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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 56 - 60

## **Chapter 56 Wipe Your Husband**

Derek eyed me from head to toe, making me feel uncomfortable.

“Why haven’t you gone to sleep yet?” I tried to stay as calm as possible. “I’m sweating all over, and it’s making me restless.”

I squeezed from his side, inevitably rubbing against his body. I pointed at the bathroom and told him, “Then go take a shower.” He showed me his bandaged hand and pointed at his head. “You want me to take a shower in this state?”

“So, what should we do?”

For some reason, he looked a little pitiful. I wondered if he wanted me to bathe him.

“Help me wipe my body,” he said bluntly. I thought he was asking for too much. Although we were a legally married couple, we weren’t that close yet.

Some part of me told me that he must’ve noticed my reluctance.

He suddenly pinched my cheek and said, “I’d rather not make things difficult for you, so I’m just going to bathe myself.”

Thinking that his wound might get infected by the water, my head ached and then I decided to do it for him.

“Forget it. I’ll help you wipe off your sweat.”

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Slowly, Derek turned around. For a moment, I saw a triumphant smile on his face. It was as if his plot had succeeded.

I went to the bathroom to get some warm water. And as the water flowed, I felt really conflicted.

He was sweating all over his body, and there were still traces of blood in some places. If I didn't clean him properly, he might get sick. The problem was that there was no other person in the house that could help him cleanse himself. Because I was his wife, I must do it without hesitation.

It took me a while, but I finally persuaded myself to grab a towel and the basin of warm water, and walk out of the bathroom.

The moment I saw him standing by the bed, I almost threw the basin of water I was holding.

He had taken off his pants, leaving only an underwear on. As he stood by the bed, the look on his face made it easy for me to figure out that I could do whatever I wanted to him. It was so damn tempting!

I put down the basin, drenched the towel and wrung it. I took a deep breath, as if I were heading into a battlefield.

I began to wipe his face, down to his chest, and then his back. I tried to pretend like I wasn't interested in his muscular body, and told myself that I was merely taking care of a patient.

"Now, it's time to wipe my lower body." Derek's voice resonated in my ears, and I felt like I was about to explode.

I held the towel, subconsciously gazing down. I could feel just how much my face was burning.

When I had no idea what to do, he suddenly took my hand and guided it down to his underwear, slowly pulling his briefs down.

His palm felt warm, and the feeling of his breath beside my ear felt even heavier. I felt as though my heart was just ready to leap from my chest. I had no idea why I couldn't resist him.

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Suddenly, Derek's phone rang, breaking the intimate moment.

We looked at each other at the same time and I saw fire in his eyes.

When he picked up the phone and said "Grandpa", the intimacy and heated tension between us disappeared. Since the old man called in the middle of the night, I gathered that it must be because there was bad news.

"Sure. I'll be right there." This time, Derek looked serious. All the desire in his eyes earlier was gone. "Hey, what's the matter? Did something happen to your grandpa?" I stared at him, worried about his state of mind.

Derek nodded. "Grandpa said that he accidentally slipped and couldn't get up today. Fortunately, his neighbor helped him to the bed, but he's unable to move right now."

As a nurse, I had knowledge of some common illnesses.

"You shouldn't underestimate something as simple as falling when it comes to the elderly. At worst, they might have a stroke! But considering how your grandfather was still able to call you, that just means he's okay," I said.

Derek frowned and said, "Let's pack up some clothes. We're going to the countryside.

"You're taking me with you?"

He cast me a glance and added, "Grandpa said that he wanted to get to know his granddaughter-in-law."

I didn't hesitate. I quickly packed up some clothes and got in the car with him.

We should've visited his grandfather sooner, instead of going to the old man after he had an accident and called his grandson about it.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 57

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## **Chapter 57 Very Lucky**

Although one of Derek's hands was injured, it didn't affect his driving at all. If anything, he looked pretty debonair with just one hand on the steering wheel.

There was no expressway to Qinben, the area where his grandfather lived, so we had no choice but to take the long route. We spent four hours on the road, and by the time we arrived, it was already well into dawn. Derek parked his car alongside a massive, red brick wall. This must be his grandfather's residence then. The gate to the yard was slightly ajar. When we pushed it open, both Derek and I froze in our tracks at what we saw.

There, in the middle of a quaint vegetable garden, was a gray-haired old man, hoeing with all his might. He must have heard the creak of the gate because he instantly straightened and turned in our direction. He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and peered at me.

"Grandpa," Derek called out, sounding somewhat annoyed. "Didn't you say that you.

