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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 156 - 160

Chapter 156 A Woman With A Child In Her Arms

While I was talking over the phone, a woman sat beside me with a baby in her arms.

After hanging up the phone, I stared at the sleeping baby in her arms. It was so darn cute!

Perhaps due to being cursed with the fate of becoming childless, (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)it was hard for me to resist the urge to take repeated glances at children. I found the baby's chubby face to be adorable.

The woman must've noticed that I had been staring at her baby, so she smiled at me.

I smiled back at her and asked, "How old is your baby?"

The woman replied, "Five months. She isn't weaned yet, so I need to take her with me whenever I go out. It's really exhausting."

I chuckled and nodded in agreement.

Being a mother must be really hard, but I was certain that it had satisfying and happy moments.

As I listened to the melodious song in the background, I watched the dancing crowd and felt that the current atmosphere was wonderful and harmonious.

After a while, the woman beside me stood up and looked a little embarrassed. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)"Do you mind looking after her for me for a little while? I just need to go to the bathroom."

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Considering that she wouldn't be able to take the baby to the bathroom, I agreed to look after her baby for the moment. Moreover, I didn't think that anything bad would happen, so I wasn't very vigilant.

"Sure, no problem!" I said.

"Thank you."

Not long after, she quickly disappeared among the crowd. Meanwhile, her baby was sleeping soundly. As I stared at the baby's sleeping face, my heart softened.

It made me wonder if my child would be as cute as this baby had it survived.

I didn't realize that something was wrong until more than a few moments had passed, but the woman still hadn't returned.

In the past, I had seen news of similar plots. In order to abandon their children, some people would come up with an excuse and ask others to look after their kids for a moment, but then they wouldn't come back.

Did that woman just abandon her baby?

At this moment, Derek, Louise, and the others were dancing farther and farther away from me. I couldn't see them, and they couldn't see me, either.

Just then, two men suddenly stood before me.

"I'm the father of that child. Give her to me," said one of the men, pointing at the baby in my arms.

The man's voice was frigid, and the way he spoke exuded no trace of fatherly love at all. Thus, I was on guard.

I needed to take responsibility for the baby for the time being. I couldn't just give her to anyone.

"I think it's best for us to wait until her mother comes. The lady just went to the bathroom, so I think she'll come back soon."

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However, the man seemed impatient to get the baby, so he reached for it.

“Just do as I say.”

Instinctively, I held the baby tight within my arms and moved aside.

But to my surprise, he tried to snatch the baby away from me.

Due to my instinct of wanting to protect the child, I bent down and desperately tried to protect the baby.

The man shoved me while trying to pull the baby from my arms simultaneously. He didn't even care that the baby could get hurt. He just pulled the child like it was some object.

A five-month-old child was quite delicate, so she wouldn't be able to stand such violence. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) The baby suddenly woke up and began to cry out loud.

The man's malicious intent was apparent. I was so afraid that the child would get hurt, and even more afraid that this wretched man would take her away. I screamed, desperately attempting to protect the baby.

However, the lively gathering at the bonfire party drowned the sounds of my voice and the child's cries, and nobody noticed us. There were several people looking at us, but no one seemed willing to meddle.

Suddenly, several men rushed towards us, tackling down the two men who were attempting to snatch the child away from me.

Just when I was feeling relieved, some of those men also held me down, and took the child from me.

They crossed my hands behind my back, and shackled me with a pair of handcuffs. The steel felt cold in my hands. In Her arms This sudden turn of events caught me off-guard.

Soon, more and more people noticed that something wrong was happening. The dancing crowd gradually stopped, and so did the singing. Everyone was now looking at us.

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Not long after, Derek saw me and strode towards me.

But before he could get close, some men halted him.

“The police are handling the case. Everyone, step back!” a man shouted sternly.

Louise glanced at me in confusion, whispering to the wind as if she was asking me what was going on.

All I could do was shake my head at her. I really had no idea what was going on, either.

Moments later, a plainclothes policeman put the child on a chair. She was still crying and she was flailing her tiny arms around.

The policeman opened the child’s clothes and saw an inner pocket inside the clothing. He then glanced at me, took out a small knife, and cut the pocket open. It was then that a bag of white powder appeared in our sights.

