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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 531 - 540

## Chapter 531

Chapter 531 Derek's Real Identity

"Don't say anything. Just hold me."

I hugged the person tightly, my head resting on his chest and my heart heavy with the need for his comfort. It felt like I was in a dream and didn't want to wake up.

"Eveline, don't forget that Dexter and Edith need you." My eyes welled up with tears. In a flash of rage, I shoved him away and sobbed. "Do you really have to ruin my dream? Can't I have it for a little while longer?" Aaron gazed at me with eyes that were both helpless and pity-filled.

"Eveline, please don't do this. All of US have to go through birth, aging, sickness, and death at some point in time. Be rational, okay?"

I was so irritated by his words that I covered my ears with my hands.

"Could you please stop it? What's wrong with you? Why are you being so cruel? Why do you keep telling me that he is already dead? Why?"

Aaron sighed helplessly.

"Eveline, I understand how tough it is for you to accept Derek's death. Even I am in a state of shock. But you must understand that Derek is not entirely yours. He's the father of your two kids. When you lose Derek, your two children lose their father as well. They'll be even more miserable if they lose their mother's care as well."

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I gradually calmed myself and looked at him in confusion.

“Where are they?”

“They are asleep,” said Aaron.

I wanted to go see them, but he held me back.

“Keep still. You’re sick.”

Aaron was right by my side the whole time. He wouldn’t allow me to get out of bed until the infusion was finished and my temperature was taken.

It was dark outside. When I entered the next room, my two children were fast asleep, but their faces were still wet from crying for so long.

My heart ached as I dried their tears and tucked them into their beds.

Alvaro sat aside, carefully fiddling with the unfinished model plane.

“It was Ady who helped you change clothes,” he said without turning his head.

Only then did I realize I was dressed in pajamas and that my wet clothes had already been changed.

I made my way downstairs. The bowl of noodles I had made was still on the table, and the soup had already been dried out.

I had finally come to terms with the fact that no matter how long I waited, Derek would never return. Later, Timmy informed me that Doug had turned himself in. Doug stated he didn’t need to flee because Derek was dead and he had fulfilled his wish.

However, it was the most wanted drug trafficker Luther, and not Doug, who attacked Derek.

Luther managed to flee, but he was unable to leave Souden due to police restrictions.

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According to the latest information, Luther and some of his men had fled to the top of the mountain. The mountain was encircled by police, but because he had taken a woman and a child hostage, the officers were reluctant to act hastily.

“Can you tell me Derek’s true identity?” I asked Timmy.

Timmy was deafeningly quiet for a while. In the end, he said, “He is more than just a businessman.”

Regardless of how intricate and mysterious Derek was, he was still the man I adored the most in my life.

I put the diamond ring he had left for me on my finger.

I was entranced by the ring on my finger and lost myself in it. It looked like he’d put it onto my ring finger.

Having the ring on my finger made me feel as if I had a part of him with me at all times. After I put it on, I felt like I had a newfound sense of power. A kind of power that rescued me from the brink of despair. Rather than dwelling on the past, I intended to gain strength and accomplish something more meaningful. That day, I requested Tina and Megan to look after my kids.

I drove out by myself, but I didn’t tell Alvaro or Aaron about it.

When I arrived at the foot of the mountain where Luther was trapped, the cordon had been drawn and no one was allowed to pass through.

A police officer was speaking to Luther and his men through a loudspeaker.

I looked up trying to find them, but I didn’t see anyone. All I could hear were their voices.

Judging from their conversation, it was clear that Luther had been injured, but the cops didn’t dare to go up because they were afraid of endangering the hostages’ safety.

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They demanded that the police send food and a female doctor up the mountain. The police were considering having a policewoman pretend as a doctor.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 532

### Chapter 532

Chapter 532 I Am Not Afraid Of Death

The policemen all turned around and looked at me. I recognized the policeman who gave me Derek's belongings. He strode over to me and reminded me that I should leave as soon as possible.

I was stubborn and said firmly, "Please let me do this. The criminals are very smart, and they will blow the policewoman's cover as soon as she goes there. Luther has seen me before and he knows that I am just an ordinary woman. Besides, I have studied nursing before, so it's very appropriate for me to go there."

The police disagreed with me, but I vehemently insisted.

"Sir, if we delay it any longer, I'm afraid that the criminals will lose their patience. By that time, the hostages will be in real danger."

No matter what I said, the police refused to change their stance.

A woman's voice suddenly came from one side. "I'll go with her."

I turned to the direction which the voice came from and saw that it was Ady.

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Ady threw me a cursory glance and then said to the police, "There's no better way to proceed from this point. I'll go with her. I'll bring some food and she'll treat Luther's wound."

We quickly prepared the food and got the first-aid kit. Ady carried the former, and I, the latter. We trekked up the mountain together.

