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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 501 - 510

Chapter 501

Chapter 501 A Complete Family

Step by step, I helped Derek walk out of his father's house.

The rain was starting to dissipate, but the ground was still wet from the heavy rainfall earlier.

I helped Derek into the car, called a chauffeur, and went back home.

Then, I walked him into the villa. Upon seeing us, the nannies came to help me take him into the house. Once we were inside, they took him upstairs and put him on his bed.

By the time I got upstairs, he had already drifted into slumber.

He had drunk so much that he must've given into his drowsiness.

I brought a basin of water into the room and used a towel to wipe his hands and face, so that he could sleep more comfortably.

After that, I went to see my kids.

The nannies were playing with them. I was really proud to see that my kids were now able to walk a few steps while holding onto the wall. Pretty soon, they would be able to walk on two legs.

From time to time, the kids would giggle. It seemed that they were enjoying themselves.

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As time went, it could be clearly seen that the kids had Derek's genes. They both looked pleasing to the eyes.

I sat at the side, watching them play. However, I felt restless.

Even though the villains had been brought to justice, I still couldn't feel relaxed. Instead, I seemed to have fallen into another dilemma.

Derek and I had built a complete family now, but we had hurt each other so much. I wondered if we could still go back to how we used to be.

After returning to the bedroom, I lay down beside him at a respectable distance.

For some reason, I couldn't fall asleep. Right now, I was incapable of distinguishing right from wrong. Perhaps there wasn't any clear distinction between both in the first place. All I wanted right now was some peace of mind.

In the middle of the night, I heard Derek asking for water. Thus, I went downstairs to get him a glass of water.

Once he had drunk some water, it sobered him up a little. He then opened his eyes and didn't sleep anymore.

Just as I was about to stand up, he embraced me. "Honey, please don't be mad at me for what happened. I can't choose who my parents will be. Cut me some slack."

It was undeniable that Gifford's blood flowed through Derek's veins, but I was moved by his righteous acts today. And to be honest, I could understand his pain. Somehow, I felt like countless hands were pulling me from different directions. I couldn't understand what I was feeling right now. But I knew that I felt conflicted.

I left his arms and said, "You should go to sleep."

He then loosened his grip on me and stared at the ceiling. It seemed that he had completely sobered up.

Over the next few days, we both focused on working in our respective companies.

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And each time that I was busy, I no longer had any extra energy to think of other stuff.

One day, while I was on my way to work, I stared out the window unintentionally. It was then that I saw something unexpected.

I seemed to have seen a familiar person.

Upon seeing the man walking towards a toy store on the roadside, I told Ady to stop the car.

But I didn't get out of the car. I just patiently sat inside the car, waiting for the man to come out.

Around ten minutes later, he came out with lots of toys in his hands.

He didn't hail a cab. Instead, he just walked along the street. Thus, I decided to get out of the car and tell Ady to go on without me.

I followed the man, making sure that I was about ten meters away from him.

After walking for almost a half hour, we had left the bustling urban area. Finally, he entered an orphanage. I went to the gate of the orphanage and saw a group of children surrounding him. They all seemed delighted to see him. One by one, he gave the kids their presents. They were ecstatic when they got their respective toys. Cheering and jumping around him, they said in unison, "Thank you!"

It was then that I decided to walk in and greet him from behind.

"Mr. Larson."

The man froze, slowly turning around. When he saw me, a smile appeared on his aged face.

It had been almost two years since I last saw him. Within just two years, he appeared to have aged a lot. There were wrinkles on his face and grey streaks on his hair had increased.

He was wearing plain clothes, staggering as he walked. He was no longer like the boss of a big company. At this moment, he looked just like an ordinary old man in my eyes.

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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 502

Chapter 502

Chapter 502 A Father's Love

There were green plants around the orphanage's courtyard, as well as some benches for resting.

Colin and I sat on one of the benches.

"Mr. Larson, do you know where Lulu is?"

When I mentioned Louise, sadness was written all over his face. He stared at the children playing nearby, gently shaking his head.

"She hasn't been keeping contact with me. Honestly, I don't know where she is or how she's doing."

I had been Louise's best friend for so many years. I knew her well, and I certainly knew how complicated her relationship was with her father.

It could be said that Colin was the indirect cause of Layne's imprisonment, leading Louise to resent her father somehow. But when Layne said that he'd solve Colin's problem, perhaps Louise already knew that Layne was going to do something illegal. Sadly, she did nothing to stop him. Maybe at the time, she believed that nothing bad would happen.

At present, she didn't keep contact with her father. Maybe it was because she resented him, or maybe she just didn't want him to see the humiliating situation she was going through.

