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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 51 - 55

Chapter 51 A Woman Good At Fighting

The female singer wanted to avoid him, but the drunken man held her waist without hesitation.

“Great performance, Miss beautiful! Sing a few more songs for me, okay? I’m rich.” He took out his wallet, from which he took out a stack of cash. This act caused the audience to burst out into laughter.

The female singer must’ve gotten accustomed to a situation like this one, so she just calmly took the money from him and put it into her pocket.

“Sure. I’ll sing.” Fortunately, the drunken man didn’t do anything else that was offensive. He just staggered off the stage and went back to his seat peacefully. Thus, the female singer continued singing, while the people seated with the drunken man began to chat loudly.

“Who’s the original singer of this song?” the drunken man asked.

The others at the same table didn’t seem to know the answer. After all, Thorn Birds had been disbanded many years ago, so it wasn’t surprising that not many people knew about them.

“I think it came from a band. What’s its name? Oh, I remember now! The band’s name was Thorn Birds!”

“Ah, yes! Thorn Birds. I remember that the female vocalist of the band was named Sybil Nash.”

The drunken man slammed his hand onto the table as if he just had a moment of enlightenment.

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“Right! That’s her name. Man, that bitch was so fucking cheap!”

“Yeah, you’re right. I heard that she died young. What a pity. Some people said that she was very pretty.”

Those nasty men were gossiping as if nobody else was around. Moreover, they were clearly hammered, and they were so loud. Only one person at the entire table had been drinking in silence. The others would stand up from time to time to propose a toast to the silent man, as if ingratiating themselves with him. It seemed that the silent man was the leader of that group of men.

Just as I was involuntarily interested in their topic, I heard a loud crash that silenced everyone.

I glanced at the direction of the loud noise and saw blood dripping down the head of the drunken man. And the man who stood beside him was holding half a broken bottle in hand with a grim expression. This fearsome man was Derek.

The moment I regained my composure, the table where the commotion was happening had been overturned. Felix, Eric, and all of their buddies picked up beer bottles and rushed over to Derek’s enemies and joined the fray without hesitation. Derek’s hand had been injured and blood was dripping from it nonstop. But even so, he still held a straight face. His eyes exuded a terrifying calmness, and his mere presence was so daunting that any person could tell that he would not fall down so easily.

The other customers began to scream and run away. Soon, the bar was almost empty.

However, the female singer onstage was still holding her guitar, staring blankly at the fight. It was as if she had been scared silly.

The fighting was so fierce that I could not speak either.

Upon seeing that Derek’s hand was still bleeding, I stood up and almost cried. Compared to the fear I was feeling, I was more worried about him.

“Derek! Stop! Please!”

However, my voice was drowned in a sea of curses.

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A beer bottle broke on Felix's shoulder, and soon, blood oozed through his plaid shirt. He turned around and threw a punch at his opponent. "You ignorant fucker! I'm going to kill you!"

They began to hit each other with whatever they could grab, wounding their enemy. It seemed like nobody had the upper hand.

I had no idea when Louise joined them. She was a black-belter in Taekwondo, and she was marvelous to watch whenever she was fighting. The moment she joined the fight, she managed to take down several men by herself.

The leader of the group of men stood aside, staring at Louise with curiosity. "A woman who's so good at fighting? That's interesting," he spat.

"Cut the crap."

Louise swept her leg across the man, but he dodged her attack.

She began to throw numerous attacks against him, but the man was just dodging her throughout their battle.

I watched Louise's fight and Derek's alternately, with my heart hanging at the tip of my throat.

At this moment, Derek was fiercely fighting against the drunken man. His face was bruised, and there was blood dripping from the corner of his mouth.

The drunken man looked even more miserable. His face was riddled with cuts and bruises, but he still kept on swaggering his fists.

I couldn't understand why men fought. Whenever they lost their temper, they would always resort to violence.

Derek was so concentrated on dealing with the drunken man that he didn't notice that another man had thrown a beer bottle at him from behind.

Without hesitation, I used my body to shield him.

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As if he had predicted I would do that, Derek pulled me away. The following moment, the bottle hit his head heavily, and the shards of glass and dribblets of beer splashed onto my hair and face.

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Chapter 52 She Is My Woman

When I saw blood flowing down Derek's forehead, I was so scared out of my wits. "Oh, my God, Derek! Are you okay? Don't scare me like that!" I said in a trembling voice.

He held me in his arms and smiled. Gently, he brushed away the fragments of glass from my hair.

"Silly girl," he muttered in an affectionate voice.