Upon seeing the bag of white powder and how sternly the policeman was glaring at me, I finally realized that the woman who gave the child to me wasn’t just abandoning her kid.

“That’s not mine! And the baby isn’t mine, either. I was just helping someone look after her.”

I knew that my explanation was useless, but I was unwilling to go down without explaining my side.

The policeman approached me and said, (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) “We’re taking you to the police station for a thorough investigation. Rest assured that we will not wrongfully convict an innocent person, but you must know that we will not let go of anyone who disobeys the law.”

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Chapter 157 The Baby Is Not Mine

I saw Derek and Louise rush over as I got pushed into the police car.

“Are the police allowed to just randomly arrest people like this?” Louise demanded, though I could hear the anxiety in her voice. They were immediately blocked by several officers.

The car door slammed shut just as I locked gazes with Derek through the crowd. His lips moved, mouthing the words, “Don’t be afraid” to me.

The engine started, and the car began to drive away. Pretty soon, he and Louise were nothing more than a blur in the distance.

Despite their show of support, I was utterly terrified. I had the child in my arms, and there was a bag of white powder hidden in her clothes. The white powder was probably some sort of drugs. Even I knew I couldn’t explain my way out of this situation.

The atmosphere in the car was tense, and the only sound was the baby wailing miserably.

The policeman who was holding her tried to coax her into silence, to no avail. The child might be young, but she was already able to recognize the familiar. And right now, she was surrounded by strangers.

We arrived at the police station, where I was immediately locked up in what I presumed to be

an interrogation room.

It was dark and closed off, without even a sliver of light coming from the outside. I stumbled around, feeling my way into safety. It wasn’t until I settled on a chair in the middle of the room that the panic started to set in.

Even so, I still had other, conflicting emotions besides panic.

Could I possibly clear my name? I was sure Derek would help me, but what could he do, exactly? And the baby... Was she still crying? Was she perhaps hungry? The police would probably feed her, wouldn’t they?

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I had no idea how long I stayed in that dark room, but it certainly felt like a century,

Just when I thought I might go insane, the door finally creaked open.

A bright beam of light intruded into the room.

After being in the dark for so long, the sudden light felt like an attack, and I squinted my eyes and ducked my head.

A man in uniform sauntered inside with a folder in his hand. A female officer trailed behind him.

They switched the light on over the desk and the man sat across me as he tossed the folder on the desk. He lit a cigarette, then took a slow drag while staring at me.

“Name? Age? Where are you from?”

I had only seen this kind of scene on TV, and read about it in books. I had never imagined that I would find myself actually participating in it one day.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and replied in what was obviously a nervous voice, “Eveline Stone, 26 years old, from Sousen.”

He raised an eyebrow.

“You’re from Sousen? What are you doing all the way here in Goldelta?”

As soon as he finished talking, the light from the lamp above us hit me square in the face.

I felt like some specimen under observation beneath a glaring spotlight. It gave me a sense of naked vulnerability.

“I came here on a tour,” I answered.

The man fiddled with his lighter and peered at me through the wisps of smoke he was blowing. When he spoke again, every word was as sharp and deadly as a dagger.

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“Tell us the truth. Don’t even try to lie and treat the police like idiots. Who is the person meant to take over your goods today? Reveal your accomplices, everyone involved. If you admit your crimes and cooperate with us, I will help you draft an appeal to the judge for a lighter sentence.”

A chill ran down my spine at his words. I felt my palms and the soles of my feet sweat.

In the face of such intense intimidation, I couldn’t help but feel a hint of guilt, even though knew I was innocent. I couldn’t even bear to look at the man at all.

“I am telling the truth. I don’t know what happened. The baby isn’t mine, and neither are these goods you’re talking about. I just helped a lady watch over her baby for a while. I don’t know about anything else.”

The man cleared his throat and gave the female officer a sideways glance. I quickly realized that he was telling her to record the conversation. “If the child isn’t yours,” he continued, “then whose is she?”

“Listen, I’d been dancing, so I decided to sit down and get some rest. Shortly after, a woman sat next to me, the baby in her arms. She said she wanted to go to the bathroom and asked me to look after the child in her absence. She even said she’d be back right away. I don’t know who she is, I was only trying to do her a favor.”

