

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 551 - 555

Chapter 551

Chapter 551 Tied Him Up

I was so mad at the time that I clenched my fists and suppressed my urge to beat the crap out of my father.

I grabbed the object on the bed, intending to throw it out. However, he grabbed my arm tightly, causing the white powder to scatter all over the floor.

He seemed so distressed over the loss of his wretched cocaine as if he had lost something invaluable. He dropped to his knees and hands, trying to gather as much of the cocaine as possible.

Whenever he lost his mind to drug addiction, I hated him and disliked the fact that he allowed himself to stoop this low. And now, he was lying on the floor like a fucking dog.

Enraged, I almost lost control of my temper.

After locking the door, I found a hemp rope from under the bed. I dragged my father up from the floor, forced him to sit on a chair, and prepared to tie him up.

“You fucking ingrate of a son! I’m still your father! How dare you do this to me?” he cursed while resisting.

I was now fifteen years of age and was already half a head taller than he was. He could no longer match me in strength.

Truthfully, this wasn’t the first time I had tied him up.

The last time he gave in to his drug addiction, he ended up hitting my mother. That was the first time that I'd tied him up. I didn't want to do it in front of my mother, so I did it in this room.

Ever since he was addicted to those loathsome drugs, he would sometimes act like a monster. At one moment, he could be docile, but he could get as irritable as a wild beast the next second.

Naturally, I was old enough to distinguish right from wrong. I knew who was mistaken and I knew who was doing the right thing, so I felt really sorry for my mother.

Dad said that I wouldn't reach a good end, but I didn't care. I didn't want him to keep on living like this, and I didn't want him to abuse my mother any longer. I made myself believe that I was doing the right thing, because my only purpose was to help him get rid of his drug addiction.

Drug addiction was certainly not a good thing. It had ruined many families, and mine was no exception. I was always worried that our family would be ruined in the end.

I tied my father to the chair, and he was unable to move a muscle. He cursed me and said all sorts of destructive words.

But I just turned a deaf ear to his verbal abuse, standing aside and watching his pathetic state.

I didn't scold him, nor did I beat him. I only tied him up because I didn't have any other choice. My mother—bless her heart—taught me to be respectful of my elders. Even to this day, I bore that teaching in mind.

If I didn't regard this pathetic man as my father, I would've beaten the crap out of him long ago.

Though I wasn't uttering a word, he knew full well what I wanted. And what I wanted from him was a promise. Even if his promise was worthless to me, I sincerely hoped that he could make a solemn promise at this moment.

By now, the workers were getting off work. But before they left, they greeted my dad a happy birthday from outside the door. They probably saw his car outside and knew that my father hadn't left yet.

I didn't say anything, and my dad didn't respond either. Perhaps he didn't want his employees to see him looking so disheveled.

Once the workers had left, the surroundings fell eerily silent, and soon, dusk approached.

Perhaps he had grown tired of yelling at me, so my father finally stopped scolding me.

All of a sudden, we heard a knock coming from the door.

"Derek, Gifford, are you there?"

It was my mother's voice. She must have come to find me because it was getting late, but I hadn't returned yet.

Ever since the scandal about my dad and that wretched woman broke out, my mother never dropped by the quarry again. Perhaps she didn't want to see anything that could just make herself sad.

My father stared at me as if telling me something. Personally, I didn't want to let him go easily this time. However, my mother kept knocking on the door. I didn't want her to worry about me, so I untied my father and opened the door.

Mom stared at me and Dad, visibly dubious of US. "What are you doing? Why did it take you so long to open the door?"

"I failed an exam, so Dad was scolding me."

Having said that, I went to take my bike.

From behind me, my mother said, "Gifford, it's your birthday today. Let's go back early and have dinner." My father left along with my mother, locked up the cottage, and sat in the driver's seat of his car. Mom asked me to put my bike into the trunk of the car and get in the car.

But this time, I ignored her and just rode home on my bike.

At home, there were just the three of US at the dinner table.

Truthfully, I couldn't remember for how long we hadn't had dinner together. On most days, only my mother and I were at this dining table.

Because of the previous conflict we had, my father was glaring at me with hatred in his eyes while eating. But that didn't matter to me. If I had a choice, I would've chosen not to be his son.

My mother probably noticed our reactions. She put on a smile and tried to mediate our dispute.

