

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 179

Chapter 179 I Will Take Good Care Of Him

I walked to Derek's ward and found that the door was ajar. Through the crack between the door and its frame, I could make out that Gifford was sitting on the couch beside the bed.

Yesterday, I had pondered whether he would, as a father, visit his sick son in hospital. Now that he had actually come to visit, Derek must have been very happy.

It was rare for the father and son to see each other. It was therefore inappropriate for me to interrupt them at this moment. I decided to go for a walk to give them enough time to chat and catch up. But before I could turn around to head off on my walk, I heard a woman's voice coming from inside the ward.

"Derek, you'd better come home and live with us from now on so that we can take good care of you. You are so young but your stomach disease is at advanced stages. It's clear that you haven't been taking good care of yourself." I recognized the voice quite clearly as Belinda's. "No, thanks. My wife is capable of taking care of me," Derek declined lightly. Gifford snorted. "Your wife? So how exactly did she take care of you? You're hospitalized as a result of her care, isn't it?" As soon as I heard his words, I felt a fiery rage bubble up inside me. I pushed the door open. Then I walked in, taking one deliberate step after the other. I thought of Derek's health and tried to bottle up my anger. My sudden appearance momentarily caught Gifford and Belinda off guard but they quickly recovered and had sour looks on their faces.

I walked over to Derek's bedside, placed the thermos on the side table and turned to face them head on. I said in a polite tone that was neither too demure nor too assertive, "I wasn't aware that there was a problem with Derek's stomach health. I just went home to make him some soup. From here on out, I will be the one who takes care of him." Gifford leaned against the backrest of the couch and raised his chin with haughty dignity. Although he didn't say anything, his displeasure was on open display on his face. I cleared my throat and continued with an air of indifference, "I wonder why his stomach is diseased. You've apparently taken good care of him in his formative years yet he still somehow has such a bad stomach illness." After I finished my words, I didn't even look at their reaction. Instead, I opened the lid of the container, seated myself on the edge of the bed and began feeding Derek the soup I had prepared.

My words came across as reasonable at face value, but I believed they all knew what I was suggesting. But if they really wanted to find fault with my words, they would fail dismally because of the clever wording.

They didn't say anything more and the ward was awkwardly silent.

The soup was a little hot, so I blew on it to cool it down before putting a spoonful of it into Derek's mouth. Derek kept staring at me, as if he had a new understanding of me at this moment.

After Gifford and Belinda left, I looked at Derek and said, "I shouldn't have come in, right? After all, it's rare for you and your father to spend time with one another." Derek didn't answer my question but stared at me with fiery eyes. "Eveline, you know what? When you stop flinching because of the external resistance of other people, you seem to positively glow." I chuckled. "Glowing? Like a Goddess?" After eating the soup, he held my hand and found the scar on my wrist. "What happened?" he frowned and asked anxiously. I told him that I had burnt myself while I was cooking. He immediately responded in a serious voice, "Don't cook all on your own anymore. It's just fine for you to hire a maid or for us to buy takeout." I thought he was being a bit over the top. I smiled and replied, "Isn't it a normal possibility to get burnt when cooking? If I refuse to cook for fear of being burnt, should I also stop walking for fear of falling down? Or should I refuse love for fear of getting hurt?" In all honesty, after the failed marriage to Shane, I indeed had a lingering fear when it came to love. However, Derek was like a magnet to which I was strongly attracted. I was willing to be close to him despite any fear of being hurt because of this strong attraction. 3 After Derek was discharged from the hospital, our life returned to the previous way it had been. When I went for my driving lessons again, I didn't see the woman who had deceived me again. However, there was another woman around her age who was in the car, who also had the same name as her. It was only then that I realized that the previous middle-aged woman had committed fraud by giving this lady's details instead of her own. Unfortunately, I was the one who had been duped. Since Derek was discharged from the hospital, I had paid special attention to his diet which was kept healthy and light. One day, when I was tidying up the living room, I found the tape of Thorn Birds' songs. I somehow managed to put it in the player and hit play. When it came to Sybil's song, I hit pause. I didn't press the play key again until I heard the sound of a car outside.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 180

Chapter 180 The Girl He Always Loved

When Derek entered the house, Sybil's song reverberated across the living room.

