

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 546

Chapter 546

Chapter 546 God Sent Me Back

The doctor's words had me weeping in joy. Timmy looked emotional, too, and we ended up laughing and crying at the same time.

Derek was conscious when he was wheeled back into the ward. I sat by the bed and clutched his hand tightly. I didn't want to look away from his face for even a second.

He mustered a weak smile as he reached out with his other hand and gently stroked my hair.

"As a matter of fact, I've already stepped through the gates of heaven and met God. He refused me further passage, saying that I needed to treat my wife and children better. He said I still needed to fulfill my responsibilities as a husband and father, and sent me back to take good care of you and our kids."

I was a sobbing mess. Despite myself, I grabbed the sleeve of his hospital gown and used it to wipe my tears.

"Don't scare me like that anymore, okay? I'm just a simple woman. I don't care for thrill and excitement. My fragile heart can't take another scare like this."

Derek smiled and pulled me close, letting me lay my head on his chest.

"Don't worry. I'm not leaving you. There's no way you can drive me away in the future, either, no matter how hard you try."

Maldives, half a year later

A small concert was playing on the beach, featuring the band, Thorn Birds.

“I want you to be with me. I want you to watch the turtles swim in the sea and slowly creep on the beach. We can count the waves together. Don’t be afraid. You won’t be lonely. I will always be with you. I will make you happy...”

Derek and Felix were having fun with their guitars, while Eric played the bass and Aaron was on the drums. All of them were halfway into their thirties now, but they were having the time of their life performing for their audience. The tourists loved them as well, especially their attractive faces.

I was holding Dexter in my lap, while Megan had Edith in her arms not too far away.

From time to time, Derek would glance at me, his eyes sparkling. I knew he was singing to me. My heart warmed, and before I knew it, I was singing along under my breath.

“Time flies, and doesn’t look back. A beautiful woman becomes an old woman. Oh, at that time, I am also an old man...”

All of a sudden, Dexter jumped off my legs and ran toward the small stage up front. He made a beeline for Derek and plucked a string on his guitar, then scampered off to Aaron and tried to grab one of his drumstick. Aaron obliged, giving a stick to the little rascal before picking him up.

It was all the encouragement Dexter needed. He brandished his stick and tapped it on the first drum he saw, much to the tourists’ amusement.

Derek came over shortly after and plucked our son out of Aaron’s arms. He pressed a kiss on Dexter’s plump cheek before holding him up in the air and twirling around. The boy’s giggles rang out to the background of crashing waves in the distance.

I felt full and contented just watching them.

The next day, we ran into a filming crew at the club Med Kani.

They were shooting a scene where an actress got slapped and then pushed into the pool. For some reason, they had to redo the scene repeatedly.

As it turned out, the director was already satisfied with some of the footage they had taken, but the actress was not. She insisted on several retakes, and each time, she fell into the water and choked.

We milled around for a while before turning to leave.

“Derek!” a familiar voice called out from behind US as we walked away.

None of US paused or looked back.

We had been used to acting indifferent whenever Derek’s name was mentioned, because he was no longer Derek Sullivan now.

In the next second, however, a familiar figure appeared in front of US.

Becky stared up at Derek, her eyes filled with hopeful excitement. Her hair and clothes were dripping wet. “Derek. You’re still alive? Is that really you?”

Indeed, the actress who had been thrown into the pool again and again just now was none other than Becky. I had recognized her, of course, so Derek should, too.

He looked at her now, cool and calm.

“Sorry, you’ve got the wrong person.”

Becky’s eyes instantly filled with tears.

But Derek paid her no mind. He only took my hand, smiled at me, and ushered me past Becky.

To our surprise, she came up to US again.

She tried to squeeze the water out of her hair before smiling brightly at Derek.

"I apologize. It seems I did mistake you for someone else. It's just that, you look a lot like... Like a family of mine.

It's nice to meet you. My name is Becky. I'm just a stranger, and you can forget all about me after this, but I just wanted to tell you that I wish you all the happiness in the world."

Tears were running down her face as she spoke, but her smile never faltered.

"Thank you," Derek replied.

We all continued on our way, but Megan suddenly ran back to Becky. She handed the latter a souvenir, one that she had bought at Paradise Island yesterday.

"Hello, Becky. I used to be a fan. Well... I was watching you shoot back at the pool. You're working hard. Keep it up! God rewards those who do good, honest work."

Megan turned around before Becky could say anything, running to catch up to US.

We were quite a distance away when I finally turned around, only to find Becky still standing where we had left her. I couldn't see her face, but her shoulders were noticeably shaking.

I was glad that things had changed. I didn't hate her anymore.

She looked up then, and I offered her a wave.

"Come on! You're going to do great things in the future!" I muttered under my breath. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 547

Chapter 547

## Chapter 547 Just The Beginning

Later in the day, Derek took me swimming, just the two of us. Megan and Aaron volunteered to look after the children, giving US some time for ourselves.

Derek dove into the pool without hesitation. I didn't know how to swim, so I settled for watching him while soaking my feet in the water.

Just then, Felix sent a message to the group chat. He wanted to see photos of my bikini.

"Well, sure, but you need to pay for it," I countered.

"Make sure to keep your word," Felix replied.

"Of course." I already knew what to do.

After a few seconds, he transferred 88 dollars to me, along with another message insisting that I send the pictures immediately.

"Be quick about it, why don't you? I already paid up, where are my pictures?"

I retrieved an extra bikini from the bag we'd brought along, then laid it down on the tiled edge of the pool and took a picture.