While we were walking, one of the policemen continued to shout through the loudspeaker, "Please calm down. Don't hurt the hostages. We have sent people to bring what you need. I hope you can keep your sanity and composure, and don't make mistakes repeatedly."

I walked up the mountain, step by step, with the first-aid kit in my grasp. I was well aware that there was undoubtedly a gun pointed directly at me. If I took any action whatsoever, a shot would be fired and connect straight with my head. My every step was taking me that little bit closer towards the gates of hell.

But I now felt wholly confident. There was no trace of fear in me at all.

Even death was not something horrific and I welcomed it. If I died, Derek would be waiting for me. "Stop!"

When we were halfway up the mountain, we suddenly heard a voice shouting something in our direction.

Ady and I stood dead still and looked at the bushes to establish where the voice was coming from.

"Raise your hands and walk slowly," the man ordered. Ady and I followed his orders. When we walked to the bushes, two men suddenly popped out from the sidelines.

They held their guns pointed at US and conducted a body search on US. After they thoroughly checked the first-aid kit I had, as well as the backpack Ady was carrying the food in, they continued to force US to walk up the mountain.

We were fully out of the line of sight of the policemen at the foot of the mountain now.

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When I arrived at the top of the mountain, I saw Luther sprawled on the grass. His shirt was blood stained across the chest area. It was quite apparent that he was seriously injured.

The other two people that were being held hostage were a woman and a child. When they saw US, they cried out even more desperately.

I quickly scanned the surrounding terrain. This barren area of land wasn't too big, and the back of it was the edge of a steep cliff. So there was no route back for Luther and his men to try and use.

Although Luther was injured, he was still conscious. He was dumbstruck when he saw Ady and me. "You..." I said lightly, "Mr. Scott, we did exactly what you asked US to do. I hope you won't hurt them since we've done so."

"Is your intention to avenge Derek?"

Luther asked, looking me up and down with his sharp, eagle eyes.

My heart skipped a beat, but I didn't let my facial expression betray me. I replied irately, "Don't mention his name. I have nothing to do with that kind of man, who had abandoned me previously."

Luther observed me as if he were busy dissecting and analyzing the veracity of my words.

"Then why are you here? The police wouldn't let an ordinary person take on the risk."

Indeed, Luther was not easy to deal with.

I looked at the crying child and said, "Because I feel sorry for the child who is being held hostage by you. I'm a woman, and I have kids, too."

After saying that, I smiled faintly. "Mr. Scott, I'm just a weak woman. I came here at your request. Since you don't need treatment, I'll leave."

Then, I turned around decisively as if I were ready to leave.

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## Chapter 533

Chapter 533 Luther's Threat

Before I could take a step, Luther stopped me.

When I turned around to face him, he asked, "Do you have medical skills?"

"I worked as a nurse at Virtue Hospital before. I can treat basic trauma and I can also do intravenous injections," I answered calmly.

Luther stared at me intently for a moment without saying a word. After a while, he finally said, "Fine, come here and do your job. I can take the pain."

Although he finally agreed to let me treat him, I could sense thinly veiled menace in his tone. The way he played with his pistol heightened the threat. However, I ignored it and calmly approached him. Then, I put down the first aid kit, ready to do my job.

Meanwhile, Ady took out the food she had brought and proceeded to distribute it to them. However, Luther's men were very hesitant, not daring to eat. It was not until they saw Ady giving bread to the woman and child and saw them eating that the men too began to eat it. These men ate so voraciously, as if they hadn't eaten for a long time.

As for me, I focused on treating Luther's wound. He had been shot in the chest. Fortunately for him, the bullet had been removed. However, he had lost so much blood that he was very weak now. The inflammation of his wound gave him a very high fever. You didn't have to be a medical expert to understand that he was in a very delicate condition.

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He himself had realized that he needed appropriate care urgently and so he had demanded that the police send a female doctor there.

I took out the items I would need, including the syringe, medicine and gloves.

As I did this, Luther stared intently at me without saying a word. It was as if he was thinking of something.

Once everything was ready, I held his arm to give him an injection. At that moment, he suddenly raised the barrel of his gun and pointed it at my forehead.

My body stiffened against the cold barrel of the gun. I slowly looked up and stared at the man in front of me. I then met Luther's piercing gaze.

Quite frankly, I wasn't scared at all. But I had to pretend to be scared in this dire situation; or else, he would suspect me.

"Mr. Scott, what's wrong?" I asked Luther, pretending to be flustered.

He glanced at the medicine bag in my hand and said coldly, "You give it a try first, or let that boy have a try." He was definitely a very cautious man.

When the woman heard what Luther said, she quickly held her son in her arms very tightly. Mother and son seemed completely terrified right now. The boy was so scared that he started crying again.