I totally understood his frustration. He had been worried about the old man this entire time.

"You finally brought my granddaughter-in-law to meet me!" his grandfather said jovially, his eyes shining with triumph.

"Hello, Grandpa," I greeted with a small bow. "It's very nice to meet you. My name is Eveline."

The old man swung the hoe a few times in the air to knock the mud off before trudging out of his garden. He pointed a finger at Derek's injured head and narrowed his eyes.

"What have you done this time? You're almost thirty years old, but you still don't act your age. Now that you're married, you should learn to behave yourself. You can't make your wife worry about you," he said in a domineering tone.

"You're way past seventy, Grandpa," Derek retorted. "Don't you think you're too old to be playing tricks on me like this?"

The old man hobbled over to a chair and burst into laughter as he sat down.

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“Would you have come any sooner if I didn’t lie to you? Were you even planning to introduce my granddaughter-in-law to me? Or are you just going to bring her to my grave after I died?”

Derek had talked about his grandfather on our drive over. Apparently, the elder had decided to move to the countryside after his retirement. His wife had died a long time ago, and he had been living by himself since then.

Today, the old man was wearing a gray shirt, crisply ironed suit pants, and a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. He definitely wasn’t the average old man from the countryside. And while he lived alone in this house, his yard was very clean and organized. I didn’t even see a spot of weed in his precious garden. Clearly, he put great importance to the quality of life he led.

He didn’t seem to care much about extravagance and luxury, but rather in comfort and the sense of freedom.

Even now, as he spoke of his own death, his smile was serene.

I greatly admired his mentality, and quite envied his lifestyle, too. If one could live so peacefully in his old age, it would probably be the greatest reward for all their hard work in their youth.

I found it a pity, then, that this lively old man was actually suffering from terminal cancer. The thought left a sour taste in my mouth.

“All right, Grandpa. I was wrong, okay?”

Derek plopped down on a short stool, smiling sheepishly at his grandfather. It was a rare sight to behold. He looked like a rowdy teenager who had been caught red handed by one of his elders.

The old man hummed in satisfaction and smiled. “If you know you’re wrong, then that’s good enough. I know you young ones enjoy the life in the city and aren’t interested in coming to the countryside, but I love it here. The air is good and fresh, and it’s very quiet.”

When I had first seen Derek’s grandfather, I had to admit that I was terrified. After sitting down with him for a chat, however, I relaxed considerably.

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In order to make a good impression on him, I offered to cook.

Later, while I was washing the vegetables in the kitchen sink, a pair of arms suddenly appeared from behind me and wrapped around my waist.

I felt my face flush. I squirmed in his arms, nudging him away.

“Grandpa is just outside,” I chided in a quiet voice.

But Derek only tightened his arms and clung to me even more. Then his deep voice came into my ears.

“Keep moving like that, and I’ll fuck you here and now. I still have a lot of fire left from last night.”

I immediately kept still, afraid to make one single move.

I heard his low chuckle before I felt him press a kiss to my hair. “I’ve decided to stay here for a while, maybe a week. I thought about it, and I realized that I haven’t really spent much time with Grandpa.”

I made no objections. As a matter of fact, I was very fond of the simple country life.

Derek’s grandfather wasn’t remiss in praising my cooking as we sat down for dinner. “You are so lucky,” he told his grandson. “These days, there aren’t many young women who can cook.”

As if wanting to show off to the old man, Derek grabbed my hand on the table and gazed tenderly at me. “Yes, I also consider myself very lucky.”

I blushed and lowered my eyes. I was just trying to ride on his act, of course. Subtly, I pinched his palm.

He let out an exaggerated hiss of pain. “What’s wrong?” Grandpa asked.

I felt my heart beat faster. What if he told on me and complained to his grandfather? “My leg is cramping all of a sudden,” Derek answered with a straight face.

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I almost choked out a laugh, then, but I managed to stop myself in time. Still, I didn't dare to pinch him again for the rest of the meal.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 58

### Chapter 58 I Am Your Husband, You Are My Wife

During the evening, Derek pulled me into a room. He didn't turn on the light, so it was quite dark inside. He told me that he wanted me to sleep in this room with him.

I could tell that his purpose wasn't unadulterated.

Upon seeing that I wasn't saying anything, he leaned close to my ear and whispered, "We can't let Grandpa see us sleeping in separate rooms, right?"

I wasn't sure if I was just being too sensitive, but for some reason, I felt like there was an underlying meaning to his words. Moreover, the sensation of feeling his breath in my ear was ticklish.