"Here, my bikini. Isn't it nice? My husband chose it for me."

Felix was silent for a while, and I imagined him gaping at the photo I'd sent.

"Very pretty," he messaged after a while.

The rest of the group sent laughing stickers, teasing him for getting cheated. He had meant he wanted to see me in my bikini, but I deliberately twisted his words.

Derek swam over to me and asked why I was laughing. I showed him my phone, and he joined in the laughter as well.

“Ah!”

I barely had time to put my phone away when he suddenly pulled me into the water. I sputtered and flailed, prompting him to hold me up to keep me from drowning.

“I can’t swim!” I screamed.

Derek raised my chin and smiled. “That’s a basic survival skill. You need to learn it. Come on, I’ll teach you how to swim.”

Okay, then. This made perfect sense, and I trusted him implicitly. I decided there and then to learn how to swim.

I realized too late that my swimming coach saw this as an opportunity to take advantage of me.

Still, Derek was an excellent teacher. I was swimming on my own in no time. He chased me around, and we ended up playing a game of big fish and small fish.

As expected, the big fish eventually caught the small fish and devoured it.

Derek cornered me at the poolside and began to kiss me passionately.

I pushed against his chest, embarrassed by our public display.

“Stop it, there are other people here.”

Derek blew a frustrated sigh. "We have two overactive kids at home, and now that it's just us, you worry about other people? At this rate, I just might die from all these pent-up desires."

My heart skipped a beat when the word "die" fell out of his mouth. I instinctively pressed my palm against his lips, which he, of course, licked. His eyes flashed devilishly.

"Eh?"

I spotted a small fish tattoo on his chest. I didn't recall seeing it before.

Derek pulled my hand from his mouth and placed it over his tattoo. I could feel the steady rhythm of his heartbeat against my skin.

"You have a fish tattoo on your chest too. This fish is you. I wanted to put you somewhere close to my heart," he whispered.

I was so moved that I stood on tiptoe and kissed him without another thought, ignoring everyone else around us.

We proceeded to make out in the water, splashing and giggling in our own little world.

After some time, we sat on the edge of the pool. He had his arm around my shoulders, and my head was tucked in the crook of his shoulder.

My mind drifted off to the past, and I couldn't help but sigh. "You know what? I was once like a fish out of water, just waiting to die."

Derek chuckled. "Would that make me a dark cloud, then? I saved you by bringing the heavy rain, didn't I?" "Hmm. Promise me you will never leave me. Or I would certainly die."

He pulled back and tapped my nose with his finger. "Silly girl. How can I leave you? Only when I have you by my side do I feel alive."

I felt a lump in my throat, and my vision grew suspiciously blurry. I sniffed.

We gazed into each other's eyes as the sun set behind us. There and then, nothing else existed except for our love.

No word could express how much we loved each other. So, in the end, we just kissed each other silently.

On the day he had been discharged, he had shown me his new ID card.

Derek was gone. He was now called Kyler Sullivan.

A brand-new name for a brand-new start. He had been reborn. From then on, his life had turned into a completely different direction.

Derek was a man who gave up everything for the sake of the country. Kyler, on the other hand, was just an ordinary man who lived for his family.

In my opinion, this was just the beginning of a wonderful life, one that he could live on his own terms, one that he could truly call his own.

And he had me in it. He always would. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 548

Chapter 548

Chapter 548 Timid Girl

Derek's POV:



The heavy downpours during the rainy season always started without any warning. The weather was sunny at first. But as soon as school was over, it started to rain heavily.

In a trice, I rode my bicycle to the crossroads and waited. Once the traffic light turned green, I rode in the opposite direction of my home.

I took a few turns and passed by the Happy Elementary School. The rain was getting heavier by the second, so I sped up.

It wasn't until I got to the next intersection that I saw a familiar figure. This person was Eveline.

She was walking very fast in the rain. There was no umbrella above her head. Instead, she used her schoolbag to keep the rain from drenching her body. All of a sudden, a group of young boys whistled and jumped in front of her.

"Hey, girl, why are you running so fast in the rain? What's all the hurry?"

Eveline was taken aback by their sudden appearance. She lowered her head fearfully and tried to run around the human barricade they had made in front of her.

However, the boys didn't let her escape. It was obvious that they wanted to pick on her today. When they pulled her back, her schoolbag fell into the water puddle on the ground.

"Stop running! You have no family at home to care about you. Come with US instead!" a boy shouted with a sinister expression.

Eveline picked up her soaked schoolbag. "Please, I want to go home," she said with a shaky voice.

Another boy pulled her ponytail viciously.

"Don't embarrass US. Anyway, that wasn't a request but a command!"

He then dragged her by the hair and his companions followed him. Before they could walk a dozen steps, I sped up on my bicycle and brought it to a screeching halt in front of them.

“Boys, don’t you all have something better to do after school?”

I held the handle of my bicycle with one hand and looked at them with an intimidating frown.

“Derek!”

All the boys recognized me. From their uniforms, I guessed that they were middle school students in the same school I attended.

I was quite popular in school. My schoolmates knew that I wasn’t a troublemaker nor a coward. A great percentage of them wouldn’t dare to offend me.

One of them touched his nose and laughed. “Derek, we were just kidding with this girl. We are on our way home now.”

The other boys echoed him and then they all fled before I could say anything.

Eveline stood still with her head lowered. I looked at her carefully and saw that her toes were moving in the wet sandals.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

I already knew that she was a timid girl. It was hard for her to speak to anyone boldly. Even now, she didn’t have the courage to look up at me.

