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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 26 - 30

Chapter 26 Loss

"What do you think you're doing here? I said I wouldn't divorce you."

I didn't even want to look at him. I just passed him by, and walked into the alley.

"I'm just here to take back what belongs to me," Shane said from behind me.

Truthfully, I thought he was here to talk about the divorce.

When I heard what he said, I stopped in my tracks, turned around, and looked at him with amusement.

"What belongs to you?"

"Before we got married, I remember that I bought you a new pot, and an electric fan."

Shane looked quite embarrassed when he spoke. Perhaps he now realized just how shameless he was being.

At this moment, I had finally understood that two years was nowhere near enough to know someone well.

It was all so ridiculous!

"Right. You also bought a thermos bottle. Take them all if you want. Seeing them just upsets me." Having said that, I opened the door to let him in, so that he could take what he said belonged to him.

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He was so utterly shameless that he didn't even let go of a measly umbrella.

I pointed at the faucet in the bathroom and said, "You bought that one as well, right? Want to remove it and take it with you?"

Shane didn't respond to that. It took him two trips to take out all of his stuff. Before he left, he asked me, "When are you going through the divorce formalities with me?"

I sneered, "Don't you understand human language? Did I not already say that I won't divorce you?"

Shane frowned at me.

"Eveline, delaying it any longer won't do you or me, any good."

After that day, he called me almost every single day. I was so annoyed that I turned off my phone.

A week later, one of my colleagues in the hospital came to me, and told me a piece of bad news that finally broke my spirit.

My mother had died.

I rushed out of the alley and ran to the hospital as fast as my legs could carry me. Not far away, I saw a car pull over in front of me. It was Derek.

He then drove me all the way to the hospital.

Upon my arrival, the doctor told me that my mother died at six in the morning,

Her condition suddenly got worse last night, but the staff of the hospital couldn't get through to me. They spoke to Shane this morning and found out my current address:

During that time, my mother's corpse was covered with a thin white cloth, which separated her from the world of the living, and by extension, me.

I dropped to my knees, crawling hopelessly to the bed. The pain made me lose my mind. I repeatedly hit my head against the bed, crying at the top of my

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lungs.

“Mom! I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry, Mom! I failed you!”

The doctors and nurses who knew me pretended to comfort me, but in reality, they were enjoying the show.

Suddenly, a firm hand pulled my shoulder, preventing me from hitting my head again.

He didn’t say anything, but he held onto me as tight as he could.

On the day my mother was buried, I knelt before her tombstone for what seemed like forever, and refused to leave, even when it started raining. All the *while*, Derek just stood behind me in

silence, holding up an umbrella for me. “How long are you going to keep kneeling there?” he asked. I could barely hear the sound of his voice because of how noisy the rain was.

I didn’t answer him. Truthfully, I didn’t know for how long I would keep kneeling. All I knew was that even if I knelt until my legs became limp, I would never stop feeling guilty over my mother’s death.

Soon, dusk was approaching and the rain was getting heavier. Suddenly, Derek threw away the umbrella and picked me up. It wasn’t until my face was against his chest that I realized that he was soaking wet.

He then put me in his car, and fastened the seatbelt for me.

While he was driving, neither of us spoke. I held onto my mother’s portrait during the entire journey, as if I were holding onto the whole world.

The sound of rain dripping over the car window was so loud that to me, it

Clihpter 26 2011 seemed like it could destroy the world.

I told him that I wanted to go home.

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My voice was hoarse and lifeless; probably because I hadn't spoken for a long time. Upon hearing me, Derek frowned. He turned the steering wheel with one hand and took out a cigarette with the other. But for some reason, he put it back

When we arrived at the entrance of the alley, it rained even harder. Derek had thrown away the only umbrella we had earlier, so we had to stay in the car for a while.

My eyes peered through the rain-riddled car window and focused into the depths of the alley

Perhaps because of the ambience and the scenery, I suddenly recalled many things that happened in my past.

