

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 139

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Chapter 139 You're Indeed Derek's Woman

It was not easy to enter this building. There was a whole tedious protocol to follow first. After what seemed like an eternity, Tina was finally able to enter and visit Lean.

I wanted to wait outside. However, Tina seemed very nervous and held my hand tightly. I immediately understood that she was worried about going in alone, so I resolved to accompany her.

Once inside, we waited in the hall, seated on a bench. Tina held her belly in one hand as her face was turned to the huge glass in the room. She stared blankly at the door behind the glass. The wait was long.

As the minutes passed, I could feel Tina's nervousness and uneasiness grow.

Suddenly, the opposite door was opened. Tina immediately grabbed the edge of the table tightly. I turned my head to look at the open door and soon, I saw a bald man appear.

I was immediately struck by the difference in appearance between Derek and Lean. Maybe it was because they didn't have the same mother that they didn't look alike at all. Anyway, I had to admit that Lean had a beautiful face. What was more, he had a rather tanned complexion and seemed quite thin. I wondered at that moment whether he had always been so thin or it was because he had been tortured in prison.

When Lean saw that his visitor was in fact Tina, a slight frown appeared on his face.

He then sat across from Tina on the other side of the glass. He had a rather arrogant demeanor, lifting his chin and looking at Tina with contempt. It was definitely not the kind of attitude one would expect from a prisoner.

It must be said that he was very young. It was therefore not surprising that there was still a certain frivolity in him. This was very common among young men in their early twenties. He had certainly learned lessons here in prison. No matter how tough you are, prison definitely breaks you. Thinking about that and seeing the man in front of me, I wondered what kind of person he might have been before.

It was well known that teenage girls were generally obsessed with bad boys. Perhaps that was the reason why Tina liked him. She quickly grabbed the telephone and talked to him. She was so nervous that her hands were shaking. I

had no idea what she said, but suddenly, Lean who was also holding a telephone, turned and looked at me.

His eyes were sharp.

That look, however, only lasted a moment. He soon averted his gaze and returned his World!

attention to Tina. I saw him move his lips but didn't have the faintest idea what he was saying. However, judging by his frown and irritable expression, I was convinced that it must be something bad. Sure enough, seconds later, Tina covered her mouth with her hand and burst into tears.

I was startled and stood up at once. I quickly took a few steps closer. Now, I could hear clearly what Tina was saying. In a low voice broken by sobs, she said, "The baby will soon be born. It is a life we're talking about. I know you would have preferred that this child was never conceived, but he is living and growing inside me. It is your child, Lean, whether you like it or not."

When I heard that, my blood ran cold.

Were men all so cold and heartless? Was it because they had never had to experience a pregnancy that they were so detached and had no feelings for their offspring?

I suddenly felt a wave of anger wash over me. Without thinking twice, I strode over and grabbed the telephone from Tina's hand. Then I glared at Lean across the glass.

"Are you even human, Lean? Do you have the faintest idea how difficult it is for Tina to go through this pregnancy alone? Even if you can't be with her, at least you should show a modicum of sympathy. She has given up her family for your sake. Don't you feel any guilt for her? Do you have any conscience at all? You don't have to love her, but for heaven's sake at least take responsibility. Instead, you have the nerves to make her suffer despite her condition and yet you know the baby is almost due. You deserve to be imprisoned."

Lean looked furious at being scolded like that. With a gloomy face, he sneered at me.

"There's no doubt that you're Derek's wife. You're just as arrogant and supercilious as him," he said with a smirk.

In tears, Tina begged, "Eveline, please don't say that to him." Despite how much he made her suffer just now, she still stood up for him.

I felt really sorry for her.

She was still very young and loved him very much. Because of that, this despicable man allowed himself to hurt her.

At this moment, I really wanted to scold her to wake her up from the illusion. However, before I could say anything, she suddenly turned pale and grabbed the edge of the table tightly with one hand.

"My... my belly hurts," she complained weakly. Her face was twisted with an expression of pain and she slipped from the chair.

Before I could reach out to hold her, she fell heavily on the floor.

"Eveline, it hurts so much! Please help me. My baby..." As she spoke, she held my hand tightly. Her grip was really strong. One would not believe that such strength could come from the frail and gentle Tina.

I was freaked out.

She still had a few weeks before her due date. She must have been too emotional just now and was about to have premature delivery.

Panicked, I shouted for help. Soon, several prison guards rushed in and they gently carried Tina out.

When Tina was taken away, I turned around and glared at Lean.

He had stood up and was staring in the direction where Tina was carried away.

The anger inside me was rising and I needed to vent out. I grabbed the telephone and looked him straight in the eye.