I wiped the coffee table with a towel and didn't bother looking at him as the sound of approaching footsteps grew louder. I tried to remain calm even though my heart was crashing in my chest.

Derek plopped on the sofa.

I couldn't help but wonder if Sybil's emotional song would remind him of his past with her. I was sure it would have a certain effect on him but couldn't fathom what that might be.

I finally tore my eyes from the coffee table, I had wiped over and over again in an attempt to distract myself, and looked at him.

“Does your stomach still hurt?”

Derek took out a cigarette and lit it up as he smiled at me.

“Do you think my stomach is made of glass?” he joked.

I didn't know if he was hiding his emotions well or if Sybil's song had no effect on him. “Well, you are right. It's not made of glass. But even if your stomach is made of iron, it will corrode if you don't take good care of it,” I said.

Derek took a puff of his cigarette and tilted his head to smile at me. “Eveline, you sound very philosophical these days.” I shrugged and went to the kitchen to cook. Perhaps life and all the lessons I had learned had made me wise. Soon, Sybil's song ended, and a male voice filled the room. I knew it was Derek's voice. After I knew he was the lead singer of Thorn Birds, I felt differently whenever I listened to these songs. I could tell the parts he had sung and the characteristics of his voice now.

But I had never heard him sing in real life.

The song stopped halfway. When I came to my senses, I realized the sink was brimming with water and quickly turned off the tap. Derek walked to the kitchen and leaned against the doorframe. “Why did you turn it off?” I asked, casting a sidelong glance at him. “It sounded awful.” He chuckled. I picked up the vegetables from the sink, drizzled oil into the pan, and fried the eggs. The pan sizzled as the aroma of the eggs wafted in the kitchen. I turned to look at him.

“No, it was pleasant to hear. To be honest, this is the best song I've ever heard. It is very soulful.”

Derek walked toward me, smiling.

“Wow! It looks like you have great admiration for your husband. When did it all start? Tell me!”

I tossed the eggs and placed the pan on the stove before turning to look at him.

“I'm not the only one who admires you. You know how popular Thorn Birds were back then. If you hadn't given up on your dreams, you would have stood on a bigger stage and won the hearts of millions.” I stared into his eyes. But seeing his vacant expression, I couldn't tell what he was thinking. “Burnt!” he exclaimed all of a sudden. I quickly snapped out of my reverie and turned off the stove in a hurry. But the eggs in the pans had turned black and were burnt beyond repair. “Uh oh! Why did you offend the eggs? Look at their faces; they look dark and angry.” His warm breath blew against my ear, making my scalp tingle. Although he sounded serious, I knew he was joking. I was both angry and amused. I turned around and pushed him out of the kitchen. “It's all your fault. You better stop disturbing me when I'm cooking.” “Oh, no! It turns out it was I who has offended

them.” He shook his head, faking hurt. I burst out laughing. His humor made me forget the unease and pain in my heart, at least for a while. When dinner was almost ready, Aaron came back. We spoke as we ate, and I tried shifting the topic back to Thorn Birds.

I said that I loved the song “Live On”, so I looked at Aaron and asked what inspired him to write the song. Before Aaron could answer my question, Derek spoke, “I know. It’s about a girl he has always liked.” Aaron continued to eat, staring at his plate without accepting or denying Derek’s statement. After a moment’s silence, I asked, “Where is the girl?” Aaron finally looked up at me and smiled bitterly. I regretted asking the question and upsetting him. Just as I was about to change the topic, Aaron said, “She is married to someone else now.” .

The terse answer seemed to reflect the weight of his emotions. I could tell that he was in pain.

Aaron stared into the distance, lost in thought.

I understood that he loved the girl with all his heart. Although years had passed, his eyes still glinted with affection when he spoke about her. First love was always special, and hard to forget. Most people remembered and cherished their first love all their lives.

But I never had any so-called first love or crushes. I got married to Shane before I had the chance to experience love or romance. I had a rough time growing up. I shouldered all the responsibilities earlier than my peers. I had a hectic life in my youth and didn’t have the time to pay attention to boys or the energy to invest in an emotional relationship. If I had to choose a person from the past whom I deemed special, there was a boy who had taken care of me like an elder brother. I was twenty-six years old now. I wasn’t lucky enough to receive much affection and care. Therefore, I remembered everyone who had been good to me in my life. It was a pity that he moved away later. I never got to see him again.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 181

Chapter 181 Would You Choose Her Or Me

After dinner, the three of us sat in the living room and watched TV. I randomly surfed the channels and saw an advertisement for a talent show on TV.

