

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 549 - 550

Chapter 549

Chapter 549 The Unfaithful Husband

Aaron used to live along the alley that Eveline just sprinted into, but he no longer lived there.

“Derek, why are you here?”

“Nothing. I was just looking around,” I replied with a shrug.

Aaron smiled and glanced at me. “You were just looking around? You must be in a good mood. Who goes sightseeing in the rain?”

His words had a conspicuous hint of doubt, but I didn’t bother to explain.

We rode side by side and separated at an intersection. I continued to ride alone.

My eyes subconsciously riveted to the gate of a mall when I was about to pass by it. Something instantly caught my attention. My fingers tightened on the handle. I stepped on the brake and the bicycle came to a halt.

A man was walking out of the mall at this moment. He was my father. His hand was around a woman’s waist. She was his girlfriend.

She was holding a shopping bag in one hand and a young boy in the other. There was a schoolbag on the boy’s back. It was obvious that they went shopping after school closed.

My father’s affair with this woman was no longer a secret. I had found out about them some time ago. However, this was the first time I was seeing them like this. The sight made me very uncomfortable.

As they walked out, they talked and laughed like a happy family of three. They got into the car and my father turned around to go to the driver's seat. He still didn't notice me in the rain.

It wouldn't have made a difference anyway. If he had seen me, he would shoot me an icy glare because he hated me so much.

Only a few people owned a private car back then. And my father was one of the few. Despite this great privilege, the number of times my mother and I had been in his car could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The chances of my mother taking his car were extremely low because she was not in good health. She seldom went out. As far as I was concerned, riding my bicycle was far better than entering my father's car. It didn't matter if the rain soaked me to my bones.

I knew that my father was heading for the quarry. He spent most of his time there. He even had a dormitory there. It had become normal for him not to return home.

I rode my bicycle home with a heavy heart. On the way, I saw my mother at the entrance of the greengrocer.

She was holding a bag of groceries in one hand and an umbrella in the other. Her steps were slow and unsteady. She coughed painstakingly and it made her back bend.

I felt a pang of pain in my heart as I stared at her. The image of my father talking and laughing with that woman made the pain even worse for me. His wife was suffering, but he was frolicking with another woman. Such a bastard!

After cursing out my father in my mind, I rushed to my mother.

"Mom, you are coughing so badly. How about we go to visit Grandpa and let him treat you?"

My mother was taken aback by my sudden appearance. She looked at me and immediately held the umbrella over me.

"Look at you. You are soaked. I told you to take an umbrella with you this morning, but you didn't listen to me. You might catch a cold, naughty boy."

Genuine worry appeared in my mother's eyes. She was a gentle and caring woman. Even though she scolded me now, she did it with love. There was no trace of sternness in her eyes. She doted on me so much.

The prettiness of my father's slutty girlfriend had nothing on my mother's gorgeousness and beauty. Even though she was sick, she still looked good. It was a pity that she coughed all year round. All the medicines she took regularly didn't help matters. My father was concerned about her at first, but he gradually changed. He got annoyed anytime she coughed and even asked her to go far away. Hence, my mother always suppressed her coughs whenever he was around.

She wasn't born with this illness. It plagued her as an adult. When my father first started to run the quarry, the factory was in bad condition. He had no car back then. My mother was worried that he wouldn't eat well in the factory, so she took his meals to him every day. She did that no matter the weather. The rain drenched her sometimes when she was out delivering his food.

Everything was going pretty well until one unfortunate day during the winter season. It was snowing heavily that particular day. My mother went to give my father his food, but he wasn't in the quarry. She waited in the snow for a long time and the food went cold. He didn't show up throughout. His workers didn't even know where he had gone, so she couldn't see him that day.

My mother finally returned home with the cold food. She instantly came down with a high fever and cough. It was after that illness that she began to cough incessantly. All the efforts to get rid of it proved abortive.

When I remembered this, I pushed my mother's hand holding the umbrella gently.

"Mom, please cover yourself. I'm fine. You need it more than I do. I don't want your health to worsen. You mustn't catch a cold in this state."

An appreciative smile appeared on her face in an instant. She shared the umbrella with me and gestured for me to walk.

As I wheeled my bicycle slowly, we walked side by side.

I looked down at the bag of groceries she was holding. It contained all the favorite foods of my father and me. My mother was a good wife and mother. She made our welfare her top

priority, she took good care of US but often ignored herself. Things that concerned her always took a back seat. Even now, I had no idea what her favorite food was.

“Mom, what’s your favorite food?” I asked curiously. “Son, I’m not a picky eater,” she replied with a smile. My mother was down-to-earth and had a good temper. She was also an obedient woman. But perhaps men would easily lose interest in this kind of woman.

Our home was only a few houses away when I heard some people gossiping about my dissolute father.

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Chapter 550

Chapter 550 Father’s Birthday

“He’s wealthy. He can have as many mistresses as he wants.”

“You know, his wife has such a big heart. If I were in her place, I would’ve left him long ago! I wouldn’t be able to live such a miserable life.”

