

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 102

[/ My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO: A Sweet Second Chance](#)
Chapter 102 Make Your Choice

When I got off work that day, I saw Shane leaned against the wall downstairs. He appeared to have been waiting for me.

The moment he saw me, he approached and said, "I'll drive you home." As we walked out of the hospital, I told him, "Why did you get off work early today? Aren't you supposed to be a workaholic?"

Shane shook his head, smiling helplessly. "I've already come to my senses. I won't neglect my family for work again. For you, I can be even earlier," he said. For me? I sneered in my heart.

I wanted to stop him from walking beside me, but when I stepped out of the hospital, I saw Derek smoking while he leaned against his car. One of his hands was wrapped in gauze, and it hung by his side as the smoke enveloped him. His entire appearance made him look fearsome.

Suddenly, I felt flustered. When he looked at me, I averted my gaze and turned my attention to Shane. "Where's your car?" I asked.

It seemed like he didn't notice Derek. When he heard my question, his eyes lit up and he immediately held my hand.

"I'll take you there."

I just followed Shane stiffly to his car, resisting the urge to look at Derek. All I wanted to do was to leave

and be away from this place as soon as possible.

I felt like I was standing by the sea, and if I acted even a little bit slower, the rising tide would devour me.

Fortunately, Shane's car was parked nearby. As soon as I opened the door, a hand wrapped in gauze slammed it close.

My heart sank upon seeing it. Shane was already sitting in the driver's seat, and he didn't come out despite the situation.

Meanwhile, Derek leaned against the car with one hand in his pocket. I didn't dare to look him in the eye. All I could turn my attention to was his wounded hand.

"Eveline, I'm not indecisive. Will you get in his car or mine? Make your choice. Whichever one of us you choose, I'll respect your decision."

The way he spoke made it sound like the matter was insignificant. But to me, it was so serious that I could barely breathe.

I almost betrayed my will and walked towards Derek.

But when I remembered the reason he married me, how he was still in love with Sybil, and how his father belittled me, I lost the courage to take another step closer to him.

And since being with him was impossible, I needed to be decisive. I must give up before I could sink too deeply into the mud. I reached out to open the door of Shane's car again, but I couldn't, because Derek was still leaning against it.

He didn't move even though he saw me trying to open it. It appeared as though he didn't have any reaction, but I noticed his gauze wrapped hand clench into a fist. Soon, blood seeped out of the gauze.

"Have you made up your mind?" His voice became so cold that it lost its calmness.

I took a deep breath, and summoned the courage to look into his eyes.

"Yes."

I thought he would lose his temper, but to my surprise, he didn't. "All right," he said.

I almost lost my composure, but I did my best to calm down and made sure not to show any emotional fluctuation.

Derek slowly took out a cigarette from his pocket and lit it. "Anyway, just pick a schedule when we'll go through the divorce formalities." I swallowed the lump in my throat and said, "Okay."

His hand holding the cigarette was left frozen for a moment. After a while, he used his wounded hand to hold the cigarette. He put his other hand into his pocket and took out a pearl necklace.

I recognized that necklace. It was the same one he sent to the jewelry store for repairs after Shane and Vivien's wedding.

"This seems like it's useless now."

The following second, the pearl necklace flew out of his hand and fell into the trash can nearby.

When I saw it, my heart ached. 5

In fact, the very moment he took it out and raised his hand, I already knew what he was about to do. I felt a desire to take it from him, but I didn't do it.

After throwing away the necklace, Derek turned around and left without hesitation, leaving me with the image of his cold exterior walking away from me.

But all I could focus on was the gauze wrapped around his hand, and I could see that the blood was spreading. I wasn't a person who would faint at the mere sight of blood, but seeing it made me feel hurt and almost made me dizzy.

"Eveline, let's go."

The car window rolled down, and Shane's voice brought me back to reality.

I needed to stop this play, so I finally got in his car. From the rearview mirror, I saw Derek's car quickly turning around and driving away.