Back then, I came in and out of this same alley every day. My mother would send me out each morning, and would open the door for me and take my schoolbag each night. Although we

Chagur 26 weren't rich at the time, we lived a full and happy life.

But such happy days did not last long. Perhaps because of that reason, they stayed in my heart and became an unforgettable memory that could never be restored again.

Some people said that parents were the only ones who asked nothing in return for their love and devotion. And unfortunately for me, I would never again experience this kind of love.

Derek must've noticed that I was shaking violently, so he unfastened his seatbelt, and then he leaned over to unfasten mine. Afterwards, he locked me into his embrace.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 27

Chapter 27 Live On

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I had been suppressing my tears for a long time. But as I nestled in his arms, I finally broke down into tears, crying at the top of my lungs.

At this moment, the only sounds that could be heard aside from the downpour of rain were my cries.

Meanwhile, Derek hugged me in silence, doing his best to comfort me.

Truthfully, I had no idea for how long I had cried. As the time passed, I gradually calmed down, and the fall of rain became lighter.

After getting out of the car, Derek went around to open the door on my side, and bent in to carry me. I told him that I could walk by myself, but he still insisted on carrying me into the alley.

At night, the alley was eerily quiet. The sound of Derek's shoes stepping onto the puddles could be heard, and the sound

of splashing water resonated clearly

My wet clothes clung onto my body. The second a gust of wind fled by. I felt so cold that I shivered. Derek noticed that I was trembling, so he held me tighter in his arms.

"Eveline, people will not remain lucky or unlucky forever. Whenever you feel like your life is going horribly, it only means that good things are bound to come your way."

All the way to my house, he never let me go. His voice remained steady as usual; almost as if he didn't feel tired having to carry me around

"Derek, why are you so good to me?" I stared at his perfect jawline accentuated by the faint moonlight.

Soon, he put me down at the door of my house, slightly bending over, causing water to drip down from his wet hair. His Adam's apple bobbed as though he had a thousand words to say to me. But in the end, he just wiped away my tears **and said**, "I can't bear to see you in pain. You cry like a little brat."

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For some reason, I felt as though I had expended all the luck I had just to have the fortune of meeting this man

Ever since I was a young girl, I had received too little care. Only my parents, Seagull, and Louise had ever been good to me.

But thanks to fate, Derek entered my life in my most trying moment. He was so kind to me that I felt delighted and uneasy in his presence. The first thing I did when I entered my home was to put my mother's portrait beside my father's.

"You should get out of those wet clothes and change into something more comfortable. You might catch a cold," he remarked

Once I had finished taking a shower, I put on my pajamas and walked out of the bathroom. Outside, I saw him standing in front of an old desk. The soft light of the desk lamp illuminated him, and to me, his appearance seemed like mass of warmth and tenderness.

"Does this recorder still work?" Derek

pointed at an old recorder on the desk

"I'm fairly sure it still works, but it hasn't been used in a long time," I said as I dried my hair.

Then, I saw him take out a tape and insert it into the recorder. Perhaps due to not being used for a long time, the recorder sounded a little off in the beginning. But after a while, it returned to normal

Upon hearing the song from the recorder, I was left in a trance.

"I have experienced many vicissitudes of life, and my steps are imprinted in the depths of the mud. Move forward regardless of the wind and rain. I can't let down my youth and dreams. My life always has ups and downs, but I will never look back in the wind and rain. Even if I stumble through difficulties in this life, my life in this world will never be in vain. Live on, and live up to the meaning of life. Live on and expend every courage I have in my heart. Live on, and live well for the people who love me. I will reach my dreams, for the sake of

my youth that can never be returned."

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This particular tape had a story.

The year that my father died in a car accident and my mother became an invalid, was the darkest time of my life. From then on, I often received financial support from some kind people. One of those kind souls was a person named Seagull. He would send me money each month just to help out. Although it wasn't much, it never stopped.

When I was sixteen years old and in middle school, a student from medical school came to the office of my school and donated a thousand dollars to me. At the time, that sum of money was a big deal for me. I truly wanted to thank him face to face, but when I ran to the office, he had already left, leaving only the money, this tape, and his WhatsApp account. After I added him as a friend on WhatsApp, I finally knew that he was Seagull, the same person who had been helping me for years on end.