The man closed his eyes and rubbed his temples. A pregnant silence fell in the room.

I could tell that he had a lot of experience with interrogation; I saw the cunning gleam in his eyes. I braced myself, mindful of the traps I was sure he had laid out throughout our

conversation.

“Are you saying you didn’t steal the child? Didn’t you take her in order to try and cover up your crime?”

My eyes widened at the accusation. I shook my head vehemently.

“Of course I didn’t. I told you, a woman-a stranger-asked me to take care of the baby for a while. I know nothing about the baby’s circumstances. Please, sir, you must believe me.”

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He only sneered, "We only believe in facts and evidence. Someone has come forward and accused you of stealing the child."

I was stunned speechless, and I practically felt the color drain from my face.

This was outright slander!

"I didn't steal the baby. I really didn't." What else could possibly say to make them believe me? As feeble as my words were, they were the truth. I had nothing else to offer.

The officers didn't say anything more. They wrapped up with their documentation and left the room.

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Chapter 159 I Said No

After a while, we heard the sound of a car screeching to a stop right outside the yard. Derek came into the house, his eyes automatically seeking me out. He drew close before sparing an indifferent glance at my relatives. O

My cousin had yet to say anything since I came, but his eyes lit up, and his tongue became loose the moment Derek came into the picture.

“My dear cousin-in-law! You’re finally back!”

Derek said nothing. He didn’t even look twice at the other man.

“Derek, come upstairs with me,” Gifford said, turning away without waiting for a response.

At this point, even Belinda didn’t want to interact with my aunt anymore. She promptly stood up and left as well.

Father and son talked for quite a while upstairs. During their absence, my aunt looked around the house with her hungry eyes. “Rich people really live in a whole different world,” she remarked with an envious sigh.

I ignored her and continued to sit in silence.

But she wasn’t deterred. She rolled her eyes and sidled next to me, linking her arm around mine. “You really lucked out, Eve! You did good work by finding such an excellent husband. It’s a pity that your parents died early, or they could have lived a comfortable life with you.” o

I had no interest in pretending I was close with my aunt, or that I even remotely got along with her. Fortunately, Derek appeared at that exact moment.

He took my hand and pulled me to my feet. Then he turned to my aunt and said, “Allow me to drive you home, Aunt.”

We both knew such courtesies weren’t necessary, and that he offered anyway for my sake.

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Judging from my aunt's eager expression, it was probably her first time to ride a luxury car. She practically hopped into the back seat.

We were well on the road when she attempted another one of her tricks. "So here's the thing, Eve. Your cousin's wife is about to give birth. You should know how extreme the weather could get out on construction sites. It's so hot in the summer, and unbearably cold in the winter. It's not a good place for a pregnant woman and her baby. So I was wondering, why don't you let her stay in your home for a while?"

She was finally baring her true colors and her greedy intentions.

They had managed to find where Derek's father lived, so I had no doubt that they already knew my address.

"No," I said bluntly, my tone dead.

Although the villa was big enough to accommodate a large family, I simply didn't want them there. And I most certainly did not want to be forced into something I didn't want.

Derek remained silent beside me, his eyes fixed on the road ahead.

The atmosphere in the car turned awkward.

I thought my aunt was done then, but I was wrong. "Come on, Eve. We're still family, after all. You're living a nice and fancy life now. How can you stand aside and watch your cousin and his wife suffer?" "I don't like other people intruding into our home and disturbing us," Derek said all of a sudden, in a voice that brooked no argument.

My aunt sputtered into silence.

Derek reached over and clasped my hand. "The quality of life a woman gets, the environment and living conditions her child gets... These all depend on her man's strength and capabilities.

After hearing this, my cousin shrank back into his seat in embarrassment.

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We spent the rest of the drive in pointed silence. Derek didn't even turn off the engine when we arrived at the construction site. He just stalled and wordlessly waited for them to get out before speeding away again.

I was mortified at my shameless relatives, and I knew that he could tell. But instead of admonishing me, he gave me a warm smile.

"You did a good job."

My brows furrowed in surprise and confusion. He chuckled and explained, "You finally said no and stuck to your word."

He was right. In the past, I could never muster the courage to refuse anyone. As a result, I just kept on making things difficult for myself.

