

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 429 - 430

Chapter 429 I Don't Believe That You Don't Miss Me At All

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Derek rubbed the back of my hand and stared at me helplessly with bloodshot eyes.

"Honey, I miss you so much! I don't believe that you don't miss me at all," he said.

Yes, I did! Of course, I sorely missed him.

Each time I felt feelings of missing him overcoming me, I would become morose and couldn't fall asleep. Gradually, I learnt to bottle up my emotions for him and hide them in the deepest recesses of my heart. I utilized every minute of my time developing my career, enriching my life and increasing my intellect to make myself look like a woman who didn't need the love of a man.

Yet he suddenly appeared before me like this, when I was weakest and needed him more than anything.

Such a reunion felt just like the first time I met him. He pulled me out of the deepest despair, warmed me and filled me with the prospect of hope.

The very moment he appeared, it was as if the feelings I had for him in my heart had grown feet and started to jump up and down. As the blood flowed from my heart and through my body, so did the feelings, newly renewed and now engulfing my every cell.

I thought I had trained myself to deal with this well over the past few months, and that I would be indifferent when I saw him again.

But it was not the case.

His casual comment made me cry without any volition of my own.

Derek reached out a hand and wiped the tears on my face away, gently and carefully. There was a trace of pity in his eyes when he did this.

“Honey, don’t shed any tears. Put the problems between us aside first. You are still very weak. Let’s talk about anything else after you recover.” His deep and affectionate eyes were like whirlpools, shaking my will power.

It seemed like one more look at him would make me willingly become lost in his tenderness.

Flustered, I averted my eyes away from him and shook my head to bring myself back to reality.

“I don’t want to say anything, and I don’t want to go back to the old days. A three-person tug-of-war was too draining. I quit. Please let me go,” I said. Derek sighed and looked at the two children in the cots next to my bed.

“Do you want the children to have no father?”

His words sliced through my heart like a hot knife through butter.

The reality of the situation was so ruthlessly cruel. Even if I wanted to cauterize my relationship with him as soon as possible, it wouldn’t work, because we had children now.

I didn’t know if the twins also felt the grief I experienced and whether they also felt helpless and weary, but just then, I heard one of the babies cry suddenly.

The other immediately also started to cry. Perhaps it was my maternal instinct but I became very worried when they cried. I wanted to get up immediately to attend to them.

Without warning, a sharp pain in my lower abdomen caused me to cry out in a weak voice. Derek held my shoulders gently.

“Don’t move. You had a C-section. You have a deep incision across your lower abdomen,” he said. I reached out to touch my belly. It was flat with a thick bandage covering it.

Derek stood up and walked to the children. He bent down and patted them gently. His eyes fell on the children’s faces with the light of a father’s love glowing in them.

It was not until they stopped crying and fell asleep that Derek sat down again.

“Honey, I was really afraid that you wouldn’t wake up. It’s so good to talk to you now.”

His voice was hoarse, and my heart was already aching so intensely.

I had to admit that I had always been a sentimental person. This was inherent in the core of my genetic makeup. No matter what kind of person I became, I couldn’t change this.

I also admitted that I loved him. No matter how much he had hurt me, no matter how long we had been separated, my love for him had not dwindled in the least bit.

Derek looked at me again and sighed heavily. “Honey, let me take good care of you and fulfill my duty as a husband and a father,” he said firmly. In fact, as a husband, he did a good job most of the time. I never denied it. Perhaps he didn’t belong to me, and I greedily wanting more from him was a kind of sin. That was why God punished me by making me suffer so much.

Just then, the door of the ward was kicked open quickly and with no warning whatsoever.

A woman’s begging could be heard from the door. “Alvaro, it hurts. Please forgive me, Alvaro...”

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Chapter 430 It’s Time To Pay The Piper

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Alvaro had the woman by the hair, his hand ruthlessly dragging her in the room. He pushed her inside, shutting the door to the crowd of gathered onlookers.