The tape was from an album of a band named the Thorn Birds, which was very

popular in the local area at the time. It was said that most of its members were students. They enjoyed singing some famous rock bands' songs, and also wrote original songs of their own.

The song I heard just now was named "Live On". It was one of the band's original songs. Its powerful voices and lyrics were always capable of healing my wounds.

Seagull and I had been communicating through WhatsApp all these years, but not once had I had a chance of meeting him in person.

As the song resonated through the old recorder, Derek stood in front of the desk with his hands in his pockets, while I stood a few meters behind him. It seemed that both of us were enamored by the song, and neither of us moved.

Each word from the song's lyrics hit my heart like an arrow.

No matter how difficult my life could be, I must live on, so as not to fail the meaning of life.

Once the song was over, I was still immersed in its artistic conception. With his back to me, Derek remarked, "The most powerful person in this world isn't Superman, but someone who has been knocked down a hundred times, but still has the strength and courage to stand up a hundred and one times. The former may be strong, but the latter is courageous."

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He was always saying stuff like that to me. He taught me how to stand as steady as an oak in times of trouble, and to stand in a posture that would never be defeated

“Anyway, I’ll be leaving now. Good night!” he said abruptly.

When I came to my senses, he had already walked to the door and opened

His wet shirt clung to his back, outlining his figure.

It was then that I heard the rain getting heavier outside. “The rain is getting

stronger. You can crash on my couch if you want.

Slowly, he turned around and leaned against the door. With a faint smile on his lips, he said, “Don’t you know how dangerous it is to be around a single man all night?”

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 28

Chapter 28 An Outrageous Act

I had no idea what Derek was thinking of me at the moment. Since I had already said what I said, even if there was something wrong with it, it could never be taken back

“I mean just look outside. It’s raining cats and dogs. Compared to letting a man stay the night, staying in a single man’s house is even more dangerous,

right?

My explanation was clumsy, to say the least. Actually, I was just trying to express how much I trusted him. That day, when he took me home, nothing happened between us, which led me to believe that he was a man of good moral standing

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He looked at me with a smile on his face, seemingly about to drop a banter. But his phone suddenly rang.

Upon seeing the caller ID, he frowned,

Charter Am Outdoor AI hesitating for a few moments. In the end, he decided to answer it.

A woman's voice could be heard from the receiver. She called him "Derek". It was then that he turned his face to one side, lowering the volume of his phone. After that, I could no longer hear what the woman at the other end of the line was saying

Obviously, he didn't want me to hear this conversation.

He then lit a cigarette, silently listening to the woman on the phone.

After quite a while, he took a deep drag on his cigarette and said, "Okay, I'll be there soon."

He hung up, and turned his attention to me. I was standing by the door in a daze.

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"Listen, I have something."

From the sound of his gentle voice and the look in his soft eyes, I could tell that he wished to comfort me and didn't want me to overthink it.

As I thought of random things, my face turned red.

I wondered why he made it seem like I didn't want him to leave.

Feeling uneasy, I turned around, saying that I was going to get an umbrella. But then, he grabbed my wrist and glanced at his wet clothes.

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"I'm already drenched. Getting even wetter won't bother me."

Having said that, he let go of my wrist, turned around, and went downstairs.

I felt as though my wrist was burning. As I stood at the door, I heard his footsteps slowly fading down the staircase.

Moments later, I closed the door. I went to the window and saw him appear in the alley, walking in hurried steps. The cinder of the cigarette between his fingers flickered along the way, until he was swallowed by the endless darkness of the night.

Songs of poor sound quality was still resonating from the recorder. Right now,

Chester 2 An Ounces Act the Thom Birds' cover version of "Hold on to My Dream" was playing.

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

There was no snow tonight, but it was raining. The light of the desk lamp was reflected in the window, revealing the steady downpour of rain in the halo.