Without flinching, I took some of the composition with the syringe and injected it directly into my arm. Everyone looked at me in amazement as I slowly pushed the liquid through my veins.

Once the syringe was empty, I took the needle out of my arm calmly. I then looked Luther in the eye.

"Are you reassured now?"

Luther stared at me with a puzzled expression.

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In fact, I suspected that he was a person who would never trust people. So, I expected him to ask that I test the injection first.

After a while, he finally stretched out his arm.

I took his hand and checked the back of his hand for a blood vessel. When I had found a good one, I directly pricked the needle of the syringe inside.

One of his men found a pitchfork. He dug a small hole in the dirt beside Luther and inserted the pitchfork into it. We then hung the medicine bag on it.

Luther's men were also lightly injured. Seeing that I had successfully treated Luther's wound, they did not hesitate to let me treat their wounds too.

Once I had finished, I packed up the first-aid kit. "Mr. Scott, we have brought what you wanted, and treated your wound. Can we go down the mountain now?" I asked calmly.

As soon as I said that, a man sitting next to Luther burst into laughter, as if he had heard a big joke.

He took a bite of the bread Ady gave him and said while chewing, "Are you naive or stupid? Do you really expect US to let you go?"

Luther didn't even bother answering me. He just looked at the man and said, "Go and tell the police to prepare a car for US. If they don't do as we said, kill all the hostages."

The man nodded, stood up at once. He went down the mountain accompanied by another man.

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## Chapter 534

Chapter 534 Anesthetic

I was under no naive illusion that these thugs would release US by some stroke of conscience, so what they had said did not come as a shock. I remained calm and was about to stand up and walk around. Luther easily caught my movements and pointed the gun toward me with a cold smile.

“Stay still. Don’t even think about making a single move. I wouldn’t be able to outrun you because of my injury, but I doubt you’d be fast enough to escape a bullet from my gun.”

I was left with no choice but to do as he said.

Luther turned his gun to Ady again. “You too. One move and I’ll shoot.”

The two men who had gone to deliver the message were yet to come back. A long stretch of time had already passed, and Luther sent two more men to go and take a look. They seemed reluctant to leave him by himself, but Luther made a show of playing with his gun like a young boy with a cherished toy.

“Don’t worry. There are more than enough bullets here to take care of them.”

He sent a cavalier glance our way, drawling out the threat.

Seemingly convinced at his words, the two men went down. Only Luther, Ady, the two hostages, and I were left on the top of the mountain.

I sat still, gripping the grass at my feet and watching Luther from the corner of my eye.

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The winds blew harshly in this altitude, but with his shirt unbuttoned, it seemed like Luther did not feel the cold. He leaned against a small pile of dirt, letting it support half his weight. For a moment, he had gone quiet, his face serious as if in vigilance.

Another period of time passed, still with no sign from any of the men who had gone down.

As if struck by a realization, Luther scrambled to sit up but found that his body did not listen to him.

Traces of panic began clouding his features. He turned his head sharply, narrowing his eyes as he looked at me.

He pulled off the needle on the back of his hand, tugging at me as he did.

“Bitch! How dare you set me up?”

I knew that the anesthetic had already taken effect. Even his grip did not have much force in it. I tried pulling back and resisting, and Ady soon followed.

A shot resounded, the scent of gunpowder scattering through the air. Ady fell down on one knee, her wounded leg unable to support her.

I had miscalculated. The next moment, I felt a hand closing around my neck as Luther pointed the gun toward me with the other. I could only gasp in his hold as I felt the air leave me.

After the gunshot, a sudden noise filled the place. Soon, a group of policemen rushed up the mountain, with Luther’s men bound in handcuffs.

“One more step and I’ll blow her brain.”

Luther screamed, placing the gun’s mouth right at my forehead.

The officers halted. None of them dared take another step. Luther had switched our position so that I would be blocking his body. It would be too dangerous for the policemen to shoot now.

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Alvaro walked forward from behind, his eyes going to the kneeling Ady then to me. Even with the distance, I could see his nervousness.

“Luther, please don’t hurt her.”

Luther barked out a deranged laugh, as if he did not care about the situation he was in at all.

“Alvaro, are you worried about her?”

At his sides, Alvaro’s hands clenched into tight fists. Luther snorted. “Isn’t this quite something? Your ex- wife and your current girlfriend are both here. Tell me, who are you more worried about? How about having your ex-wife come over here and take the place of your girlfriend?”

“Okay,” Ady said weakly and tried to get up, her legs shakily holding her weight. A wet patch of crimson had soaked through the fabric of her pants.

“No!” Alvaro shouted. He turned to Luther, looking at him with an expression I had never seen before. “Luther, let her go. I’ll be your hostage.”

Luther’s grin turned wicked. “Okay, but first, you have to answer a question.”

“Alright.”