Luckily, the police arrived in time. Due to the aftermath of the fight, everyone was injured to varying degrees, so they were first taken to the hospital to treat their wounds.

I watched as a doctor cleansed Derek's wound, and took out the residues of glass from his scalp using tweezers. It made my heart ache to see him in this state. From the beginning up until the end, he didn't even flinch or wince. He looked so calm that he didn't seem like he was wounded. There was a lot of blood on his white shirt, making it particularly bloody.

The back of Louise's hand had also been grazed, and the doctor took care of it as well.

While the doctor was treating Felix's wound, for some reason, he looked annoyed. Suddenly, he held Louise's hand, staring at the wound on her hand.

"What happened to you? Why did you get yourself involved in a fight between men?"

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Louise withdrew her hand, looking a little uneasy. "So what if I'm a woman? Don't you dare look down upon women! Without me, you probably would've been beaten to death."

It seemed that Felix couldn't refute her claim. He was so angry that he kicked the chair beside him.

Once their injuries had been treated, they were all taken to the police station for isolated interrogation.

Meanwhile, I was waiting outside on my own, suffering every second of it.

I wasn't in the mood to think about why Derek started that fight. I was worried about him. I had no idea how serious the matter was, but I knew that he started the fight, so he should probably take the most accountability for what happened.

The first one to come out was Louise. She immediately sat beside me.

"They said it wasn't a big deal. Don't worry, Eve. They're just asking us for a brief statement of what happened."

She spoke in a nonchalant manner, perhaps in an attempt to comfort me.

"Eve, someone as capable as Derek will certainly get rid of all this trouble without breaking a sweat. Trust me, if he couldn't make this matter disappear, he wouldn't have started that fight," she continued.

I wondered if it was true. I wasn't that optimistic about it. No matter how capable Derek could be, the law would certainly show no mercy to anyone.

Louise and I had been waiting for an hour. It was far too long for us.

The moment Derek stepped out of the interrogation room, I was stunned.

The bandage on his head and the blood on his white shirt still looked particularly appalling. However, he was walking casually with one hand in his pocket and a cigarette in his other hand wrapped in gauze. Somehow, to me, he didn't seem like he just came out of an interrogation room. He looked like he just finished playing cards.

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I strode to his side and asked, "Are you okay?"

Derek placed his injured hand on my shoulder, and put on a smile, despite how tired he looked.

"Never better," he replied.

Moments later, the others came out one after another.

Inside the police station, they didn't spare each other a glance. But the moment they walked out, Felix finally burst with anger, pointing at those ruffians with a warning.

"You bastards better not show your ugly faces to me again!"

I glanced at his enemies and prayed in my heart that they would not start a fight again at the entrance of the police station right after the matter had been resolved.

Perhaps it was because he knew that this wasn't a place they were supposed to be fighting in, the leader of the other party just raised an eyebrow and said, "Don't be so arrogant, you brat. We'll see you another day."

Having said that, he glanced over at Louise and put on a playful grin.

"You're a good fighter, girl. I like you."

My heart sank when I realized that something bad was about to happen.

Just as I had expected, Felix threw his half-smoked cigarette to the ground, cursed, and was about to assault the other man. Fortunately, Derek stopped him right in time.

Upon seeing Felix's reaction, the leader grinned at him.

"Is she your woman?" he remarked.

Felix flared up with anger as he gritted his teeth, pointing at the leader of the other party while his chest was heaving up and down. "Listen carefully, man. She is my woman. If you even try to lay a hand on her, I'm going to make you regret it for the rest of your life!"

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The leader must've spent a lot of time in the underworld, so Felix's threat meant nothing to him.

He just glanced at Louise and replied, "Oh, I see. Then I'm even more interested in her now. Miss Beautiful, remember my name. It's Layne Thurman."

"Just get the fuck out of here. Don't get in my way!"

Louise didn't show Layne a shred of respect, but the latter didn't seem angered by it. He just glanced at her wounded hand and smirked.

"One of my buddies accidentally hurt you. I'm going to teach them a good lesson when I get back," said Layne.

"Didn't you hear her tell you to get the fuck out of here?" Felix barked.

It seemed that Felix's patience had run out. If Layne were to linger any longer, a fierce battle would break out again.

Fortunately, Layne and his men finally went on their way.

"What nonsense were you talking about?" Louise cast Felix a glare. She must be talking about how he declared that she was his woman.

At this moment, he seemed frustrated. He took out a cigarette from his pocket and remarked, "Don't be silly. That Layne is a fucking asshole."