"If something bad happened to Tina's baby, you would have got exactly what you wanted, right? Perhaps you want both her and the baby to die! At least like that, she will never come to bother you again, right? There're many scumbags in this world, and I'm sure you are one of them."

After saying that, I turned around and ran out, without leaving him the chance to reply. Then, I climbed into the police car which was ready to go.

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Chapter 140 He Hates Me

Tina was lying in the back seat of the police car. Her face was twisted in pain.

As the sound of the police siren sounded in a deafening din, I remembered the deep, complicated look on Lean's face before I left.

Several expressions flashed in his eyes at the same time. I saw arrogance, guilt, sadness, anger, and hatred in his sharp eyes.

Suddenly, Tina's weak voice brought me back to my senses.

"Eveline, will my baby be okay?"

Having already experienced such a situation, I could feel her panic at this moment.

I remembered that night when Shane aborted my child. At that moment, I would have given anything for someone to appear there and save my baby.

I held Tina's hand tightly and tried to comfort her. "Don't worry. The baby will be fine. We'll soon arrive at the hospital. Be brave. You'll be a mother."

Tina needed urgent care. Because of this, the police had to take her to the nearest hospital.

Once we arrived at the hospital, nurses quickly rushed over. Tina was put on a stretcher and rushed to the operating room. Standing alone in the hall, I felt helpless. I prayed with all my heart that nothing bad should happen to the mother and the child. Finally, I pulled out my phone and called Derek.

After I roughly explained the situation to him, he reassured me and promised to be there shortly. Indeed, less than half an hour later, he arrived at the hospital.

Seeing the red light above the door of the operating room, he knew the operation wasn't over yet. He sat down beside me and gently held my hand.

"What happened?" he asked softly.

I told him how I accompanied Tina to the prison and what happened there.

He didn't say anything and just listened patiently.

I kept glancing at the closed door of the operating room every now and then. I was really panicked and I didn't dare to imagine what was going on inside the room.

This small hospital was not as crowded as the big hospitals. The corridor of the hospital was very quiet, and that made me even more nervous.

I kept praying for the safety of mother and baby in my heart. Tina was only eighteen years old. She was too young. I hoped that God would be kind to her.

I then turned to Derek and asked suddenly, "What happened between you and Lean? I have this feeling that he hates you."

In fact, I needed us to talk about something else that could take my mind off my anxiety right now.

Derek then gently stroked my hand's back with his thumb. It seemed as if my question had suddenly plunged him back into old memories.

"He indeed hates me."

Before Derek could continue speaking, the door of the operating room was suddenly opened. We both stood up at once and walked over.

The doctor took off his mask. His face was expressionless, which only added to my anxiety. He said in a serious tone, "Due to the incorrect fetal position, we had to urgently perform a caesarean operation. The operation went well. The puerpera gave birth to a six-pound, seven ounce baby girl. Both mother and daughter are fine."

I almost collapsed with relief when I heard this good news. I felt the anxiety inside me suddenly dissipate. I then heaved a long sigh of relief.

When I looked at Derek, I saw that he too seemed relieved by the news. His face had softened though he didn't show much expression.

An hour later, Tina was transferred to the ward.

Lying in the bed, she looked exhausted and her face was extremely pale.

As she looked at the little girl wrapped in a small quilt beside her, she couldn't hold back her emotions and burst into tears. I wondered at the moment whether she was crying because of Lean's cruelty earlier.

I couldn't bear to see her like this, let alone see her shed tears for a man like Lean. I quickly took out a tissue to wipe her tears.

"Come on, don't cry. You are a mother now."

I had always been told that a woman should not shed tears right after delivery or a miscarriage. However, I cried a lot after I lost my baby. 1

The moment I raised my head, I met Derek's eyes.

Perhaps he was also thinking of the same thing as me, because the moment I met his gaze, I was struck by the unusual softness in them.

"Eveline, you can't imagine how happy I am to finally be able to see my baby and carry her at will. It was not easy. It was actually very difficult for me. But the joy of finally seeing my baby more than makes up for all the pain I've been through."

Tina smiled despite the tears flooding her face.

Derek made a few phone calls and soon he had a nanny who would take care of Tina and her baby.

A week later, Tina was finally discharged from the hospital and returned home. Derek and I went to see her.

By this time, Tina's daughter's complexion had already changed. The little girl was no longer all red but fair in complexion. She was really lovely.

The nanny Derek hired was a very experienced middle-aged woman. She took good care of Tina and the child.

Derek scooped the child up in his arms and tucked her in for a while.

Such a scene of love and fatherhood made me sigh with emotion.

