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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 451 - 452

Chapter 451

Chapter 451 Injured

“Honey, you never listen to me. Didn’t I tell you not to run around?”

When I heard the familiar voice and smelled the familiar scent, my eyes turned red.

I had been wearing a mask this whole time. I had no idea how he found me and when he did, but the moment I heard him call me “honey”, I felt a lump in my throat.

“Are you okay?” I asked, cupping his face with concern.

He gazed into my eyes and replied, “I’m fine. Listen to me and get off the ship at once. It’s dangerous on the cruise ship right now.”

I threw myself into his arms and embraced him tightly.

“No. Let’s go together. You’re also in danger, remember? We should stick together!”

All of a sudden, I heard a gunshot. Derek held me up and rolled to the floor with me.

A vase a few meters behind us was shattered into pieces.

I lay prone on top of Derek, gasping for air. I could feel my heart almost jumping from my chest. Mere seconds ago, I felt a bullet brush past my ear. It was so close and its sound was as harrowing as death.

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If my guess was correct, Doug must've been the one who fired that shot.

This meant that he had found Derek. And the fact that he fired that gunshot meant that he was ready to risk it all.

By now, he must be walking towards our hiding spot.

Suddenly, I remembered something. I quickly took out the pistol from my purse.

I had never used a gun before, but in this drastic situation, it would be wise to use it.

Derek seemed to be wondering why I had a gun, but he didn't dwell on it too much. Instead, he grabbed it from my hand, released the safety catch, and kicked the back of the sofa. Then, he slid backwards along the floor because of the counterforce.

He then raised the pistol in midair, shooting at the ceiling.

After I heard the sound of the gunshot and glass breaking, the hall fell into darkness.

With my own eyes, I saw the crystal chandelier fall down after Derek shot earlier. The chandelier happened to hit Doug's head.

It was then that the undercover policemen rushed in.

Amidst the darkness, Derek pulled me into his arms. I could feel his racing heartbeat from his chest.

After a while, he helped me up and we walked out of the cabin.

Timmy appeared out of the blue, approached us, and asked us about the situation.

I had taken off my mask, so he immediately recognized me. He appeared to be surprised to see me.

The scary part was that the policemen didn't find Doug anywhere inside the cabin, nor the perimeter around the cabin.

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Thus, they divided into several squads and searched the cabin inwards and outwards. Suddenly, Derek looked up and threw himself onto the floor along with me.

At the same time, we heard a gunshot coming from above, creating a hole on the deck.

“He’s on the top floor!” someone shouted.

As soon as I looked up, I saw someone racing across the top floor.

A group of policemen rushed upstairs, and everyone’s attention was focused on the top floor of the cabin.

“Doug Moran, stop trying to flee! You’ve been running away for a decade, but you’ll never escape the law! Lay down your weapon and admit to your crimes,” a policeman announced at the top of the cabin using a megaphone.

But I knew that Doug wasn’t alone. Though his men had been drugged by sleeping pills, I wasn’t sure how long the effects would last.

I held Derek’s hand, restlessly looking around.

All of a sudden, I saw a head pop out from the stern. He had his pistol aimed directly at us.

To be precise, he was aiming at Derek.

Bang!

Without hesitation, I used my body to block the bullet and prevent it from hitting Derek.

“Eek!”

I felt a sharp pain swelling up in my chest. “Eveline!”

Derek embraced me, crying in desperation.

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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 452

Chapter 452

Chapter 452 Shot

I saw a policeman shoot at Doug, and then several others ran over to pursue him.

Cornered, Doug cradled his injured arm with the other and jumped into the water.

I heard a loud splash down below, followed by more gunshots.

I didn't know whether Doug was going to survive the winter sea in his condition, or if the authorities would prevail and apprehend him eventually.

I didn't care anymore.

As long as Derek was safe and sound, I didn't care about anything else.

Slowly, I felt myself slipping down until I slumped onto the deck. Derek immediately knelt down, holding my limp body. His eyes were wide with panic.

"Just hold on a little longer, honey. You'll be just fine."

I was hurting like hell, to be honest, but I was also relieved.

So much so that I still managed a smile.

I hadn't come to the party in vain, after all.

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I reached out to touch his face, feeling pleased with myself. "It's good that you're fine..."

"Eveline, honey, everything is going to be okay. Somebody call an ambulance!"

Derek looked around frantically, and then he was calling my name over and over. Gradually, my vision darkened. His voice was sounding distant.

I looked up at the night sky and for a moment, it seemed like it was stretching forward to engulf me in its embrace.

Soon, I could no longer see or hear anything.

My last thought was that I was definitely dying from the gunshot.

Even so, I didn't regret taking the bullet that was meant for Derek. My only regret was that my children were going to lose their mother before they could even call me Mom.

I woke up to the pungent scent of disinfectant. I slowly opened my eyes and recognized a figure in white looming over me.

Aaron had an anguished expression, but it quickly changed into excitement. 1

"Eve! You're finally awake."

In the next second, Derek was on the other side of the bed, crouching over me and clasping my hand. "Honey..."

Tears welled up in his bloodshot eyes.

He looked exactly like the way he had when I had just woken up after giving birth to the twins.

A mix of joy, distress, and gratitude were all over his face.

I took stock of my surroundings as Derek squeezed my hand between his, his hot tears falling on my dry fingers. I turned to him then, and noticed how haggard he looked.

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It took me a while to realize that everything felt and appeared so real.

“Am I still alive?” I murmured in wonder.

“Don’t be silly,” Derek rasped. “It was just a flesh wound. Of course, you’re alive.”

A flesh wound?

But he was acting as if I had actually returned from the dead.

I could even feel the pain of being shot. I was sure my soul had begun seeping out of my body along with my blood.

It hurt even just thinking about it.

“I want to go home,” I said in a weak voice.

Derek glanced at Aaron, who considered my request for a brief moment before nodding.

“Okay.” Derek lifted my hand and pressed a kiss in the middle of my palm. “I’ll take you home as soon as possible.”

Derek and Aaron handled the discharge process and all I had to do was wait.

At last, I was back home, lying on my own bed. I took in the familiar room, the familiar scenery outside my window. Before I knew it, my eyes had grown misty.

Derek sat on the edge of the bed beside me and gently stroked my hair. Then, he pulled off something from around his neck. It was a red string that had been fashioned into a necklace, and from it hung a single bullet.

He handed it to me and showed my name engraved on the metal.

“Honey, I’m begging you. Please stop doing something so stupid in the future. A bullet won’t kill me. I can handle the pain better than you.”

I giggled between my tears.

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"I honestly didn't have time to think about my actions in that situation. How could I? All I wanted was for you not to get hurt. Your pain is my pain." Without warning, Derek leaned close and kissed me hungrily. When he finally pulled back, his eyes were glittering with emotion.

"Honey, my life is yours," he declared, his voice low and hoarse.

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