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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 436 - 438

## Chapter 436

Chapter 436 Be My Model

Ady refused to look at me, and just clammed up. To offer comfort, I patted her on the shoulder.

"There's no need to be so nervous. I know you're just following orders. Tell whoever told you to do this that I'll be waiting in my office."

Having said that, I leaned against the back of my chair leisurely. Not long after, Derek showed up.

I picked up the pinhole camera on the desk and smirked. "Mr. Sullivan, I did not expect that you're a peeping tom."

Derek placed his hands on my desk, staring at me helplessly.

"I'm worried about you, so I wanted to see what's going on with you. How will I ever be at ease when I have no idea how you're doing every day?"

I scoffed at him with a straight face.

"You're violating my privacy, Mr. Sullivan."

He walked past the desk and stood next to me, then leaned against the desk and raised my chin using his hand.

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“Are you mad me? I’m just really worried about you.”

Truthfully, I wasn’t angry. I just didn’t like the fact that 1 was late to catch on. It made me feel like I was stupid.

Moving my chin away, I ignored him.

But he turned my face towards him again and smiled. “Okay. It’s my bad. What can I do to appease you?”

At once, I stood up and took out a brush from the dressing case on the desk.

“I’m learning how to do makeup. If you want to make it up to me, you’ll agree to be my guinea pig. You’ll be my model and I’ll do your makeup.”

At first, Derek was staring at me awkwardly, but he eventually agreed.

I sat him on the chair, and did the smoky eyes I had just learnt.

It was hard to resist the urge to laugh when I saw my work.

Derek wanted to take the mirror, but I refused.

“If you go out for a walk right now, I’ll forgive you for installing a camera in my office without my knowledge.”

“Honey, I’m a man. At least leave me some of my dignity,” Derek said, seemingly feeling aggrieved. I frowned at him, turned around, and walked away. However, he stopped me. “Fine. I’ll do anything to please my beloved wife.”

When I saw that he was actually going to do it, my eyes widened with shock as I pulled him back. I sat him back on my chair, grabbed a wet wipe and used it to remove his makeup while laughing.

“You’re really going to go out there? If you went out looking like that, your whole image as the unbreakable and cool Mr. Sullivan would be ruined.” Just as I had completely removed his makeup, he suddenly grabbed my hand and pulled me into his arms.

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He stared at me with a burning desire before he began to kiss me.

This time, the way he kissed me was wilder than before. It was so arousing that I soon got swept up in a moment.

“I can’t restrain myself anymore, can I, honey?” The sound of his voice was so attractive.

And the way he spoke sounded like he was asking for my opinion, and yet his movements and increasingly rapid breaths indicated that he was no longer able to restrain himself.

Nursing mothers had the fragrance of milk on their bodies, and this scent seemed to arouse men’s desire.

The moment he touched my breasts, they squirted out milk and soon made my shirt wet.

He let me straddle onto him, pressed me against the desk and passionately kissed me. Even though we’d been separated for a long time, we were used to each other’s bodies, so he easily ignited my desire.

My body was honest, yet my heart was conflicted. I began to struggle and debate against myself. Meanwhile, my hands were unable to resist him. “Honey, be good. I’ve been longing for you!”

The sound of Derek’s bewitching voice slowly tore down my will.

Scenes of our time together flashed through my mind. When I thought of that particular recording and the fact that he said he didn’t love me, I suddenly came to my senses.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 437

### Chapter 437

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Chapter 437 You Are Still Angry With Me

All of a sudden, I shoved Derek away with great force, and tried to control my unstable breathing.

Confused, he gazed at me with fire in his eyes. Just as he was about to cup my face with his hand, I moved away. I stood up, and grasped my shirt that had already been opened.

"I'm going to change my clothes."

I ran into my lounge as fast as my legs could carry me.

And once I had closed the door, I leaned against it and breathed heavily.

Men could have sex without love, but women could not. I couldn't just ignore my inner thoughts. Soon, I found another shirt and changed my shirt that had been soiled by breast milk.

Upon opening the door of the lounge, I found Derek leaning against the wall beside the door as though he had been waiting for me.

Calmly, I walked out, attempting to ignore him, but he soon held me in his embrace.

It appeared he had calmed down, but his breathing was still uneven. I could hear his rampant heartbeat.

"Honey, I know you're still mad at me," he whispered in my ear.

Gently, I pushed him away, walked back to my desk and sat down. Then, I opened up some folders and said, "If you want to have sex, go find someone else to do it with."

For a moment, silence ensued in the room. I waited and waited, uncertain of what he would say or do.

After a while, Derek took a few paces towards me. He stopped in front of the desk, and remained silent for a long time.

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I didn't even have the courage to look at him right now. And I wasn't sure if his hands in his pockets were relaxed or clenched.

"Eveline, I'm a human, not a beast. I couldn't resist the urge to do it, because it's with you. Anyway, I'm going to see my children," he said. Minutes after he left, I stared at the door and felt empty.

I adjusted the mirror on my desk and stared at myself.

My cheeks were ruddy, and my lips were slightly swollen.

His words before he left were still resonating in my head, and they brought forth a tide of sorrow, coursing through my veins.

It seemed that we had tacitly agreed to act as though nothing had happened. Derek was still good to me and our kids, but he never took the initiative to get close to me again.