I didn't expect that Shane would call me tonight. I already knew his purpose of calling, so I ignored the continuous ringing of the phone at the bedside table. I stood quietly in front of the window, watching the rain and listening to the music.

After a time had passed, Shane still insisted on calling me. Thus, I sneered and picked up the phone.

"Eveline," he shouted hurriedly, seemingly afraid that I would hang up.

I held the phone and did not speak, waiting for him to say what he needed to say.

"Eveline, we can't delay the divorce. I..

"Fine, if you want a divorce, let's get divorced." I didn't want him to keep beating around the bush, so I interrupted him midsentence.

"Wait, really?" Shane sounded like he couldn't believe what he was hearing.

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“What else would you want to talk about? Wait for me at 9 am, two days from now,” I said listlessly

“Okay.” I could tell from the sound of his voice that he felt relieved.

It was easy to tell that he had a hard time with Vivien because he still couldn't get divorced.

Back then, I used to be so obedient to him, but Vivien was different. We had worked together for so long that I knew her well enough to know her personality. She had never been a good person.

Once I had said my piece, I hung up, threw the phone onto the bed, and scoffed.

Since Shane wanted a divorce, I would

Chmer28 An Outico A fulfill his wish. But because he cheated on me, I needed a way to vent my anger and let him suffer as I had suffered.

On the night of the next day. I specially wore the shortest dress I had, put on some makeup, and went out with my purse. I went to a remote bar, which was relatively far from the city center. I had planned to find a man attractive enough, and have a one night stand with him.

To be honest, I had never done something this outrageous before. It was quite exciting to think about.

If I were being perfectly candid, Derek was a very attractive man. But I must hide my feelings for him, and bury that secret at the pit of my heart forever,

He had told me that I should be responsible for him if I ever slept with him. And I must admit that I could not commit to something like that right now. Besides, I still had no idea who the woman that had called him last night was. But since he left after receiving her phone call despite the heavy downpour of rain, I gathered that she must be very

important to him.

My own marriage was destroyed by another woman, so I must never let myself be the catalyst of destroying other people's relationships. If I didn't meet the right man at the right time, it only meant that I wasn't very fortunate

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I ordered a glass of liquor, staring at the dancing figures and leching souls in the neon light. Soon, I began to look for a target.

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Chapter 29 Try It And You'll Know

As I swiveled the glass in my hand, I flashed a friendly smile at the bartender behind the counter. "Hey handsome, my phone is out of power. Do you mind letting me borrow yours?"

People working at a place like this one were very slick. They would never refuse a female guest's moderate request. Thus, the bartender quickly unlocked his phone and handed it to me.

Afterwards, I used his phone to send a quick message, and then I gave the phone back to him and thanked him for letting me use it.

Moments later, a man sat down beside me.

"Hi, miss. Are you alone?"

His opening remark was of no interest to me. Out of politeness, I turned my head and smiled

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He had colorful hair and wore a row of large earrings, making him look like a hooligan. It was obvious that this man wasn't a decent person.

Well, he wasn't an ideal candidate for my one-night stand.

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Truthfully, I wasn't expecting too much. At the very least, the man should look good and decent.

Soon, my smile disappeared, and I didn't answer his question. I made it apparent that I did not want to speak with him.

But that man was quite insistent. He kept on flirting with me, saying that I was beautiful and that I had a good temperament. I took his words as a joke. Every now and then, I would take a sip of my liquor. Soon, the glass in my hand was almost empty, and he was getting closer and closer to me.

"Miss, I think an Angel's Kiss suits you better."

His poor accent almost made me want to throw up.

Seeing that I didn't refuse his offer, he told the bartender to bring me a glass of the said cocktail.

The cocktail was quite strong. Thanks to the lesson I had learned from being drunk last time, I didn't dare to get drunk again. Although I was ready to have a one night stand, I needed to stay sober. And this time, without Derek and Louise, I must look after myself.

This rowdy looking man wasn't suitable. I swiveled the glass in my hand again, scanning the crowd for a target.