“Was it you who betrayed Barlow?” Luther’s voice was stripped of all its maniacal humor, his tone turning cold with hatred.

Alvaro kept watching him, not giving an answer immediately.

“If you dare lie to me, I’ll make you watch your woman’s head explode before your very eyes,” Luther spat.

One of the officers tried stepping in. “Luther, you have no way back, stop resisting and just surrender calmly.” Luther snorted, mocking the policeman’s words.

“If I’m going down, I’ll take at least one person with

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me.

He threw a knife at Alvaro's feet.

"You want your woman back? Cut one of your little fingers first. Then, I'll let her go.

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“You want your woman back? Cut one of your little fingers first. Then, I’ll let her go.

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### Chapter 535

Chapter 535 Cut Off His Finger

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I shook my head. Alvaro glanced at the weapon at his feet, his shoulders heaving.

All of a sudden, Luther whipped out another knife and pressed it against my neck, while his other hand pointing the gun at my temple.

“One of you is going to get hurt. You can choose whether it’s her or you.”

He barely finished speaking when I felt the blade cut my skin.

“Don’t hurt her, Luther! I’ll cut off my finger like you asked.”

Alvaro stared at me, his eyes filled with fear.

He slowly bent down and reached for the knife Luther had thrown.

“No!” I shouted.

“No!” Ady limped over in a hurry and grabbed Alvaro’s arm.

“Hurry up, don’t dawdle!” Luther roared.

Alvaro tightened his grip around the handle of the knife. “Let’s be clear once and for all, Luther. I will cut my little finger off, and you’ll let her go.”

Luther flashed a sinister smile. “Agreed. I’ll let this woman go the moment I see you bleed.”

“Luther!” Ady’s expression was terrible as she tried to step in front of Alvaro. “I’ll cut off my hand instead. Just let Alvaro go.”

Alvaro whirled at her in shock.

“How amusing!” Luther laughed maniacally. “I never thought you were so charming, Alvaro. Your ex-wife is willing to sacrifice herself for your sake, even though you abandoned her in the past. But I’m not so cruel as to let such a beauty suffer. You won’t have any use for a broken hand, Ady, and neither will I. I only want his little finger. Now, what are you waiting

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for? Hurry and walk your talk! If you drag this any longer, I just might slit her throat. I'll count to three. If you continue to waste my time, you might as well say goodbye to this woman."

Luther flashed an evil smile and began to count. "One!" Alvaro moved quickly, crouching on the ground and setting his hand palm-down before him. He angled the blade so he could slice his finger off in one strike.

"Two!"

"No, Alvaro, please don't!" I screamed.

Then, before Luther could reach "three", Alvaro's free hand moved. The next thing I knew, blood was spurting out around him.

He choked on a scream, his face flushed, his forehead beaded with sweat.

"Alvaro!"

Ady was instantly there, sobbing and cradling his shoulders.

Alvaro soldiered through the pain and looked up at Luther. "I did as you asked," he said, his voice trembling. "Now, let her go!"

Luther gave another sinister laugh. "I guess it's true that beauties are always behind a hero's downfall." With that, he let go of me and pushed me forward.

I dashed over to Alvaro, my heart clenching at the sight of his bleeding hand. "Are you okay? How bad is it?"

He closed his eyes and pressed his lips tightly together. His face was getting paler by the second, but he still managed a weak smile.

"It's okay," he rasped. "I'll be fine."

"I'll give you one last chance to be together!" Luther suddenly yelled. It looked like he wasn't finished yet. "You will all go to hell with me in the end!"

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I turned to see him staggering, seemingly unable to stand straight.

He unzipped the bulging belt bag around his waist, revealing a handful of explosives. He waved a lighter with his other hand, taunting US.

“Come on! Try and come at me if you dare! This is a good day to die as any. And I get to take you guys with me, too, hahaha! I won’t be lonely, at least...”

A gun fired out of nowhere. We all froze in shock, and then we saw blood begin to trickle from a hole in Luther’s forehead down to his chin.

His stunned expression gave way to an evil grin. The next thing we knew, he had lit the fuse of the bomb with his lighter.

“Watch out!” the police called out in alarm.

At that fateful moment, Ady rushed toward Luther and dragged him over the cliff, sacrificing herself in the process.

A loud explosion followed.

“Ady!” I scrambled to the edge of the cliff in despair.

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### Chapter 536

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## Chapter 536 Missing

The air was saturated with the smell of smoke from the explosion. It was causing my vision to blur. I didn't see the scene clearly until the smoke dissipated. The cliff was towering so high above the sea, that just looking at the height of the fall made me feel dizzy. Below it were the rough, turbulent waves of the sea. There was no trace of Ady anywhere to be seen.

Everyone was standing at the edge of the cliff now. Timmy came out of nowhere with a gun in his hand. It seemed like he was the one who had just fired the gun.