Without uttering a word, I lowered my head and stared at her face. Her cheekbones were protruding more than normal. Eveline was a thin and short girl. She looked a little malnourished.

However, she had long eyelashes, which were the most charming part of her features.

For some reason, I badly wanted to see the pair of beautiful eyes that were under her eyelids, but I couldn't because she didn't raise her head.

"It's raining heavily. Let me take you home," I uttered after a while.

She shook her head and put her schoolbag on her head again.

"No, thank you. My home is close by. I can go there myself. Bye!"

She then turned around and ran away with her schoolbag on her head.

Although she turned down my offer, I rode behind her at a slow speed until she turned and ran into an alley. I stopped and watched her sprint to the depths of the alley. Her sandals sank into the muddy water and it splashed high.

Two years had already passed since that incident happened. Every time I saw her from afar in the past two years, she always had her head lowered and looked very timid.

It was still easy for the bullies to pick on her. But something had changed about her. She looked stronger as she ran in the rain today.

Strength and resilience were a must for Eveline.

She didn't have an umbrella to shelter herself in the rain, but that didn't mean she would stay still and cry out of frustration. She had to brace up and run in the rain.

She wiped her eyes with her hand while sprinting. What was wrong? Was she crying? Aargh! Those boys must have made her sad.

My heart ached for her. The urge to comfort her was strong, but I felt that I was the most unqualified person to do so.

It's often said that only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches. I couldn't relate to the pain she was currently feeling, so it would be unwise to pretend like I did.

The greatest comfort for Eveline would be to bring his father back to life and let her mother wake up from her coma. As good as that sounded, it was impossible. The past couldn't be changed.

It wasn't until she finally got out of sight that I went my way.

Not far away, I saw my cousin, who was also riding his bicycle with his schoolbag on his back.

This cousin of mine used to be called Aronson. But his name was changed to Aaron after he transferred to another school. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 549

Chapter 549

Chapter 549 The Unfaithful Husband

Aaron used to live along the alley that Eveline just sprinted into, but he no longer lived there.

"Derek, why are you here?"

"Nothing. I was just looking around," I replied with a shrug.

Aaron smiled and glanced at me. "You were just looking around? You must be in a good mood. Who goes sightseeing in the rain?"

His words had a conspicuous hint of doubt, but I didn't bother to explain.

We rode side by side and separated at an intersection. I continued to ride alone.

My eyes subconsciously riveted to the gate of a mall when I was about to pass by it. Something instantly caught my attention. My fingers tightened on the handle. I stepped on the brake and the bicycle came to a halt.

A man was walking out of the mall at this moment. He was my father. His hand was around a woman's waist. She was his girlfriend.

She was holding a shopping bag in one hand and a young boy in the other. There was a schoolbag on the boy's back. It was obvious that they went shopping after school closed.

My father's affair with this woman was no longer a secret. I had found out about them some time ago. However, this was the first time I was seeing them like this. The sight made me very uncomfortable.

As they walked out, they talked and laughed like a happy family of three. They got into the car and my father turned around to go to the driver's seat. He still didn't notice me in the rain.

It wouldn't have made a difference anyway. If he had seen me, he would shoot me an icy glare because he hated me so much.

Only a few people owned a private car back then. And my father was one of the few. Despite this great privilege, the number of times my mother and I had been in his car could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The chances of my mother taking his car were extremely low because she was not in good health. She seldom went out. As far as I was concerned, riding my bicycle was far better than entering my father's car. It didn't matter if the rain soaked me to my bones.

I knew that my father was heading for the quarry. He spent most of his time there. He even had a dormitory there. It had become normal for him not to return home.

I rode my bicycle home with a heavy heart. On the way, I saw my mother at the entrance of the greengrocer.

She was holding a bag of groceries in one hand and an umbrella in the other. Her steps were slow and unsteady. She coughed painstakingly and it made her back bend.

I felt a pang of pain in my heart as I stared at her. The image of my father talking and laughing with that woman made the pain even worse for me. His wife was suffering, but he was frolicking with another woman. Such a bastard!

After cursing out my father in my mind, I rushed to my mother.

“Mom, you are coughing so badly. How about we go to visit Grandpa and let him treat you?”

My mother was taken aback by my sudden appearance. She looked at me and immediately held the umbrella over me.

“Look at you. You are soaked. I told you to take an umbrella with you this morning, but you didn’t listen to me. You might catch a cold, naughty boy.”

Genuine worry appeared in my mother’s eyes. She was a gentle and caring woman. Even though she scolded me now, she did it with love. There was no trace of sternness in her eyes. She doted on me so much.

The prettiness of my father’s slutty girlfriend had nothing on my mother’s gorgeousness and beauty. Even though she was sick, she still looked good. It was a pity that she coughed all year round. All the medicines she took regularly didn’t help matters. My father was concerned about her at first, but he gradually changed. He got annoyed anytime she coughed and even asked her to go far away. Hence, my mother always suppressed her coughs whenever he was around.

She wasn’t born with this illness. It plagued her as an adult. When my father first started to run the quarry, the factory was in bad condition. He had no car back then. My mother was worried that he wouldn’t eat well in the factory, so she took his meals to him every day. She did that no matter the weather. The rain drenched her sometimes when she was out delivering his food.

Everything was going pretty well until one unfortunate day during the winter season. It was snowing heavily that particular day. My mother went to give my father his food, but he wasn't in the quarry. She waited in the snow for a long time and the food went cold. He didn't show up throughout. His workers didn't even know where he had gone, so she couldn't see him that day.

