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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 71 - 75

## **Chapter 71 I'm Mr. Sullivan's Assistant**

I hid behind an old phone booth across the road and saw Derek coming out of the parking lot and entering Dere International. The employees who happened to pass by were greeting him with respect.

I wondered if he was a manager of a certain department here in Dere International.

I thought that he wouldn't come out until noon, but he came out around ten in the morning, holding his suit jacket in his hand. When he drove out of the parking lot, I hailed another cab and followed him.

As he drove past the plaza, he stopped the car. It was then that I saw him enter a maternity and infants' goods shop. All of a sudden, my heart was filled with dreadful

disappointment.

"Miss, would you like to get off now or do you want me to continue driving?" the taxi driver asked.

"Wait for a little while here. I'll let you know when you can continue driving," I said to him.

After a while, Derek came out with a shopping bag. Once he set out, I told the taxi driver to follow him.

The road ahead became more remote as we went along. At long last, he stopped outside an old community.

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He got out of the car and went straight into the community. Before getting off to follow him, I made sure to pay the taxi driver the fare.

I was worried that he might discover me, so I dared not draw too close to Derek.

When he entered a building, I followed him in, but I didn't go upstairs right away. Instead, I silently listened to and counted his steps as he went upstairs, and figured out which floor he went to.

Moments later, I heard him coming down. I could tell it was him just by the sound of the solid footsteps coming from his high-quality shoes.

I hid under the stairs, and made sure that he had left before heading upstairs.

Based on my calculations earlier, he went to the fifth floor, so I went there to investigate. There were two families on the floor, one of which must be the one he visited.

My mind was in shambles and my palms were sweating from the anticipation that the truth was only one door away from me now.

Before I came here, I had mentally prepared myself.

Since I had already reached this point, there was no more reason to turn back.

Thus, I followed my gut and knocked on the door of the house to the left side. The person who opened the door was the woman with Derek yesterday.

"Who are you looking for?" Her voice was as youthful as her appearance. Judging by the size of her belly, she probably knew Derek before I did. And if time was important regarding this matter, I should be the one to stand aside and not get in their way.

With that in mind, I figured I had no right to show how much in pain I was, and what sort of hatred I felt in front of her, nor did I have the right to question or look into anything. My only purpose here was to know the truth.

"Hello, I'm Mr. Sullivan's assistant. He asked me to talk to you because I had experienced giving birth to a baby before. I might be able to offer you some advice," I stated.

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Surprised by my statement, she asked, "Which Mr. Sullivan are you talking about?"

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I was stunned by her question.

It made me wonder how many other Mr. Sullivans she knew.

"It's Mr. Derek Sullivan."

I saw her in the hospital before, so I was sure that I didn't mistake her for someone else.

"Oh, Derek?" She quickly loosened her knitted brows.

The way she uttered his name sounded a lot like how she spoke to Derek over the phone that rainy night.

So, this pregnant woman in front of me was the reason he had to leave despite how heavy the rain was that night, huh?

"Please come in." She smiled at me and made way for me.

The moment I entered, I noticed a shopping bag on the sofa. It was the one that Derek had bought from the maternity and infants' goods shop.

While she went to grab a glass of water, I sat down on the sofa and saw several cigarette butts in the ashtray on top of the coffee table. They were the same ones that Derek often smoked.

I thought that he should stop smoking.

As I looked around, I found that the state of this house was just as poor as my old house.

Did Derek have a hobby of helping the poor?

Then, I noticed a school uniform hanging on the balcony. It was about the same size as this woman. Was she still a student?

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Thinking of this possibility, I couldn't stay calm anymore.

Derek wanted to fulfill his grandfather's wish, but he didn't marry the woman who was pregnant with his child. I thought that must be because she wasn't old enough to get married yet.

Soon, a glass of warm water was placed in front of me as she sat down on the sofa across me.

"Here, have some water," she said. "Thank you!" I replied.

"Why didn't you come here with Derek? He left a moment ago," the young woman asked. As she spoke, a smile appeared on her face. She must really believe that I was Derek's assistant.

Considering how pure and innocent she was, I gathered it would be too aggressive to ask one too many questions.

"We were supposed to visit you together, but I have something to deal with beforehand. Moreover, Mr. Sullivan is very busy, so we needed to come separately," I replied, believing that I came up with a good excuse.

The woman nodded in response. "Derek is indeed a busy man."

Based on her words, she must be very considerate.

"No matter how busy he could be, I'm sure he'll spare some time to accompany you during your prenatal checkups." I tried to gather more information by asking an indirect question.