"It's fine if you failed one exam, Derek. You can work harder next time, son! Derek, tell me, what score did you get?"

I put down my fork, went to grab my school bag, took out my examination papers, and handed it to her with a straight face.

"You got 96 points? Good job!"

My mother stared at my exam papers, pleasantly surprised. Then, she showed it to my father.

"Gifford, Derek did a good job. He lost a few points on writing, but that's not a big deal! You shouldn't set unrealistic standards for him. He worked hard enough." Instead of showing any pleasure, my father put down his fork as though throwing a tantrum and went upstairs.

Mom stared at him storming away, visibly confused. She seemed worried that I would be dispirited by this, so she put some food on my plate while attempting to comfort me.

"Derek, you're so great! Keep going!"

But no matter how hard I tried, my dad would never feel proud of me. This much, I knew.

During the middle of the night, I was awakened by a startling noise.

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Chapter 552 I wish I Had No Father

When I heard the sound of a car engine starting, I got out of bed and went to the window. There, I saw my father driving away.

I could hear the faint sound of my mother's cries. I walked towards their bedroom and found her sitting on the floor, crying and coughing over and over.

I helped my mother up and saw several bruises on her body.

"Did he hit you again?"

My mother leaned against the bed, crying her eyes out.

I looked around the room and saw their wedding photo hanging on the wall.

In the past, my dad would never cross this line. Ever since he became addicted to drugs, he became more and more irritable, and he was neglecting his duties to his family.

And at this moment, hatred flowed through my veins. "Mom, I hate Dad. I hate him with every fiber of my being," I said.

All of a sudden, she stopped crying and grabbed my hand.

"Derek, you can't say that! He did something horrible, but he's still your father, and I love him. As long as he still wants this family, I can put up with anything."

I really couldn't understand how my saint of a mother was putting up with my devil of a father. I wondered if it really was just because of love. Perhaps Mom was just worried about me and was trying to keep the family together for my sake.

Seconds later, she began to cough violently again, and she covered her mouth with her hand. When she opened her palm, I saw blood on it.

“Mom...”

The sight of it really horrified me.

Mom wiped the blood from her mouth and attempted to comfort me by smiling.

“I’m fine. Don’t tell Grandpa about this, okay? He’ll just worry about me.”

I went to the kitchen to grab her some warm water and found some medicine.

It wasn’t until midnight that I finally saw my mother go to bed. Thus, I went back to my room, but I couldn’t fall asleep.

From under the bed, I took out a small box. It had a lock on it.

The box contained secrets that only I knew.

I grabbed the key from a particular corner and used it to open the box.

Inside, there was a tape.

Nobody knew that there was a troubling secret hidden in the tape.

I had accidentally recorded it two years ago.

At the time, rumors about my dad and that woman were breaking out. After enduring the shame for a period of time, my mother finally asked my father about it for the first time. Coincidentally, it was also the first time that they quarreled about this matter.

Back then, I was lying in bed in my room. Even through the door, I could hear them arguing. I didn’t try to stop them. Seconds later, I heard my dad slam the door shut when he left. Meanwhile, my mother began crying for a long time.

Even as my mother questioned him, my dad did not admit to his betrayal. In order to find evidence for my beloved mother, I did something in secret.

It was a Saturday. I snuck into the quarry and placed a recorder under my father's bed when he wasn't in his room.

By the time I snuck out of his room, I saw my father's car. His mistress got out of the car with him, and they entered the room together.

The following day, I found an opportunity to retrieve the recorder.

The content of the recording wasn't what I hoped for, but it was enough to shock me.

I had heard about the accident at the quarry, but I never thought it had anything to do with my father because he seemed unaffected by it. But it turned out that the truth was so cruel.

I had always known that my dad was a philandering asshole, but I never expected him to do something so inhumane. He was the one who ruined Eveline's family. Each time I met Eveline, I felt a strong sense of guilt.

And now, my dad's indifference towards my mother, to me, and to this family truly disappointed me.

As I stared in front of the window, gazing blankly at the night skies, I felt lost.

The following day, I went to Grandpa's place to get some medicine for Mom.

He knew about my mom's health condition, so he regularly prescribed some medicine for her. I didn't have the courage to tell Grandpa that my mother coughed up blood the day before, because I didn't want him to worry. But at the same time, I was really worried about my mother.