My mother finally returned home with the cold food. She instantly came down with a high fever and cough. It was after that illness that she began to cough incessantly. All the efforts to get rid of it proved abortive.

When I remembered this, I pushed my mother's hand holding the umbrella gently.

"Mom, please cover yourself. I'm fine. You need it more than I do. I don't want your health to worsen. You mustn't catch a cold in this state."

An appreciative smile appeared on her face in an instant. She shared the umbrella with me and gestured for me to walk.

As I wheeled my bicycle slowly, we walked side by side.

I looked down at the bag of groceries she was holding. It contained all the favorite foods of my father and me. My mother was a good wife and mother. She made our welfare her top priority, she took good care of us but often ignored herself. Things that concerned her always took a back seat. Even now, I had no idea what her favorite food was.

"Mom, what's your favorite food?" I asked curiously. "Son, I'm not a picky eater," she replied with a smile. My mother was down-to-earth and had a good temper. She was also an obedient woman. But perhaps men would easily lose interest in this kind of woman.

Our home was only a few houses away when I heard some people gossiping about my dissolute father.

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Chapter 550

Chapter 550 Father's Birthday

“He’s wealthy. He can have as many mistresses as he wants.”

“You know, his wife has such a big heart. If I were in her place, I would’ve left him long ago! I wouldn’t be able to live such a miserable life.”

“Yeah, me neither. I’ll probably leave at the first sign of cheating!”

I really hated how these women were gossiping behind our backs all day long. To be honest, I wanted to cut out their tongues and feed it to them.

My mother noticed that I was upset, so she placed a hand on my arm to restrain me. I could tell that she didn’t want me to do anything reckless. Then, she led me home.

At home, there were many dishes and a big cake on the table in the dining room. It was then that I remembered that today was my father’s birthday.

It seemed that Mom had been busy preparing for Dad’s birthday all day long.

Mom took out a small box, cut a piece of the cake, and put it into the box. Afterwards, she handed it to me and told me to bring it to Grandpa. She said that she had invited him over for dinner. Sadly, he had to work overtime and wouldn’t be able to come.

Mom also told me to ask my father to come home for dinner. After all, today was his birthday.

Honestly, I didn’t think he’d want to celebrate his birthday with US.

Seeing that I wasn’t saying anything, Mom asked me if I heard her clearly. I nodded in response and asked, “Mom, can I have a few more slices of the cake?”

My mother flashed me a kind smile and replied, “Sure, dear.”



I grabbed another box and put two slices of cake in it. Then, I went out.

By now, the rain had stopped.

When I came to the alley again, I saw Aaron leaving it from a distance.

He didn't notice me because he was riding really fast.

I rode into the alley, parked my bike in front of an old building.

I already knew which house was Eveline's. Aaron used to live in this alley, too. So, whenever I was at his house, I would run into Eveline at times.

Upon reaching the door of her house, I saw a bag of fruit hanging on the door handle.

She was reading a textbook from inside the house, and I could hear her faint voice.

Her voice was clearer than when she timidly said "thank you" to me earlier.

Even through a door, I could imagine her sitting at a desk with a book in hand, reading intently.

Similar to how the fruit was hung by the door handle, I did the same for the cake that I brought. Afterwards, I knocked on the door and ran downstairs as fast as I could.

After a while, I heard the door open.

"Who is it?" Eveline asked cautiously.

I leaned against the wall at the corner, holding my breath and making sure not to make a sound.

These past two years, even though I had been paying attention to her and was often doing these kinds of things, she didn't really know me.

Moments later, I heard the door close.

I took a few steps up the stairway, looked up and found that the two plastic bags hanging on the door handle were gone. She must've taken them already.

When I went downstairs, I got on my bike and was about to leave. It was then that I felt the urge to look at her window. To my surprise, she was poking her head out of the window.

Nervously, I lowered my head and began pedaling out of the alley as fast as I could.

I wondered why I was nervous.

As a matter of fact, I could make friends with her openly. That way, I could protect her and show her just how much I cared without hiding anymore. Besides, she didn't know who I was and had no idea about the truth of her father's car accident.

Sadly, I didn't have enough courage to approach her. Perhaps at the back of my mind, I was afraid that she would see right through me; that I was merely doing this for atonement.

Just like earlier, I gathered my courage to accompany her home. But back then, she didn't even look me in the eye. she was timid, while I felt guilty. It was almost impossible for US to make eye contact.

Casting those thoughts aside, I rode my bike to the hospital. Grandpa wasn't in his office. A nurse told me that he was performing a surgery, so I decided to wait in his office.

On the walls of the office, there were many silk banners and awards, all of which were accolades that my grandpa had achieved.

It took a long while, but Grandpa finally arrived at his office. While walking, he took off his gloves. Even though he was exhausted, he was pleasantly surprised to see me.

“Derek, what are you doing here?”

I handed him the cake.

“Mom asked me to bring this to you. Grandpa, are you able to get off work now? Come and have dinner with us. Mom is preparing dinner as we speak.”

Grandpa sat at his desk, adjusting his gold-rimmed glasses. Then, he flipped through the medical record book on his desk and said, “I have another surgery to perform later, and the patient is waiting for me. I can’t just leave now.”

Having said that, he asked, “Has your father gone home?”

I stood up and replied, “I’m going to see him and ask him to come home.”

Grandpa patted the medical record book and grunted, “He must go home tonight. Tell him that I command it and remind him to behave himself!”

He knew about my dad’s mistress. I couldn’t understand why my dad was different from my grandpa in terms of personality and virtue. And to be honest, I wasn’t like my dad either.