It made me so nervous that I moved away from him and rushed out of the room.

Once I had gotten outside, I found Derek's grandfather watching TV in the living room. He must've noticed me, so he smiled at me and asked, "Eveline, are there any mosquitoes around? I forgot to give you a mosquito repellent incense. Here, take one.

I took the mosquito repellent incense from him, and went back to the room despite the fact that I didn't want to.

The light was still not on in the room. Derek was sitting on an old cane chair, cross legged and looking at me with a smirk.

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I glared at him. Then, he suddenly got up and walked towards me. He turned on the lighter he was holding, took the mosquito repellent incense from me and lit it.

"It's still a little early. Do you want to go to bed now? If you don't want to, you can appreciate the night scenery instead. The tranquil countryside is much different from the city, right? Oh, but don't go outside the balcony! Otherwise, the mosquitoes will feast on you. Back when I was a kid, I enjoyed sitting on the windowsill and I would stare at the night scenery for hours on end."

The windowsill was well-designed. It was a large bay window, and the bed was close to it. If one lay on the bed, they would be able to see the vast sky.

I climbed on top of the bed, but I didn't dare to lie down. I sat on the bay window, which was covered with a soft cushion. Sitting on it was quite comfortable.

Upon seeing the stars and listening to the croaking of frogs, I soon forgot everything that was troubling me and gradually calmed down.

"Seeing the nightscape of the countryside is also inspiring for some people." The sound of Derek's voice felt like it was almost beside my ear.

"Inspiring how? For poems or something?" I joked without looking back.

Derek didn't respond for a long time. Just when I was about to turn around, I felt the warmth of his body pressed against my back as he whispered in my ear, "It inspires people to make love."

Suddenly, I froze. The moment I realized what he meant, I wanted to escape.

However, Derek quickly wrapped his arms around me and nibbled on my ear. "I've gotten inspired. What about you?" The mere sound of his voice bewitched me.

Derek was a keen observer. He probably figured out that my ears were an erogenous zone for me.

As I struggled weakly, I stuttered in a trembling voice, "Derek... no! Don't."

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The roughness of the gauze on his hand brushed against my skin, crushing my rationality little by little. As he pressed me against the windowsill, the coldness of the windowsill brought back a bit of my reasoning. In a fit of panic, I pushed him away. "Calm down, Derek."

"I've restrained myself enough!" The sound of his voice was husky and tantalizing.

As a matter of fact, I already had a feeling that he wouldn't be able to restrain himself for too long. After all, he was still a man.

"Stop it, Derek. Grandpa is still outside," I remarked, hoping that the excuse could convince him to stop.

With a devilish smile, he got on top of me and replied, "Grandpa is a man as well. He's already experienced intimate things like this. He'll understand. What are you so afraid of?"

He was so aggressive that it took me by surprise. My fingers clasped onto his back as I passively accepted his powerful thrusts.

Although I had once been married for two years and even got pregnant one time, I had never experienced hot, passionate, wild sex, because Shane never guided me in this aspect or even considered how I felt.

Soon, Derek and I were rolling down from the windowsill to the bed. There was nothing else that I could think of other than the fire of pleasure we were sharing. The only other thing on my mind right now was that he told me that he wanted to spend the rest of his life with me.

Once we were done, we wrapped our naked bodies under the covers.

I leaned against his chest, drawing circles on it while feeling uneasy. "We shouldn't have done this, Derek."

Derek kissed my forehead, letting out a heavy sigh.

"Eveline, there's no need to feel guilty. I'm your husband, and you're my wife. What we did was something married couples normally do. There's nothing wrong with it. I can give you what Shane never could. From now on, nobody can push you around."

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I was just feeling touched when he suddenly put on a wicked smile and added, "Other than me."

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 59

### **Chapter 59 A Cat That Likes Eating Fish**

The prompt tone of WhatsApp from my phone interrupted our intimate atmosphere. As soon as I picked up my phone, Derek immediately grabbed it.

Feeling a little nervous, I reached out to snatch it from his hand. "Give it back."

Derek held the phone up high, stared at the screen, and muttered, "Seagull?"

Not a second later, he opened up my WhatsApp profile. "A Fish That Admires A Seagull? what the hell does that name mean?" he asked with a snicker.

I felt so embarrassed when he read it.

Truthfully, the reason I named my account that way was because of how grateful I felt to Seagull. But now that Derek said it out loud, I realized how embarrassing it was.

After I grabbed the phone from him, he casually asked, "Why are you so nervous? Who is Seagull anyway?"

"Just a friend."