Without even looking at him, she replied, "I know. I don't need you to remind me." At this time, the female singer who got molested in the bar came out of the police station.

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Chapter 53 Why Did You Marry A Divorced Woman

I had this vague feeling that Derek started the fight because of the female singer, so I subconsciously looked over at her.

While we were at the bar, I was only paying attention to her performance. Now that I was taking a good long look at her, I found that she was charming and had long flowing brown hair.

Upon glancing at the guitar on her back, I remembered the one in Derek's room and how strangely he acted that day when I found it.

Thus, I was even more certain that the reason he fought today was because of this woman.

As she stood in front of him, she held the hem of her clothes, looking quite uneasy.

"Derek, you need to know that what happened today is a common occurrence. I'm a female singer working at a bar. It happens, okay? Besides, in everyone else's eyes, a woman like me is not pure. If we retaliate after getting molested, they're going to say that we're being too sentimental. I'm used to this kind of thing. You didn't have to start a fight because of what happened."

The way she spoke to him reminded me of how Derek left my house despite how heavily it was raining that night.

Was it possible that this woman was the same person who called him at that time?

I looked at Derek, hoping to get an answer from him.

He took a drag on his cigarette, looked at the woman and said, "Just focus on singing. Someone will appreciate your performance someday."

Felix walked over to their side, patting the female singer's shoulder. "Go home, Cindy Draper. There's no need to worry. That bar is mine, and I will not allow my employees to be wronged like that."

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I only found out her name from Felix. He said that she was Cindy Draper.

Seemingly moved by his statement, she nodded and expressed her gratitude. "Thanks, Felix. Anyway, I'll be on my way now." With that, Cindy turned around and walked away into the night.

I watched her walk away and set aside my doubts about her relationship with Derek. But if I was being honest, I was actually quite emotional about this.

Every profession had its own fair share of difficulties. Everyone was just trying to do their best to survive. Life wasn't easy for anyone.

Later on, we parted. Louise called her father's chauffeur to pick her up, while we took a cab back to the villa.

With his eyes closed and one hand on his forehead, Derek leaned against the headboard.

"You feeling okay?" I was worried about him.

"I'm fine. Just a little dizzy, that's all," he said.

When I heard him say that, I was even more worried. "Do you want to go to the hospital for a CT scan? There might be an underlying problem that we still don't know."

He took his hand off his forehead, chuckled, and said, "Your husband is feeling dizzy because of hunger, Eve."

"Ah, I see. I'll go to the kitchen and cook some porridge, then," I replied.

Derek nodded in response.

When I went downstairs, I found Felix and Eric there. I pointed upstairs to imply that Derek was up there, so they nodded and went upstairs.

Meanwhile, I made some minced meat porridge, and brought a bowl to Derek's room.

When I was near the door of his room, I heard them talking inside.

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I had no idea why I slowed down and made sure that my footsteps were silent.

“Derek, it’s been eight years since it happened. Just let it go, man!” said Felix.

My hands tightened on the bowl.

“I’ve moved on from it for a long time now, Felix,” said Derek.

“If that were true, then why did you act like that today? Even if it was not your intention, other people might think that you were standing up for Cindy. Besides, there’re so many women who’d want to sleep with you! Why did you marry a divorced woman out of all people?” 1

As I stood at the door, completely dumbfounded, I wondered what Derek’s answer might be.

I was both hopeful and afraid of it. My heart felt like it was being jabbed repeatedly by a knife from all the anticipation.

I wanted to escape, for I was so scared of hearing his answer. But for some reason, I couldn’t bring myself to move from my spot.

“Eveline, why don’t you come in?”

Eric said from behind me. The sound of his voice startled me.

Pretty soon, the door was opened from inside. Felix was standing inside the room, staring at me.

“Do you guys want to eat? There’s still some porridge left in the kitchen,” I said, trying my best to sound calm.

With one hand in his pocket, Felix walked out of the room and replied, “You know what? I am kind of hungry. Come on, Eric. Let’s go downstairs and eat.”

Afterwards, he placed his arm around Eric’s shoulders and went downstairs with him.

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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 54

Chapter 54 Are You Full

When I entered Derek's room with the bowl of porridge, I found that he had taken off his shirt. My eyes instantly glanced at his muscular upper body, and I didn't dare to look at it for a second time.

"I cooked some minced meat porridge. Do you like it?" Derek rested his hand behind his head, staring at me leisurely. "I enjoy whatever you cook for me."

Felix's remark earlier made me a little uncomfortable. So, I put down the bowl of porridge, intending to leave. However, Derek told me, "Can you feed me?"