When I left the hospital and arrived at the quarry, it was already late. I saw my father’s car parked near the door of the cottage.

I knocked on the door of the cottage. My father asked who was it, but I didn’t respond.

Though I hated admitting this, I was stubborn and rebellious. I didn’t want to answer him or communicate with him at all.

After a while, the door opened. I noticed a trace of panic on my dad's face.

"What are you doing here?"

I swept my eyes across the room and found that nobody else was inside. Perhaps he had sent his mistress and their son away.

I had my suspicions, so I pushed him away and strode in, searching every nook and cranny of the cottage.

My father was scolding me, but I just ignored him.

When I threw back the covers, what lay beneath it was exposed. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 551

Chapter 551

Chapter 551 Tied Him Up

I was so mad at the time that I clenched my fists and suppressed my urge to beat the crap out of my father.

I grabbed the object on the bed, intending to throw it out. However, he grabbed my arm tightly, causing the white powder to scatter all over the floor.

He seemed so distressed over the loss of his wretched cocaine as if he had lost something invaluable. He dropped to his knees and hands, trying to gather as much of the cocaine as possible.

Whenever he lost his mind to drug addiction, I hated him and disliked the fact that he allowed himself to stoop this low. And now, he was lying on the floor like a fucking dog.

Enraged, I almost lost control of my temper.

After locking the door, I found a hemp rope from under the bed. I dragged my father up from the floor, forced him to sit on a chair, and prepared to tie him up.

“You fucking ingrate of a son! I’m still your father! How dare you do this to me?” he cursed while resisting.

I was now fifteen years of age and was already half a head taller than he was. He could no longer match me in strength.

Truthfully, this wasn’t the first time I had tied him up.

The last time he gave in to his drug addiction, he ended up hitting my mother. That was the first time that I’d tied him up. I didn’t want to do it in front of my mother, so I did it in this room.

Ever since he was addicted to those loathsome drugs, he would sometimes act like a monster. At one moment, he could be docile, but he could get as irritable as a wild beast the next second.

Naturally, I was old enough to distinguish right from wrong. I knew who was mistaken and I knew who was doing the right thing, so I felt really sorry for my mother.

Dad said that I wouldn’t reach a good end, but I didn’t care. I didn’t want him to keep on living like this, and I didn’t want him to abuse my mother any longer. I made myself believe that I was doing the right thing, because my only purpose was to help him get rid of his drug addiction.

Drug addiction was certainly not a good thing. It had ruined many families, and mine was no exception. I was always worried that our family would be ruined in the end.

I tied my father to the chair, and he was unable to move a muscle. He cursed me and said all sorts of destructive words.

But I just turned a deaf ear to his verbal abuse, standing aside and watching his pathetic state.

I didn't scold him, nor did I beat him. I only tied him up because I didn't have any other choice. My mother —bless her heart—taught me to be respectful of my elders. Even to this day, I bore that teaching in mind.

If I didn't regard this pathetic man as my father, I would've beaten the crap out of him long ago.

Though I wasn't uttering a word, he knew full well what I wanted. And what I wanted from him was a promise. Even if his promise was worthless to me, I sincerely hoped that he could make a solemn promise at this moment.

By now, the workers were getting off work. But before they left, they greeted my dad a happy birthday from outside the door. They probably saw his car outside and knew that my father hadn't left yet.

I didn't say anything, and my dad didn't respond either. Perhaps he didn't want his employees to see him looking so disheveled.

Once the workers had left, the surroundings fell eerily silent, and soon, dusk approached.

Perhaps he had grown tired of yelling at me, so my father finally stopped scolding me.

All of a sudden, we heard a knock coming from the door.

"Derek, Gifford, are you there?"

It was my mother's voice. She must have come to find me because it was getting late, but I hadn't returned yet.

Ever since the scandal about my dad and that wretched woman broke out, my mother never dropped by the quarry again. Perhaps she didn't want to see anything that could just make herself sad.

My father stared at me as if telling me something. Personally, I didn't want to let him go easily this time. However, my mother kept knocking on the door. I didn't want her to worry about me, so I untied my father and opened the door.

Mom stared at me and Dad, visibly dubious of US. "What are you doing? Why did it take you so long to open the door?"

"I failed an exam, so Dad was scolding me."

Having said that, I went to take my bike.

From behind me, my mother said, "Gifford, it's your birthday today. Let's go back early and have dinner." My father left along with my mother, locked up the cottage, and sat in the driver's seat of his car. Mom asked me to put my bike into the trunk of the car and get in the car.

But this time, I ignored her and just rode home on my bike.

At home, there were just the three of US at the dinner table.

Truthfully, I couldn't remember for how long we hadn't had dinner together. On most days, only my mother and I were at this dining table.

Because of the previous conflict we had, my father was glaring at me with hatred in his eyes while eating. But that didn't matter to me. If I had a choice, I would've chosen not to be his son.

My mother probably noticed our reactions. She put on a smile and tried to mediate our dispute.

"It's fine if you failed one exam, Derek. You can work harder next time, son! Derek, tell me, what score did you get?"

I put down my fork, went to grab my school bag, took out my examination papers, and handed it to her with a straight face.

“You got 96 points? Good job!”

My mother stared at my exam papers, pleasantly surprised. Then, she showed it to my father.

“Gifford, Derek did a good job. He lost a few points on writing, but that’s not a big deal! You shouldn’t set unrealistic standards for him. He worked hard enough.” Instead of showing any pleasure, my father put down his fork as though throwing a tantrum and went upstairs.