When Luther's cohorts saw that their leader was no more, they had no intention of fighting back anymore. Alvaro knelt on one knee at the edge of the cliff, with his bleeding hand on his knee. He looked at the bottom of the cliff, both shocked and heartbroken.

A policeman asked Alvaro to go to the hospital to have his finger reattached. Alvaro, however, insisted on going with the police to search for Ady.

I followed them down the cliff and arrived at the rocks at the bottom of the cliff.

The wind was whipping wildly. The waves lashed violently against the rocks. There seemed to be the smell of blood lingering in the sea wind, mixed in with the fishy smell.

Shreds of burnt remnants of clothing littered the area. I also saw a broken arm. It belonged to Luther.

Everyone looked around urgently, but we didn't find Ady.

At this moment, Alvaro had recovered from the pain of his injury. He stood on a rock and looked at the sea motionlessly. The police and Timmy were searching for Ady in the water.

Suddenly, Alvaro jumped headlong into the sea.

"Alvaro!" I cried out desperately after him.

His hand was so severely hurt, and it was icy in the sea. How could he possibly withstand such conditions? But he dived deep into the sea's depths quite quickly. The waves were

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completely rogue. I looked at the sea, overwhelmed by anxiety. The policemen came back without finding a thing. But Alvaro hadn't resurfaced yet.

After a while, he popped his head out of the sea.

He swam towards the shore. Then he sat on the shore and looked at the open sea. He looked completely exhausted.

He was calm, exceptionally calm. It seemed like the more pain he felt, the calmer he became.

While he was suppressing his pain and feeling guilty about everything, he lost consciousness.

His wound hadn't been treated timeously and he had been soaked from his long dive in the cold sea. When he was sent to the hospital, they found that he had a high fever.

I stayed with him and didn't leave his side. He was unconscious because of the raging fever his body was fighting against. His body twitched from time to time and he sometimes uttered a few words in his sleep. The hand with the little finger cut off trembled every now and then. It must be excruciatingly painful.

He used to be such a joker. Sometimes he acted like a playboy for amusement purposes. This was the first time I had seen him so weak and fragile. I felt so sorry for him when I saw him involuntarily twitch in his coma.

He was in agony, and I was a fellow sufferer.

When he woke up, it was already pitch dark. He opened his vacuous eyes and no one could tell what he was thinking.

I said with heavy guilt, "I'm sorry. This is all my fault..." With his pale face, he looked at me and shook his head slightly with the little strength that he could muster.

"It's all my fault."

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When he raised his hand, he saw the thick gauze on it. For a moment, he seemed a little confused by the sight. It took him some time to remember that his finger had been cut off.

"I am so sincerely sorry about your finger!"

At this moment, I didn't know what to say except apologizing.

He slowly put down his hand and chuckled lightly.

"It doesn't matter if one of the ten fingers is gone. Besides, it's worth it. Luther is no more," he said, seeing the silver lining.

But Ady also paid a heavy price with her life.

Her dead body was still missing. The police had searched for an inordinately long time, but they still couldn't find her body. So we were quite certain that she was dead.

Because I was so overwhelmed by pangs of guilt, I was finally able to lift myself out of the grief that had enveloped me, and finally, I could accept that Derek had passed away.

When it came to things that could not be changed, I could only accept the truth.

A few days after Alvaro was discharged from the hospital, a strange man called at the villa and said he was a lawyer for Dere International.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 537

### Chapter 537

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Chapter 537 The CEO

According to the lawyer, Derek had made arrangements to transfer all of his shares of Dere International. He owned fifty-one percent—twenty- one of which were given to me, twenty for Lean, and ten for Aaron.

The news of Derek’s death caused an uproar. With such a massive company deprived of a head, tension and anxiousness pervaded the entire group.

A board meeting would be held to find his successor. I now possessed a large proportion of the entirety of shares, which gave me greater power to influence the election results. So, the lawyer hoped that I could attend the meeting.

The day of the board meeting came. I had especially selected a business suit from the wardrobe. I put the clothes on and turned to the mirror, fixing my hair and putting on make-up. The whole ensemble had the desired effect. Gone was the pale, tired face I had been so accustomed to seeing recently. A fierce, powerful woman stared back at me.

Derek built Dere International from the ground up. He had passed away, but his legacy would remain standing. I could never forgive myself if I failed him now.

At long last, I understood why he had chosen to guide and encourage me. He was a true mentor, teaching me everything he knew. It was all to make sure I was ready.

Even now, he was one step ahead of me, clearing my path. Derek had made arrangements beforehand, having already foreseen the troubles that lay in wait. I knew he had high hopes for me, and he had made sure to arm me well—my arsenal loaded with all his teachings so that I would be able to find a way through any problem.

I was ready. With one final glance at my reflection, I left and drove straight to Dere International.