Things had changed, however. Now, I didn't want to bother with people who didn't deserve even a second of my time.

Just then, I remembered how he had disappeared with his father for quite some time. "What did you and your father talk about?" I couldn't help asking. "You were gone for so long."

Derek glanced at me briefly. He took his time answering, as if he had to mull it over. Finally, he said, "Lean wants to make an appeal."

I knew nothing about the man, besides the fact Gifford preferred him to Derek.

"Why is he in jail in the first place?"

It was a question I had been itching to ask, but couldn't.

Derek took out a cigarette and put it between his lips, but he didn't light it. He gazed ahead, his eyes blank. I couldn't even guess what might be going on in his mind.

I realized that I might have made a blunder just now. Perhaps I should have kept my question to myself.

I opened my mouth, determined to say something-anything to salvage the situation, but Derek suddenly pulled over to the side of the road.

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I looked out of the window and saw that we were in front of a shopping mall.

“Is there anything you want to buy?”

He lit the cigarette and took a long drag before grinning at me.

“Yes. I want to buy you some clothes.”

“Again?”

This extravagant streak of his had never sat well with me.

“The season has changed,” he said, as if that justified everything.

I was about to make another protest, but he cut me off.

“Come on, get out.”

And just like that, I was helplessly dragged into the mall.

In most cases, it was usually the women who went from store to store, browsing through the items, while the men sat in the corner, either impatient or resigned. But as for Derek and I, the roles were absurdly reversed. He was the one who kept buying stuff tirelessly, while I desperately dissuaded him from every purchase.

At long last, we finally emerged from the mall. We had to take a couple of shopping carts to hold the countless bags Derek had obtained in his unreasonable foraging.

I lamented our excessive outing all the way home.

“Eveline.”

Derek’s voice startled me, and my head whipped in his direction.

He squirmed in his seat and didn’t meet my eyes. Then he cleared his throat and spoke in a serious tone.

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“It is a basic measure of a man’s worth to be able to feed and clothe his woman welt.”

His words were laden with meaning, and they

It was the same feeling I had when he had appeared at his father’s house without warning.

I remembered thinking how dashing Derek had looked as he strode past the front door.

I knew that if he hadn’t come, my aunt would have probably made a bold and ridiculous request to Gifford. There was no limit to her shame, after all. And if that had really happened, I wouldn’t have the face to show Derek or his family.

“Why did you come today?” I asked before I could stop myself.

The fact that he seldom paid a visit to his father was no secret.

“Charlene called me,” Derek answered nonchalantly.

I blinked, taken aback. I couldn’t deny that I was grateful to Charlene for that.

She was a sharp and clever woman. She was able to comprehend the circumstances at a single glance.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 160

Chapter 160 Stabbed By Lean

By the time we got home, Aaron had already cooked dinner. Since I felt uncomfortable during our dinner, I went back to our room after only a few bites.

Just as I began to drift into sleep, I was awakened by someone’s weight over me.

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When I opened my eyes, I saw Derek leaning close to me. He was kissing my forehead, eyes, nose, and lips.

I wasn't in the mood to have sex, so I pushed him away. "Stop it."

He ignored the fact that I was resisting his advances. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) I began to feel anxious, so I pushed him away harder. "Derek, stop it! I said no!" I coughed and awkwardly said, "I'm on my period." Derek was stunned. It looked like he couldn't believe it.

"Really?"

"You think I'd lie to you about this?"

He got up from me, scratching his hair in frustration. "I'm going to take a cold shower," he said.

Before he could leave, I stopped him. "You'll catch a cold if you take a cold shower. The weather is cold nowadays."

Derek glanced at me, forcing a helpless smile.

"Cold water will be able to stifle my burning desire," he remarked.

Soon, I heard the sound of running water coming from the bathroom. I stared at the bathroom door, feeling a little bad for him.

The moment he came out, I was still awake because of pain coming from my lower abdomen.

Beneath the dim light, I stared at his muscular body and saw the scar on his waist.

He lifted the quilt and lay down a little far from me.

His naked upper body still looked a little moist, because he had just gotten out of the shower.

From beneath the quilt, I slowly ran my hand towards his abdomen.

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“Stop it,” he said, grabbing my hand and seemingly refusing my advance.