Mom stared at him storming away, visibly confused. She seemed worried that I would be dispirited by this, so she put some food on my plate while attempting to comfort me.

“Derek, you’re so great! Keep going!”

But no matter how hard I tried, my dad would never feel proud of me. This much, I knew.

During the middle of the night, I was awakened by a startling noise. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 552

Chapter 552

Chapter 552 I wish I Had No Father

When I heard the sound of a car engine starting, I got out of bed and went to the window. There, I saw my father driving away.

I could hear the faint sound of my mother’s cries. I walked towards their bedroom and found her sitting on the floor, crying and coughing over and over.

I helped my mother up and saw several bruises on her body.

“Did he hit you again?”



My mother leaned against the bed, crying her eyes out.

I looked around the room and saw their wedding photo hanging on the wall.

In the past, my dad would never cross this line. Ever since he became addicted to drugs, he became more and more irritable, and he was neglecting his duties to his family.

And at this moment, hatred flowed through my veins. "Mom, I hate Dad. I hate him with every fiber of my being," I said.

All of a sudden, she stopped crying and grabbed my hand.

"Derek, you can't say that! He did something horrible, but he's still your father, and I love him. As long as he still wants this family, I can put up with anything."

I really couldn't understand how my saint of a mother was putting up with my devil of a father. I wondered if it really was just because of love. Perhaps Mom was just worried about me and was trying to keep the family together for my sake.

Seconds later, she began to cough violently again, and she covered her mouth with her hand. When she opened her palm, I saw blood on it.

"Mom..."

The sight of it really horrified me.

Mom wiped the blood from her mouth and attempted to comfort me by smiling.

"I'm fine. Don't tell Grandpa about this, okay? He'll just worry about me."

I went to the kitchen to grab her some warm water and found some medicine.

It wasn't until midnight that I finally saw my mother go to bed. Thus, I went back to my room, but I couldn't fall asleep.

From under the bed, I took out a small box. It had a lock on it.

The box contained secrets that only I knew.

I grabbed the key from a particular corner and used it to open the box.

Inside, there was a tape.

Nobody knew that there was a troubling secret hidden in the tape.

I had accidentally recorded it two years ago.

At the time, rumors about my dad and that woman were breaking out. After enduring the shame for a period of time, my mother finally asked my father about it for the first time. Coincidentally, it was also the first time that they quarreled about this matter.

Back then, I was lying in bed in my room. Even through the door, I could hear them arguing. I didn't try to stop them. Seconds later, I heard my dad slam the door shut when he left. Meanwhile, my mother began crying for a long time.

Even as my mother questioned him, my dad did not admit to his betrayal. In order to find evidence for my beloved mother, I did something in secret.

It was a Saturday. I snuck into the quarry and placed a recorder under my father's bed when he wasn't in his room.

By the time I snuck out of his room, I saw my father's car. His mistress got out of the car with him, and they entered the room together.

The following day, I found an opportunity to retrieve the recorder.

The content of the recording wasn't what I hoped for, but it was enough to shock me.

I had heard about the accident at the quarry, but I never thought it had anything to do with my father because he seemed unaffected by it. But it turned out that the truth was so cruel.

I had always known that my dad was a philandering asshole, but I never expected him to do something so inhumane. He was the one who ruined Eveline's family. Each time I met Eveline, I felt a strong sense of guilt.

And now, my dad's indifference towards my mother, to me, and to this family truly disappointed me.

As I stared in front of the window, gazing blankly at the night skies, I felt lost.

The following day, I went to Grandpa's place to get some medicine for Mom.

He knew about my mom's health condition, so he regularly prescribed some medicine for her. I didn't have the courage to tell Grandpa that my mother coughed up blood the day before, because I didn't want him to worry. But at the same time, I was really worried about my mother. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 553

Chapter 553

Chapter 553 Vented The Hatred On The Boy

Grandpa put on his glasses and wrote the prescription carefully.

Silence filled the whole room. I thought for a while and said, "Grandpa, I read a story in a book today."

"Is that so? What's the story about?" he asked with a smile as he continued writing.

I briefly told him the story.

“Once upon a time, there was an emperor. A senior official named Kurt advised him to give Prince Zachary a good education. After the emperor’s death, Prince Webster ascended the throne. However, Zachary conspired with Kurt’s son, Sewell, to kill Webster and usurped the throne. In order to keep the throne, Zachary sent Sewell to ask for his father’s advice. Kurt was pissed with his son for committing treason. He refused to support Zachary. Instead, he planned for the emperor of another country to get rid of both of them...”

“The story is about upholding righteousness over family loyalty,” my grandfather interrupted me. He stopped writing the prescription and put down the pen.

He was an ardent reader, so it didn’t come as a surprise to me that he knew this story.

“Grandpa, is there really someone that upright in the world?” I asked curiously.

My grandfather continued to write the prescription and replied with a smile, “People like that are very rare. It’s not easy to uphold justice when it doesn’t favor your loved one.”

He then handed me the prescriptions.

He explained, “One is for your mother, and the other is for your father. He suffers from severe migraines.” My eyebrows furrowed instantly. Conflicting emotions filled my heart as I stared at the prescriptions.

“Grandpa, why do you still care about my father?” I asked in a disapproving tone.

“No matter how bad your father is, he’s still my son,” he responded with a sigh.

This statement reminded me that irrespective of the hatred I had for my father, I would always be his son. Blood relations couldn’t be changed.

Afterward, I asked subtly, "Grandpa, I have a classmate whose relative is addicted to hard drugs. How can he get rid of it?"