At this time, a man wearing a jacket came over and said something to the bartender

He was visibly stunned when he saw me. And I also seemed to recognize him somehow, but I couldn't remember where I had seen him.

The second he left the bar counter, he picked up his phone and made a phone call. He was a little far away, and the surrounding was noisy, so I couldn't hear what he said on the phone at all.

And you'll Brow But I found him staring at me as the spoke to the other person.

Naturally, I didn't assume that his phone call had anything to do with me.

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After a few more glasses of alcohol, I felt tipsy, but I was still sober. This was the optimal level of intoxication I was looking for.

The man with the colorful hair soon became restless. Slowly, he placed his hand on the back of mine. Just when I was about to shake it off, I noticed Shane coming in from the door.

“Good. He came,” I remarked inwardly.

I knew that he would come after receiving the message, because he cared about his dignity as a man

Thus, I restrained the urge to slap the man with the colorful hair, and even smiled at him. It seemed that my smile motivated him to advance further.

Once Shane came over, he looked extremely sullen.

I pretended not to notice him. The man

chattered till And you’ll Kri with the colorful hair had his back to the door, so he didn’t see that someone was approaching behind him with a fiendish expression. He just focused on holding my hand

It was then that Shane lifted the man with the colorful hair, and shoved him away.

Obviously, this hooligan wasn’t someone easy to mess with. He immediately spat on the floor, pointing at Shane’s nose. “Who the fuck do you think you are? You wanna die, punk?”

Shane straightened himself, pointing at me with confidence. “She’s my wife, you asshole!”

Upon hearing this, the rowdy man with colorful hair was stunned. He looked at me and asked, “Is that true?”

With a smile, I picked up my glass and took a sip. “Nope.”

The rowdy man gained confidence. He pushed Shane’s hands away and shouted, “So, she’s not your wife, huh? Get the

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fuck out of here. Don't claim that she's your wife if she's not!

Shane's face turned red. I could tell that he wanted to show the other man our marriage certificate at the moment.

He glared at me, grabbed my wrist, and pulled me up

"Eveline, as long as we aren't divorced, you are still my wife."

Because of how much strength he exerted, my wrist felt painful, but I did not submit to his will. I shook off his hand, and sneered, "Shane, are you insane? Don't go hysterical in here!"

Shane was rendered speechless. He glared at me, gritting his teeth as if he wished to flay me alive.

Then, he suddenly pulled me to an inconspicuous corner of the bar. The man with the colorful hair and everyone else must've gathered from our conversation that we were having an lover's spat, so they no longer interfered.

Soon, Shane dragged me into a private

Chun 29 y And room, threw me onto the sofa, and slammed the door. He then tilted his neck to loosen his tie, all the while looking quite infuriated.

"Eveline, I never thought you'd be this kind of person. You just can't wait to find a man, can you? Even Derek failed to satisfy you?"

I had never seen him this irritable and vulgar. After all, he was so good at pretending before.

I got up from the sofa, feeling dizzy. Then, I cast a particularly disdainful glance at him. O

"I'm just like any other woman. Isn't it normal that I can't wait to find another man? Besides, you know better than me how we got along these past two years. How is my life any different than a widow's?"

I could never have said such words in the past, but due to the inebriation and my determination to upset him, I blurted out those words without thinking of the consequences of provoking him in a private room while we were alone.

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“Are you doubting my capabilities? Try it and you’ll know.”

His gloomy eyes fell on me, and I sensed something ominous was about to happen

The following moment, he walked towards me and pressed me down on the sofa

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Chapter 30 It’s Completely Legal

The sound of tearing cloth instantly pushed me to the brink of despair. “Shane, what the fuck do you think you’re doing? Don’t sully me with your dirty hands!”

I tried my best to push him away, but a woman’s strength could never compare to a man’s. Moreover, Shane wasn’t acting human at this moment. He was more of a wild beast, driven by his frustration, and had lost all rationality.

“Dirty, you say? Do you think you’re pure, Eveline? Tell me, if you’re so ‘pure like you claim to be, then why the hell are you at a place like this, hoping to hook up with someone?”