"He's a good guy," she replied. The smile on her face revealed her two canine teeth. If she were to find out that Derek was married, would she still think that he was a good man?

"Are you still a teenager?" I asked cautiously.

She seemed to have understood what I meant, so she awkwardly lowered her head and answered, "I celebrated my eighteenth birthday this month, which means I'm an adult now."

She really was just eighteen years

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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 72

## Chapter 72 Let's Get Divorced

At this moment, I felt so sorry for the girl in front of me.

Since I came here under the pretense of offering advice as an experienced woman who "gave birth", I figured I needed to say something about it.

Truthfully, my experience in this regard was limited until the 20th week of pregnancy. But even so, I was a few years older than her, and I had experienced a lot more than her.

Throughout the process, she was as serious as a student listening to a teacher's lecture. She also looked somewhat ignorant and had realized that she made a mistake, but was trying to be a good mother.

I really didn't have the heart to hurt someone like her. I had experienced pain before. It gave me an instinctive empathy towards pregnant women, especially for someone as pitiful as this young lady.

"Don't you want to marry the father of your child? Your baby will need a father in the future," I remarked politely.

The young lady lowered her head and fiddled with her fingers, seemingly dejected. Soon, tears welled up in her eyes.

"Of course, I want to marry him! But I have to accept my fate." Such words should never have come out from a young lady like her.

She was merely eighteen years old, but she had already accepted her fate. How cruel it must be. Just then, a phone rang in a corner of the sofa. The ringtone was so familiar to me, for it was from Derek's phone.

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After lifting one of the throw pillows, Derek's phone appeared.

She picked it up and said, "Derek, you left your phone at my place."

I stood up, agitated and wanting to escape. However, the young lady said to Derek, "Oh, you don't have to come back to get it. Your assistant is here right now. Let her bring it back to you."

I wasn't sure what Derek said over the phone, but I saw her looking over at me in surprise. I gathered that my lie had been exposed.

After hanging up the phone, she looked at me and asked, "Your name is Eveline, I suppose? Derek is coming over. He asked you to wait for him here."

Naturally, I wasn't going to wait for him here. I didn't want to see him for the time being. Now that I had found out the truth, I had no courage to face him.

Thus, I grabbed my purse and rushed out of the door, ignoring the young lady's efforts to call me back. I hurried downstairs as fast as my legs could carry me, and my shoes had almost fallen off.

The moment I arrived downstairs, I saw Derek's car driving to the gate of the community

Once more, I hid under the staircase, and didn't come out until I heard him walk upstairs.

After walking out of the community, I received a phone call from him. But I rejected his attempts to call me, and took a bus.

He kept on calling me, but I kept hanging up. He insisted on calling, but each time, I would reject his call.

Soon, I found myself looking outside through the glass window. Truthfully, my heart was in shambles right now.

Finally, I picked up my phone and typed in a message. "You need to man up and take responsibility. Let's get divorced." 1

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I repeatedly typed in and deleted this message many times over. Finally, I closed my eyes and decided to send the message. Afterwards, I turned off the phone at once.

At long last, it was quiet.

Some situations in life could repeat. Fortunately, this wasn't the first time that I experienced highs and lows. But I was still hurt, because this time, I truly loved this man.

Last night, I sent a message to Brenna and asked her to take over my shift during the morning. Thus, I was on night duty today.

In the evening, the door of the administrative building was locked, so I didn't have to worry that Derek would come to the hospital to see me.

However, my mind was plagued with chaotic thoughts the whole night that I couldn't calm myself down.

So many things ran through my mind. From the first time I met him, until this very moment. Although we had not spent that long together, I seemed to have experienced a world of adventures, and everything was still so vivid in my mind.

In particular, the days I spent in Qinben were probably the happiest days I had lived.

I now understood why Derek was able to confidently answer his grandpa that he would soon be able to expect a grandson.

After being accustomed to his love, care, and protection, I suddenly realized that deception and betrayal lay beneath those seemingly great things.

Any woman would be in pain if they went through the same experiences that I did.

My colleague who worked with me during the night shift was so bored that she kept on chatting with me. However, I wasn't in the mood to talk. I couldn't even manage to force myself to pretend to be happy.

Perhaps noticing that I preferred not to talk right now, my colleague stopped talking to me. Soon, she lay on the chair next to mine and fell asleep.

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I just sat there for the entire night, feeling restless and unable to feel sleepy.

Around eight in the morning, my colleagues arrived to take their shift. Exhausted and spent, I walked out of the hospital.

There weren't many people in the hospital right now, so I easily spotted someone standing at the entrance of the hospital.