"Derek, listen to me carefully. Don't do drugs. Avoid it like a plague. It only gives temporary satisfaction, but the repercussions are always dire. Once a person is addicted, it's always difficult to break that addiction. It takes a strong-willed person to come out of it," he pointed at me and warned.

Hmm. Was my father a strong-willed person? No, I didn't think so. If he was, he wouldn't have betrayed my mother and me.

Since he wasn't strong-willed, I decided to use external force.

In the autumn season, several schools organized excursions for the students. Every student took part in hiking, treks, and other outdoor activities. We were mountain hiking that day.

I had scanned through the team of the Happy Elementary School. Although I didn't see the girl I was looking for, I saw another person.

It was the boy that was always with my father and his mistress.

Due to the large number of students and the complex condition of the trail, the teachers asked middle school students like me to take care of the pupils.

This made it easy to execute the plan I had come up with in seconds. I commanded some boys to whisk my enemy's son into a cave.

The cave was located on the edge of the mountain. It was hard to climb up and even more difficult to get down. One would need the help of others to get there. It was deep and dark.

Under my instructions, the boys walked into the cave with my enemy's son under the guise of going on an expedition. They then dumped him in the deepest part of the cave and quietly retreated one by one. The little boy was left alone.

Hazarding a guess, I reasoned that he was in the fourth grade. He was a naughty boy. But he would be scared being left alone in such a dark place.

Although I knew what I did was bad, I couldn't help feeling happy.

The hiking lasted for some hours. When it was time to return, all the students gathered at the foot of the mountain. The teachers did a total headcount and discovered that the boy was missing. They immediately informed Kevin. This man was a middle school teacher. I had no idea that he was the boy's father until then.

Kevin taught at my school. I knew him well. He was a good teacher.

When he found out that his son was missing, he was so disoriented. The sight of him being that way tugged at my heartstrings. However, I couldn't bring myself to tell him the truth.

The teachers informed the boy's mother through a phone call. My father's mistress rushed down to the scene and threw a fit. Her wailing was like nothing I had ever heard.

At a point, she saw me in the midst of other students. It seemed like she recognized me. Judging from the look she gave me, I guessed that she suspected that I had a hand in her son's disappearance.

A rescue team went up the mountain and searched for the boy. They soon found him in the cave.

His eyes were puffy and red at that time. He continued to cry even after he was rescued.

The boy didn't know that I was the culprit. More so, no one looked into the incident since he was found hale and hearty.

However, I was filled with regret.

I shouldn't have vented the hatred I had for his mother on him. After all, he was just an innocent boy. He had no say in the affair between his mother and my unfaithful father.

I went home with a heavy heart that evening. A surprise was waiting for me in the living room when I arrived. My father was at home! My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 554

Chapter 554

Chapter 554 Unless You Beat Me To Death

During the past few years, my dad either didn't go home, or went home late at night. If my memory served right, he rarely ever came home this early.

He looked really gloomy when I saw him. Thus, I chose to go back to my room with my schoolbag at once.

But then, when I tried to walk away, he blocked my path and slapped me across the face.

I thought that he had found out what happened today.

I knew that I was wrong, so I didn't defy him.

My mother wasn't around, so there was no one to help me out. But even if she were here, she probably wouldn't be able to do anything to stop my father from teaching me a lesson.

He pointed his finger at my forehead, scolding me for what happened today.

For the sake of his mistress's son, he was willing to scold his own son. As I stared at my father's face, I felt disappointed.

Perhaps because of my indifference, he was so annoyed that he prepared to hit me again.

Showing no intention of dodging, I replied calmly, "Do you honestly believe that nobody knows about the things you've done? If you don't quit drugs, I assure you, this kind of thing will happen again and again! And perhaps one day, that boy will be gone for good and you can never get him back."

“You ingrate!”

My father was so angry that he began looking for anything he could use to hit me. I could tell that he really wanted to beat the crap out of me.

“Unless you beat me to death, I won’t stop what I want to do,” I added.

In the end, he decided against beating me up.

Though he was mad at me and hated me for what I did, ever since that argument, he had changed himself for the better.

He began coming home more frequently. Sometimes, he would ask me about my studies, and even talked to me about my mother’s failing health. I had no idea if he suddenly had a change of heart or was just scared that I’d bully the boy again. But no matter what reason he had, I was glad that he was willing to change.

I hadn’t seen Eveline for a long time. It was easier for me to pretend that nothing had happened when I couldn’t see her. I was certain that if I ever saw her, I would think about all the evil things that my father had done.

If that happened, things between my father and me would only get worse.

Within the blink of an eye, I had become a high school freshman.

That year, there was a Students’ Sports Meeting in the city.

While I was dribbling the basketball around the court, numerous people were calling my name.

Because we were participating in the sports’ meet as representatives of our school, we had cheerleaders. The girls would often hand me water bottles and towels.



I saw Eveline again that day.

It was a competition between my current high school and the junior high school that I went to before. It was then that I realized that she was already in junior high school.

I hadn't thought of how long I hadn't seen her. But seeing her again now, I noticed that she was much taller than before. Her facial features were more radiant, and she looked even more beautiful than before.

Based on her outfit and the pompoms in her hands, she must be a member of their school's cheerleading team.

Because of her, I was a little out of it when the basketball match began.

The moment their school scored their first goal, she applauded, still holding the pompoms. A smile appeared on her lips and even her eyes looked like they were smiling.

Her smile was so enchanting! The mere sight of it left me slack-jawed in awe.