I had already braced myself for this day. I knew exactly what it was that I was getting into, but no amount of readiness could stop the dampening of my mood when I stepped inside the company.

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I had been here a thousand times before. In the past, I went here just to look for him, but he was no longer here.

The staff murmured polite greetings, one of them pressing the elevator button.

I went straight to the top floor where the meeting room was.

The door was closed. The others were inside, probably already discussing matters. I walked closer to the door and heard muffled sounds.

I took a deep breath, then pushed the door open.

A hush fell in the room, all their gazes fixed on me as I walked inside. I kept my back straight and my head held high.

Lean sat in the chair that used to be Derek's. I could already tell that the major shareholders were dissatisfied with the fact that Lean was in charge of the whole Dere International. The muted sounds from earlier were from an argument that they were having just before I entered.

"My apologies for being late."

I pulled out an empty chair next to Lean and sat down.

Confused glances were exchanged among the occupants of the room. As if on cue, the lawyer stood up to explain my appearance immediately.

"Eveline Stone holds twenty-one percent of the shares of Dere International, hence her attendance in this meeting."

The other shareholders broke off into loud expressions of disagreement. Most of them criticized Lean for being incompetent and having nothing to show for his achievements. There was no way they were letting him become the head. Someone else would be a better fit for such a high position, and they already had a recommendation in mind.

Lean was uncharacteristically silent as he listened to their disparagement.

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I understood how he was feeling. No one could blame him for feeling trapped and helpless. He was at the center of everyone's disapproval, and it was not as if their words were empty accusations. It was true that Lean was young, and he had only been in the company for a short time. He had yet to accomplish anything substantial to be recognized. To the others, being empty-handed and falling short of achievements meant a lack of ambition. It was not unreasonable for the shareholders not to trust him.

I listened to them ramble until I decided I had enough. Calmly, I stood up and said, "I'll be transferring my shares to Lean."

Lean's head whipped toward me in wide-eyed shock.

"I will also be transferring my shares to him!"

A voice suddenly came from the door.

Once again, silence prevailed in the room as Aaron walked inside.

The lawyer dutifully announced that Lean now held fifty-one percent of the shares of Dere International and had absolute control over the entire company.

The other shareholders had concocted their own plans, but they should have come better equipped if they wanted to prevent Lean from being named as the next CEO. I bet they had never seen it coming that Aaron and I would back Lean up.

Some of them stubbornly opposed the decision and even threatened to withdraw their shares.

My lips curved into a faint smile. "Of course, you can do as you like with your shares. The Jolly & Mayer Company would be more than happy to support Dere International."

I watched with great satisfaction as recognition dawned on the shareholders' faces. It seemed that they had finally realized that the CEO of the Jolly & Mayer Company was none other than me. Their mouths gaped wordlessly, too dumbfounded to come up with anything to say.

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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 538

## Chapter 538

### Chapter 538 A Surprise

After the meeting, Lean still remained seated there. He didn't show much joy for the victory.

I said to him, "Lean, Derek and you have the same surname. While it's easy to start a business, it is quite difficult to maintain it. I gave Dere International to you. I hope you can run it with great efficacy and don't let him down."

When Lean raised his head, his eyes were ever so slightly bloodshot. He pursed his lips for some time, before he eventually said, "Thank you, Eveline, Aaron." The smallest trace of relief rose in my mind. "This is the first instance that you've thanked me with such sincerity."

With a guilty look on his face, Lean said, "I must admit that I've been unreasonable in the past, and did a lot of incredibly stupid things. Please forgive me."

I smiled faintly. "If I ever hated you, I wouldn't have supported you today."

Lean nodded and took a deep, steadying breath, as if he had just made an important decision.

"I won't let you and Derek down," he reassured me.

I left the conference room with Aaron. As I walked to the elevator, I looked at the familiar office, lost in my own thoughts.

"Mr. Sullivan," a voice said.

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When I heard someone speak, I was quite surprised. The words “Mr. Sullivan” made my heart skip a beat and jump straight to my throat.

I turned around and saw Lean walking in my direction. Lean had become the current Mr. Sullivan of this company. How could I forget that already?

Perhaps my excitement and disappointment were written on my face, but Lean walked up to me and said, “Eveline, I’m truly sorry for your loss.”

I still held onto a little hopeful fantasy in the depths of my heart. What if Derek suddenly appeared in front of me one day?

It was snowing when I walked out of the Dere International offices.

Aaron said to me encouragingly, “Eveline, be strong.”

I nodded and asserted, “I will.”

I would be strong, but I would also be sad at the same time. I would miss Derek so much that I would never be able to forget his memory.

Another year was going to pass. I still remembered what he said on the first New Year’s Eve that we had spent together. He said that he would spend New Year’s Eve with me every year from that point onwards.

when you just hold the glass.” 2

I put down the glass, my hands tremblingly. My eyes were blurred, and I couldn’t control my emotions. I threw myself into her arms and held onto her tightly. “Lulu! I’ve missed you so much!”