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Chapter 103 I Must Keep Up The Pretense

Along the way, Shane held my hand. "Eveline, thank you for giving me this chance. I promise to be good to you. Believe in

me."

I remembered that during the day of our divorce, I once told Shane, "If you ever find yourself feeling like the rest of the world doesn't want you anymore, please think of me. Know that I don't want you, either." 2 .

He had probably forgotten about that. Only someone as shameless as him could have this much confidence after hearing something like that. He must be thinking that as long as he wanted to start over with me after destroying me beyond repair, all of the pain I suffered through would be erased. 2

Even though I loathed this man down to my bone, I must keep up the pretense to make it seem convincing. I let him hold my hand and said, "Sure." Then, I pointed at the supermarket ahead of

1.

"Just drop me off over there. I'm going to buy something." Shane pulled over in front of the supermarket and said, "I'll wait for you."

However, I told him, "No, thanks. You can leave now. I'll just hail a cab later."

With that, he nodded and replied, "Okay. Just be careful."

Thus, I went to the supermarket. Once I was certain that Shane had driven away, I immediately took a cab back to Wonder Hospital.

The moment I got out of the cab, I ran towards the trash can without hesitation. Regardless of how dirty and disgusting it was, I rummaged through the trash can.

When the sanitation worker in charge of the area knew that I had lost something, he helped me by emptying the trash can. Somehow, it made me look like a beggar, rummaging through the trash on the ground.

Soon, it was time to get off work. There were more and more people watching and making fun of me. I had no time, nor energy to care about the comments, because I couldn't find the pearl necklace anywhere.

That necklace wasn't small. I would've been able to see it at a glance. But after a long time of searching, I couldn't find it among the trash.

With my own two eyes, I saw how Derek threw it into the trash can. I wondered if someone else had taken it.

If I couldn't get back that pearl necklace, it only meant that Derek and I would never be together again.

Since I had been squatting on the ground for what seemed like hours, I lost the strength to stand up.

Soon, a pair of clean black shoes appeared beside me. Someone reached their hand out to me to pull me up.

When I caught sight of the person's dark gray suit, I instantly knew that it was Aaron.

He didn't mind how dirty my hands were or how many people were watching us. He just held my hand and led me to the washroom of the hospital. There, he turned on the faucet and helped me cleanse my hands.

"What were you looking for?" he asked while washing my hands. I shook my head in response. "Once something is lost, it can never be found again." When my hands were thoroughly cleansed, Aaron drove me home. Aaron was a much more cautious driver than Derek. His style was so gentle, much like his temperament. On the way, he said to me, "Eveline, if you can't let something go, then don't let it go. Just follow your heart."

Although he had no idea what I was looking for, he probably knew why I was acting so strangely. I looked out the window and replied, "Now that I've made a mistake, I shouldn't make any more of them." Aaron rhythmically tapped his fingers on the steering wheel with a bitter smile on his lips.

"In love, there is no right or wrong. Sometimes, people know that what they want is impossible, but they just can't control their hearts."

At first glance, he seemed to be a simple and pure character. But sometimes, I felt that he had gone through a lot. However, the vicissitudes of his life were deeply overshadowed by his sunny demeanor.

Once he had driven me home, he took out a cigarette.

"You can go inside your house now. I'll leave once I'm done with this cigarette," he said.

When I walked into the depths of the alley, I looked back, only to see that his car was still there.

The following morning, I walked out of the alley and saw Shane's car waiting outside.

He looked at me through the half-opened window and said, "I'm here to pick you up for work."

I was surprised at how considerate he was being towards me.

I decided not to think on it too much and just sat in the passenger seat.

Since I was being offered a free mode of transportation, I had no reason to refuse it.

Many people had witnessed what Aaron did at the gate of the hospital yesterday. Thus, the moment I arrived at the hospital, I heard all kinds of judgmental statements. In order to suffer less, I had to use Shane as a shield for now.