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Chapter 553 Vented The Hatred On The Boy

Grandpa put on his glasses and wrote the prescription carefully.

Silence filled the whole room. I thought for a while and said, "Grandpa, I read a story in a book today."

"Is that so? What's the story about?" he asked with a smile as he continued writing.

I briefly told him the story.

"Once upon a time, there was an emperor. A senior official named Kurt advised him to give Prince Zachary a good education. After the emperor's death, Prince Webster ascended the throne. However, Zachary conspired with Kurt's son, Sewell, to kill Webster and usurped the throne. In order to keep the throne, Zachary sent Sewell to ask for his father's advice. Kurt was pissed with his son for committing treason. He refused to support Zachary. Instead, he planned for the emperor of another country to get rid of both of them..."

"The story is about upholding righteousness over family loyalty," my grandfather interrupted me. He stopped writing the prescription and put down the pen.

He was an ardent reader, so it didn't come as a surprise to me that he knew this story.

"Grandpa, is there really someone that upright in the world?" I asked curiously.

My grandfather continued to write the prescription and replied with a smile, "People like that are very rare. It's not easy to uphold justice when it doesn't favor your loved one."

He then handed me the prescriptions.

He explained, "One is for your mother, and the other is for your father. He suffers from severe migraines." My eyebrows furrowed instantly. Conflicting emotions filled my heart as I stared at the prescriptions.

"Grandpa, why do you still care about my father?" I asked in a disapproving tone.

"No matter how bad your father is, he's still my son," he responded with a sigh.

This statement reminded me that irrespective of the hatred I had for my father, I would always be his son. Blood relations couldn't be changed.

Afterward, I asked subtly, "Grandpa, I have a classmate whose relative is addicted to hard drugs. How can he get rid of it?"

"Derek, listen to me carefully. Don't do drugs. Avoid it like a plague. It only gives temporary satisfaction, but the repercussions are always dire. Once a person is addicted, it's always difficult to break that addiction. It takes a strong-willed person to come out of it," he pointed at me and warned.

Hmm. Was my father a strong-willed person? No, I didn't think so. If he was, he wouldn't have betrayed my mother and me.

Since he wasn't strong-willed, I decided to use external force.

In the autumn season, several schools organized excursions for the students. Every student took part in hiking, treks, and other outdoor activities. We were mountain hiking that day.

I had scanned through the team of the Happy Elementary School. Although I didn't see the girl I was looking for, I saw another person.

It was the boy that was always with my father and his mistress.

Due to the large number of students and the complex condition of the trail, the teachers asked middle school students like me to take care of the pupils.

This made it easy to execute the plan I had come up with in seconds. I commanded some boys to whisk my enemy's son into a cave.

The cave was located on the edge of the mountain. It was hard to climb up and even more difficult to get down. One would need the help of others to get there. It was deep and dark.

Under my instructions, the boys walked into the cave with my enemy's son under the guise of going on an expedition. They then dumped him in the deepest part of the cave and quietly retreated one by one. The little boy was left alone.

Hazarding a guess, I reasoned that he was in the fourth grade. He was a naughty boy. But he would be scared being left alone in such a dark place.

Although I knew what I did was bad, I couldn't help feeling happy.

The hiking lasted for some hours. When it was time to return, all the students gathered at the foot of the mountain. The teachers did a total headcount and discovered that the boy was missing. They immediately informed Kevin. This man was a middle school teacher. I had no idea that he was the boy's father until then.

Kevin taught at my school. I knew him well. He was a good teacher.

When he found out that his son was missing, he was so disoriented. The sight of him being that way tugged at my heartstrings. However, I couldn't bring myself to tell him the truth.

The teachers informed the boy's mother through a phone call. My father's mistress rushed down to the scene and threw a fit. Her wailing was like nothing I had ever heard.

At a point, she saw me in the midst of other students. It seemed like she recognized me. Judging from the look she gave me, I guessed that she suspected that I had a hand in her son's disappearance.

A rescue team went up the mountain and searched for the boy. They soon found him in the cave.

His eyes were puffy and red at that time. He continued to cry even after he was rescued.

The boy didn't know that I was the culprit. More so, no one looked into the incident since he was found hale and hearty.

However, I was filled with regret.