At that moment, Derek rose in my esteem. I knew then that he was a person who knew how to limit his emotions, whether in love or in hate. Clearly there was animosity between him and Lean. However, whatever happened between them, Derek wasn't going to transfer his resentment onto this child, or onto Tina. He was the very definition of maturity and moderation.

I was glad to see that he wasn't just a cold-hearted man. There was actually a soft side of his heart. I could see it in the way he held the child in his arms. He was very soft and gentle.

The child didn't have a name yet. Tina asked Derek to name the child, but he refused. He said that it was up to the father to name his child.

After some thought, I came to the conclusion that he was right. Even though Lean had no affection for the child, it was still up to him to name the child. If Derek decided to give the child a name, the chances of him reconciling with his brother would be very slim. 1

Tina therefore decided to give a temporary pet name to her daughter. "Lily".

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Chapter 141 Let's Have A Baby

When I left Tina's house, all I could think of was Lily's small angelic face.

"Lily is so cute. I heard that newborns are usually very noisy, but as Tina said, Lily is well behaved. She quickly falls sleep after eating, like a pig."

Derek smiled, "Yes, she is cute."

After a while, he broke the silence. "Honey, let's have a baby too."

It was so out of the blue. The topic caught me by surprise.

He glanced at me and mentioned, "Grandpa called me two days ago and asked me when he could have a great-grandchild."

"He already has a great-granddaughter, Lily."

Derek took out a cigarette, lit it up, rolled down the car window, and said, "We all know that Grandpa has never accepted Lean, so it makes sense that he doesn't want to accept Lean's child as his great-grandchild."

"Why? Isn't Lean also his grandson?" I could vaguely guess why, but I still raised the question.

Derek took a drag on his cigarette and the smoke dispersed in front of him. "Because Lean is my father's illegitimate child. Yes, his mother finally got married to my father, yet Grandpa has never approved of her."

His words reminded me of what Gifford once said.

He wouldn't accept me as his daughter-in-law since I married Derek without his permission.

Derek's grandfather had never approved of Belinda, so he wouldn't accept Lean or Lily.

How could I be any different from Belinda? We were both in the same boat. If I ever had a child with Derek, it would meet the same fate as Lily's.

I snapped out of my thoughts when I noticed that we had entered the yard of the villa. Derek stopped the car. However, he just stayed in his seat.

He put out the cigarette and turned his head in my direction. I could feel his gaze pierce through me. He asked me half-jokingly, "Honey, have you been taking contraceptive pills behind my back?"

That had been with him for months. We had had sex many times, but I hadn't gotten pregnant yet. It was expected of him to suspect me.

My throat felt dry upon the accusation. I swallowed hard and shook my head. "No, I haven't. I wonder if |—"

"No, you won't." Derek cut me off. It was obvious that he had guessed what I was going to say.

"Why?"

Derek smirked and said arrogantly, "Because I'm Derek Sullivan." I was rendered speechless. He couldn't be luckier than the others

just because he was Derek Sullivan.

"Grandpa once asked a fortune teller for a divination and said that I will have a son and a daughter."

"I remember you said you don't believe that stuff," I commented.

Derek quickly wrapped his arm around my waist tightly all of a sudden and closed the gap between us.

"Yes, I don't believe such stuff. I believe in myself. How hard could it be for me to have a son and a daughter? I will make that happen. I can even have a lot of children."

He snickered, but I could not smile.

Since he brought it up, my mood soured as my heart sank.

I had been struggling for a few days. I finally decided to go to the hospital for an examination without telling Derek.

The examination was brief. Just as it ended, I sat opposite the doctor. What worried me was the serious look on her face as she took the result while pushing the gold-rimmed glasses up the bridge of her nose.

"Did you have an abortion before?"

I was taken aback by her question that my heart skipped a beat.

"I had an abortion a few months ago."

"I see. The result might come as a shock to you. It should be due to the operation being done inappropriately and has damaged the uterus. There was inflammation, but not treated immediately and caused implications for the fertilized egg getting implanted in the uterus."

The doctor's explanation only meant one thing.

Getting pregnant would be hard for me.

When I got out of the doctor's office, my knees weakened, so I slumped my body on the chair in the corridor. Time passed by while I sat there.

I stared at the examination report in my hand and crumpled it as I clenched my fists.

I hated Shane so much. How I wished I could cut him into pieces! Who knew I would despise him even more? I was so mad and sad at the same time.

It hurt me that I could not be the mother of Derek's children.

A pair of shiny black shoes stopped in front of me out of nowhere. I looked up and saw Aaron in a white coat.