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A bamboo dragonfly fell down in front of Colin, which he quickly picked up. Not long after, a little girl with two pigtails came and took it from him.

“Thank you, Mr. Larson!”

Colin touched her head affectionately and smiled. “You’re welcome, little one. Now, go and play!”

As he watched the little girl walk away happily, he said, “Back when Lulu was just a little girl, she would always have two pigtails. Whenever she ran, her pigtails would flutter about. It was so cute. I would always think of the time when she was younger. Back then, she was so obedient and clingy to me. Wherever she went, she wanted me to be with her.”

Colin broke into a soft laughter.

“She even asked me to watch ants move around with her! At the time, I was new to being a father, so I was really patient with her. It didn’t matter how busy I was. As long as my little girl wanted me to do something with her, I would never be able to refuse her.

I was a strong man back then, but that little girl always defeated me. Each time she asked me to be with her, I would put my work aside, pick her up, and accompany her to see anything she thought was really interesting.”

Colin was reminiscing. There was a smile on his face, but there were tears falling from his eyes.

Based on his narration alone, I could picture that scene vividly. I remembered just how kind my father was to me as well. He tolerated my antics and he spoiled me.

In my heart, I believed that Louise must’ve been really happy before her father cheated on her mother. But the following years after her father’s betrayal, they could never see eye to eye.

Perhaps their happiest and fondest memories together were during her childhood.

Every time things would change, people were likely to reminisce the good old days, and all the painful, unbearable things would be locked up in the back of their minds. And I could tell

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that everything that happened in the past was still so vivid in Colin's mind. "Now, my little girl hates me so much. She won't ever pester me again or act like a spoiled child. But even so, I'm still worried about her. All parents love their kids. I may have been a jerk in the past, but I still love her. With every fiber of my being, I love my little Lulu." Tears rolled down Colin's eyes as he sobbed. He wiped his tears away using his sleeves, seemingly afraid that I would see him cry. However, his eyes were visibly red already.

After hearing his story, I felt sad, especially when I saw how miserable he looked right now. I could feel myself about to break into tears as well.

"Don't worry, Mr. Larson. Lulu is a strong person. She can overcome any difficulties. I have faith in her."

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Chapter 503

Chapter 503 Cherish

Colin wiped away his tears again, sighing with his head down.

"Children are the apple of their parents' eye. I might've done so many wrong things to her, but it was all because I wanted her to live a good life. I didn't want her to live miserably in the future. But now, I realized how wrong I was. As soon as I started to get rich, my ego got the best of me. I believe that's the main reason she hated me.

I should never have stopped her from being with Felix. All I wanted was to pave the way for her, because I was scared that she'd suffer from hardships. But I never thought that my actions would only make her suffer even more. My heart hurts every time I think of that. I know that God is punishing me by making me suffer from illnesses and loneliness, but I

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don't think this punishment is enough. Lulu never should've been the one to take the brunt of Linda's actions. I'm the one who should've suffered the consequences."

Because of his overwhelming sadness, Colin's voice was trailing off. He couldn't hide the fact that he was desolate, so there was no more need to hide his emotions.

I felt really bad for him, but I didn't know how to comfort him.

Several children came to us, holding Colin's hands. "Mr. Larson, please don't cry!"

Colin wept even louder as he gently patted their heads.

"Okay, okay. Thank you, little ones. You're such good kids. Go and play."

After he said that, the children returned to what they were doing. A few moments later, Colin finally gathered his composure. We had sat in silence for quite some time now, but it seemed that he was ready to speak again.

"Sometimes, people make lots of mistakes throughout their lives. But only when they get old and recall the past do they realize how wrong they were. If I can go back in time and relive my life, I would..." He didn't say anything more, but I could feel his regret.

But there was no if in this world; only consequences. "Eve, I know that you have a successful career now, so I advise you to cherish what you have. No matter how busy you get, always make time for your family. Don't let yourself live in regret someday."

He was right. I must cherish all that I possessed. I should let go of my hatred now that those villains had gained retribution. After bringing his father to justice, Derek must be hurting so much, and he probably needed my understanding and comfort now more than ever. Sometimes, I wondered why the resentment of the previous generation had to affect those that came after them.

This realization made me feel as if a huge weight was lifted off my shoulders.

When I left the orphanage, Colin was still playing with the kids. I believed that he was projecting his love for Louise to these children. He failed to cherish his family in the past, and now he was in pain.

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A few days later, Gifford and Belinda were put on a trial.

Once Derek and I got out of the car at the parking lot outside the courthouse, I saw Lean. Not long after, Alvaro also got out of the car.