At noon, he came to me and said that he wanted to have lunch with me, but I refused.

I was only acting, but I found that he was quite serious about getting back with me. Of course, I still had no idea what was going on inside his head.

When I was about to get off work, Aaron called me and invited me to dinner. I thought of all the rumors about me going around, and wanted to refuse, but it wouldn't be appropriate to refuse him directly. He had become someone I couldn't bear to refuse.

"Sorry, Aaron, I have an appointment later," I replied. This was the only excuse I could come up with to stave him off for the time being.

In a disappointed, but still oddly cheery voice, he said to me, "I see. I guess I'll have to invite you earlier next time."

After hanging up, I dialed Shane's number. "Didn't you want to invite me to a meal?" After work, Shane was waiting for me downstairs. Soon, he took me to a moderate restaurant.

Judging by how poor his financial situation was at present, he seemed to be sincere enough to take me to a restaurant like this one.

If I hadn't divorced him, I would've brought him home and cooked dinner myself just to save money. But things were different now. I not only accepted his invitation, but also ordered several expensive dishes when he handed me the menu. I didn't order any beverages aside from a glass of water.

Once all the dishes had been served, I grabbed my fork. But soon, someone picked up the glass of water on the table and poured it all over my face.

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Chapter 104 You've Been Abandoned By Your Sugar Daddy

After wiping my face, I saw Vivien standing before me with a crude expression. "Shane, you bastard! How dare you date this bitch again?" she growled. a

I cast a glance at Shane. Weren't they divorced yet?

He just ignored her and quickly took two pieces of tissues from the table. Afterwards, he got up and helped me wipe my face. Somehow, it seemed like he was on my side.

I took the tissues from his hand and wiped myself.

"Eveline, you've been abandoned by your sugar daddy, I see." After she said that, Vivien broke into laughter. "But you know, you two losers look perfect for each other.

I threw the tissues away and stood up. Then, I picked up the glass of water in front of Shane and splashed it onto Vivien's ugly face. 1

She then wiped her face, glaring at me in disbelief. "How dare you do that to me, Eveline?" 2

I scoffed and said, "I'm merely retaliating. You're the one who poured water over my face first. I only tolerated you before because you were pregnant, so I never fought back. But don't ever think that I'm a pushover!"

By now, everyone in the restaurant was staring at us.

After a few moments of being surprised, Vivien wanted to slap me. However, I managed to grab her wrist. "Slap me if you have the guts to do it. There are so many witnesses here, and there are also a few cameras monitoring the restaurant. If I fight back, it'll be an act of self-defense."

After taking a look around, Vivien withdrew her hand reluctantly. Since she couldn't throw a tantrum out here, her only choice was to speak ill of me.

"Shane, weren't you the one who said that Eveline was like a dead fish in bed? I didn't expect that you're into that kind of thing now!"

Shane's face turned red. After all, there were so many people around us right now. Personally, I didn't care about being compared to a dead fish, for I knew that she was just using it as an excuse to save herself from embarrassment.

Soon, Vivien left while continuously mumbling curses.

Not long after, I sat down to eat again like nothing even happened.

"Eveline, I think you have changed," said Shane.

I calmly continued eating, and sneered at him once I swallowed my food.

"Women are only soft and submissive when someone is taking good care of them. Otherwise, we have no choice but to be tough."

Shane must've understood what I meant, so a trace of embarrassment flashed through his eyes. Soon, he began putting food into my bowl. "From now on, I'll take better care of you," he said.

I flashed him a smile, but I knew in my heart that he was just faking it. After dinner, he drove me home. Once we arrived, he stopped the car, but he didn't open the door yet.

He unfastened his seatbelt, and put his arm around my shoulders.

"Well, Eveline, you must've witnessed my sincerity by now. I'm serious. I really want to start over with you."

He wanted to kiss me, but I pushed him away.

"Shane, only time can reveal a man's true intentions. I didn't see through you during the two years we were married, let alone these past few days."