"What's wrong? Why do you look so pale? Do you feel uncomfortable?" He noticed the report in my hand.

I folded it nervously.

"No, I'm fine."

"Come to my office," he said.

I mustered up my strength to follow him. When we were inside his office, he poured me a glass of warm water.

"Have some water first."

I took the glass and held it in my hand. I didn't drink it right away.

The man in his office went out. Aaron referred to him as his assistant.

"Male assistant?" Sitting at his desk, Aaron chuckled. "It's more convenient that way."

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I didn't know what else to say, so I kept silent. As if Aaron could read my mind, he uttered, "Eveline, if something is bothering you, you should talk with Derek. Don't bear it alone."

What could be changed after I talked to him? Derek had expressed his wish to have a child.

After sitting for a while, I decided it was time to leave.

When I came out of his office, I met some of my former colleagues.

They saw me and greeted me warmly as if they had not treated me differently before.

How sickening. The situation was too much for me. I was not in the mood to deal with these hypocritical people and left in a hurry.

Once I returned to the villa, I rushed to the bed and read the examination report tediously.

The report was mocking me in my face. It felt like the universe had always been against me. I could only taste happiness for a bit, and fate would punch me so hard that I woke up from dreaming.

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Chapter 142 You Might've Chosen The Wrong Person

I had no idea when exactly I fell asleep, but by the time I woke up, the nightlight in the bedroom was on. Derek was sitting on the edge of the bed with my examination report in hand.

Upon seeing it, I was completely awake.

The side of his face made a silhouette in the dim light, so it was hard to see what expression he was wearing. I could sense that he wasn't moving; almost as if he had turned into a sculpture.

Somehow, I felt sorry for him.

Fate had made a fool of us both. O

I sat up, and stared at him, a guilty look on my face.

"I'm really sorry!"

He set down the report, turned his head to me, and smiled like nothing bad had happened.

"Why are you apologizing?"

The more he acted this way, the sadder I became.

"I can't bear a child anymore, so that means you might've chosen the wrong person," I said.

"Bullshit!"

he cursed, pulling me into his arms.

I had been feeling sad for an entire day. Right now, I don't even have a shred of strength left within me. I just nestled in his arms in silence.

Because of this heavy blow to my ego, sadness and hatred filled my heart.

“Derek, do you know what I’ve experienced the first time I met you?”

Each time I thought of that night, my heart would tremble with pain.

It was so painful, not because of Shane’s cruelty, but because I had lost my innocent child, and the fact that I was cursed to live a barren life after the miscarriage.

“At the time, I was five months pregnant, but Shane forcibly aborted my baby himself. How could someone as evil as him exist? I hate him with every fiber of my being!” As Derek embraced me, he gently lay beside me. I could hear the sound of his heartbeat clearly.

The sound was slightly muffled.

“Hatred isn’t necessarily something that you should trouble yourself with. Sometimes, it serves as a reminder of the lesson you’ve learned, and the firm decision you made to get revenge,” said Derek.

His words made me wonder what sort of hellish thing I would do to Shane if I ever get the pleasure of meeting that bastard.

If I had a knife by then, I would certainly stab him as many times as humanly possible!

One cut wouldn’t be enough to vent all the days of hatred I had lived for.

Derek continued, “You know, kids may be cute, but they can be annoying sometimes. Moreover, once we have kids, they’ll be a burden on our shoulders and an added responsibility. How will we be able to spend more quality time with each other, then?”

I could tell that he was just saying that to comfort me.

In a pessimistic voice, I replied, “Having a child isn’t just something we’re looking forward to. Grandpa has been hoping to have a great-grandkid, remember?”

There was one other thing I failed to mention.

Derek’s dad wasn’t fond of me. If Gifford were to know about this, he would be more determined to drive me away. 2

All of a sudden, Derek broke into laughter as he held me in his arms.

“Eveline, why are you being silly?”

I raised my head, staring into his eyes with confusion.

Suddenly, he got on top of me and slid his hand under my pajamas.

“What the examination report says is merely a probability, and there’s still a chance for you to get pregnant. Why are you being so pessimistic? The way I see it, this just means we’ll have to do it more often. I believe that the more sex we have, the higher the chance you’ll get pregnant. I’m sure you’ll get pregnant pretty soon!”

That night, he did his best to make love to me, but I just couldn’t get into it.

I wanted to tell him that there was something wrong with my uterine lining, not his sperm.

The examination report didn’t say that it was impossible for me to get pregnant again. It only said that the probability of getting pregnant was low, but what difference did that make from not being able to get pregnant?

I did admit that I was mostly pessimistic.