I shouldn't have vented the hatred I had for his mother on him. After all, he was just an innocent boy. He had no say in the affair between his mother and my unfaithful father.

I went home with a heavy heart that evening. A surprise was waiting for me in the living room when I arrived. My father was at home!

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Chapter 554 Unless You Beat Me To Death

During the past few years, my dad either didn't go home, or went home late at night. If my memory served right, he rarely ever came home this early.

He looked really gloomy when I saw him. Thus, I chose to go back to my room with my schoolbag at once.

But then, when I tried to walk away, he blocked my path and slapped me across the face.

I thought that he had found out what happened today.

I knew that I was wrong, so I didn't defy him.

My mother wasn't around, so there was no one to help me out. But even if she were here, she probably wouldn't be able to do anything to stop my father from teaching me a lesson.

He pointed his finger at my forehead, scolding me for what happened today.

For the sake of his mistress's son, he was willing to scold his own son. As I stared at my father's face, I felt disappointed.

Perhaps because of my indifference, he was so annoyed that he prepared to hit me again.

Showing no intention of dodging, I replied calmly, "Do you honestly believe that nobody knows about the things you've done? If you don't quit drugs, I assure you, this kind of thing will happen again and again! And perhaps one day, that boy will be gone for good and you can never get him back."

"You ingrate!"

My father was so angry that he began looking for anything he could use to hit me. I could tell that he really wanted to beat the crap out of me.

"Unless you beat me to death, I won't stop what I want to do," I added.

In the end, he decided against beating me up.

Though he was mad at me and hated me for what I did, ever since that argument, he had changed himself for the better.

He began coming home more frequently. Sometimes, he would ask me about my studies, and even talked to me about my mother's failing health. I had no idea if he suddenly had a change of heart or was just scared that I'd bully the boy again. But no matter what reason he had, I was glad that he was willing to change.

I hadn't seen Eveline for a long time. It was easier for me to pretend that nothing had happened when I couldn't see her. I was certain that if I ever saw her, I would think about all the evil things that my father had done.

If that happened, things between my father and me would only get worse.

Within the blink of an eye, I had become a high school freshman.

That year, there was a Students' Sports Meeting in the city.

While I was dribbling the basketball around the court, numerous people were calling my name.

Because we were participating in the sports' meet as representatives of our school, we had cheerleaders. The girls would often hand me water bottles and towels.

I saw Eveline again that day.

It was a competition between my current high school and the junior high school that I went to before. It was then that I realized that she was already in junior high school.

I hadn't thought of how long I hadn't seen her. But seeing her again now, I noticed that she was much taller than before. Her facial features were more radiant, and she looked even more beautiful than before.

Based on her outfit and the pompoms in her hands, she must be a member of their school's cheerleading team.

Because of her, I was a little out of it when the basketball match began.

The moment their school scored their first goal, she applauded, still holding the pompoms. A smile appeared on her lips and even her eyes looked like they were smiling.

Her smile was so enchanting! The mere sight of it left me slack-jawed in awe.

That moment I saw her beautiful smile, it had been imprinted deep into my memories.

Later, I had the chance to score a basket, but I missed it. I even allowed the other team to grab the rebound. They then scored another basket, and Eveline jumped for joy when it happened.

Seeing her that happy made me feel as ecstatic as she must be. It didn't even matter if I could score or not; and to an extent, I no longer cared who would win this match.

The coach noticed that my head wasn't in the game, so he took me off the court and called for a substitution.

The court was surrounded by many people. Everyone was focused on the basketball game, but not me. My eyes were locked on Eveline.

Her white sneakers had now turned yellow after washing them, but it didn't affect her morale.

While she was jumping up and down in delight, her boobs wrapped in her cheerleading outfit were bouncing. Only then did I notice that her boobs had gotten bigger.

And upon realizing it, my face turned red.

I was a high school freshman and she was still in junior high school. Generally speaking, there were many girls around me whose breasts were better developed than hers, but none of them could attract my attention. To me, Eveline was the only one worth watching.

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Chapter 555 My Mother's Death

Embarrassment set in immediately. I forced myself to look away and opened the canned drink in my hand. Afterward, I gulped it to hide my flushed face.

A girl suddenly rushed to me excitedly.

"Derek, does the drink taste good?" she asked with a smile.