It was the pregnant young lady from before. I wondered why she was here so early. "Ms. Stone?" She called me the moment she saw me, as if she had been waiting for me.

The moment she finished speaking, a familiar face appeared in front of me to block my path.

What were they going to do? Why did they have to make the situation so awkward?

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 73

### **Chapter 73 Standing For A Night**

With a straight face, Derek glared at me with eyes filled with fury. Shouldn't I be the one to be angry? I passed him by with an indifferent expression, ready to leave. However, he grabbed my wrist so hard that it felt so painful.

"Let me go." I wanted to break free from him, but he soon carried me in his arms.

The young lady kept staring at us with a complicated expression.

I wondered why Derek was doing this in front of her. Since this young lady was – pregnant with his child, he shouldn't be carrying me like this to hurt her.

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“Put me down!”

I tried my best to struggle and kick as hard as I could to get rid of him. But he was too strong for me. Soon, he threw me into the car, fastened the seatbelt, and slammed the door within less than a minute.

Quickly, he got in the driver’s seat and started the car.

I reached out to open the door, but I found that it was already locked. Even so, I kept on turning the handle. “Open the door, Derek. I’m getting off the car!” Derek’s face turned grim. Instead of looking at me, he focused on the road ahead.

“If you want us to get into a car accident, keep making a fuss. I’m willing to die beside you,” he said.

I could not bring myself to move anymore. The sound of his voice was too daunting at the moment. He drove so fast that I was scared for my life, and worried that he might lose his sanity and cause an accident.

Although I didn’t move from my spot, I turned my face away from him, refusing to communicate or even look at him.

Along the way, I heard the snap of the lighter many times, and the smell of smoke pervaded inside the car.

He drove all the way out of the downtown, towards the suburbs. From the rearview mirror, I saw a car following us. I recognized that this car was Timmy’s.

Finally, I couldn’t resist the urge to ask Derek, “Where are you going?”

“I’m going to give you the answer and the truth you’re looking for,” he replied with a cigarette in his mouth.

I was confused. Wasn’t it true that this eighteen-year-old girl was pregnant with his child?

I wasn’t sure how long he had driven, but he parked in front of a prison.

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I had no idea why he took me here. But when he got out of the car, I followed him.

Timmy and the pregnant girl got out of the car behind us. The air outside the prison felt heavy and depressing. With one hand in his pocket, Derek walked inside in silence. And I, and the girl, followed him in

After approaching the reception desk, he filled in a form, took out his wallet, and took out a few bank notes. He didn't even count them when he handed them to the staff with the form.

Once we had passed through the reception area, we walked into the prison gate. There, one of the prison guards approached us and said, "Please this way."

The pregnant girl had only taken a few steps when she turned around to look at Derek. "Derek, can you please come with me?" He took out a cigarette, lit it up, and smiled. "I'm afraid not. He wouldn't want to see me."

A prison was a place brimming with stories.

The pregnant girl looked particularly young in her white dress, but her body seemed heavy. Her hands were hanging on both sides of her body, displaying how nervous she was.

I withdrew my gaze and turned to Derek this time. I noticed that he was much calmer than earlier.

"What is all this? Tell me the truth."

Derek took a drag on his cigarette, holding my hand with his other hand. I wanted to take my hand away from him, but he suddenly clasped it tightly and refused to let go. "Let's talk in the car. I'm tired after standing all night!" a

He stood for an entire night?

I now realized that I could not be indifferent towards him. The tiredness in his voice was enough to break my heart.

As we sat in the back seat of the car, I made sure to lean against the door to distance myself from him.

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“Why are you sitting so far away? Are you worried that I’ll gobble you up?” he asked. He rested on the back of the seat, staring at me with a faint and tired smile.

I didn’t say anything, but I expressed my feelings through silence and keeping my distance from him.

Slowly, the windows on both sides were rolled down. Derek took out another cigarette from his cigarette box and lit it. After taking a drag, he placed his hand with the cigarette over the window.

“What do you want to know?”

“That girl is only eighteen years old, Derek. What sort of relationship do you have with her? Who’s the father of her child? Why did you bring me here? And who is she visiting in prison?”

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 74

### **Chapter 74 Misunderstanding**

Upon hearing my barrage of questions, Derek chuckled. “You seem to care so much about it, Eveline. Have you fallen in love with me?” a

I held my breath. When I saw his smiling eyes, I felt my heart beat faster.

Truthfully, I had been wanting to ask myself why I cared so much about this matter. It made me wonder if I had actually fallen for him. a

He grabbed my hand and pulled me towards him, but I refused to move. 1

“Come here, Eve. It’s a little hard to talk when we’re far apart.” Somehow, his voice sounded like he was amused. 1

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After a moment of hesitation, I drew closer towards him.