He didn't ask any other questions, and I didn't explain who Seagull was. Truthfully, I had no idea who the man was.

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was probably still exhausted. After a while, I heard his steady breathing, and I was the one who felt restless. All I could hear was his breathing and his heartbeat.

What we did earlier was crazy. And quite exciting, to say the least!

It was then I found myself, slowly becoming obsessed with him. The following morning, when I got up, Derek was still sleeping.

The second I went downstairs, the ringtone of WhatsApp rang again. I seemed to have received a friend request. The username of the account was "A Cat That Likes Eating Fish".

I read through that account's profile and didn't see anything suspicious, so I accepted the friend request.

Not a moment later, the account messaged me. "You stupid little fish, don't always stare at the seagull in the sky. You should be careful not to get eaten by the cat who's been craving you for a long time."

After reading it, I snickered. When I imagined Derek lying on the bed and sending me a message, it felt unbelievably sweet.

"How can a cat eat such a cute fish like me?" I replied. "Fine, I won't eat you. But I will sleep with you," he responded.

I blushed at his response. Derek's grandfather happened to come out of the kitchen at this time. Quickly, I put away my phone as if I was hiding a crime.

After eating breakfast, Derek asked me to come with him to a clinic in town to change the dressing of his wound.

Once we got there, I wanted to get out of the car to come with him inside, but he told me to wait in the car.

Twenty minutes later, he finally came out of the clinic.

After getting in the car, he didn't start it right away. Instead, he lit a cigarette, took a few drags, and took out a medicine box from his pocket.

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The second I saw what the medicine was, my heart sank.

Derek suddenly pinched my cheek and smiled. "Why do you look so disappointed? Do you think I'm irresponsible or something?" Then why did he bought the box of contraceptive pills? My eyes were filled with sadness when I stared at him.

Suddenly, he leaned over and wrapped his arms around my neck. Not a moment later, our foreheads were pressed against each other.

"Listen, it's not that I'm being an irresponsible husband. I'm doing this for you. I respect your decision whether to take the pills or not. If you ever get pregnant, don't ever think of getting an abortion. A woman's health cannot withstand repeated torture," he remarked.

I felt so touched by his concern.

In such a short time, I experienced a rollercoaster of emotions.

Soon, he let go of me, and the windows rolled down. When he threw out the medicine box, he asked, "Did you think of me as a scum just now? Did it make you want to leave me?"

I felt guilty because of the question, and I couldn't bring myself to look at him.

Suddenly, he chuckled again. The moment I turned my head, I was taken by surprise when he grabbed my nape and kissed me.

He gave me a passionate French kiss. A moment later, he loosened his grip on me as an impish grin appeared on his lips. "Sooner or later, I'm going to make you unable to leave me." Afterwards, he started the car. For some reason, his words left me restless.

He was right. I really couldn't seem to leave him.

Over the next few days, Derek taught me all sorts of activities. He took me fishing, mountain climbing, and he taught me how to get in touch with Mother Nature.

At first, I was just sitting quietly beside him as he fished. Later on, he was worried that I was feeling bored, so he taught me how to fish. He would always laugh at how clumsy I was. But after giving me a good ribbing, he would patiently teach me the proper techniques. Never

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had I been this relaxed before. I had no idea why, but I still enjoyed my time in the lake, even though I didn't catch a single fish.

When he took me to the mountains, I tried to keep up with him, but he was far too strong. It only took a few minutes of climbing the mountain to tire me out. I could barely catch my breath. Fortunately, he didn't laugh at me again. Instead, he patiently waited for me, and held my hand until we were at the top of the mountain.

Once we were at the summit, I received a call from Louise. I told her that I was at Qinben with Derek. She was so surprised, and then she joked that it was high time that I met with his family.

I stole a glance at Derek and found him sitting on a boulder and smoking. The weak breeze blew past his hair, making him look as though he came straight out of a painting.

After climbing up the mountain, my legs grew weak. And by the time we went down, my legs were practically on the brink of collapse. Suddenly, Derek carried me on his back without saying anything.

His back was broad and warm that it made me feel safe and comfortable.

These past few days made me feel like I was back to an age when I was so excited to hold hands with a man. This happiness caught me by storm, and it was dispelling the shadows of my past.

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 60

### Chapter 60 Old Photos

During our fourth day in the countryside, Derek said that he wanted to take me fishing again. As we walked into the yard, I saw his grandfather sitting on a cane chair and listening to the radio.

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For some reason, I felt very guilty. We came here to accompany the old man, but all we had been doing was to enjoy ourselves and we completely ignored him.