I looked at the drink and then at the girl. It seemed like she was the one that gave it to me just now.

Before I could respond, my eyes wandered to her chest. She was wearing a tight T-shirt that hugged her boobs more than how her school uniform would. They were bigger than Eveline's. Despite the roundness of her breasts, I didn't blush, nor did my heart begin to beat faster. I just looked away quickly. "Thank you. It's good," I finally uttered.

Although I didn't play in the second half, my team still won. Eveline stamped her feet when she saw their school's team lost the game. I couldn't help chuckling when I saw her upset look.

The three-kilometer race came after the basketball match. Eveline moved to the starting line.

When I saw her there, I was beyond shocked. This was the last thing I expected her to partake in. After all, she looked so fragile. I stood beside the field to see how she would manage to finish such a long race. All the other competitors ran faster than Eveline at the beginning of the race. However, she didn't make any extra effort to catch up with them, she just ran at a steady pace.

With time, she passed them one after the other. It was after two laps that I noticed she couldn't hold on any longer and her face was flushed. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead and back. "Eveline, don't give up! You can do this!" I muttered under my breath. Eveline managed to pass the finish line. But something unexpected happened. She crashed to the ground with a thud!

As quick as a flash, I rushed over to her. I picked her up and ran towards the infirmary.

Several teachers and students gathered around. The teachers tried to take her from me, but I refused. "Please stay with me, Eveline. Nothing must happen to you," I muttered with bated breath. Her safety was the only thing on my mind.

I carried her into the infirmary and put her on the bed. She was in a half-conscious state. Her eyes were slightly opened. I saw that her lips moved, she wanted to say something, but she didn't have the strength.

The doctor immediately examined her and said that she was tired and suffering from severe dehydration. He gave her a cup of sugar water, put her on a drip, and prescribed some medicines.

Eveline was so fagged out that she fell asleep almost immediately.

Worry still weighed me down. I stood beside the bed and stared at her face as she slept soundly.

Her long eyelashes drooped and trembled occasionally. I noticed that she unconsciously furrowed her eyebrows. It seemed like she was having a bad dream.

I rubbed her forehead to ease up her tensed nerves. Afterward, I noticed her hand where the cannula needle was inserted. It was so thin. I felt more pity for her.

It wasn't until the liquid in the infusion bag was almost finished that I finally decided to leave. She moved as if she was about to wake up.

I quickly went outside and stared at her through the window until she opened her eyes.

The next morning, I waited to see her close to the alley. Eveline walked out of the alley backing her schoolbag. she was walking steadily and her face looked normal. It seemed like she had recovered.

Like a good stalker, I followed her all the way to the school gate without her knowledge. She greeted every classmate and teacher that she saw. Kevin handed her a bottle of milk and some boiled eggs. She thanked him with the most infectious smile.

Not long after, I suffered a terrible blow.

I was in class when my head teacher suddenly called me out and told me that something had happened at home.

Like a mad man, I made my way to the hospital. The first thing I saw when I got to the ward was my dying mother.

I ran to the bedside and stared at her with horror in my eyes. She looked at me and opened her mouth as if she wanted to tell me something. However, she couldn't utter a word. All she could do was cry and hold my hand. Tears streamed sideways to her ears. My mother didn't want to leave me. She was worried about me. I could tell from the tearful gleam in her eyes.

She took her last breath while holding my hand. Nothing but great concern for me was written on her face.

My whole world came crashing down. I screamed at the top of my lungs. My mother was the only person that took care of me all these years. Never had I imagined that her ill health would lead to her death. I thought it was manageable even if we didn't find a cure. Thus, her death came as a heavy blow to me.

As I cried my eyes out, I looked at my father who was standing at the foot of the bed. His face was expressionless.

I wondered how he felt at that moment. Was he a little sad? Or did he see my mother's death as the best thing that ever happened to him?

It was common knowledge that he hated her. He had wanted her out of his way for a long time. He had avoided her like a plague because of the non-stop coughing. Worse still, he already moved on with another woman before her death.

My father didn't care about her, but she was my everything. This family meant nothing to me without her.

Two days after my mother's tragic passing, my neighbor informed me that the day she died, my father had brought his mistress home. Angry voices then rang out from the house. Not long after that, my mother was rushed to the hospital.