This time, he was the one who stopped me.

I ignored his words and touched his scar. “How did you get the scar?” He stared at the ceiling. I noticed his Adam’s apple bobbing up and down, and he seemed to be organizing his thoughts while recalling the past. “Lean stabbed me with a knife.”

I was shocked to hear that.

“What? Why did he do that? Aren’t you supposed to be brothers? Your mothers may be different, but you’re still blood-related, right?”

Derek grinned, but I could see a trace of desolation in his smile.

“My relationship with Lean is very different from what you’re thinking. We don’t share a brotherly bond. When his mother married my dad, he was already twelve years old. At the time, we didn’t like each other, and we were as incompatible as ice and fire.”

I was confused. Why did Derek help look after Lean’s woman then?(This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) And why did he give his brother some money? That just meant he still valued Lean as a brother, didn’t it?

*At the time, we often butted heads with each other. Men express their emotions directly, and will often lead to violent disagreements. Thus, we almost always punched each other during every fight. Not long after my father took him home, we got into a fight. That was when he stabbed me with a fruit knife. The cut wasn’t deep or fatal, but this scar might last for a lifetime. That’s why my grandpa didn’t want me to stay with my dad any longer, and he insisted on letting me live with him.”

Twelve-year-old boys were naturally impulsive and rebellious, but I was shocked to hear that Lean would be so reckless as to stab his half-brother with a knife. Was it really recklessness? Was it ignorance? Or maybe he was just cold blooded by nature?

Then, I remembered the time I saw Lean in prison.

He wasn’t a rebellious twelve-year-old boy anymore, but he was still arrogant and unruly down to his bones; almost as if he was born to be that way.

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“Did he land in prison because he assaulted someone? Or did he commit murder or something as bad?” I asked.

When I asked the question during the day, Derek didn't answer me.

But this time, he held me in his arms, gently sniffing my hair. It took him a while before he answered my question.

“When he got caught, he was found to be in possession of cocaine, and his accomplices testified that he was involved in drug trafficking.”

This story was so similar to the experience I had in Goldelta.

“How could he appeal for release despite the fact that there are several eyewitnesses and testimonies against him, and material evidence? It's impossible to get out of that one,” I remarked.

“His alibi is that he was carrying the drug around without his knowledge,” said Derek.

Obviously, the alibi sounded farfetched in my eyes. If he was carrying cocaine around without his knowledge, then why did he wait until now to submit an appeal?

Was it because he realized that he was a father now and he wanted to perform his fatherly duties?

But when I recalled how cold-blooded he was in prison that day, I thought that he probably had a different reason.

It made me wonder what he would do to Tina and their daughter if he were to get out of prison earlier.

As time fled by, I was drained of the energy to talk. Moreover, the pain coming from my belly was becoming worse and worse. My whole body trembled when I tried to endure it, and Derek noticed it soon.

“What's wrong?” he asked.

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I shook my head, biting my lower lip. "Nothing, I'm just having menstrual cramps." (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) "How bad is it? Don't force yourself to endure it if you can't. Come on, I'm taking you to the hospital."

It sounded like he was really worried about me, so I was moved.

I told him that going to the hospital wasn't necessary, but he still got out of bed.

After leaving the room for a few moments, he came back, followed by Aaron.

"If you don't want to go to the hospital, fine.

We have a doctor at home anyway," said Derek. I was rendered speechless.

Soon, the light in the bedroom was turned on. Aaron sat on the edge of my bed, staring at me with a frown.

"Where's the pain coming from? And why do you look so pale?" he asked.

Flustered, I glared at Derek and muttered, "My lower abdomen hurts."

Aaron eyed me up and down before saying, "Are you on your period?"

I didn't expect he'd be so straightforward, so I was caught off-guard. I felt embarrassed by the question.

"How did you know?" asked Derek.

Aaron stood up and smiled at him..

"I'm a doctor," he remarked.

After that, he went out. Moments later, he came back with a cup of tea in hand.

"Here. Have some ginger tea, Eveline. It'll make you feel better."

Upon accepting the cup, I smelled the pungent smell from the steam.

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“Thank you.”(This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) I was so embarrassed to have them around while I was on my period.

After drinking the ginger tea, I gradually felt comfortable enough to fall asleep.

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