I gently nudged Derek and said, "If you want to go, you can go. We've been moving around for two days straight, and I'm a little tired. I'd like to accompany Grandpa today."

Seemingly catching what I meant, he didn't object. He just turned his back to his grandfather and gave me a peck on the cheek. Afterwards, he bade his grandfather farewell, and walked out with a bucket and a fish rod.

Once the redness of my face disappeared, I approached Derek's grandfather and sat down beside him.

After chatting with me for a while, the old man went back to his room, and then came out with a box in hand.

There were many old photos in the box, and some of them were photos of Derek when he was a kid.

When he was a child, he was already very good-looking. I suddenly thought that I had made the right decision not to go fishing.

Some of these photos were taken when he was probably around seventeen or eighteen. I didn't recognize him because he had long hair at the time. There were also some pictures of him playing the guitar.

They reminded me of the guitar in his room.

The old man smiled and said, "I asked him to study medicine, but he told me he wasn't interested in that field. He enjoyed doing these sort of things instead. I never liked his long hair, so I asked him to get a haircut. He refused, and I was angry with him for it. One day, while he was asleep, I cut his hair."

I burst into laughter. "He must've gone hysterical, didn't he?"

The old man chuckled. "After he woke up, he went out without even talking to me. I was worried that he had run away from home. But fortunately, he came back in less than an hour."

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Upon saying that, he burst into laughter. "It turned out that he had gone to the barbershop because I cut his hair terribly!"

The way the old man laughed was contagious that I also began to laugh. Most people at Derek's age at the time cared about their image.

"Derek, did you go fishing again?"

A neighbor's voice came from outside the yard. I figured Derek must've come back from fishing. For some reason, I felt excited, so I got up and ran outside.

Before I could reach the gate, his phone rang. By the time I was at the gate of the yard, I saw him put down the bucket and then he walked away while he was on the phone.

Why did he avoid us while he was talking over the phone?

Soon, I remembered how he lowered the volume when he answered his phone at my house during that rainy evening.

Perhaps he had a secret that I shouldn't hear.

I went back to where I was previously seated and continued looking through the photos. But this time, I was absentminded. However, one of the old photos quickly caught my attention.

It was a picture of Derek and a woman. In it, he looked quite young, perhaps in his early twenties. The woman was about the same age, and was unbelievably beautiful. Derek had his hand on the girl's shoulder, and it looked so natural. I could not look away from how he hold her.

I felt uncomfortable to see it. I wanted to take a closer look at it, but someone suddenly took the picture away. "Grandpa, do you think it's okay for people to see these photos? Why would you

Derek quickly put the photos on the table back into the box with a restlessu expression.

His grandfather laughed. "Why couldn't I? Do you now realize how stupid you looked back then? Is it because you agree how ugly your hairstyle was at the time?"

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Based on the pictures I had seen, when Derek was younger, he was indeed a lot different from what he was today. At the time, he looked unruly. But at present, he looked calm and unreadable.

People said that experiences could help people grow up. I wondered what kind of experiences he had gone through.

At dinner, Derek suddenly told his grandfather that we would be going back to Souden tomorrow. I was surprised by his declaration. Didn't he say that we would be

here for a week? Was it because of the phone call he received earlier that he had to change his schedule?

His grandfather sighed. "It's fine. I understand that you have some matters to attend to. You can't stay with me all the time. But, you know, Eveline's cooking these past few days was some of the best meals I've had! I'm worried that I won't like the food after you leave."

I could tell how sad the old man was just by the sound of his voice.

"I'll take her here more often once I have the time," Derek replied to comfort him.

The old man waved his hand in dismissal. "Forget it. I'm getting old, Derek. I'm not even sure I have much time to live left. What's more important to me is that you two live a happy life. Anyway, when will I have a great-grandchild?"

"Soon," Derek replied ambiguously as he lowered his head and continued eating.

After the meal, his grandfather took out an invitation.

"This coming August 15th, Mr. Gentry's daughter will hold a wedding. He invited me, so I'm supposed to attend. However, I'm afraid that my old buddies will ask me to drink when we meet. If I were still young, I would drink with them. But I'm too old now, and I can't handle too much alcohol. Derek, I'd like you two to attend the wedding on my behalf."

I wondered if he was talking about Leroy Gentry, the director of Virtue Hospital.

I took the invitation and unfolded it. And sure enough, it really was Leroy Gentry!

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“Miss Vivien Gentry and Mr. Shane Hayes will hold their wedding ceremony at the New Century Hotel on August 15th.”

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