Upon seeing us, Lean appeared sullen and a little dispirited. Alvaro patted him on the shoulder to comfort him. Not long after, we walked into the courthouse one after another.

Gifford and Belinda were brought into the court. He was walking unhurriedly, while she was looking down while walking. I could tell that she felt scared and humiliated.

I was sitting next to Derek, and Lean and Alvaro were sitting in front of us.

When Lean saw his parents, his hand gripping the back of the pew in front of him tightened.

Following the procedure, the prosecutor took out a tape and a recorder, which were something rarely seen now.

Once the prosecutor had placed the tape into the recorder, I glanced at Derek beside me.

He was staring at the judges calmly, but his face was deathly pale.

I held his hand tightly and felt that his palm was sweaty. Then, I couldn't help but feel nervous as well. Right now, I had no idea what sort of fresh hell was on that tape.

The tape recording contained a conversation between Gifford and Belinda, which revealed the truth of my father's car accident.

Upon hearing the recording, Belinda was too frightened to utter a word. Gifford, on the other hand, confessed and told the whole story when the chief judge interrogated him.

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Chapter 504

Chapter 504 Sentencing

That day, an accident happened to Alvaro's father, Caspar, while he was in the quarry. At the time, Gifford and Belinda tried to bribe the other workers to say that Caspar died because he didn't follow the proper operational procedures, resulting to his injuries.

On his way to the quarry to fill in gravels, my father heard about what happened to Caspar. Upon his arrival, he happened to hear that Gifford and Belinda were instigating the workers to bend the truth. My father and Caspar were good friends, so he would certainly not stand to watch them hide the truth without doing anything. Thus, he told them that he would sue them.

Back then, the quarry was stagnant. On the outside, it looked prosperous, but it was actually having problems in truth. Gifford was addicted to drugs in the past, and he squandered all his money on them. He even used the dowry of Derek's mother to pay the workers' salaries.

If Caspar's death had become a big issue, Gifford not only had to pay compensation to the man's families, but he would've also had to suspend his business, effectively losing his only source of income.

None of the other workers wanted to lose their jobs, so they were willing to cooperate. But my father was determined to make Gifford pay for his crimes. Thus, Gifford and Belinda wanted to kill him. On the surface, Gifford asked Belinda to talk to my father in order to buy time. But while that was happening, he secretly tampered with my father's truck, which later caused the accident that happened to my parents.

My father had always been a morally upright man. Because he wanted to seek justice for Caspar, he must've been anxious to leave the quarry. He must've been driving really fast, so he couldn't control the truck during a sharp turn of a long slope, resulting to a vehicular accident.

As I listened to Gifford's story, I imagined how it all happened. I tried to suppress my agitation, but I was trembling uncontrollably.

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After hearing the story, Lean couldn't move a muscle. A moment later, he leaned against the back of his chair, seemingly having lost all of his strength. Gifford was sentenced to life in prison, while Belinda was sentenced to fifteen years in prison.

Once the punishment was announced, Belinda wailed in horror. Gifford, on the other hand, was quite calm. He stood with his chin up and chest out, and his posture did not change the whole time.

He was staring at us, and he had his eyes locked on Derek.

Derek looked back at his father; his Adam's apple bobbed up and down, and he appeared to be conflicted.

"Lean. My dear Lean!"

Belinda cried repeatedly.

Slowly, Lean stood up while his shoulders drooped down. No matter how much his mother cried, he refused to look at her. He just turned around and staggered his way outside.

Even though he didn't say a word, the way he appeared right now was enough to express his sadness and disappointment.

Belinda watched her son walk farther and farther away. The sound of her crying voice trailed off, but her tears kept falling down. It was as if all of her panic had been devoured by her son's indifference and pain.

Meanwhile, I watched all of this unfold calmly. Everything happened for a reason. The moment she did all those evil things, she should've known that something like this would happen.

When I walked out of the courthouse, I saw Lean crying on the stairs outside, completely oblivious to the fact that people were staring at him. He just kept on crying like an abandoned child.

Not a minute later, Alvaro stopped on the stair that Lean was sitting on and pulled the latter up.

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While Lean was crying and wiping his tears, he followed Alvaro passively. He staggered down like a drunken man, until Alvaro finally put him into the car. Before getting into his car, Alvaro glanced at me as I remained standing on the stairway.

I could still remember the conversation we had in front of Caspar's tomb a few days ago. Back then, neither of us knew the truth. And today, everything had been revealed. The evildoers had finally received the punishment they so rightfully deserved.

He flashed me a faint smile. Alvaro looked really tired. His smile revealed various emotions. He was trying to comfort and encourage me, and it looked like he was relieved.

When he dragged Lean away like an elder brother would, I noticed that he seemed to have let go of the past.