His eyes were bloodshot, and his iron like arms were powerful enough to crush me. All my struggling was in vain.

“Shane, let go of me!”

A wild grin appeared on his lips. “Call for help all you want. Nobody can stop what’s about to happen. It’s completely legal!”

Indeed, we were a legally married couple.

It was ridiculous and pathetic, yet it was a fact.

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At this moment, only sadness reigned in my heart. I loathed how horrible it was for me to be stuck in this crappy marriage. If I could turn back time, I would rather not meet him at all.

Shane lowered his head, intending to kiss me. I turned my head, refusing to give him what he wanted, but he grasped my face and did whatever he wanted.

He was my husband, but his kiss felt strange to me. In the countless nights I spent alone, all I hoped for was the comfort of his kiss. But at this moment, his violent kiss made me particularly disgusted. The thought of how many times he must've kissed his dirty

chante 30 Completely Legal mistress with his lips made my stomach churn. I wanted to vomit right now.

He wanted to stick his tongue into my mouth, but I gritted my teeth to prevent him from succeeding. Unexpectedly, he pinched my waist so hard. It hurt so badly that it made me open my mouth. He took that opportunity to slip his tongue in.

As soon as I closed my teeth in retaliation, he hissed and backed away. He touched his lip that I had bitten, and a faint devilish smile appeared on his face, as if he were mocking me.

"I thought you'd be skilled enough after being taught by Derek. It seems that kissing skills are really innate."

His insulting words angered me so much that I forgot why I even came here. And so, I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand with disgust.

"Not everyone is like you, asshole! Derek and I never..."

"Who said so?"

It was then that we heard the door of the private room being kicked open, followed by a nonchalant voice.

Derek stood at the door against the backdrop of the neon lights. His head was slightly lowered, and there was a cigarette in his mouth, making him look strong and somewhat intimidating.

The man standing next to him was the one I felt that he looked familiar at the bar earlier.

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For some reason, I felt that the second Shane saw Derek, he was like a balloon pierced by a needle. It seemed that all of his confidence had disappeared.

"What do you think you're doing, Shane?"

Then, I heard the familiar shrill female voice. Shane was shocked, but I was amused.

When I sent a message to Vivien, I had no plan of putting this display for her to watch. But Shane brought this upon himself, so I could only say this was his fate.

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I struggled to move away from him, and this time, he didn't stop me. He even sat **up to straighten himself**.

Once he had tidied his clothes, he appeared awkward and ashamed of himself. He no longer looked as confident as he was when he claimed that what he was doing was legal.

"Shane, you still want this bitch?" Vivien strutted into the private room, pointed at me while questioning Shane. There was disbelief written all over her face.

He cleared his throat and stood up. "Vivien, why are you here?"

He then tried to hold her, but he was refused.

"Were you actually going to sleep with her if I hadn't come?" asked Vivien.

I sneered. People who were unaware of our situation must think that she was the legal wife and I was the third party.

"No, Vivien, it's not what you think."

"Then, what is it?"

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I could tell from their interaction that Shane was very humble in front of Vivien. Clearly, making her submissive to him as I was to him before was difficult. But this man was a chauvinist. I wondered how long he could endure being henpecked by a woman.

Truthfully, I preferred not talking to these two idiots at all. Though it made me happy to get a taste of revenge. I felt ashamed that Derek had to see me in a state like that.

I straightened my disheveled dress and rushed out of the room with my purse. Derek stretched out his arm to stop me at the door. Soon, his familiar scent wafted into my nose.

"Eveline, it's only been a few days. How could you forget so soon? It seems that I'll have to help you recall how good it was," he said.

My heart skipped a beat. What did he mean?

Before I could know what he was saying, he threw the cigarette on the floor and

Chando completely Legal crushed it underfoot with his leather shoes. Suddenly, he picked me up and walked inside.

"Dude, clear the place out." His daunting expression was so charming to me.

Then, I heard the man in the jacket shout, "If you're smart enough, just hurry up and leave. Can't you see that my buddy is in a hurry?"

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