He probably still thought of me as the ignorant and foolish Eveline that used to love him.

Shane nodded in response and unlocked the doors.

"I understand. I'll give you more time to think. I'll wait for an answer once you're ready," he said.

It was probably because he had gotten accustomed to being pushed around by Vivien that he was much more patient now.

After I got out of the car, he drove away a few moments later.

As I walked through the dark alley, I suddenly received a message from Louise that left me surprised. After all, she would normally just call me. She rarely ever sent me messages.

I was shocked to see the content of the message.

I was so scared that I could barely hold my phone.

“I’m about to be forced! I’m at Blue Sky!”

I was too anxious to send a response to the message, so I just ran out of the alley and hailed a cab to Blue Sky.

Along the way, I kept on calling Louise, but she wasn’t answering. I became even more agitated, and my hands were involuntarily shaking

Who was trying to force her? Was it Felix? Maybe it was that creep Layne, who seemed to have a crush on her.

Once I had gotten out of the cab, I rushed into the bar. I didn’t even think of what dangers I might encounter. All I concerned myself with was Louise’s safety.

After searching around, I found her in an open private room.

“Lulu, didn’t you say that you were about to be...” Louise was sitting on the sofa. She came over to my side and pulled me into the room,

“Yep! Look at me. I’m a good young lady, and yet they insisted on taking me gambling. Don’t you think they’re forcing me to do something bad?” I was rendered speechless.

I didn’t anticipate that she would use a method like this to trick me into coming here.

I didn’t want to enter the room, because I saw that Derek was in there, too. He was playing cards with Felix and Eric.

There were two other women inside, each sitting next to Eric and Derek respectively. There was no one next to Felix, but Louise wasn’t sitting by his side, either.

When Louise pulled me in, Derek just took a glance at me before he continued playing cards with his head down. The way he looked at me was so strange and distant that it appeared like he never even knew me. 6

Moreover, the woman sitting next to him had been trying to flirt with him. He didn't refuse her advances, but he wasn't reacting to it, either. "Ah, Mrs. Sullivan, what a pleasant surprise!" Eric remarked.

Derek had a cigarette in his mouth. He didn't raise his head when he heard Eric speak, and just continued staring at the cards in his hand. "Don't call her like that. She won't be Mrs. Sullivan soon," he said. •

My heart felt like it was shattered. Louise's eyes wandered between me and Derek. She was obviously shocked and confused.

She was aware that we were having a conflict. After a while, she smiled and said, "I see. Good. You two can have fun tonight, and then go through the formalities tomorrow. After that, you can both regain your freedom and look for your next source of happiness."

Even though that was what Louise claimed, I knew that finding happiness and being free wasn't something that I could easily do. Those things were easier said than done.

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Chapter 105 Wasn't It Exciting

Louise urged me to sit with them and play cards together. I shook my head in refusal. "I don't know how to play." "It's easy to learn, come on! The game is purely dependent on luck. Besides, we're not gambling for money. Losers will just have to drink. At worst, we'll get hammered," Louise said in a casual tone.

However, I didn't want to get drunk in front of Derek.

"Yep. We'll only gamble for shots. There's no need to worry." Derek had a faint smile on his lips, but his eyes didn't share the same sentiment. His tone remained as kind and gentle as ever, but I could sense that he had become distant.

Felix and Eric would glance at Derek from time to time while we were playing. He looked unfazed, but his face had turned a little red. It seemed that he had already drunk a lot.

The woman sitting next to him was glaring at me, as if trying to provoke me. I felt uncomfortable by her gaze, and just passively participated in the game. a

I had heard that new players had incredible luck at a gambling table, and it seemed to be true. The minute I began playing, I won most of the games. I only had to drink two glasses of beer. Meanwhile, Derek lost most of the games.

He didn't hesitate to drink at all. Each time he lost, he would drink. The big-breasted woman beside him poured his glass for him, and he was happy to accept it.

"Derek, you're really good at drinking!" she remarked coquettishly.