The show “Singing Youth” had taken the country by storm, and the registration in Souden had just begun.

“Can Thorn Birds come out again even though one of its members is gone?” I asked, trying to sound casual.

Aaron glanced at Derek and said nothing. But I understood what he meant. It all depended on whether Derek would pick up his guitar again or not. If he didn't want to play the guitar, it meant he had not forgotten Sybil and that she still had a place in his heart. My eyes widened when I saw the highlight of the advertisement. "Sponsored by Dere International?" I looked at Derek. He leaned back on the sofa and smiled at me. "Everyone with a dream needs to be supported." It sounded hypocritical because he had abandoned his dreams.

Later, Aaron went upstairs. The two of us were all alone in the living room. Derek grabbed my hand and dragged me closer to him. I was bored, so I opted to watch a TV series: it was a popular love story.

Derek wrapped his arms around me, lowered his head, and whispered in my ear, "TV series like these are boring." I raised my eyebrows defiantly. "But women like watching them." Derek chuckled. "Women like fantasies. Love stories offer gratification and satisfy you." He was right. Women loved fantasizing. After all, the fictional world was much better than the painful reality. After a moment's silence, I took a deep breath and turned to look at him.

"If Sybil was still alive, would you choose her or me?"

The room was dark. The light from the TV shone on Derek's face, highlighting his features. I saw his jaw tighten.

He pursed his lips and kept silent for a long time, but I continued to stare at him, waiting for his answer. After a long while, he blew out a loud breath and shook his head. "I won't answer such hypothetical questions." But that was what bothered me. If he refused to answer a hypothetical question, it meant he was still hesitant, or perhaps he had an answer but didn't want to admit the truth and hurt me. I wanted to ask him what he would do if Sybil hadn't died.

Derek rubbed my shoulder and pulled me closer to him. "Eveline, can you stop asking such questions? My relationship with Sybil is a thing of the past."

If it was in the past, then who sent the message? However, I refrained from asking the question because it would only worsen everything. According to the message, the answer might be revealed soon.

I prepared myself for the worst regardless of what the answer was. When Derek was in the hospital, he saw my scalded wrist and asked me not to cook again. However, I ignored his advice and continued to cook anyway. Therefore, he often suggested we eat outside. Aaron would always refuse to join us because he didn't want to disturb us. However, despite his protests, we would take him with us because we wanted him to know we valued his friendship more than love. One day, we went to the usual restaurant to have dinner. Before we sat down to eat, I saw Charlene. She was sitting with a man. The atmosphere between the two was tense as if both were embarrassed. As she looked around, her gaze landed on us. Her eyes lit up, and she waved at us. Something seemed fishy between her and the man. So I didn't want to get involved. But since she greeted us, we had no choice but to join them. The man was wearing square, black-rimmed glasses and sat upright. It looked like he was a sincere man. After we sat down, Charlene introduced us to each other. The man seemed more embarrassed after we joined

them. He rubbed his palms against his pants and smiled nervously. Charlene continued to chat with us and ignored the man. Perhaps he was a shy introvert, so he didn't utter a word since we joined them. His face flushed as he continued to squirm on his seat with unease. After trying his best to stay with us, he finally stood up, excused himself, and left. Once he was out of our sight, Charlene sighed dejectedly and explained, "He is the blind date my dad had arranged for me." I had already figured that out after judging the situation. I didn't think Belinda knew about it. After all, she wouldn't send her daughter on a blind date with an inappropriate candidate. "My father is a middle school teacher, and that man is his colleague. My father knows him well and thinks he would be right for me. So he wanted us to meet." Charlene sighed helplessly. "Your father wants you to have all the things he deems best," I teased. "Well, my father is very conservative. He wants me to marry a man with a decent job, so he is looking for doctors and teachers." She shrugged. At the mention of "doctor", I turned to look at Aaron. He was busy skimming through the menu, ignoring our conversation. "Oh, I just remembered that Louise called me earlier and asked me to see her. I almost forgot it." I was a terrible liar. They probably knew I was just making it up. But I didn't have time to think, so I dragged Derek with me. He sensed what I was up to and followed me. Aaron was a graceful man; I knew he wouldn't leave Charlene alone after we left. Later, Derek and I found a pizza shop, ate to our heart's content, and went home.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 182