“Derek, I really hate Shane

As Derek let out a pleased moan, he began to reach the climax of sexual pleasure, causing his eyes to become fiercer by the second.

“Trust me, you’ll get your revenge someday!”

he groaned.

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Chapter 143 It’s Better To Gain Some Weight

The following morning, while I was making breakfast in the kitchen, the doorbell rang.

Who would drop by this early in the morning?

Confused, I went to open the door. I was stupefied to see the person standing at our doorstep.

It was Charlene. She was wearing a white shirt and suit pants. She looked so capable and professional.

Then, she flashed me a smile.

"Is Mr. Sullivan around? I have a document here that I need him to sign for me. It's urgent."

She indeed had a folder in hand. Not long after, (This novel will be daily updated at) I heard a set of footsteps coming down the stairs from behind me. I turned around and saw Derek.

I thought I should behave accordingly, so I offered Charlene a pair of slippers.

"Please come in!" I told her.

Afterwards, I went back to the kitchen. Meanwhile, Derek sat down on the living room sofa, reading through the document that she brought.

I could hear their conversation. Truthfully, I couldn't understand most of what they were saying, but based on what Charlene said, I could tell that she was indeed a competent individual.

After a while, Aaron went into the kitchen to help me prepare breakfast.

Once we took out the breakfast, I saw Derek signing the document with a pen. (This novel will be daily updated at) After packing up the signed document, Charlene glanced at the table, stood up, and walked towards me with a smile on her face.

"That smells heavenly. I haven't had breakfast yet," she said.

I didn't like how casual her demeanor was around me.

"I had no idea you'd be here, nor did I know you haven't had breakfast yet, so I didn't make any for you,"

I said, trying to maintain my composure.

Derek stood from the sofa and walked over to our side.

Thus, I smiled at Charlene and pushed my plate of food towards her.

"Here, take mine. It wouldn't be good to let you starve at your brother's home."

When I told her that I didn't make breakfast for her, I could tell that she felt embarrassed, but now she was delighted.

She glanced at the food on the table, crossed her arms, and smiled. "No, it's okay! I was just kidding."

Since she refused my offer, I didn't want to waste my time playing around with her any longer, so I sat down, ready to eat breakfast.

Derek and Aaron also took their seats.

Suddenly, Charlene remarked, "I prefer not to eat too much in the morning. Usually, a glass of milk and an apple are enough. Otherwise, I'll gain weight easier. I make it a point to weigh myself every day. Whenever I notice that I suddenly gain a bit of weight, I panic."

Upon hearing her say that, I subconsciously touched my belly.

I wasn't necessarily fat, but I rarely exercised, so my muscles were a little squishy.

Based on her remark, it was easy to tell that she paid special attention to her figure.

I couldn't resist the urge to stare at her body.

There was no flab on her body, and her waist was curvaceous. (This novel will be daily updated at)She had large breasts, sexy buttocks, and slender, shapely limbs. Men would certainly fall head over heels for her, and women would be jealous of her figure.

I gathered that she must follow a strict diet and workout routine.

It was then that I kept on staring at her ass.

Her well-tailored suit pants were tightly wrapping her ass.

She had a body that was most suitable for birthing children.

Just as I was dazed, Derek handed me a jam sandwich. "You need to eat some more. You're too thin. It's better to gain some weight." Feeling moved, I accepted the sandwich from him. Once he finished eating breakfast, he and Charlene left. I walked to the door and saw their cars leaving one after the other.

Charlene was driving the car that Gifford gave her. The window of the car was open, and her hair was being blown by the wind.

It was certainly a beautiful sight to see a woman driving a car.

Thus, I decided to hire a private driving instructor to teach me. I was determined to learn how to drive.

When I passed by Dere International, I saw many balloons hanging at the company's gate. There was also a banner that read: Happy 6th Anniversary, Dere International!

It turned out that it had only been six years since the company was founded, and its achievements could be regarded as monumental.

I suddenly had the urge to see Derek, so I got out of the car and went into the building.

When I arrived at his office, his assistant told me that he was in a meeting, and told me to wait for Derek in his office.

I looked at the nearby meeting room, gently made my way towards it, and peered through the gap of the blinds.

The meeting room was large and there were many people inside. They were probably Dere International's senior executives.

Meanwhile, Charlene was right beside the big screen, playing the slideshow and explaining her plans. (This novel will be daily updaed at)The way she moved and carried herself was so elegant and filled with confidence.

Everyone was intently listening to her discussion, including Derek.

Despite how much I disliked her, I was still enamored by Charlene's charms and capabilities; what more would a man feel?

I wondered if Derek would be attracted to her.