The woman's burgundy hair was a disheveled mess—the red strands falling over her face as she kept begging for mercy.

Her pleas were met with a solid kick from Alvaro. She reeled from the force, her knees bending from under her in front of the bed.

Alvaro had barely begun. He yanked at the woman's hair, forcing her neck backward and revealing her face.

But the truth was all that had been unnecessary. I did not need to see her face to know that she was Mandy.

Derek lifted the head of my bed.

"I'm sorry, Eveline. I was wrong. Please forgive me Mandy had always carried her vanity with her. She was endlessly fixated on how she looked. Now, as she looked at me with fearful eyes, dark streaks of mascara ran down her cheeks and her hair stood out in messy clumps. She was a pitiful sight. All the while, she kept begging me for mercy. I felt nothing but coldness.

"Do you have a knife?" I turned to Alvaro.

The man was visibly stunned by my words, his eyes looking at me in confusion.

I returned my gaze to Mandy. My voice was cold and without pity as I spoke, "Bring me one. I am going to kill this woman myself. I'll apologize at her grave later."

The fear in Mandy's eyes turned into panic. She begged desperately for her life.

"Please, Eveline. I'm sorry. I won't do it again, I swear."

Alvaro pulled at her hair again, his face full of

cruelty.

"I don't normally lay a hand on women, but I wouldn't mind dealing with this one. She's not human. She's closer to an animal," he spat.

There was a resounding slap as his hand fell heavily on her face.

He did not stop at one. The blows landed repeatedly on Mandy's face, turning her skin red and swollen.

She covered her face with her hands, trying to soften the force of each hit. "Alvaro, please stop. I'm sorry. Please, it hurts!"

I was far from satisfied with just this. The slaps she received barely scratched the surface of my anger. Had I been holding a knife, I would have already plunged it into her flesh.

Derek had managed to save Ady and me in time, but a second longer and my children would have been dead.

"Alright. Start talking. How did you buy them off? What did you tell them? Did you ask them to kill me and my children?"

Mandy shook her head wildly and said, "No, no. I just wanted to scare you. I never told them to kill you!"

I snorted at her words. "Why? Because I'm your competitor? Just look at how low you are, throwing away the last shred of your dignity for money?"

Mandy looked at Alvaro with trembling eyes before lowering her head. "I didn't want Alvaro to fall in love with you. I didn't want you to have him, or his child. I couldn't bear the thought of it."

My eyes went furtively to Derek, who was standing by the window. There was no change on his face at Mandy's words.

Was it that he didn't buy it, or that he just didn't care?

After blurting out the truth, Mandy gathered her courage and looked directly at Alvaro. "Alvaro, I have always liked you. I've said it many times before. You know that. What is it that you see in her and not find in me? I don't understand..." "You'll have plenty of time to think about it in prison," I said coldly.

Mandy's head shot up, her eyes widening with horror and disbelief. She crawled nearer to me and grabbed my hand with her trembling ones.

"I don't want to go to jail. Please, Eveline. I'm begging you. I'm too young. I can't spend my whole life behind bars. Please, let me go. I won't ever bother you again."

I wrenched my hand free from her grasp, finding her touch repulsive. I could barely even look at her.

"You became a murderer the moment you decided to try and kill me. You are young and successful, Mandy, but look at what you turned yourself into. You have no one to blame but yourself. It's time to pay the piper."

Just then, a knock came from the door.

Alvaro walked to the door and opened it. Several policemen were already standing in wait outside. They went straight to Mandy, one of them showing her his badge.

"Mandy Gorman, you are suspected of intentional injury. You will have to come with us."

Mandy looked at the police officers, her body slumping weakly. There was nothing else she could say now. She did not protest as she felt the cool metal of the handcuffs on her wrists. Her eyes went to Alvaro, giving him one last lingering look as the officers led her away to where nothing but bleakness awaited her.