When he wanted to smoke, he would sit on the balcony for a long time.

At that moment, he was smoking on the balcony again, staring at the city's dim lights, while I gazed at his back amidst the darkness.

To me, he looked upset and miserable. I would be lying if I said that it didn't break my heart to see him this way.

When our children turned a hundred days old, we took them to a photo studio for a picture taking. At the request of the photographer, we tried our best to make the babies smile.

After taking pictures of the babies, the photographer suggested that we should take a few family photos.

While I was changing in the dressing room, I had a hard time zipping up the back of my dress. Suddenly, I felt a pair of hands zip up my dress from behind me.

A bit embarrassed, I tidied my hair, ready to go out of the dressing room.

However, Derek halted me. He held my shoulders and stared into my eyes.

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"I'll be flying back to Sousen at eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

I stared back at him, dazed and surprised.

The news came so suddenly.

Even though I had been keeping my distance from him these days, I knew that the sadness I felt at this moment was true. Hearing him tell me that he was leaving broke my heart.

Even now, he was still staring at me with tenderness in his eyes.

As he held me in his arms, I felt no lust. Only affection, yearning, and reluctance to part with me.

"So, let's take a family photo. After that, let's go eat somewhere, okay? Just the two of us."

At last, he let go of me and stared into my eyes once more; waiting for an answer.

I looked down and nodded slightly. Then, I saw a smile form on his lips.

## **My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 438**

### **Chapter 438**

Chapter 438 The Date

After leaving the dressing room, Derek and I sat down next to each other upon the photographer's instructions. He held our daughter, and I held our son.

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The photographer pointed his camera at us and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, please smile a little more happily. Look at your children. They're both lovely. Anyone who'd see you now would feel envious!"

Suddenly, Derek put his arm around my shoulder and pulled me closer towards him.

At this time, our son sneezed as he sat on my lap, followed by our daughter.

Then, they looked at each other. Seeing them interact this way made me laugh.

Derek looked at me with a bright smile on his face. The photographer took this opportunity to capture a perfect moment. After saying "OK", he put away his camera and stood up.

"You may come by and choose the photos you like in a few days."

After leaving the photo studio, Derek and I sent our kids home and asked the nanny to take care of them.

Once we were home, I took a shower and changed into an elegant winter dress and a small suit jacket. Afterwards, I put on light makeup.

After I gave birth to the twins, my figure recovered rather swiftly. In all honesty, I was even sexier than before, because I paid special attention to postpartum care.

Many customers said that I didn't look like a woman who had just given birth to twins.

Right now, I felt like I was going on a date with my lover, and it made me really nervous.

Having prepared for a long time, I finally came out of my room, carrying a purse.

Derek happened to be standing on the balcony and smoking. "I'm done. We can go now," I said to him. The moment he turned around and saw me, he was stupefied.

He crushed his cigarette underfoot, walking towards me with great appreciation for my beauty. "You are stunning!"

I held my purse and didn't respond.

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Tonight, I was wearing a pair of ten-centimeter high-heeled shoes for the date.

I had never worn such high heels before.

Thanks to my high heels, while I stood next to Derek, I didn't need to look up too much just to see his face. Moreover, Lavinia had mentioned in one of her lessons that high heels could help a woman walk naturally with her head held high and her chest out, which would help accentuate her beauty.

Derek drove us to a luxurious five-star hotel.

In the restaurant there, a waiter led us to a private room that Derek had reserved.

The private room was nothing short of majestic. Aside from a dining table, there was also a flat-screen TV, sofas, and a bed.

The lighting was dim inside the room. There were candles and several bottles of red wine on the table, and soothing music was playing in the background.

There was an armchair at each end of the table. Derek sat me on an armchair, and then he walked to the opposite one and sat there.

Over the flickering candlelight, I stared at him as he sat across me.

He had taken off his suit jacket and was now wearing only a white shirt. His sleeves were rolled up, revealing his muscular forearms.

Then, he habitually unbuttoned the two topmost buttons of his shirt, partly revealing his chest. Afterwards, he picked up a bottle of wine, opened it up and put it back on the table.

As the conveyor belt on the table moved, the bottle of wine stopped in front of me.

Once I had taken it, I poured myself a glass of wine.

Derek opened another bottle and poured wine in his glass.

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After a while, I heard someone knocking at the door. Derek picked up a remote control and used it to open the door. Not long after, a waiter pushed in a dining cart.

And once the waiter had served all the food, he politely asked us to enjoy ourselves before he pushed the dining cart out of the room.

On the large dining table, all the dishes were moving slowly along the conveyor belt.

“Have a drink with me first,” Derek said, raising his glass.

I looked him in the eye. “You...”

Before I could form a sentence, he smirked at me and said, “Don’t worry. I’ve gone to the hospital for a checkup. My doctor said that my stomach has recovered well, and it’s fine if I have a couple of drinks, but nothing too excessive.”

Even until now, he still knew me well. He figured out what I was thinking even before I could say it. Thus, I picked up my glass of wine, and the contents shone beneath the candlelight.

I raised my glass to him and gulped down my wine in one breath.

Ever since I got pregnant, I had not ingested even a drop of alcohol. The taste of the red wine wasn’t strong. It was sweet, and had hints of bitter taste.

“Eveline, you don’t want to go back to Sousen for now, do you?” Derek suddenly asked me.

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