At this time, he threw away the cigarette butt in his hand, held my shoulders and made me look him in the eye.

“What did you mean by that message you sent me yesterday?” I tried to hide my agitation, and stay as calm as I could. “I meant it literally.”

“You’re breaking the rules, Eveline,” he replied.

I stared at him, confused by what he meant. Upon seeing my reaction, he explained, “You’ve already sentenced me without giving me a fair trial. Is that how you’re supposed to deal with cases?”

Was he saying that I misunderstood him?

His hands moved from my shoulders to my waist, moving me closer towards him. “Eveline, I’ll tell you the whole truth, but under one condition,” he said. I placed my hands on his chest to keep my distance from him, staring at him vigilantly. “What’s the condition?”

An impish grin appeared on his face. “If I’m guilty of betraying you or something, you can do whatever you want to punish me. But if you’re wrong and you’ve misjudged me, I want you to comfort me whatever method I wish for.”

The complacency on his face made me think that I truly wronged him. I knew that by “comfort” he meant something else, but I didn’t have the time to delve into it. I was more eager to know what the truth was.

Since I didn’t say anything, he must’ve thought that I acquiesced to his condition. Finally, he let go of me and leaned against the back of the seat. He took out another cigarette, but he didn’t light it right away. After lowering his gaze, he began to fiddle with his lighter.

“Her name is Tina Walker, and the person she’s visiting is my half-brother, Lean Sullivan. She’s pregnant with his child.”

My eyes widened with disbelief. “So... you’re just doing your duties as an older brother, huh? You even took good care of your sister-in-law. Not only did you buy some stuff that she’d need for her pregnancy, but you also accompanied her during her prenatal checkup.”

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Upon sensing my sarcasm, he frowned. "I guess you must've seen us at the hospital. Eveline, I've never been disloyal to you."

"Then why didn't you tell me the truth right away? If you only accompanied her for her prenatal checkup, you should've just said so!" I argued. I didn't want to let him off the hook that easily.

Derek gently pinched my cheek. "I just didn't want to cause unnecessary misunderstandings. Truthfully, I never expected that hiding it would only lead to even worse misunderstandings."

Even though he said that, I still didn't get it. "Why do you, of all people, have to take care of your sister-in-law?"

"She is not my sister-in-law," he said.

This time, I was flummoxed.

He finally lit the cigarette, took a drag, and continued, "Actually, Lean just accidentally made Tina pregnant, but the girl is too stubborn. She wanted to be with him and keep the child. Even though he had been sent to prison, she was still unwilling to get an abortion. She's still in high school, and she's only eighteen years old. Because of her pregnancy, she missed this year's college entrance examinations. Her family is destitute. They're so ashamed of her, so they don't want to take care of

Tina. If I don't help her, what do you think would happen to her?"

At last, I understood his intentions.

It was then I realized how wrong I was about him. He was no scum. Derek was certainly kindhearted and righteous.

After he explained everything to me, Tina appeared. Her eyes were red, so I gathered that she must've cried inside the prison.

Timmy had already driven away with the other car. Now, Derek and I took the front seats of his car, while Tina sat in the back seat..

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At first, none of us were speaking. It was so quiet that it made things awkward between us, three.

“Eveline, I’m sorry that you misunderstood us. Nothing happened between me and Derek. Please believe me,” said Tina, breaking the silence.

The more she explained her side, the more I felt ashamed. When I remembered how I followed Derek around like a private detective yesterday, and thus wasted a lot of money during the endeavor, I felt my heart ache. Derek glanced at me with a smirk, seeming as though he fully understood why I was embarrassed.

I scratched the back of my head and said, “Well, the things I told you regarding what pregnant women should pay attention to yesterday are all true. I didn’t have any bad intentions.”

Tina couldn’t resist the urge to laugh anymore. “I knew it! When I saw you yesterday, I was certain that you were a good person.”

The way she smiled made me understand that she was still as innocent as a child. Upon thinking of her experiences, I felt more sympathetic towards her.

When we arrived at the gate of the community where she lived, she bade us farewell before getting out of the car. Afterwards, I watched as she went towards the community

## My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 75

### Chapter 75 The CEO

“Do you feel so insecure when you are with me?” Derek asked all of a sudden. I turned around, and our eyes met. For a long moment, we just stared at each other quietly.

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I was the first to look away. "You're always so mysterious," I muttered. "I don't think we've reached the point where we can talk about our sense of security toward each other." 1

Derek grabbed the steering wheel lightly with both hands. He gave me a faint smile. "I don't tell you some things because I don't want you to feel a large gap between us. But you're clever. You actually knew to trail me, huh?"