I paused when I heard him say that.

Then, he showed me his bandaged right hand, implying that it was inconvenient for him to eat on his own right now.

That would indeed be a problem for him.

So, I took a deep breath, sat on the edge of the bed, and began to feed him. I made sure to blow on every spoonful to ensure that it wouldn't be too hot for his tongue.

I could feel him staring at me throughout the entire process. I didn't dare to look at him, or his body. I could only look at the porridge and the spoon. "It's a little salty," he remarked abruptly.

"Huh? Is it?" All the uneasiness and complicated emotions I had been feeling were dissipated by his words.

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"If you don't believe me, try it."

Perhaps due to my absentmindedness, I tried the porridge with the spoon I used to feed him.

After having two spoonfuls of porridge, I said, "I have a sensitive tongue, and I don't think it's that salty."

When I tried to feed him again, Derek didn't open his mouth. Then, I noticed that he was smiling.

I suddenly realized something, and wondered if he disliked that I ate from the same spoon.

I blushed and told him, "Okay. I'll go get another spoon."

Right after I said that, I was about to stand up, but he held my hand and put the spoonful of porridge into his mouth.

He not only ate the porridge, but also licked the remains on the spoon.

Not a second later, he held my hand while continuing to lick the spoon and staring into my eyes. Somehow, his display was very arousing. Just seeing it made me blush and my heart begin to beat faster. Just watching him lick the spoon sent a tingle down my spine. If he wasn't holding my hand, I probably would've dropped the spoon by now.

"Eveline," he muttered.

"Hmm?" I was too nervous to speak.

Suddenly, he grabbed the back of my head, causing the bowl in my hand to slip to the floor and break.

The moment I fell to his body, he began to kiss me.

His kiss wasn't wild. To be honest, it was passionate and tender. And such tenderness was something that I could not resist.

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Not long after, the door opened from outside. I wanted to jump away, but Derek held my head too tightly, and then he put his tongue inside my mouth.

“Oh! Sorry, guys. Please, continue.” Felix sounded like he was amused by what he saw. He must’ve heard the sound of the bowl breaking and rushed upstairs immediately.

Soon, the door was closed again. Derek was kissing me with such skill, and I was getting weaker and weaker despite my efforts to push him away. At first, I resisted the kiss, but soon I found myself

regret drowning in this moment.

He kept on kissing me for a long time. The second he let go, we locked eyes. Both of us were catching our breaths after the kiss.

“Did you like it?” he asked, wearing a charming smile. I indeed liked it, but I didn’t say anything. Derek let me lean against his chest. His stark naked chest was so close to my face that I could hear his heartbeat. It sounded very powerful. And as I listened to it, I gradually calmed down.

Derek paused and told me, “Eveline, you need to understand that everyone has a past. You have yours, and I have mine. Truthfully, before I met you, I didn’t like being in this house. It felt empty and lonely to live here alone. Do you remember the first time you cooked in the kitchen? I told you before that seeing a woman cooking

in the kitchen made me feel like I had a home. When I cooked with you in the kitchen the other day, I came to realize that this was indeed my home. I enjoy seeing you cook and wearing an apron. The mere sight of you doing it is so beautiful.”

It was worth noting that Derek had a way with words; or rather, he had a way with women.

These words made me forget about everything else. All I wanted to do was to put on an apron and cook for him. 1

“That day, when I was cooking with you in the kitchen, I suddenly felt that this was the life I wanted. Eveline, I want to live a happy life with you,” said Derek.

He was so honest. It was touching, and I appreciated this side of him.

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I guessed that he must've figured out that I heard his conversation with Felix earlier, and that must be why he said those things to me.

I didn't want to trouble myself with unnecessary details. After experiencing a failed marriage, I dared not dream of a passionate and romantic life anymore, but I still hoped to live a peaceful life.

I got up from him, intending to ask an irrelevant question. I had no idea why I wanted to do that. I must be out of my mind.

"Are you full?"

Derek was stunned by my question, and it brought a smile on his face. Suddenly, he pulled me closer to him and whispered in my ear, "I'm not full. So, how are you going to satisfy your husband?" Right after he said that, he put his hands under my blouse.

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Chapter 55 Waiting For Me

His hot breath brushed against my face. I didn't expect him to take advantage of me by deliberately twisting my words. I pushed him away and jumped to my feet, awkwardly tucking my hair behind my ears. "Felix and Eric are still downstairs. I'll go and take care of the dishes." I crouched down and began to pick up the broken fragments of what used to be a bowl. "Be careful," Derek cautioned. "Just use a broom to sweep the pieces away."