Since he could distinguish Lean from his parents, I should be able to do the same for Derek.

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Chapter 505

Chapter 505 Absurdities

"Let's go," Derek said indifferently.

I nodded in response.

A few days later, we went to the prison.

Gifford's hair had been shaved. He was sitting across us from behind a glass window, wearing a prison uniform.

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He used to be so arrogant, but now he had become a mere prisoner. Somehow, this fate was a little cruel to him. At his age, he should be spending his time with his family.

Sadly, this whole thing was his fault.

Derek and Gifford sat across from each other. Gifford stared at his son, but the latter was looking down at the table. Neither of them was speaking, and it seemed like nobody had a clue how to start a conversation.

Derek's Adam's apple bobbed several times, clearly wanting to say something. But it seemed like he was having difficulties saying it.

I could feel just how guilty he felt right now.

In the end, it was Gifford's laughter that broke the silence.

"You're my son, but you're nothing like me. I think I already have an idea what you're trying so hard to utter, so you don't need to say anything. But I do wish to say something to my daughter-in-law."

I was standing not far away, stunned. I never anticipated that he'd have the gall to speak to me. Moreover, this was the first time that he had said I was his daughter-in-law.

Derek stood up and stepped aside. I sat down, staring at Gifford through the glass window.

The very first time I read Kevin's diary, I hated Gifford. In fact, I loathed him to the point that I wished to tear him into pieces. But now, he had already received the punishment he deserved and had been imprisoned. I no longer hated him as much as I did back then. Hatred could never change anything that had happened in the past, nor could it bring my parents back to life.

My hatred had diminished, but my pain only became worse, because it was his son, the love of my life, who had to send him to prison.

I might've gotten the vengeance against Gifford that I longed for, but it ended up hurting the man that I loved and myself at the same time.

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With a smile on his face, Gifford said, "The first time Derek brought you to my house, I already felt that you looked familiar, so I had you investigated that very day. As a matter of fact, I had not lived a peaceful life throughout these years. After all, I did something horrible, and I was always in fear that my crimes would be found out."

As he spoke, he broke into laughter, seemingly mocking himself.

Meanwhile, I just quietly listened to his remarks and recalled the past.

"Your appearance made me feel more uneasy with every passing day. Sometimes, I felt like I was a monster and my mind had become twisted. I was like an addict, completely dependent on some kind of drug. I couldn't sober up, nor did I want to, for fear that upon sobering up, I would panic and be afraid; afraid that the truth would one day be revealed." Now that I thought about it carefully, after I married Derek, Gifford had indeed done everything he could to sow discord between us and separate us. It turned out that he just felt guilty being around me.

Gifford lowered his head, and his back was hunched. He looked like he had tried so hard for half of his life and now all of that burden had been removed from his shoulders. Somehow, he appeared relieved that the truth had been revealed.

"Truthfully, I had considered turning myself in because I'd been suffering all these years from guilt. I had frequent nightmares and I was restless for many nights. But in the end, I didn't have the courage to do it, I remember how greedy I was back then. I wanted to have the world, and I lived a hedonistic life. That's why when I saw how frivolous and unruly Lean was, I didn't discipline him. I understood that every boy would go through this phase."

Gifford let out a sigh. "Eveline, in all honesty, you're a good woman. You're gentle, broad-minded, and kind. I hope that you can be understanding towards Derek. Whatever I did had nothing to do with him."

I was so surprised when I heard him say that. He had already stood up, wearing a calm smile. He glanced at me one last time, and then at Derek before turning around and slowly walking away. For some reason, I felt like he had finally gotten his peace of mind. While he remained in prison, he would look back at the glories and all absurdities that happened in his life. He'd live his life, remembering all of the things that happened to him, and regret all of his past mistakes.

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The sight of him walking away at this moment was the most memorable image he had left in my mind.

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Chapter 506

Chapter 506 The Guitar

Derek and I didn't talk much after we returned home from jail.

After dinner, I went back to my room with Edith in my arms.

Edith had been sleeping with us for the past few days. Perhaps Dexter felt it was unfair that he came to our room with the nanny, and insisted on sleeping with us too.

I had no choice but to bring Dexter to our room and make the two kids sleep together.

It took me a long time to coax them to sleep. Moments later, the door opened, and I instinctively shut my eyes, pretending to be asleep.

The soft footsteps grew louder as Derek gently closed the door and went to bed.

I didn't know when I fell asleep, but it took me a long time to sleep because countless thoughts swarmed in my mind. When I woke up in the middle of the night, Derek was not in bed.

The room was dark, and the curtains were gently swaying with the winds.

