I left Sousen. Even until now, those memories still haunted me and made me feel sad and miserable. Derek let out a deep sigh. "It's still my business, because we're not divorced yet. Like it or not, you're still my wife."

I looked him dead in the eye and responded, "Yeah, you're right. We haven't even divorced yet. The marriage certificate is dragging you down, so you're here to get a divorce, aren't you? Give me the divorce agreement and I'll sign it."

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