That moment I saw her beautiful smile, it had been imprinted deep into my memories.

Later, I had the chance to score a basket, but I missed it. I even allowed the other team to grab the rebound. They then scored another basket, and Eveline jumped for joy when it happened.

Seeing her that happy made me feel as ecstatic as she must be. It didn't even matter if I could score or not; and to an extent, I no longer cared who would win this match.

The coach noticed that my head wasn't in the game, so he took me off the court and called for a substitution.

The court was surrounded by many people. Everyone was focused on the basketball game, but not me. My eyes were locked on Eveline.

Her white sneakers had now turned yellow after washing them, but it didn't affect her morale.

While she was jumping up and down in delight, her boobs wrapped in her cheerleading outfit were bouncing. Only then did I notice that her boobs had gotten bigger.

And upon realizing it, my face turned red.

I was a high school freshman and she was still in junior high school. Generally speaking, there were many girls around me whose breasts were better developed than hers, but none of them could attract my attention. To me, Eveline was the only one worth watching. My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 555

Chapter 555

Chapter 555 My Mother's Death

Embarrassment set in immediately. I forced myself to look away and opened the canned drink in my hand. Afterward, I gulped it to hide my flushed face.

A girl suddenly rushed to me excitedly.

"Derek, does the drink taste good?" she asked with a smile.

I looked at the drink and then at the girl. It seemed like she was the one that gave it to me just now.

Before I could respond, my eyes wandered to her chest. She was wearing a tight T-shirt that hugged her boobs more than how her school uniform would. They were bigger than Eveline's. Despite the roundness of her breasts, I didn't blush, nor did my heart begin to beat faster. I just looked away quickly. "Thank you. It's good," I finally uttered.

Although I didn't play in the second half, my team still won. Eveline stamped her feet when she saw their school's team lost the game. I couldn't help chuckling when I saw her upset look.

The three-kilometer race came after the basketball match. Eveline moved to the starting line.

When I saw her there, I was beyond shocked. This was the last thing I expected her to partake in. After all, she looked so fragile. I stood beside the field to see how she would manage to finish such a long race. All the other competitors ran faster than Eveline at the beginning of the race. However, she didn't make any extra effort to catch up with them, she just ran at a steady pace.

With time, she passed them one after the other. It was after two laps that I noticed she couldn't hold on any longer and her face was flushed. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead and back. "Eveline, don't give up! You can do this!" I muttered under my breath. Eveline managed to pass the finish line. But something unexpected happened. She crashed to the ground with a thud!

As quick as a flash, I rushed over to her. I picked her up and ran towards the infirmary.

Several teachers and students gathered around. The teachers tried to take her from me, but I refused. "Please stay with me, Eveline. Nothing must happen to you," I muttered with bated breath. Her safety was the only thing on my mind.

I carried her into the infirmary and put her on the bed. She was in a half-conscious state. Her eyes were slightly opened. I saw that her lips moved, she wanted to say something, but she didn't have the strength.

The doctor immediately examined her and said that she was tired and suffering from severe dehydration. He gave her a cup of sugar water, put her on a drip, and prescribed some medicines.

Eveline was so fagged out that she fell asleep almost immediately.

Worry still weighed me down. I stood beside the bed and stared at her face as she slept soundly.

Her long eyelashes drooped and trembled occasionally. I noticed that she unconsciously furrowed her eyebrows. It seemed like she was having a bad dream.

I rubbed her forehead to ease up her tensed nerves. Afterward, I noticed her hand where the cannula needle was inserted. It was so thin. I felt more pity for her.

It wasn't until the liquid in the infusion bag was almost finished that I finally decided to leave. She moved as if she was about to wake up.

I quickly went outside and stared at her through the window until she opened her eyes.

The next morning, I waited to see her close to the alley. Eveline walked out of the alley backing her schoolbag. she was walking steadily and her face looked normal. It seemed like she had recovered.

Like a good stalker, I followed her all the way to the school gate without her knowledge. She greeted every classmate and teacher that she saw. Kevin handed her a bottle of milk and some boiled eggs. She thanked him with the most infectious smile.

Not long after, I suffered a terrible blow.

I was in class when my head teacher suddenly called me out and told me that something had happened at home.

Like a mad man, I made my way to the hospital. The first thing I saw when I got to the ward was my dying mother.

I ran to the bedside and stared at her with horror in my eyes. She looked at me and opened her mouth as if she wanted to tell me something. However, she couldn't utter a word. All she could do was cry and hold my hand. Tears streamed sideways to her ears. My mother didn't want to leave me. She was worried about me. I could tell from the tearful gleam in her eyes.

She took her last breath while holding my hand. Nothing but great concern for me was written on her face.

My whole world came crashing down. I screamed at the top of my lungs. My mother was the only person that took care of me all these years. Never had I imagined that her ill health would lead to her death. I thought it was manageable even if we didn't find a cure. Thus, her death came as a heavy blow to me.

As I cried my eyes out, I looked at my father who was standing at the foot of the bed. His face was expressionless.

I wondered how he felt at that moment. Was he a little sad? Or did he see my mother's death as the best thing that ever happened to him?

It was common knowledge that he hated her. He had wanted her out of his way for a long time. He had avoided her like a plague because of the non-stop coughing. Worse still, he already moved on with another woman before her death.

My father didn't care about her, but she was my everything. This family meant nothing to me without her.

Two days after my mother's tragic passing, my neighbor informed me that the day she died, my father had brought his mistress home. Angry voices then rang out from the house. Not long after that, my mother was rushed to the hospital.

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