Obviously drunk, he held the woman's waist with one hand and pulled her closer to his chest.

Upon seeing this, she nestled into his arms and took the opportunity to be aggressive.

I tried to focus all my attention on my cards, but the woman's flirtatious voice resonated in my ears.

After playing the next round, I suddenly stood up. "I need to go to the washroom." There, I washed my face in front of the mirror with cold water.

Louise soon followed me in and said, "Eve, don't be stupid. Haven't you figured out that Derek is deliberately trying to piss you off?"

Then, I stared at myself in the mirror, feeling uneasy.

"Even if he's pissing me off and trying to make me jealous, that doesn't mean he loves me. He's just trying to save face by making it look like he's not the one who got dumped," I argued.

Louise sighed and said, "You need to think about this carefully. If you break up with Derek, where would you find someone like him again, huh? Or would you rather be with a scumbag like Shane?"

As I stared at myself in the mirror, a smile formed on my lips, while droplets of water dripped from my face. "Yup. I'm getting back together with Shane." With eyes widened in disbelief, Louise shoved me. "What the fuck, Eve? Don't be an idiot! That asshole cheated on you and made a fool of you!"

I shook my head, smiling bitterly. "I'm not being an idiot, Louise. As a matter of fact, I've never been more sober."

Naturally, I would never get back together with that devil. I merely wanted to use him as an excuse to get a clean break with Derek.

When I went out of the washroom, I saw Derek leaning his back against the wall. Sensing that we needed to talk, Louise winked at me, and left. I understood what she meant.

I was just about to leave as well, but Derek halted me. He raised his arm sideward, slowly pressing my back against the wall. "Did you enjoy it?"

There was a faint smile on his lips, and the smell of alcohol from his breath left me a little queasy. I lowered my head, refusing to speak to him.

Then, he raised my chin with a finger. When I looked into his eyes, I realized how calm he was. But I knew that this was merely the calm before a storm.

"I don't think you've enjoyed enough. Let's go. We'll have more fun." Having said that, he held my hand and led me out of the bar.

From what he said, I sensed that he was up to no good. This left me flustered and agitated, but there was nothing I could do to get away from him.

After leaving the bar, Derek put me in his car, got into the car himself, and then he started the engine.

"Are you insane? Are you seriously going to drive while you're drunk?" I glared at him in disbelief.

He looked back at me. A cold smile was printed on his lips.

"What's the matter? Are you afraid? Don't worry, I'm not that drunk."

Despite how calm he portrayed himself to be, the car was moving at an alarming speed. He gradually accelerated the car, and soon, we were speeding across the road. The streetlights turned into shadows momentarily. "Stop it, Derek!" I shouted, visibly panicking. But he continued to ignore me. He pressed his lips tightly and focused on driving. The car did not decelerate at all.

Once we had left the urban area, the car entered a mountain road, wherein there were many zigzag roads. Even so, he did not reduce the car's speed. Each time that he took a turn, I could feel the car drifting. When we finally reached the top of the mountain and stopped, I felt like I wanted to throw up. Derek rested his hands on the steering wheel, staring at me with a frigid smile. "So, what do you think? Wasn't it exciting?"

"Are you nuts?" Right now, I was still horrified by what happened.

He broke into laughter and then he suddenly approached me. "Did I scare you?" "What the hell do you want now?" I growled while casting him a glare. All of a sudden, he drew closer towards me and sat on my lap. My legs instantly went numb.

He clasped the back of my head, inching closer and closer towards me. It was then that I saw a wicked smile on his lips.

"What do you think I want?" he asked.

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Derek kissed me so hard, leaving me gasping for breath.

I wanted to escape from his hold, but he was grasping my head with such intensity as if he were punishing me.

He quickly pushed the seat backward, and I fell back, with him hovering above me.

"Honey, I haven't touched you for the past few days. I miss you." His voice was thick with lust that made passion course through my veins. "Derek, you can't," I whimpered. When I became sober, I put my hands on his chest in an attempt to stop him.