I heard a clicking sound on the balcony, like the sound of a lighter.

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I got out of bed, put on my slippers, and walked to the balcony.

It was late at night. Derek was sitting on the balcony, smoking.

The place looked dark, except for the fire on the end of his cigarette.

He took a puff of his cigarette and blew out rings of smoke.

I always had a feeling that something was bothering him as if an invisible net had trapped him and a mountain of weight was weighing him down.

"How does the cigarette taste?" I asked, walking to him. He looked up at me and back at the cigarette in his hand.

"Do you want to give it a try?"

His eyebrows shot up as he examined my face. Derek had a strange charm when he smoked; it always turned me on.

"Yeah." I nodded.

He was taken aback for a moment before a slow smile stretched on his lips. He took out a cigarette from the case, lit it, and handed it to me.

I felt uneasy as I took it. I pinched the cigarette between my fingers and gently put it in my mouth as he did. 1

As I took a puff, the smoke went straight to my throat, leaving a burning trail in its wake. I choked and coughed as tears filled my eyes.

Derek stood up and patted my back, chuckling.

I was so embarrassed that I stuck out my tongue to alleviate the burning sensation.

When I finally calmed down, I gave the cigarette back to him. "It doesn't taste good. Why are you so addicted to it?"

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Derek took my cigarette and sat back on his chair. "Well, smoking is not always about the cigarettes." "It's about the mood," I chimed in.

He smiled and put the cigarette in his mouth. After a moment's silence, he took a drag and stared at the

night sky. "It's like falling in love with someone. Sometimes people can't tell why they are in love with their partners or what's good about them. It's a strong emotional pull that people can't extricate themselves from."

I looked at him; the moonlight seemed to soften his features, and he looked more handsome than ever.

"Are you talking about me?"

He looked back at me and arched an eyebrow. "What do you think?"

What did I think?

I had never been able to decipher what was going on in his complicated mind.

After smoking, he stood up and gave his hand to me. "Let's go back to the room."

We returned to the room and lay back on the bed. I could still smell the tobacco in his breath, even though the two kids were sleeping on the bed between us.

I just tried smoking and hated the scent and flavor of cigarettes. However, the scent of tobacco from his mouth seemed to turn me on.

The next day, early at dawn, I was awakened by the sound of soft music. Derek was no longer in bed.

I got up, opened the door, and went downstairs. When I came to the living room, the transparent glass door in the living room was open. I saw a tall figure in a white shirt standing in the yard with a guitar in his hands.

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I once had a dream where Derek was sitting in the yard, singing, whilst strumming his guitar. My heart skipped a beat as the dream transpired before me.

I pinched my thigh.

It hurt. I was not dreaming.

The morning light flooded his body. He looked ethereal as he played the guitar.

I trudged out of the living room toward him as tears welled up in my eyes.

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Chapter 507

Chapter 507 I'm Willing To Sing For You

I still remembered that time, a very long time ago, when I touched that guitar. Derek's face then changed drastically. He looked angry that I touched that guitar. Honestly, I felt terrible at the time.

Later, Felix and Aaron explained to me that he didn't want anyone touching that guitar because of the memory of Sybil. He himself had never played the guitar since her death.

So it was amazing to say the least to see him playing the guitar right now.

He must have sensed someone behind him as he slowly turned around and faced me.

When our eyes met, he stopped playing for a moment. Then he resumed, singing in a deep and bewitching voice.

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"Today, I saw the snowfall beneath the cold night, with a frigid mind drifting far away..."

Tears rolled down my cheeks as he sang.

I hurriedly covered my mouth, tears streaming down the back of my hand.

It was so unexpected. I had thought I would never hear him play the guitar or sing.

Derek didn't take his eyes off me as he sang this sad song. He himself had tears in his eyes.

I felt there was a deep sadness which he kept deep in his heart.

It broke my heart to see him like this. And I knew he needed my support and understanding.

He looked me straight in the eye as he played the last notes of the guitar. At this point, I was already drenched in tears.

Derek smiled at me bitterly.

It was still early and the sun was just rising behind Derek. The first rays of sunlight reflected on him.

At this time, he no longer looked like a man in his thirties but rather a teenager. With his white shirt with rolled up sleeves and his guitar, he looked like a sentimental soul.

I ran to him as fast as I could, tears blurring my sight. I hugged him with all my might, burying my face in his chest.

"I'm sorry!" I said in a broken voice.

Derek slowly lifted my head so our eyes met. His eyes were also filled with tears. He asked me with a slight smile, "Did it sound good?"

I nodded.

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Without taking his eyes off mine, he said hoarsely, "If you like it, then I'm willing to play and sing for you." Each of his words at that moment touched me deeply, making me feel like a lump in my throat.