I stubbornly refused to look at him. "Of course. After being around you so much, it would be a shame if I didn't pick up a trick or two."

He chuckled and reached out to ruffle my hair. "Since you want to know so badly, I'll tell you everything."

Just yesterday, I had dreaded the certainty that I would never receive such a warm gesture again.

As expected, Derek took me straight to Dere International.

It had a vast parking lot. I found myself thinking that I would definitely get lost in it if I had been alone.

Derek maneuvered through it deftly, though, and soon enough, we were getting out of the car. He took my hand and ushered me to the main entrance of the building.

Heads turned as we passed by, and people—mostly women—were constantly bowing and greeting him. "Hello, Mr. Sullivan." As for me, I received a few curious glances and a lot of nasty glares. The unwarranted hostility got to me, and my breathing grew labored under the pressure. I instinctively pulled my hand away, but the man beside me only tightened his grip.

"Do you think I'd be able to leave this place alive?" I asked as soon as we entered the elevator. "I'm pretty sure all those women are already plotting to have me dispatched."

Derek grinned and pressed the button for the top floor. He didn't look at me until the elevator doors finally closed, locking us away from everyone else.

"Do you remember? On the day you became my wife, I told you to hold your head high and walk proudly when you are with me."

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“You’re very popular among your female colleagues, aren’t you?” I blurted out before I could stop myself. Damn it! It was a stupid question to begin with, and I hated how jealous I had sounded when the words slipped out of my mouth.

Without warning, Derek pressed me against the wall, trapping me with his large frame. I felt his hot breath blow on top of my head. “I’ve never been unpopular among women.” I felt my body stiffen at that. I narrowed my eyes at him. This man was a ladykiller, indeed. Not that I would call him that to his face. “And you just had to choose the worst woman to be your wife?” I retorted bitterly.

The corners of his lips curled upward, and his eyes sparkled.

“Yes, that’s quite right.” I felt the tide of disappointment rushing in, but before it could wash over me, he added, “But she’s exactly my type. My only type, in fact.”

And then he bent down and kissed me hungrily.

As if on cue, the elevator doors opened at that very moment. The people waiting in the hallway stared at us with similar expressions of shock and loss. I imagined a good number of hearts might have gotten broken there and then.

Derek was unfazed, of course. He took my hand and led me out of the elevator as if nothing had happened, as if we hadn’t just made a spectacle of ourselves.

His actions seemed to have yanked the employees back to their senses. They stood up straight and greeted him in unison as we walked past them. “Mr. Sullivan!”

Derek took me to a massive office. I was utterly confused, especially since there was a sign saying “CEO’s Office” hanging at the door.

“Isn’t your CEO in attendance today?” I asked with some concern. “Are we allowed to enter his office without permission?”

He crossed his arms over his chest, looking amused. “The CEO is standing right in front of you.”

It was my turn to freeze and lose my voice. I was dumbfounded.

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Derek sauntered over to a huge sofa and plopped down. He spread his arms on either side of him and stared at me languidly.

“What? Do you think I’m not suited to be a CEO?” I thought about the clues that had been there from the start. It all made sense now. It turned out that the gap between us was truly immense.

It took me a while to finally gather my bearings. When I spoke, I sounded dazed, even to my own ears. “No, you aren’t like one at all. You’re probably the only CEO in the world who is this shameless and depraved.”

His grin grew wider after he heard my words. “What kind of man would hold back and behave when he’s in the presence of his beloved wife?” His tone was teasing.

“Come here and have a seat.” He patted the spot beside him.

I walked over and obliged. Once seated, I looked around his office. It was easily several times bigger than any other office I’d seen. It all felt surreal to me.

Derek pulled me into his arms. “Eveline, look into my eyes.”

I turned to him. “What’s wrong? Is there sand in your eyes?”

“Don’t you see it?” His voice had gone an octave lower. “I stayed at the hospital gates the entire night and waited. Now, my eyes are all bloodshot.”

Now that he mentioned it, his eyes were, indeed, unnaturally red. He was visibly exhausted. Even so, subtle traces of desire lurking in those depths did not escape me.

I averted my eyes and ducked my head. “I didn’t ask you to do that.”

“What else could I do but stay and wait? I was terrified you would run away the first chance you got.”

I wasn’t sure why, but I burst into laughter when I saw his sullen expression.

He played it up a notch and glared in mock anger before pouncing at me.

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“Honey,” he rasped, his lips brushing the shell of my ear. “You’ve wronged me, do you know that? How do you plan to make it up to me?”

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