Chapter 182 Accompany Me For A While

When we went to bed, Aaron still hadn't come home yet. I thought he and Charlene had been getting along, and thought that each time they would speak, they would form a connection. Later, I was awakened by the sound of an engine. I had no idea what time it was, but I guessed that Aaron must've come home.

After waiting for a while, he still didn't come upstairs. Surprised and curious, I got up and went downstairs to check.

He wasn't in the living room. Upon opening the front door, I saw a tiny cinder through the car window. I approached the car and found Aaron smoking in the driver's seat.

"Why don't you come in?" I asked.

He turned his head towards me, staring at me in silence for a few seconds. (This novel will be daily updaed at)"Let me finish this cigarette first," he said.

I nodded in agreement. "Okay. After that, go to your room and get some rest, you hear me? You still have to go to work tomorrow." Having said that, I turned around, intending to go back to my room. However, he grabbed my wrist. I could feel his palm burning, and he wasn't as gentle as he normally was. My heart skipped a beat. "Accompany me for a while," Aaron muttered.

"Sure," I said, causing him to release his grip on my wrist.

I went to the other side to open the door for the passenger seat, and got in.

The windows on both sides of the car were open, and the cold breeze blew in. To be honest, I was surprised that the car didn't reek of alcohol, Aaron just continued smoking in silence, leaning against the back of his seat. He seemed to have something serious in mind.

The only movement visible inside the car was the rising of smoke, accentuated by the moonlight.

"Did you drive Charlene home?" I asked, breaking our silence.

"Yep."

After a moment of contemplation, I said, "You know, Charlene isn't that bad. She's beautiful, competent, straightforward, and she's got a good temperament. Though she grew up in an incomplete family, it's easy to tell that she's well-bred and well-educated. I think it has something to do with her father. The man is a teacher, after all. I think you're both great, and you're both single, so maybe..." "Enough!" Aaron blurted out. He had always been a mild-mannered man, but the way he roared at me was so frightening.

Seemingly having realized his outburst, he softened his tone.

"Look, I know who's best for me, and who's not. I live my own life, Eveline. (This novel will be daily updaed at)There are times that a person's choice might not be the best, and in other times, the best might not be suited for that person. She is excellent, but it isn't reason enough for me to love her." I thought that he must be thinking of his first love right now. He probably still hadn't forgotten her. Aaron was a man that would love for a lifetime. "I'm sorry for being nosy," I muttered. Aaron chuckled helplessly. "No, I'm the one who should apologize. It was wrong of me to scream at you. Please, don't take it to heart." "It's not a big deal," I replied. Another gust of wind blew in, causing me to shiver and rub my arms. Upon noticing my reaction, he rolled up the window beside me. It was then that he turned on the radio of his car, and it played the song "Encounter". "Upon hearing the departure of winter, I woke up one day..." The soothing music resonated within the car, and we listened to it in silence. The first time I ever heard this song was in a cinema. The movie was about a sad love story. At the time, I even cried while watching the movie. "The worst part about falling in love is to find someone at the wrong time and lose them at the right time," Aaron mumbled as he listened to the song. I was worried about him, so I tried to console him. "You need to let bygones be bygones. Let go of the past and face your new life, Aaron. I firmly believe that she'd also want you to live a happy life." He glanced over at me and smiled. "You think so?"

To me, his smile looked somewhat silly and naïve. ' I gave him a firm nod. "Of course."

"The rarest thing in the world isn't encountering the love of your life, but it's meeting them again." 1 When he said those words, he stared at me once more, and this time, his eyes were fiery with passion. For some reason, the temperature in the cramped space of the car rose. "Eveline, actually, I.(This novel will be daily updaed at).." Aaron's phone rang, cutting him off midsentence. Before he picked it up, I saw Derek's name on the screen. I suddenly felt a little nervous.