Louise chuckled appreciatively.

“If you hold me and cry like this, others will suspect that we’re a couple. I’m the unfaithful man, and you’re the woman who is being bullied by your husband.”

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She still liked to have a joke, just as she had always enjoyed.

I looked up from her arms, tears filling my eyes to the brim. I looked at her with a great sense of pity.

She was significantly thinner and more haggard than before. Even faint crow's feet could now be seen at the corners of her eyes. It was gratifying that her personality had not changed at all.

"Lulu," I said gently.

I hadn't uttered her nickname for such a long time. I thought I would never have the opportunity to say it again.

But she suddenly appeared in front of me. Just calling out her name made my heart ache. Tears kept rolling down my cheeks of their own volition.

She pinched my cheek and said, "Silly girl."

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 539

### Chapter 539

Chapter 539 Tracking Chip

We found a quiet booth and sat together with the wine we had ordered.

"Lulu, how have you been keeping?" I enquired.

She took a sip of the wine, placed the glass down and answered calmly, "All is well with me."

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It was quite apparent that she had no desire to discuss her life in any further detail.

It seemed like both of us had experienced quite a bit over the past two years. We would never be able to chatter and laugh in the carefree manner we had done so previously.

“Eve, I really hold great admiration for you. From the bottom of my heart, I am truly happy to see you so successful,” said Louise.

I looked at her sadly. “Lulu, why weren’t you willing to contact me?”

Louise didn’t say anything for a long time. After an inordinately long pause, she finally took out a necklace from her pocket. It looked exactly like the one I had gifted her. The pendant, however, was missing.

“Eve, you gave me this necklace. I never took it off—I even wore it when I took a shower, even when I slept. I didn’t want to take it off, because it was a gift from you.

However, when I walked on the road one day last year, the chain broke and the pendant fell and broke too. Even if it was broken, I still wanted to keep it safely. But there was something peculiar that I found in the pendant.”

She took out a small bag. Inside it, there was a small device that looked like some sort of electronic chip.

“What’s this?” I asked.

She said, “At that time, out of sheer curiosity, I asked a person who was knowledgeable. He told me that it was a tracking chip.”

I was utterly flummoxed. “A tracking chip?”

Louise smiled faintly when she saw the look of genuine shock horror on my face.

“So you have been kept in the dark too, haven’t you? Look, I don’t believe that you’re the one behind it. However, I absolutely believe with good grounding that Derek was behind this.

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Layne and I had hidden ourselves in a secret hideout. He said that it was quite difficult to find US there. However, the police managed to locate our whereabouts quite easily.”

I was just too astonished to string a sentence together in reply.

I recalled that Derek specially gave me that necklace to give to Louise. I didn’t really think anything of it. I really thought that since he hadn’t helped her father, he bought a gift for her to express how apologetic he was.

“Lulu, I really don’t know anything about this. And in my eyes, Derek has always just been a businessman. I’m sorry. You must hate me to death, huh? You can berate me, even hit me if you like. I’m sorry that I caused Layne to be arrested.”

Louise couldn’t help but laugh, she picked up the glass of wine and gulped it down.

“What reason do you have to apologize to me? It is common knowledge that there is no escape from the long arm of the law.

In any event, while Layne had carried out many atrocities that harmed numerous people, he didn’t do anything wrong to me. He risked his life to be good to me, and I will be unable to repay him for that all my life.”

When Layne was caught and detained, it was a very trying time for Louise. After that, she couldn’t lead a peaceful life.

“Lulu, so you don’t hate or blame me? But then, why hadn’t you tried to contact me in the past two years?” Louise snapped her fingers and asked the waiter to serve us more wine.

“I didn’t blame you. I just didn’t know how I could possibly face you. If I blamed you, I wouldn’t have come to see you now.”

My nose twitched. I intertwined my arm with hers and leaned against her shoulder.

“Lulu, so you came here specifically to meet me?”

She poked my forehead with her finger.

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“What do you think? I heard about what happened to Derek. Of course I knew that you’d be depressed. I’m worried about you, so I came to see you,” she said.

I nuzzled my face into her shoulder and her clothes were dampened by my tears.

“Lulu, thank you. If you weren’t talking to me and were ignoring me instead, I wouldn’t know what to do.” Louise smiled sadly.

“Eve, you married an anti-drug policeman, and I married a drug dealer. Such is fate! God’s arrangement is very cruel. If we hate each other still, it means that we are seeking out more trouble, right? We used to be such good friends, but God wants US to break our relationship. We should never let anyone take control of our own fate!”

Louise still made remarks in a wholly unrestrained manner, just like she usually did. Meanwhile, I had been crying so hard that I couldn’t speak.