"You know, I've been a fan of a band for many years. The name of the band is Thorn Birds."

Hearing that, he pressed his lips to mine. Tears were flowing even more down my face at this point. When he kissed me, his lips quivered and I felt a deep sorrow in his kiss.

After the kiss, we then stood side by side in the garden, watching the sunrise.

I suddenly turned to Derek and asked, "How did you guys come up with the name Thorn Birds? What kind of bird is it?"

Derek put the guitar aside and held me in his arms, gently stroking my shoulder.

"A thorn bird flies all its life. When it is dying, it will find a thorny tree and stop there. It will then nail itself to the longest thorn and sing while bleeding. That is why it is called a thorn bird."

I was shocked to hear Derek's explanation. I would never have believed that there could exist such a bird. It was really sad, even the name.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan! Look!"

Jenna's surprised voice suddenly came from the living room.

Derek and I turned around then, only to see Dexter staggering on his short legs as he came towards us. "Oh my God! Dexter can walk now!"

I shouted excitedly, holding Derek's hand tightly. Sure, Derek didn't let his excitement show. However, I could see the joy in his eyes.

Seeing her brother walking, Edith giggled and began to move in Aimee's arms. It seemed like she wanted to try too.

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Aimee finally put Edith down, but carefully protected the little girl with both hands. Just as Dexter did, Edith held the sofa first, and then slowly let go. She lifted her little feet one by one and followed her brother.

I couldn't describe how I felt at this moment. I was just overjoyed.

It was as if all the anxiety and uncertainty I felt had suddenly disappeared. The rising sun in the garden reflected the happiness and new hope that was growing in me at this time.

An immense joy warmed my heart.

Two months later, I finally got my own driver's license and could henceforth drive by myself.

I brought Tina to Jolly & Mayer Company.

Just like me when Lavinia first brought me to her beauty salon, Tina was shy and insecure.

I first took her to the dressing room and helped her comb her hair.

Tina seemed so embarrassed right now. "Eveline, let me do it myself," she said.

I smiled. "No, let me help you."

When I was done, her hair was tied in a bun, revealing her beautiful, young face.

I couldn't fail to compliment her on that. "Tina, you really have a beautiful face. Besides, you are only twenty years old. I really envy that youth I will never have again."

Tina smiled shyly.

"I know what you mean, Eveline. I'll do my best to improve myself now. I won't disappoint you."

At the end of October, I approached the medical school to arrange for my staff to have a course there. I wanted Jolly & Mayer employees to learn about the concept of recovery with traditional medicine.

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I personally brought the first group of my staff there for the first lecture.

As soon as we walked through the doors of the medical school, enthusiastic students rushed towards us and led us to the multimedia building.

I suddenly heard some girls shouting in unison. "Mr. Hudson."

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 508

Chapter 508

Chapter 508 Prince Charming

I looked up and saw several girls jumping with excitement.

I followed their gaze and saw Aaron descending the stairs of the office building with a file in his hand.

He was wearing a clean white shirt. His sleeves were rolled up, revealing his expensive watch. The straight suit pants seemed to accentuate his figure. All in all, he looked handsome and charming. He somehow fit among the college students.

Aaron walked toward me, and I realized he must have already seen me.

"Mr. Hudson, I love you!" one of the girls suddenly shouted, making the others laugh.

Aaron shook his head and walked toward me as a faint smile stretched across his lips.

"Wow! Aren't you a prince charming wherever you go?" I teased.

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He smiled and shook his head. "No way. You've killed all my confidence."

Aaron led me to his office. I saw a girl cleaning his desk.

Hearing the footsteps, the girl raised her head and turned to look at us.

"Mr. Hudson, I've cleaned the desk for you. Err... Ms. Stone!"

The girl turned out to be Gina.

I looked at her and smiled.

She put away the towel in her hand and walked out with a basin.

I looked around his office. The window was clean, and every corner of the room looked spotless.

I sat down in front of his desk and smiled. "Wow! Girls rush into your office to clean it every day, huh?" Aaron made a cup of coffee for me, sat down, and chuckled. "No, only Gina. She is very diligent."

He turned the computer on and chatted with me for a while as he continued to type.

I thought his current working environment seemed a lot better than that in the hospital. People and things were less complicated here. He only interacted with college students and teachers. He seemed comfortable and at ease.

I felt he was finally relieved and had found the right job he liked. But I didn't know when he'd find the right woman.

Charlene had gone abroad, and I wondered if they were still in touch. However, I didn't ask about it.

On a sunny Sunday afternoon, Derek and I sat in the living room and watched TV after lunch.