"Why can't I?" he asked, smirking at me. "We haven't divorced yet. You are still my

wife."

I stared at him sadly. "But your reason for being with me seems selfish." "What about you? You're the same, aren't you?" There was a glint of coldness in Derek's bright eyes, which frightened me. Just then, my phone rang. I reached out to get it, but Derek snatched it away. I only saw the name "Shane" on the screen for a split second before my phone was thrown aside.

He stroked my face with one hand and kissed me on the lips as he touched my lower body with his other hand.

"You miss me too, don't you? You're already wet, honey."

A wave of shame consumed me.

I hated myself for being turned on. My body always lost control when he was around. His touch would always send my hormones on overdrive. Soon, my self-control crumbled. I wanted to sink in the bliss of ecstasy with him.

His shirt had already been unbuttoned, revealing his chiseled muscles. My mouth watered as I marveled at his perfect body.

The air in the car grew hot. The sounds of our moans of pleasure echoed in the narrow space.

This was probably the wildest and most passionate sex we ever had.

Just as my pleasure reached its peak, he slumped on my body, breathing heavily. My body was jelly; I had no strength to move either.

Then, he groaned and picked my phone. My eyes widened when I realized that the screen was still on.

"I didn't know that Dr. Hayes had a hobby of listening to other people making love." I realized that Derek had pressed the answer button before throwing my phone away.

And the worst part was, Shane hadn't hung up. Did that mean Shane had heard us having sex?

Derek pulled his body away from me and sat on my lap. "I had sex with my wife. Do you have a problem with that? Well, you have no right to say anything, anyway." After he hung up the phone, I stretched out my hand to grab it. But Derek threw it aside and pounced on me again.

Anger coursed through my veins as I was embarrassed to know that Shane had heard everything on the phone.

"Derek!"

"I'm your husband."

He stroked my face tenderly as if enjoying my anger.

I pushed him away.

He shifted to the driver's seat as I sat up to straighten my crumpled outfit. He ran his fingers through my hair and played with it, and his other hand, wrapped in gauze, gripped the steering wheel. "Eveline, stop making a fuss. Let's live a happy life together." He sounded serious all of a sudden. "I'm not making a fuss." I glared at him. We sat there, staring at each other. The smile on his face slowly vanished.

The temperature that had risen due to the sexual tension dropped all of a sudden.

I always lost to him when it came to staring contests.

I turned my head and looked away. "I have told you that everyone has a past. You have your past, and I have mine. Why should we let the past affect the present?" I remembered Derek telling the same to me in the past. Back then, I had no idea about his past—whether it was dark or colorful, happy or sad. I had thought that both of us could forget the past and move on, concentrating on our present. I was grateful for having him in my life every time I pictured a beautiful future.

But I was wrong. He hadn't forgotten the past and wanted to take revenge. Every moment he spent with me seemed like a part of a plan that he had plotted for a long

time.

Besides, his father had humiliated me. I had always considered my self-esteem as my most prized possession. I couldn't bring myself to forget everything and be with his son.

Derek reached out to cup my cheek, but I shook off his hand. "It's impossible for us to be together."

"What did the old man say to you?" His voice became a decibel lower.

I didn't want to tell him how his father had humiliated and trampled on my self-esteem the other day. Their relationship was already sour, and I didn't want to make things worse. I picked my phone and looked at him. "I don't think we are right for each other. After all, we have known each other for a long time now, so I'm sure we can tell if we are right for each other or not." "Are you really going to get back together with him?" Derek asked, studying my face. I was taken aback for a moment. However, I closed my eyes and nodded. "Yes, of course. People say that first love is always special. One can never forget that. I'm no exception to that. Don't you feel the same too?" "Are you out of your mind?" he barked.

I looked at him sadly. "Maybe. Otherwise, why would I marry you in such a hurry without knowing anything about you? It looks like I'm indeed out of my mind."