My heart warmed. I went to fetch the broom and did as he suggested before going downstairs.

I found Felix and Eric lounging on the sofa, apparently done with their meal.

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Later, when I came out of the kitchen after cleaning everything up, Eric was out on the balcony. But Felix was still in the living room, brooding on the sofa.

I walked over and sat at arm's length beside him.

"You think I'm not good enough for him, don't you?" I asked with a smile.

Felix looked shocked by my sudden question. He plucked the cigarette from his mouth and blinked at me. After a while, though, he started to return my smile.

"You must have heard what I said a while ago. Just take it as some bullshit talk. I was likely out of my wits after all that happened today. Please don't take it to heart. Honestly, it's good that he has you with him. We were always afraid that he would keep refusing to get married and would just die a lonely old man."

Die a lonely old man? That sounded pretty heavy and just a tad too much.

Derek was a brilliant man, an excellent catch. Women were bound to chase after him wherever he went. Why would he end up alone for the rest of his life?

But Felix didn't say anything more. He put his cigarette back between his lips and frowned, obviously back to his brooding.

"Do you have a crush on Louise?" I asked him bluntly.

He narrowed his eyes at me and didn't answer right away. I could see the hesitation on his face.

"She called me a piece of scum," he finally said, his voice self-deprecating. "I'm sure she doesn't like scum like myself."

I pursed my lips and studied him. "Felix, I know Louise looks tough on the outside, but she's actually very fragile and insecure. If you're not actually in love with her, then it's best for you to just stay friends. I don't want to see her get hurt."

He flicked his cigarette on the ashtray and forced a tight smile. "Why? Do you also see me as a piece of scum who doesn't deserve her?"

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I instantly shook my head and rushed to explain. "That's not what I meant at all."

This time, there was a mocking edge to Felix's smile.

"I know. I've looked into her. She is the daughter of a rich family, while I'm just a good-for-nothing playboy who runs a nightclub. We're not the same kind of people." It was then that I realized I had said something rather terrible. I tried to explain again.

"I'm sorry, Felix. Please don't misunderstand my intentions. I didn't mean anything else, I really didn't. It's true that Louise's family is rich, but you and I both know that she doesn't let the fact get into her head. She doesn't even act like an heiress. Her insecurity stems from her father. When his business finally began to prosper, he divorced her mother and married a woman who was only a few years older than Louise. That's why she's always so skeptical about love. Even so, I believe that a person's sincere feelings will be able to move her one day."

Felix said nothing. He finished his cigarette in silence before standing to grab his coat. "Well, I don't know if I'm in love with her or not. To be perfectly frank, I'm rather insecure myself. I also want to be sincere, but I'm not sure if I'm really capable of it. I'm scared, too. But since the odds are against me, anyway, I might as well nip it in the bud. Louise is a vibrant and charming woman. I do like her, and I take it as an honor to be her friend. I'm better off pursuing my libertine ways."

He sounded like he had utterly given up on Louise, on himself. Remorse washed over me. I shouldn't have said anything to him.

"I'm leaving now," Felix said. "You should head upstairs and take good care of Derek."

Eric came in from the balcony right on cue, and prepared to leave with Felix. "No, wait a minute!" I blurted out. Felix stopped in his tracks and hung his coat over his shoulder, but he didn't look back at me.

"I have something else to say." "Go ahead." He took a deep, impatient breath, acting like a petulant child.

"First of all, I want to tell you that Louise has never been in love before, simply because she doesn't believe in love. She may seem mature and sophisticated, but

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she's actually quite simple-minded and inexperienced."

I noticed Felix stiffening after hearing my words. I soldiered on.

"Secondly, although she is good at fighting, she never fights for someone she doesn't care about."

Felix did turn around then, his movement slow and almost shy. The knot between his brows gradually eased, and the corners of his lips curled upward. He looked like he just had a sudden epiphany.

"Bye, now." He slung an arm around Eric's shoulder and they both left.

I trudged up the stairs, remembering what Derek had said earlier. I was a little apprehensive to enter his room, so I padded quietly to my own bedroom.

He had said that he was dizzy. Perhaps he had already fallen asleep.

I reassured myself that this was, indeed, the case, and went to the bathroom for a shower.

When I was finished, I wrapped myself in a bath towel and opened the door of the bathroom to a distressing sight.

Derek was standing at the doorway, one arm braced against the frame. He wasn't wearing a shirt

More importantly, he looked like he had been waiting for me.

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