The entertainment channel revealed the news about Becky's marriage to a wealthy man. They also telecasted photos of her wedding.

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The groom didn't look young. He was a little plump with tiny eyes and seemed like an ordinary man. However, the wedding seemed opulent. Becky looked elegant in her wedding dress. She held his arm and flashed a bright smile.

I thought she had finally got the life she wanted.

I turned to look at Derek. He was peeling grapes for the children.

Our two kids were standing in front of Derek. As soon as he fed one, the other pounced on him. Derek hurriedly fed the two to make sure they didn't feel left out. He was busy with the kids that he ignored the news about Becky's wedding.

After eating grapes, the two children played around the coffee table. As the two giggled and ran around, Dexter shouted the word, "Dad". We both exchanged glances and turned to look at our son. Dexter continued to shout, "Dad".

Derek beamed with joy. He picked Dexter in his arms and kissed him all over his face.

"Good boy! My son!"

However, seeing her father cuddle Dexter, Edith seemed unhappy. She tugged at his pants and cried sadly.

Derek squatted, picked Edith in his arms, and placed the two kids on his lap.

"My sweet girl and darling boy! Daddy loves you both!" After a while, the nannies took them to the yard to get sunlight.

Derek sat beside me.

"Why are you quiet? Are you jealous of your son and daughter? Come on, let me make it up to you."

He leaned closer to kiss me.

How could I be jealous of my children? I knew he was only trying to take advantage of me.

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I shyly pushed him away.

“No, Aimee, Jenna, and the two kids are outside.”

He pressed a soft kiss on my cheek. Derek hadn’t shaved for the past few days, and the stubble seemed to poke my skin.

His hot breath blowing against my skin aroused me. I tried pushing him away but finally yielded to him.

I tried my best to shrink back on the sofa. The armrest seemed to block us from the view of our children. Considering my children were right outside, I felt guilty even though I was only making out with my husband.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 509

Chapter 509

Chapter 509 Uncover The Scar

After kissing me for a while, Derek hugged me and pressed his forehead against mine. “Honey, the children will turn two next year. Let’s go for a holiday then.”

The mere thought of going on a vacation with my family made my heart flutter with joy. “Okay.” I nodded.

Life seemed to get better, and the warm days made everything look more beautiful.

I didn’t want to recall the pain of the past.

I felt it was better to look forward in life than let the memories of the past haunt me.

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We were in the last days of autumn, and winter was just around the corner. The four of us spent most of our times in the yard.

The sun was warm and bright—the perfect weather to have fun outdoors.

Derek was playing the guitar and singing. Our two children stood in front of him with innocent smiles on their faces as they looked at their father in awe. “Twinkle, twinkle, little stars...”

Our children chuckled and clapped their hands.

“The books say that music can develop children’s intelligence.”

Derek smiled at me. “My children should be smart. I don’t want them to become toppers or achieve accolades. I just want them to have a happy childhood.” I rolled my eyes at him even though my heart fluttered with joy.

Just then, Jenna came to tell me that someone had come to see me.

However, before she could finish speaking, someone pushed her away. I looked up and saw my aunt striding toward me.

“Eveline, tell me what happened to your father. His father is involved in your dad’s death, isn’t he not?” Ruth bellowed as she dragged me from the chair and pointed at Derek. She was a look of pure rage.

It had been a few months since Gifford was sent to jail. Derek and I had a tacit understanding about slowly sealing the painful past. But my aunt broke in and mercilessly uncovered our scar.

Derek put down his guitar and slowly stood up. His smile dropped. All traces of happiness vanished from his face as he glared at my aunt.

I shook off Ruth’s hand.

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“Aunt Ruth, since you’re asking this question, I assume you are aware of the entire story—including the final result. There is no point in talking about the past over and over again. It’s all over.”

Ruth didn’t come alone. My cousin Abram also followed her in.

“Eveline, my mother, and your father are siblings. How could she not be upset after finding out that her brother was killed? How can she let it go? How could you live with the son of your father’s murderer?” Hearing that, Ruth stomped her foot and burst into tears.

“My poor brother and sister-in-law were killed mercilessly. I can’t tolerate this.”

Ruth pounded her chest and cried. Her every word was like a needle stabbing my heart.

I knew that Derek must be hurting inside.

“Enough!” I bellowed.

Ruth gasped and stopped crying. She looked at me and wiped the tears off her face, looking like an innocent, broken victim.

“Aunt Ruth, you didn’t seem upset even when my father died—you didn’t even shed a tear. Why are you pretending to be upset now?”

I had been a timid girl in the past. Therefore, my direct question seemed to surprise my aunt.