We drank a hell of a lot that night. We laughed out loud, as if we had temporarily forgotten all the sadness and pain that enveloped our lives.

At the moment, we were alone, but we were alone with each other for company. We seemed to be back to the past. Back then, we were still single, and were still very carefree. We hadn’t suffered such trying tribulations, and we did not experience the heartbreaking relationship that a woman had with a man.

We staggered out of the bar with each other’s help and managed to take a taxi. I took her back home.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 540

### Chapter 540

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Chapter 540 Warmth

I had moved back to Derek's villa and left the apartment I bought to Tina.

Louise said she wanted to see the kids when we went back.

The children were already asleep. Quietly, so as not to disturb them, we walked into the room. The soft pad of our footsteps woke the nanny, she got up, moving to turn on the light, but Louise waved a hand to stop her.

For a few moments, we stood beside the bed, watching the children as they slept peacefully. Then, leaving them in the care of their dreams, we walked out.

We went to my room and slept in the same bed as before.

Since Derek had passed away, sleep had been elusive. I would lie in the room awake for long hours, unable to get rest in the empty room. Louise's presence soothed me. Her being here lulled my restlessness and warded off the chill.

She took out two silver bracelets from her bag and gave them to me. "For the children," she said.

"I'm happy that you came to see me. I didn't want you to spend money," I said.

Louise pressed the gifts into my hands and lay down, wrapping the quilt around her.

"I know you don't have anything you would want for now. They are just small gifts. I want you to have them." Her sincerity was more than enough, and I could not refuse her after her words.

I wrapped my arms around her.

"Lulu, where is your kid?"

"I didn't take him with me. It wouldn't be ideal for me to bring a child when I go out," she said.

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“Who takes care of him when you leave?”

Louise answered, “Gina is on holidays now. She’s good with children and my son has taken a liking to her, so I leave him in her care when I’m away. I know she would take good care of him.”

She took out her phone and showed me her son’s photo.

The boy was the spitting image of his mother. His round eyes looked back at me from the image—lovely in its innocence.

He should not be too far apart from my own children in age. Back then, not long after the news of Louise’s pregnancy, I had found out that I was in the same boat as her.

Felix came to mind, and I couldn’t help but ask, “Felix. Did he find you? Did you see him?”

Louise nodded without saying anything more. Her eyes were fixed on the ceiling. A few moments went by before she spoke again. “As long as Layne is alive, I will wait for him. He will come out of the prison and we will all be together one day.”

The two of us talked long and deep into the night.

As we were having breakfast the next day, something else tugged on my mind. I hesitated on the words, but in the end, I expressed them. “Lulu, go and visit your father. Don’t leave any regrets.”

Louise looked at me. To my surprise, she burst into laughter the next moment. “You don’t have to look at me like that,” she said lightly. “I’ll go to see him later.” After breakfast, she left. The next day, she called me, saying that she was taking the train back home.

I had not expected her to leave so quickly. I had even planned to buy gifts for her kid, too.

Our realities were different now from how they were in the past. We had both grown and changed, especially after having our own families.

In the afternoon, Alvaro visited.

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The Alvaro I knew had been a stranger to silence. He was constantly filling space with words, to the point of being glib and mischievous.

But the man I saw now was someone very different. After what happened to Ady, it was as if words had fled.

He used to drive me crazy with his noise, but I found his silence even more unbearable. A heaviness settled in my chest as the minutes stretched with no sound. I went to the kitchen to cook, refusing Alvaro's offer to help.

He followed me to the kitchen. After a brief moment of silence, he gave me a faint smile.

"I just lost a finger. It's not as if I'm disabled."

He placed vegetables into the sink and turned on the tap to wash them.

My eyes went to his hands as he worked. He had such beautiful hands, but now one of them was ruined.

"I'm sorry," I uttered, my voice thick with guilt.

He turned off the tap and raised a wet hand to tuck a stray strand of hair behind my ear.

He was looking at me with a deep gaze, as if he wanted to say something. But in the end, no words came out of his mouth. With another smile, he continued to wash the vegetables.

At dinner, I filled a bowl with soup and sat across from him. My hand was holding my spoon, but I made no move to eat the soup.

Alvaro noticed my unease and smiled gently.

"What is it? You know you can tell me anything."

I fixed my eyes on him, consciously avoiding looking at his injured hand. Guilt washed over me every time I saw it.

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“Alvaro, you should go and do whatever you want. You have no obligation to stay with me all the time.” Some of the light in his eyes dimmed.

“Do you want to push me away that badly?”

I shook my head. “No, it’s not like that. I just don’t want to get in your way. You should be with a woman you could have a life with, someone who could give you a future and children. I...”

I looked down, sorrow weighing heavily on my shoulders.

“I’m not going to marry again.”

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