“Yeah, me neither. I’ll probably leave at the first sign of cheating!”

I really hated how these women were gossiping behind our backs all day long. To be honest, I wanted to cut out their tongues and feed it to them.

My mother noticed that I was upset, so she placed a hand on my arm to restrain me. I could tell that she didn’t want me to do anything reckless. Then, she led me home.

At home, there were many dishes and a big cake on the table in the dining room. It was then that I remembered that today was my father’s birthday.

It seemed that Mom had been busy preparing for Dad's birthday all day long.

Mom took out a small box, cut a piece of the cake, and put it into the box. Afterwards, she handed it to me and told me to bring it to Grandpa. She said that she had invited him over for dinner. Sadly, he had to work overtime and wouldn't be able to come.

Mom also told me to ask my father to come home for dinner. After all, today was his birthday.

Honestly, I didn't think he'd want to celebrate his birthday with US.

Seeing that I wasn't saying anything, Mom asked me if I heard her clearly. I nodded in response and asked, "Mom, can I have a few more slices of the cake?"

My mother flashed me a kind smile and replied, "Sure, dear."

I grabbed another box and put two slices of cake in it. Then, I went out.

By now, the rain had stopped.

When I came to the alley again, I saw Aaron leaving it from a distance.

He didn't notice me because he was riding really fast.

I rode into the alley, parked my bike in front of an old building.

I already knew which house was Eveline's. Aaron used to live in this alley, too. So, whenever I was at his house, I would run into Eveline at times.

Upon reaching the door of her house, I saw a bag of fruit hanging on the door handle.

She was reading a textbook from inside the house, and I could hear her faint voice.

Her voice was clearer than when she timidly said "thank you" to me earlier.

Even through a door, I could imagine her sitting at a desk with a book in hand, reading intently.

Similar to how the fruit was hung by the door handle, I did the same for the cake that I brought. Afterwards, I knocked on the door and ran downstairs as fast as I could.

After a while, I heard the door open.

“Who is it?” Eveline asked cautiously.

I leaned against the wall at the corner, holding my breath and making sure not to make a sound.

These past two years, even though I had been paying attention to her and was often doing these kinds of things, she didn't really know me.

Moments later, I heard the door close.

I took a few steps up the stairway, looked up and found that the two plastic bags hanging on the door handle were gone. She must've taken them already.

When I went downstairs, I got on my bike and was about to leave. It was then that I felt the urge to look at her window. To my surprise, she was poking her head out of the window.

Nervously, I lowered my head and began pedaling out of the alley as fast as I could.

I wondered why I was nervous.

As a matter of fact, I could make friends with her openly. That way, I could protect her and show her just how much I cared without hiding anymore. Besides, she didn't know who I was and had no idea about the truth of her father's car accident.

Sadly, I didn't have enough courage to approach her. Perhaps at the back of my mind, I was afraid that she would see right through me; that I was merely doing this for atonement.

Just like earlier, I gathered my courage to accompany her home. But back then, she didn't even look me in the eye. she was timid, while I felt guilty. It was almost impossible for US to make eye contact.

Casting those thoughts aside, I rode my bike to the hospital. Grandpa wasn't in his office. A nurse told me that he was performing a surgery, so I decided to wait in his office.

On the walls of the office, there were many silk banners and awards, all of which were accolades that my grandpa had achieved.

It took a long while, but Grandpa finally arrived at his office. While walking, he took off his gloves. Even though he was exhausted, he was pleasantly surprised to see me.

“Derek, what are you doing here?”

I handed him the cake.

“Mom asked me to bring this to you. Grandpa, are you able to get off work now? Come and have dinner with us. Mom is preparing dinner as we speak.”

Grandpa sat at his desk, adjusting his gold-rimmed glasses. Then, he flipped through the medical record book on his desk and said, “I have another surgery to perform later, and the patient is waiting for me. I can’t just leave now.”

Having said that, he asked, “Has your father gone home?”

I stood up and replied, “I’m going to see him and ask him to come home.”

Grandpa patted the medical record book and grunted, “He must go home tonight. Tell him that I command it and remind him to behave himself!”

He knew about my dad’s mistress. I couldn’t understand why my dad was different from my grandpa in terms of personality and virtue. And to be honest, I wasn’t like my dad either.

When I left the hospital and arrived at the quarry, it was already late. I saw my father’s car parked near the door of the cottage.

I knocked on the door of the cottage. My father asked who was it, but I didn’t respond.

Though I hated admitting this, I was stubborn and rebellious. I didn’t want to answer him or communicate with him at all.

After a while, the door opened. I noticed a trace of panic on my dad’s face.

“What are you doing here?”

I swept my eyes across the room and found that nobody else was inside. Perhaps he had sent his mistress and their son away.

I had my suspicions, so I pushed him away and strode in, searching every nook and cranny of the cottage.

My father was scolding me, but I just ignored him.

When I threw back the covers, what lay beneath it was exposed.