After snapping out of her astonishment, she continued to talk about how much she loved my father and the special bond she shared with him.

“Eveline, how could you say that? Your father and I are siblings—born to the same parents. We obviously loved each other. J] didn’t know the cause of his death back then. How can I feel at ease after knowing that he was killed?”

It’s appalling that you’re with the son of the man who killed your father. Your father won’t rest in peace, Eveline. You’re betraying him.”

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Both my aunt and my cousin continued to say that Derek was the son of my father's murderer. They wanted to complicate the relationship between me and Derek and ruin our lives again.

"How much do you want?" Derek asked coldly. Hearing that, Ruth stopped crying. The expression on my aunt's and Abram's faces changed.

Obviously, Derek knew what they were thinking.

But Ruth was a smart woman. Although Derek had offered to give her money, I knew she wouldn't directly ask him. "Can money bring the dead back to life?" she snorted. "Do you think you can bribe us with money? Your father killed my brother."

"One hundred thousand dollars. Is that enough?" Derek ignored her and made a deal.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 510

Chapter 510

Chapter 510 The Ring

There was a flash of joy on Ruth's face, but she quickly concealed her expression.

"Your father killed my brother. And now, you have married Eveline, and she has given birth to your children."

Ruth looked at me reproachfully.

"Eveline, I know you are wealthy now, but you should never forget your origins. You should remember how your father died!"

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“Two hundred thousand dollars,” Derek said calmly. Ruth’s eyes widened. She swallowed hard and looked at Abram.

Two hundred thousand dollars was not a small sum of money for them.

I, too, understood why they were making a big fuss. These people never cared about me in the past. Their sudden concern irked me. I didn’t want to give them even a penny.

“I will give you two hundred thousand dollars only because you’re Eve’s aunt. Don’t try testing our patience. Otherwise, you won’t get even a penny,” Derek added.

I knew Ruth wouldn’t make a fuss anymore. However, she had been too fierce and righteous a while ago, so I knew she wouldn’t accept it right away.

As expected, she began to justify herself.

“You can’t blame me for panicking and getting agitated. Think about it. Who would remain calm after finding out that their brother was killed? Moreover, you two are married and have kids. I can’t let the children suffer. I just hope you’re nice to Eveline. The poor girl has suffered ever since she was a child. Please don’t hurt her anymore.”

I couldn’t stand her hypocrisy, so I immediately filled a check of two hundred thousand dollars.

“Ruth, you and J are not related in any way anymore. With the two hundred thousand dollars, I’m severing all ties with you. If you make a fuss again, I won’t spare you. Do you understand?”

Ruth opened her mouth to retort as she reached out for the check. However, I quickly withdrew my hand. Fearing that the check would fly away, Ruth took it and left with Abram right away.

I angrily stomped my foot. The two had ruined my mood.

However, Derek didn’t seem concerned. He sat down, picked the guitar again, and began singing for our children.

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The sky became cloudy, and a gust of cold breeze brushed against us. I quickly went upstairs to get coats for our children. Since Derek was also wearing a thin T-shirt, I stopped and got his coat as well.

As I picked up his coat, I found something in his pocket. Out of curiosity, I took it out.

It was a small jewelry box. I opened it and saw a beautiful diamond ring inside.

I wondered why he had secretly bought a diamond ring.

It wasn't my birthday, Valentine's day, anniversary— or any other day that required a gift.

I put the ring back into his pocket and went downstairs with the coat.

Derek wore his coat without mentioning the ring. After the two kids played for a while, the nannies took them into the house for a nap.

Ruth's words upset me, and the ring in Derek's coat seemed to confuse me. I was in a daze as I tried to figure out why he had bought the ring.

Just then, Derek started a beautiful song, snapping me out of my thoughts.

"The girl on the other side, look at me, look at me..." His soulful voice pulled my heartstrings. I knew he was singing to cheer me up.

After the first few lines, the song slowed down. Derek stepped closer to me; his face softened as his eyes bore into mine.

"I'll take you to fly around the world; a world with no worries, pain, or despair. Beautiful roads lie ahead, so let's burn the bridges and go wandering together to a world of eternal happiness. I need no money, nor expensive clothes cause my heart is full of hopes. With you by my side, darling, I'm the richest man in the world."

The song was simple yet sweet. His every word seemed to express how much he loved me.

As the song ended, he strummed the guitar and looked at me. "Honey, I've been thinking about something for a while."

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The love dazzling in his eyes made my scalp prickle. “What?”

“I owe you a wedding!”

My mouth popped open in shock. So, he bought the ring to propose?

However, he didn’t take out the ring. Perhaps he was waiting for a better opportunity or had planned something else to ask me out.

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